

he was all anxiety as to whether the savages would receive him in a friendly spirit, and allow the landing of a few of the teachers to prepare the way of the Lord. The first island of the group at which the vessel touched was Futuna, a huge rock which rises up 2,000 feet above the sea. The natives there were friendly, but there was not opportunity for making arrangements to locate teachers. It was otherwise at Tanna. The harbor of Port Resolution was a safe anchorage, and had been visited by European traders. The chief promised protection to the Samoan teachers, and three were left. To Mr. Williams this was a notable event. He wrote of it in his journal thus: "This is a memorable day, a day which will be transmitted to posterity, and the record of the events which have this day transpired will exist after those who have taken part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion."

He little thought that the very next day would be rendered still more memorable, not indeed by the landing of teachers, but by his own martyr death at Eromanga, on the 20th of November, 1839. He landed, along with Mr. Harris, a young man sailing in the *Camden*, and seriously thinking of giving himself to missionary work. Captain Morgan and Mr. Cunningham also landed. All seemed pleasant at first, and the party proceeded inland along the banks of the river at Dillon's Bay. Suddenly a shout was heard. The natives became hostile, and it was necessary to seek safety in the boats. Captain Morgan and Mr. Cunningham were nearest to the shore and got into their boat. Mr. Harris was struck and fell into the river. Mr. Williams was clubbed just as he reached the bay. No help could be given, and their friends in the boat saw the natives spear and kill both Williams and Harris. Arrows flew around the boat, and the men had to pull for their lives. The bodies of the martyr pioneers were dragged into the bush by the infuriated cannibals for their horrid feast. When the vessel reached Samoa great sorrow was awakened by the heavy tidings of the death of John Williams. From island to island the wailing cry arose, "Aue Williamu! Aue Tawa!—Alas, Williams! Alas, our Father!"

But as of old, "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church." It was at once resolved by the mission brethren in Samoa that another effort should be made to place Christian teachers on blood-stained Eromanga. The Rev. T. Heath offered to lead the forlorn hope on the condition that if he also fell, another man should take the colors. He succeeded in his effort, and in 1840, six months after the death of Williams, two Christian Samoan teachers were landed. A veteran survivor of that eventful period, the Rev. A. W. Murray, author of the "Martyrs of Polynesia," "The Bible in the Pacific," and other works on missions, visited the island in 1841, when Mrs. Williams was on board the mission vessel on her way to