

length they came to the conclusion that it would not be wise to attack the Missionary, as he had a number of young men and guns about him, but that they should go about and be on the look out, if, happily, they might find some of these young men on the path, they should despatch one or more of them, and then the Missionary might be inclined to leave the island. About the same time one of these chiefs, by name *Loro*—a namesake and a cousin of the man who ordered Mr. Gordon to be killed—died, and, as a matter of course, the Missionary must be blamed for his death. They learned that I was in the habit of sitting under the verandah—hence they proposed to hide in the bush close by, and try what they could do to me with the gun. Their plans, however, were scarcely matured when I was informed of the whole affair by an under chief near by, and half brother of the late *Kowioi*, the murderer of John Williams. I was no sooner made aware of their plans, than I had barricades put up at the corner of the verandah, and bush cut down and burned, in order, if possible, to defeat their object. During these months I was not infrequently waited on by one deputation after another of our own young men, saying that the heathen, and especially Wawaco Taki's men, were coming to kill and eat us at last. I got somewhat disgusted with this elegant language about killing and eating, and asked them directly what were they afraid of? Did they not believe that Jehovah was sufficient to defend us? Did they really believe that the heathen were in earnest? If so, to go and tell them that I should be glad to see them; but they must allow the heathen to come to our door to fight us, and when they did really come, and were determined to have us killed, then I should be inclined to show them how to fight properly, if they did not know, for that I was not afraid of the heathen. Further, as a general rule, they must inform the heathen that none of them would be allowed to carry their hatchets close to the Mission house, and if any of them then wish to see the Missionary, they must, in the first place, leave their hatchets at some distance, otherwise he would not see them. After some further exhortation, in order, if possible, to make Puritans of them after Cromwell's fashion, viz., "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry, boys," I succeeded in getting rid of the deputation annoyance, and not many weeks had elapsed until I was told that the heathen were terribly afraid of us, for they had noticed that we were on our guard, and quite ready for action.

NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS.

Not many days after the vessel sailed five or six men were sent to Ravelow with a box which Mr. Gordon left for the

teacher there. When they returned they informed me that the heathen on the other side were so afraid that they would make them sick that even the very sight of the box made them run off like wild goats. I was also told that the hatchets and knives I gave to *Lifu Nokitan* for the ground were placed in a certain house rather carefully, in case they might make any one sick. Such incidents will give some notion of their prejudices and superstitions. During one moon—or the month of January—60, I was told, died at Ravelow. But notwithstanding all this, *Neti*, a native of Potumu, volunteered on the 10th of February to go over, in order to teach his relatives and friends. He remained there until the 17th of March, when he was told by his chief that it would be his wisdom to leave. The other teacher, at Cook's Bay proper, was frequently threatened. In January a party of Unimang people came to question him about making the people sick. His school, at the same time, was very nearly deserted. Still he held on until the middle of March, when one day an under chief came to him and told him very coolly if he did not leave at once he would simply shoot him with his gun. In consequence of these warnings the two teachers, *Unon* and *Neti*, very wisely returned here on the 19th of March.

GORDON'S MURDERERS.

On the 27th of February *Nakwli*, murderer of Mr. George Gordon, made his appearance on the Mission grounds. He is a strong, well-built man, above the average height, middle aged, and by no means bad looking; the smile is scarcely off his face. I tried hard to bring him to his proper senses by bringing the crime of the murder of the Missionary before his mind, and the certainty of his yet meeting him at the day of judgment,—but with all my lecturing on these awfully solemn subjects I could hardly get the false smile off his countenance. At the same time I kept my eye fixed on his with a determination which must have troubled him, however well he succeeded in feigning indifference. He looks as bold and hale-hearted as though he were the most innocent man on earth. He does not seem to be in the least sorry for his foul deed; in fact, he rather glories in it, and frankly confessed to me that he acted the traitor in order to accomplish his object. He was handled pretty severely by various questions, for the purpose of refreshing his memory on points he could not but dislike. He denied that Wawaco Taki sent him word to come and kill me. He also denied that he is at present hostile to the Gospel, although I was assured by the Christian natives that he is a most hardened man and a most inveterate enemy to the cause of Christianity, threatening