

when I think of the work before me : may I not hope for help ? The word of God has to be translated, and all this land cultivated for Christ.

" I can do but little until I get a thorough knowledge of the language. If anything will make a man learn a language, it is to be surrounded by a loving people thirsting for the word of God, and to be unable to speak to them. You will be glad to know that I have made a *commencement* in the native tongue ; I conducted the Missionary Prayer Meeting, a fortnight ago, and gave an address in the native language. A Missionary Prayer Meeting in Savage Island is very different from a Missionary Prayer Meeting in England. *All the people attend here* ; there could not have been less than 800 on either of the occasions we have witnessed. I have a class of fifteen young men, which I meet every week. They are remarkably quick and intelligent : I hope that at no distant day they will be usefully employed as assistant Teachers on their own island. I hope in my next letter to be able to give you some interesting information respecting the laws, customs, &c., which my limited knowledge of the language prevents my doing now.

" I am happy to say Mrs. Lawes and myself are both quite well ; and, with kind regard to Mrs. Prout and yourself,

" I remain, dear Sir,

" Yours very truly,

(Signed)

" W. G. LAWES.

" REV. DR. TIDMAN."

ERROMANGA.

This island, beyond all others visited by the *John Williams*, has obtained a mournful notoriety from the barbarous murders perpetrated by its savage inhabitants upon WILLIAMS and HARRIS two and twenty years since, and very recently upon Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, who had nobly ventured to settle on its blood-stained shores. But, notwithstanding the shadow of death has rested so heavily upon this island, the friends of Missions will learn, from Mr. Murray's journal, that the prospects for the future are far from hopeless. It appears that the lamented death of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon was effected by a heathen chief, coming from a distance, and instigated to his murderous act by a wicked and abandoned stranger of the name of Rangī. Mr. G. had obviously cherished a misplaced confidence in his own security, and removed his residence a considerable distance from the people among whom he had previously lived, and by whom he was venerated and loved. These Christian natives, had they been present when the fatal attack was made, would have proved themselves his defenders, and when he fell, they wept over his remains, and that of his beloved wife, as children weep over the ashes of a father.

Another attempt will yet be made to replace the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon ; and we trust that the sad experience of the past may be followed, through the Divine blessing, by the safety of the future devoted messenger of mercy, and the wide extension of the Gospel throughout Erromanga.

" We anchored in Dillon's Bay on the morning of Tuesday, September 11th.— Varied and conflicting were our feelings as we sailed along the coast of this land of melancholy interest. Everything that met the eye, especially in the Bay, looked beautiful and lovely as of old ; but the recollection of the sad scenes of May last cast a gloom over all. The sight of the unfinished house, especially, at which Mr. Gordon was working on the day of his death, and which was full in view, brought these scenes very vividly before us.

" We found in Aneiteum seventeen refugees whose lives had been in danger after the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, and who on that account had left the island. Among these were our old friends Joe and Mana, through whom we succeeded in past years in introducing Teachers to the island. They had been inmates of Mr. Gordon's family during the whole time of his residence in Erromanga, and besides, they are well acquainted with the Samoan language ; hence it was important to have one of them in communicating with the Erromangans and in obtaining information relative to the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. Joe was considered eligible for our purpose, so we had him with us. As soon as we got to anchor, he was sent on shore to ascertain the state of things. We were soon cheered by Joe's return with a company of Natives presenting a very different appearance from anything we had expected to see in Erromanga on the present occasion. They were all clothed, and had nothing in their appearance indicative of the degradation