

amiable, faithful and devoted man. He entered upon the work with zeal and prudence. He was surrounded by warlike and vicious tribes. Many attempts were made to destroy his house and drive him away, and his life was in constant peril. He died suddenly on the 21st January, 1861—as truly a martyr to the rage of the heathen as John Williams himself.

A trading vessel called at Mr. Matheson's station and asked that a chief should be sent on board, as they had "something to give him." A chief went on board, and was detained an hour or two. Nothing was given him but *measles*! The same vessel called at Port Resolution and asked leave to land some sick Lifu men. Leave was granted. It was found that the men were dying of *measles*! This was a wicked plot by base men to excite the wrath of the heathen against the mission. From these two points of infection the deadly disease spread over the whole island, carrying destruction everywhere. The rage of the people was beyond bounds, and they held the Christians guilty of bringing upon them the awful calamity. Then came two dreadful hurricanes in January, and a hurricane of unprecedented violence in March, which added to the fury of the people. The missionaries kept bravely to their post, month after month. In January, 1862, another terrific hurricane visited the islands. Mr. Paton's station at Port Resolution was broken up through the violence of warring tribes, and he made his way to Mr. Matheson's station. Early in February their church was burnt down by the heathen, and they threatened also to burn the house. So the missionaries made up their minds to leave Tanna. A vessel, sent by Dr. Geddie, came just in time to bear them safely away. They left many friendly natives behind, who were eager for their return. Mrs. Matheson died on Aneityum, March 11th, 1862. She was one of the loveliest