

Nerimpon. Näre stood immediately in front of Mr. Gordon, no doubt to give the sign when to strike the fatal blow. This sign on Eromanga is to wink the eye. At that moment Nerimpon plunged the whole face of his tomahawk into Mr. Gordon's temple, laying open his side face from the right eye to the right ear. Mr. Gordon uttering a sharp piercing shriek, alarmed the natives living on the premises. He made a great effort to get into the house; Nerimpon and Näre blocked up the door-way determined to execute the awful deed, fearing that Mr. Gordon should get into the house and recover. However, he instantly pressed past them, but his strength failed him, and he fell forward heavily on his face upon the floor. One great effort to breathe, causing the blood to gush from his nose and mouth, a deep groan, and all was over. Soso, the teacher, saw Mr. Gordon die. The whole was the work of a few seconds from the time he was struck till he lay dead.

The murderers now fled to the bush, fearing, perhaps, the Christian party, or their guilty consciences pursuing them and making cowards of them. A messenger was immediately sent overland to tell the few Christians living on and belonging to this side of the island, while the Christians of Potinia Bay, where the murder was committed, assembled, and with Soso made a rude box coffin, and with sorrowful hearts "carried him to his burial."

That morning, and all through the day, with Soso by his side to assist him, he sought to give God's word in correct form and expression to the perishing tribes of Eromanga. And ere the sun had sunk to rest, I doubt not, Gordon received from the "Righteous Judge" the martyr's crown.

Thus died James Douglas Gordon, the fifth martyr of Eromanga. So soon as Nailing, the young Christian Chief of Dillon's Bay, and the Christian party with him, arrived at Potinia Bay, they held a meeting and recommended all the christians of that side of the island to accompany them to this side, lest they should also be put to death by the heathen. They agreed to this, and launched Mr. Gordon's boat to bring round his books, &c., but it was useless, being

out of repair; so they brought upon their backs as many of the light articles as they could.

They came over the mountains from Potinia Bay to Dillon's Bay, numbering, in all, a party of about fifty men, women and children, and, as the latter were not strong enough to walk all the way in one day, they slept in the bush that night, and arrived here in safety. Seven young men led the way with their loaded muskets for fear of the enemy, and the lads, old men, women and children followed as they were able. Next day some fifty persons set to and built a wooden fortification round this mission house, in order to defend themselves should the heathen come to attack them. This done, seven young men of the friendly or christian party went over to Portinia Bay and shot three men and one woman at the break of day, and on their way home a young man, whose mother was a native of Portinia Bay, making in all four, and then returned home.

I cannot tell you how grieved I am for this act of theirs; and particularly do I regret it as two of the seven young men were church members and teachers. I have spoken to them on the subject, strongly condemning their action. I have asked them why they did not wait till a Ship of War arrived, as Mr. Gordon was a British subject, and see whether or not the guilty tribe would be punished. But in answer to this they say "Oh, Missis, our grief was great for Missi Gordon; we wept much because he was no longer with us, and they had killed our first missionary and his wife, and when his brother came to tell us about Nobū (God), we thought he would be allowed to live long among us, and that one day Eromanga would become a christian land like Aneityum, and so all the people of this dark land would walk about freely, sleep soundly at night, and, thanking God, rest and continue in His love. But when they killed Missi, our lamp was put out and our hearts were sore—oh! so sore—and knowing if a Ship of War did come she would just do as they all do, the officers would come on shore, purchase some bows and arrows, go on board again, perhaps fire some of their big guns at some cocoanut trees or old canoes, sail