

courage. From being the most cruel, and blood thirsty race (said to be) in all the South Sea Islands, and the most degraded, they have become to be amongst the most gentle, refined, kind-hearted and willing Christian people to be found anywhere; and most generous to us and to distant churches since ever they could earn a shilling. They have paid large sums for printing and binding works of Scripture and for Mission houses, churches, and school houses material, and for houses, boats, tanks, etc., upon their own island; have manned one large Mission boat without any charge, (except food and certain, small personal losses sustained by them) for over nineteen years, have performed much labor in building keeping up Mission building, school-houses and making of roads and travelling over the island with me to visit heathen and Christian tribes and carry medicine and European food to the sick and dying, and have hundreds of times intimated without me to preach to the heathen, or speak, or pray with them as soon as allowed, and they have gone with me to settle out teachers, and visit them again when sick, or to remove the poor widow and children when death had taken away the husband and father, and in how many other ways they have aided us in our desire to advance God's work among their degraded countrymen. I cannot even attempt to tell nor will the Church ever know half of what they have done for her advancement here or to make our work, humanly speaking, possible.

But God rewards all work done for the extension of His Son's Kingdom, and the good of His people. He will not forget the work so freely performed by many Erromangans, however obscure they may be, and however humble the service rendered. We have passed long since beyond the more stirring and stimulating period of the Mission cause at Erromanga, that is, that exciting time when the people are changing sides—are leaving, in large numbers, the heathen party and are joining the army of Christ and when, in the full flush of enthusiastic zeal and warm first-love, one only requires to manage and plan, and lead, and they will be found ready and willing for any amount of mission work; and nothing is considered too much, or difficult, or too dangerous for them if thereby they believe they can advance the Mission cause, put down heathenism, glorify God and please their missionary and his Church.

We had our full share of those years on this island. I have seen 200 people at the command of Norowo, a powerful old chief for a New Hebridian chief, and a fearless, cruel old warrior, come forward in perfect

quiet and regular order, and lay down at my feet all the chiefs and all their own heathen relics, of whatever kind, and after the Chief had first done so himself in the presence of all his own people and before all my party who accompanied me, they declared their determination to give up forever all *heathenism* and accept the religion of the Bible. That was a grand sight was it not? We see no sight like that now simply because we have passed the rapid transition period and we have long since entered upon the quiet, less showy, but quite as progressive, and perhaps, more reliable stage of planting a Church in this distant and surpassingly beautiful island; which on account of the tragic scenes which witnessed the brave attempts made by those devoted and self-denying men and women who in the face of opposition of savage men who seemed more like devils than human beings, attempted to establish and set up the Kingdom of Christ—an island which on account of its unique and tragic history must ever be regarded with undying interest by all Christians everywhere while the world lasts.

We saw over 500 people assemble in July, 1882, here, to witness the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and when our little Martyr's Memorial Church was found too small for the congregation that morning, we met on the green sward close by, where the first Erromangan Elders were ordained, and where 200 men and women, all Erromangans, sat down together in perfect quietness and happiness to show forth the Lord's death till He come.

But the one fact which made that never-to-be-forgotten meeting of such intense interest was that until very shortly before that grand and solemn sight many of the old men who sat down that morning to remember Christ till he come again, were deadly enemies, and when at any time they did meet it was on the battle field, in contesting for a bloody crown with battle axe, club, spear, or the more refined 'savages' breech-loader which differed only in one particular from the blackman's club or spear, namely, that it destroyed more precious lives—destroyed God's image in His people!

At the Communion of July, 1882, two sons and one nephew of Kowiovi (the man who murdered John Williams on the 20th Nov. 1839) sat together at the Lord's Supper, and there were some present who had been cannibals, and an old man who witnessed the Martyrdom of Williams. He also was blamed for being one of those chiefs who resolved that James D. Gordon's life must be taken in order to stop the Gospel spreading. He also murdered a teacher the very day James Gordon fell a martyr, and he