

er." About a fortnight before his death he preached at Bunkhill, rebuking his hearers sharply for their idolatry and wickedness. This offended the tribe; they resolved on his murder; and how well they succeeded in their devilish designs the event has shown.

Amidst the gloom and grief which the tidings of this dreadful event will occasion to the relatives and friends of these martyrs, and indeed to all Christians who are interested in the cause of missions, it must be cheering to know that in all their troubles and anxieties Mr. Gordon and his wife steadfastly rested their trust on the Rock of Ages, and at all times they submissively bent to His will. The last words in Mr. Gordon's diary are—"Thanks be to God for the measure of faith granted to us in these troublesome and perilous times." "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul! who redeemeth thy life from destruction." Unweariedly they laboured in the cause of Christ, and now they have been called upon to receive the crown of martyrdom, and to enjoy in His presence the fullness of reward.

We were highly delighted yesterday by a visit from Bishop Patteson, of New Zealand. All the mission boys went at the sight of him, as they recalled his last visit here to their remembrance. We crossed over to the grave, which has been enclosed by a fence by the boys. The Bishop read, with much fervour and feeling, the beautiful service of the English Church over the tomb, and immediately afterwards proceeded on his voyage to the Northern Islands.

He informed me that the John Williams might be expected here daily, and I shall put Mr. Gordon's property on board of her.

I have written you a long letter, but I am afraid it is rather unconnected and diffuse, as I have been so often interrupted, and I have been much hurried when writing it, so please excuse faults.—With sentiments of the deepest respect, I remain, Rev. Sir, your very obedient servant. \* \* \*

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WIDE BAY, Lifu, June 17, 1861.

*Rev. and Dear Sir,*—I herewith send you a few letters, which I beg you will forward to their respective destinations. A vessel has just called here, direct from Erromanga, on her way to New Caledonia, and I hasten to send you a note by her. She has confirmed the painful intelligence brought here about a week ago by another vessel, viz., the murder of the Rev. Mr. Gordon and his devoted wife. Alas! they are fallen by the hands of a cruel, superstitious people. Their work is done: they are now receiving their reward. Two more names are added to the long noble list of martyrs. The particulars of the case are these:—In consequence of the measles, which have been raging among these islands, and followed by a fearful mortality, the natives of Erromanga determined to kill all the white people on that island, looking upon them as the cause of the disease, not drawing any distinction between the trader who took the sickness and the missionary who was using every effort to subdue it. It appears that Mr. Gordon was fully aware that the natives intended taking his life, but evidently thought in a little time that they would change their purpose. He, like a brave, faithful soldier, stuck to his post, undoubtedly feeling that there was no place of greater security than upon the "Rock of ages," and that He who, by a word of his mouth, instantly turned the mighty, raging, restless sea into a perfect calm could as easily quell the turbulent passions of a savage people. But God's ways are not as our ways. He saw fit to take them home, and now the four martyrs of Erromanga (Williams, Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon) have received their crowns, and occupy their places near the throne of God, in the nightless land of "Beulah."

It was one morning, about three weeks ago, while Mr. Gordon was busily engaged erecting a printing office—the few natives who are nominal Christians being away to get grass to thatch the roof—that a party of heathens went to him and asked him to go and see some natives who were sick. Mr. G. said he was just going to have breakfast, and offered them medicine; they, however, urged him to go and see the parties, in order to ascertain the real character of the disease. He at once consented, and was going to his house to get some medicine, with one native before and another behind him. When they got near some bush, the latter struck Mr. G. with his tomahawk on the back, upon which Mr. G. fell. Then a