

number of natives rushed out from the bush, and with their hatchets despatched him. His arm was broken in three places while in the act of defending himself, and his head and neck were cut fearfully. After Mr. Gordon fell, four of the natives instantly ran off to Mrs. G., who came to the door and asked what the noise was she heard. The men replied, "Oh, 'tis only some natives laughing." She turned round to go into the house, and was treated in a similar way to her husband. There happened to be but one Englishman on the island at time, who resided about a mile and half from Mr. Gordon's house. He, upon hearing what had taken place, armed himself, and went to the fatal spot and rescued the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. G., and was just in time to save their house, which had been set on fire by the natives. Our lamented and much loved friends and late fellow labourers are buried on the spot where Harris fell and was murdered by this cruel people. Oh! that the light of the glorious gospel of *love* and *peace* may shine on dark, dark Erromanga. Four have fallen martyrs to the truth on that island, and little or no fruit as yet. 'Tis one of Satan's strongholds, nor will he let it go without a desperate struggle. Shall we raise the siege? God forbid, even should it cost *forty* lives to plant the gospel standard on Erromanga. What is that compared with the good that would follow? Are there not to be found a sufficient number of young men, with a little knowledge in their heads and their hearts *full* of love to Christ and perishing souls, who are willing to give their lives to *Jesus*, in order to rescue multitudes from *Satan*? *Four hundred* lives would not be considered much in the taking of a city; here is an island under the bondage of the worst of tyrants; wherever you turn your eyes there is darkness, idolatry, and blood, yet in the siege we have, as our leader, the "King of Kings." We need not fear the result—a few lives may be lost, or rather, a few martyr's crowns may be gained,—ultimately it must be added to the conquests of Christ: error and superstition can never stand before the truth as it is in *Jesus*. Who will come to take the place of the two who have fallen? Oh! that a voice may go forth from the tomb of our friends, and arouse the Christian world from its slumber and worldliness to energy and devotedness. May this sad news, when it reaches you, pass over the churches of the Christian world like a blazing comet, that the whole Church of God may burst forth in a mighty flame of love towards these poor, degraded, benighted heathen. I would say, to the Throne of Grace!—all ye who profess to love the Lord *Jesus*; and, let us, like old Jacob of old, determine not to let *Jesus* go until He has blessed poor Erromanga.

We pray God that the relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon may be sustained under this heavy loss.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

S. M'FARLANE.

Rev. W. Cuthbertson.

THE MASSACRE AT ERROMANGA.

We are indebted to Mr. Wm. Logan for the following note from the Rev. Dr. Turner, author of "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," in relation to the tragic event reported in *Tuesday's Herald*:—

6 FRANKLIN TERRACE, Tuesday Evening, Sept. 17, 1861.

My Dear Friend,—Having been busy with a "proof," I had not seen a paper to-day until your copy of the *Glasgow Herald* came in. It is a most distressing tale. For the last month I have been dreading the next accounts from Erromanga. I cannot help being fearful, also, of our next news from Tanna. This account of the Erromanga affair is so circumstantial that there can be no doubt of its truth. The "boys" referred to are, I suppose, some six or ten lads Mr. Gordon had living with him, partly as servants, and principally for the sake of instructing them with a view to their becoming native agents. *Mana* (or *Nalial*, as his Erromangan name is,) is a native of Erromanga. We had him for some time in our institution in Samoa. I believe he is a Christian, and consider him the first true convert of Erromanga. Mr. Gordon has had him employed as a teacher for some time. He (*Mana*) has had many a remarkable escape. He fled for his life once to Aneityum, and it is a marvel to me how he has been preserved through