

of his people. He made those cruel-hearted heathen to be at peace with us.

One of the Efil people on arriving at the village cut a tree across the path leading to our plantations, saying to his fellow villagers, "You know what that means, if any of you pass this tree to do harm to the plantations of Erakor, we will fight among ourselves. Thus none meddled with our plantations. They all retired in peace, carrying off a present of 26 pigs.

Our people took up their canoes quite a distance from the sea, I suppose to prevent the heathen from coming here too easily.

In the afternoon four of their young men came over with some of our own people to grind their hatchets; they were remarkably pleasant. They advised me to confine my evangelistic labours to Erakor, Efil and Ebag, and leave the wicked Ertab men to their fate.

Thus a terribly gloomy and threatening morning was followed by no disaster, but instead, by a calm, clear and serene sunset. Thus the Lord fulfils his promise unto us.

* * * * *

When the heathen of Efil arrived at our village one of Timothy's friends hurled his spear at our people; but happily it hit no one. Then Jakob, the strong man of our village, ran up to him and clinched until he cooled down a little.

After the Efil men retired Bomal, David and Isaia came over to give us the news.—In mentioning the parties who had contributed their quota to the peace-purchasing present I missed my own name. On inquiry I was told that they had agreed to bear the burden themselves—that I was not the cause of the disaster—that the dark customs of their land were the cause, and that therefore they had agreed that no part of the burden should rest on me.

Painful as this trying providence has been, it has not been without its advantage. It has shewed us something of the character of the work here. In its light we saw the revengeful and retaliating passions of men bridled and subdued by the influence of the gospel,—men schooled in the laws of revenge from infancy restraining themselves from violence in obedience to the authority of God's holy word. I saw their strong attachment to my own person as the messenger of Christ among them; and not only so, but their very considerate regard even for my property—preferring rather to sacrifice their own than mine.

But this matter is not ended as yet. Our people are under arms all day long—always afraid that the Ertab men may make a descent on their property or village. They have to keep watch at night. They cannot go beyond their own territory without risk to life, unless in a strong body. All industrial pursuits are arrested. The women go

to the plantations to take home their food under an escort of armed men. Their christian forbearance moreover is likely to be misconstrued by their countrymen around as cowardice or weak-heartedness—and especially so, as this is the third time that they have suffered such wrongs at the hands of the Ertab men.

We have heard that Mermer has doomed the murderer to death. But matters are yet pending, so that the Lord only knows what the issue will be. Our hope is in Him that He may, even out of this sad disaster, bring much good. Timothy's body was not eaten. The fact is the murderer has but a few to sympathize with his crime even in Ertab. Our hopes therefore are strong that the christian forbearance of our people will have a good effect upon them. For the Ertab people now are weak, and our people are comparatively strong.

Last Sabbath, while we were in church, the half of the men of the village were walking around under arms, for fear that advantage might be taken of us on our day of rest. The men who came to church brought their arms, and laid them down outside until worship was ended. This is the state of matters in quiet Erakor now! Oh what blessings we do enjoy in time of peace, when we can worship the Lord each under his own vine and his own fig tree—none daring to make him afraid.

Another Letter from Rev. D. Morrison.

The following letter was received by Rev. WILLIAM MAXWELL of this city. It is dated Erakor, Fate, December 19th, 1866. After some preliminary statements Mr. Morrison proceeds to describe,

A VISIT TO A CANNIBAL CHIEF.

But, I must hasten now to write you an account of a tour which I made to the interior of this island to see Tikaikon, at home, and to make known the gospel to those dark and deeply degraded people.

On our return from the annual meeting in Aneiteum, I found that in our absence some of our people had been in Marik, Tikaikon's land. He sent word by them to me to visit him. So I lost no time in preparing for the journey. Part of the journey was by sea. So I took my boat and a strong crew, and two of our most influential elders with their wives. I carried my own food with me—bread, sugar, tea, salt &c. As also a small tea kettle and two tin dippers, one to infuse my tea in and the other to serve as a cup.

As the trade winds generally blow hard in the day and fall off at night, and that we had to go straight against it we made an