

the trying scenes which must have preceded the massacre of Mr and Mrs. Gordon.

I have just been glancing at my last letter from Mr. Gordon. You will feel interested in looking at it. That date-palm of which he speaks as "growing finely," marks the spot where the first blow at Harris was struck, and, I think, waves over his own grave. (See the bird's-eye view, at p. 486. of "Nineteen Years.") So far as I can judge, that is just where Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are buried. I well remember that day. He dug the hole, I think, and I put in the seed, and I left him another to plant at the spot where he mentions.

Mr. Gordon was in Glasgow, I think, between the time of his leaving Nova Scotia and his sailing from London in the John Williams. His wife was a London lady of the name of Powell. She was a member, I think, of Mr. Davis's, at Gravel Pit Meeting. They spent some days in our house at Malua on the way to their station, and I parted with them both on board the John Williams in Dillon's Bay on the afternoon of Monday the 17th October, 1859. I think it was on that visit to Erromanga that the John Williams took the news to Mrs. Gordon of the death of her mother. I think her father is dead also. I saw a sister of her's when I was in London in May last, and there is a brother there also—an artist in the slate works of Mr. Magnus, at Pimlico. Mr. Gordon's friends are in Nova Scotia. He was a home missionary there for some time, and is mentioned, if I mistake not, in one of the notes from the diary of Hedley Vicars. He was a bold, energetic, hard working man, and has ere this joined a glorious company of kindred spirits. Mrs. Gordon was a little body, quiet, amiable, intelligent, and possessing a heart full of love to the heathen. We have had female martyrs in the Pacific from our noble band of Samoan and Rarotangan evangelists, but this is the first European female martyr there. God grant that it may be the last! But even over the grave of these devoted servants of God we have something to cheer us yet for Erromanga. What an affecting scene it must have been as described by the writer of that letter; and what a contrast to the fiendish, savage triumph which was no doubt witnessed over the bodies of Williams and Harris!—Ever affectionately yours,

GEORGE TURNER.

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The following is the letter from Mr. Gordon referred to by Dr. Turner:—

ERROMANGA, January 3, 1860.

*Rev. Dear Brother,*—I have only time to write you a few lines by a vessel just leaving here for New Caledonia. The most noticeable circumstances here since you left are:—War among the natives who met you here on the Sabbath; collision again of natives here with foreigners, resulting in house burning and the death of some; the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Matheson to this island for health, which they are receiving in a large measure; arrival of Makea and his wife and daughter from Nizua for health, which they are receiving hopefully; the poisoning of our spring for table water since the late disturbances with foreigners; cheering prospects of the mission on the east side of this island, where I now purpose to spend more of my time. Since I parted with you, I have planted the date palm seed where Mr. Williams' body was cut up, and gathered some fragments of his supposed bones from one of the three ovens on which his body was placed, after it was cut up. The seed which you planted where Mr. Harris was first struck, is growing finely. After you left us five days, one of the young men who met you was killed by a neighbouring chief, and much fighting and mischief have been the natural results among these heathens, in whom Scripture is fulfilled—"Hateful and hating one another." I am sorry I cannot give you particulars of the work here.

Mr. Paton is in great peril on Tanna. May God help him in his trying and needful hour. We have no late accounts of matters on the Loyalty Islands and Aneiteum. Mrs. G. is quite well, and unites in kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Turner.—Yours very truly,

GEO. N. GORDON.

Rev. Geg. Turner.