

and most devoted women that ever bore the Gospel message to a heathen land. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Matheson also passed away to his rest and reward. The light kindled on Tanna never was wholly extinguished. Brighter days came. Rev. William Watt and his wife have toiled there for twenty-one years with marked success. There is no longer danger to life or property, and heathenism is dying.

ERROMANGA : THE GORDONS, AND OTHERS.

Let us now turn to blood-stained, blood-bought Erromanga. We have already noted the tragic close of the heroic and devoted life of John Williams. The banner which had fallen from his hand was taken up and held aloft by Rev. GEORGE N. GORDON, a native of Prince Edward Island, a young man of profound piety, strong faith, rare natural eloquence, and equally rare earnestness of purpose. His early education was defective, but he "endured hardness" and won for himself at Halifax a good training for the ministry. He spent some months of preparation in London, and there married a young lady who proved a true "help-meet" to him.

On June 17th, 1857, Mr. Gordon and his wife were settled at Dillon's Bay, Erromanga. He was warmly welcomed by a few young men who had been under training at Samoa; but the four chiefs at Dillon's Bay were by no means friendly, although they manifested no active opposition. Mr. Gordon set to work to train native teachers. He found the people sunken in every form of vice and wickedness, naked, brutal, cruel savages,—the war-horn sounding continually. They were superstitious, worshipping departed ancestors. Each family had a god of its own. In mean little temples they presented offerings of food to their gods with the prayer, "Accept this offering. Protect me, and kill my enemies." Like most of the people on other islands,