

Grant has already, in the *Record*, described one of these, always interesting, meetings. When Lāl Bihārī's friends heard that he was to be baptized, they were greatly troubled. He was as a guide to them, and now they were not prepared to follow him, and did not know what to think. Some of them were angry, too; and his partner in business, when he came to San Fernando, did not for a time speak to him. Notwithstanding, when Mr. Grant and I visited the Estate last week without being called, they filled the room, and listened most attentively to the word of life. It may be difficult for the people at home to understand this. How they could be angry at one for being baptized, and yet listen attentively to the Gospel. Explained or not, the fact remains, for the very man who would not speak to Lāl Bihārī came privately, almost secretly, to me and unburdened his mind, and listened for more than an hour to "the old, old story." He met Lāl Bihārī five minutes after he left me, yet he did not tell him that he had been to see me. And has since been for farther instruction.

Others, I believe, are in the same state of mind—afraid of the opinion of their fellows, but finding no rest in Hinduism—half struggling towards the light, and half struggling against the influence that alone can enlighten them. Perhaps saying within themselves, as Lāl Bihārī told me, he at first did, "I will not be a Christian, but I will search into their doctrine." Or, like Kantoo, when he first began to feel the necessity of the work of Christ, "I will trust in Christ in my heart and keep quiet." May the Spirit of God bring them into the joy of Salvation, that, like Lāl Bihārī and Kantoo, they may boldly face shame and enmity for his name's sake.

Our aim is to hold meetings on Estates every week, and the place where we meet is, on many Estates, like Lāl Bihārī's room, consecrated ground. The word is preached. It is listened to with attention; and, of late, we have been often saying, what more is needed but that the Spirit of God descend. There are, we believe, many, very many, and of the best class of the Coolies, who only await the breath of that Spirit to interpret and apply the word they have heard. Let the church at home strive together with us in prayer for that heavenly influence. We feel that the Spirit is sometimes moving the hearts of the people or they would not listen so attentively. At a meeting yesterday, one woman, seeing the company on the green, left her work and came and listened most attentively. Every feature of her face showed her interest, and when I concluded the tear stood in her eye. O, Lord, let the souls of this people be precious in thy sight, and visit them that seek thee.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN MORTON.

NEW HEBRIDES MISSION.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Steel.

SYDNEY, N. S. W.,
28th August, 1872.

My Dear Sir,—I write you by the San Francisco Mail, to enclose the confirmed report of Mr. Gordon's death. I will write per Engand, and enclose letters sent back for his friends.

The *Day Spring* is daily expected at Melbourne.

The new Missionaries have been settled as follows:—Mr. Murray at Dr. Geddie's Station, Aneityum; Mr. McKenzie at Erakor, Fate; Mr. McDonald at Havannah Harbor, on the same island, where several English settlers reside; Mr. Robertson at Dillon's Bay, Erromanga.

We have another case of kidnapping and murder of natives before the Courts here at present. The trial comes on in November.

With kindest regard,

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT STEEL.

Rev. P. G. McGregor.

The Murder of the Rev. J. D. Gordon.

More authentic particulars regarding the murder of Mr. Gordon have just come to hand by the *Defiance*. The following letter from a Christian convert at Cork's Bay, Erromanga, who was with Mr. Gordon at the time, will interest our readers:

"I am Soso. Love to you, Misi Paton. Why this word of mine to you? Because the Erromangans have killed Misi Gordon, and he is not here now. A man named Nerimpon struck Misi in the month of March, the 7th day, Thursday. There was one servant with Nerimpon, named Nare. He (Nerimpon) cut his forehead with a tomahawk one time only, and I buried him there at Potuuma (Potinia Bay), according to the word which he had spoken, namely, 'If I die, bury ye me here, afterwards send word to the missionaries,' and I do so. And I assembled the young men, and the children and the women, and remained there on Friday, and Saturday, and Sunday. I saw Naling and part of the young men from Dillon's Bay. The carpenter sent them to bring us from Potuuma. And I asked them about the goods, and the house, and they thought that we should leave them. Accordingly, on Monday we made ready. I took the money, and the books which he made with his hand (MSS.) in the English, Erromangan, and Espiritu Santo languages, and part of the clothes and the knives, I have them here, and the portraits, are in my