

dreaded most, for it runs its course with awful rapidity. A few days ago our kind and useful cook, Nokopen, a strong healthy young man, was seized in this way, and in less than twenty-four hours he was in eternity. In such cases, as might have been expected, medicines have little or no effect. The disease is too strong to be overcome by antidotes. In milder phases, however, and especially those in which the chest, as well as the throat and head, are involved, I find medicines to be invaluable, and chiefly *ipecacuanha*, followed by steel drops, quinine, &c. It has no respect of persons, old and young, male and female, take it, and die of it too.

Our general meeting is being held at Aneiteum, and since Mr. Gordon left in order to attend it, 15 days ago, twenty-four new cases have occurred on the mission premises. Of these three have died, and others are in a precarious state indeed; two more have also died, but who were ill before Mr. G.'s departure. In all, eight have already died on the mission grounds. This is a large proportion in a population not exceeding fifty; but I fear if the malady rages as it has hitherto done, as many more deaths will have to be recorded, and should it go over the whole island at the same ratio, one-third of the entire inhabitants will be carried off. Among the heathen tribe where it made its first appearance, as well as among some of their allies, it has been very fatal; in the first place it attacked many of the worst characters on the island, and some of the most opposed to Christianity, have been called, without much warning, to their long home.

*Sep. 9th*—Since penning the above I have to announce the death of another, and that by far the most important native in connection with the mission. He was one of those who had embraced the gospel in the days of the former Mr. Gordon; he was half-brother to Wawan Nangare, one of the principal chiefs near this Bay. He was a native of singular energy, trust-worthy, faithful and honest; he *could be trusted*, and it might be said of him that he did what he could, in order to spread the gospel among his crafty, cruel, and blood-thirsty countrymen. By reason of his open, candid, honest and confidential character, as well as by his connection with the chiefs, he was *recognized* on all hands as the substantial *friend* of truth and justice; he had access to, and was hence called upon to act occasionally as mediator between hostile chiefs. He was thus employed by Mr. Gordon at the time of his greatest trials. He was also most faithful in declaring the truth to his own tribe every Sabbath afternoon. But *Niowan*—honest, faithful *Niowan*—is no more. It seems dark, very dark, very mysterious to us that such a useful, true and faithful servant should be called away at such a critical time—but so it is. His Lord and Master had no more work for him here, and has called *Niowan* to a better home, and possibly from sadder and darker days to come on the island. On Sabbath he was at church, and I called on him to engage in prayer. On Wednesday—our prayer-meeting day—he was seized with great violence by disease in the throat. Mrs. McNair, to whom he was much attached, for he assisted her in the cook-house, gave him a gargle which she made for herself. The gargle he thought strong, but in a short time came back for more, saying it was good. I gave him steel drops and *ipecacuanha*; yet so rapid and strong was the disease, that he could scarcely swallow a cup of tea my dear wife gave him in the evening. I ordered him to his house at once, and put on more clothes. I endeavoured to keep his throat open as well as to keep up his strength by means of mustard poultices, brandy and water, quinine, steel drops, &c., but all to no purpose. He suffered much during Friday, and especially on Friday night; by Saturday night he became insensible, and death evident. About 3 p. m. he breathed his