

to pray publicly, because I saw he was hardened with pride and ignorance. I spoke to him more than once on the subject and warned him of his danger, but my admonitions were disregarded and my warnings despised. Perhaps he was taken too much notice of by Dr. Turner and others, for he was never anything but a very dull native, and did little or nothing in the way of recommending the gospel to his countrymen. It must be said of him, however, that he was very kind and obliging to the missionary. His case is a sad one in the extreme, not only on his own account but also on account of the cause he professed for so many years. The reasons he assigns for tomahawking his poor victim are most childish, viz., some of their paltry quarrels about their food. He says he is sorry and very much ashamed for this foul crime, of the former, however, I don't see much evidence. I hope he is so, and certainly he has very good reason to be so.

Towards the end of last year one of the young men here ran off with a woman—wife of an Unimang chief, by name Narentanop, or long fame. When the young couple reached here the people about us got alarmed, saying that the bad deed of this man would bring the wrath of this great chief and his friends down upon us, and therefore it would be better for the happy pair to repair to his village as soon as possible. They were off accordingly next day. Not many days had elapsed before Narentanop and a band of heathen made their appearance on the mission ground. I soon made his acquaintance. He said his heart was sore on account of what the young man had done. I said he must understand he did it not because he was long here and knew much, but because he was but a short time under the teaching of the missionary and knew but very little about Jehovah and His good laws; and that the missionaries disapproved very much of such and all bad conduct, and that it was their business to teach men how to behave well. Having learned that he was a great cannibal and a drinker of human blood, I spoke also on that subject. He said my words were good, and that he would tell his brother chief *Lovo* so. Now, this *Lovo* is a cousin of the man who ordered Mr. George Gordon to be killed. I made him a present of a small hatchet and gave him another for *Lovo*.—We parted on most friendly terms. I learned afterwards that he was proclaiming my kindness far and wide towards the south end of the island, and this may be one reason why so many chiefs visited us this year from that quarter.

On Sabbath, 24th January last, two of our local preachers were sent to a village about three miles distant, in order to address the people and teach them on

Monday morning. But to our astonishment they returned on Sabbath night with long and gloomy countenances. We saw at once something very unusual was troubling them, but how to get it out of them was a little difficult. At last they said it was told them privately that a number of chiefs with their men were on their way to kill us tomorrow, and meanwhile they were holding a consultation with a neighbouring chief on the subject, and had also gathered coconuts to sell us in order to put us off our guard. After listening to their story I said they had better go and take some supper, and when they were finished to call all the natives about into the house and we should have a prayer meeting in connection with the matter, for I was sure they could do nothing to us without Jehovah's permission. The meeting was exceedingly well attended and earnest. This has been the origin of the Sabbath evening prayer-meeting referred to in the report.

Early on Monday morning loud noise and howling was heard in the distance, and in a short time bands of heathen were on the mission grounds, and to our very door, tomahawks in hand. We arranged previous to their arrival that we should remain within doors, and that the Christian natives should walk about the house and bring the chiefs in to see the missionary, and purchase for us the coconuts referred to. This arrangement was carried out accordingly. During the day I went to the back door and spoke to some very bad looking men, and learned that they were the murderers of Fletcher, the last white man who has been killed on the island. In the evening we wished to go out for a walk, but they were still prowling about the house. As I was standing on the verandah with an umbrella in my hand, I noticed them asking our natives something which amused them a little. I asked what was up, when they replied that the strangers thought the umbrella in my hand was a gun. I immediately opened up this formidable instrument, which brought a shout of exclamation from them. I then shewed them a very large one and a parasol, which added considerably to their wonder; at the same time throwing open the gate and inviting them to the sofa on the verandah. There Mrs. McN. entertained them with music, and your most obedient with pictures. They declared the music was very good and cried for more, and they would listen. When Mrs. McN. attempted to stop, one tall beauty, but not without paint, was gallant enough to assist her with the instrument. At last I gave them a number of pineapples and we seemingly parted good friends. We were a little disappointed, however, on being told by our own natives, that that was but a small band, and that our murderers were to be