

With consecrated, enthusiastic converts like these it is easy to understand the rapid progress of Christianity among the islands of the sea. How great would the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom be among our own countrymen if professing Christians made the *will of Christ* the rule of their life!

That first South Sea Island convert was a true missionary, as all converts ought to be. The new light led to a new life. His soul began to throb with new desires and ambitions. It was not enough for him that the Gospel was spreading in his own land, that the idols were being burned, and schools and chapels built; he longed to carry the good news to the regions beyond, and by means of his canoe he became the messenger of peace to the surrounding islands.

The arrival of the celebrated missionary apostle of the South Sea Islands, John Williams, gave a new impetus to the infant mission and to the missionary zeal of some of its converts. At that time the work required just such an ardent, enterprising, and adventurous missionary as the "Martyr of Erromanga." "For my part," he wrote to the directors, "I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef, and if means are not afforded of getting to the regions beyond, a continent would be infinitely preferable to me; for there, if you cannot ride, you can walk: but to these isolated islands a *ship must carry you.*" There being no ship at his command and no money to buy one, he set to work and built one. It was seventy or eighty tons burden and proved to be a very good sailer, and was called *The Messenger of Peace*. By means of this vessel a noble band of enthusiastic converts, with Mr. Williams at their head, raised the standard of the cross on the Harvey and Samoan islands; and then by means of a larger vessel, supplied by the English people, carried the Gospel to the New Hebrides group, where the renowned and lamented leader lost his life, being clubbed to death by the savages of Erromanga, whom he was seeking to save.

The writer has a very vivid recollection of his first contact with real cannibals at Erromanga and Tanna thirty-four years ago, where he first met Mr. (now Dr.) Paton and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, who were beginning their work on those islands. Dr. Paton had recently buried his wife and child, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, with whom we spent three days and nights on Erromanga, were murdered by the cannibals soon after our visit. The scene rises before me as I write. It was a lovely, quiet Sabbath evening. We were standing on the small veranda in front of the little weather-bearded house, situated on a hill that rises from the deep blue waters of Dillon's Bay. The full, clear moon is coming forth "like a fair shepherdess with her full flock of stars." The mountains, like silent fortresses, raise their heads, tier on tier, in solemn grandeur against the azure sky. All above is peaceful, glorious, godlike. We talk of "dark Erromanga." At the foot of those beautiful mountains are the habitations of cruelty. "Do you see that winding path down the hill?" said Mr. Gordon. Yes,