

against the new faith which was gradually sapping their influence for evil, and supplanting their religion of hate and cruelty by the worship of the God of Love.

The Bishop of that district had come on a visit to this particular island in response to an invitation from the chief of the savage tribe which dwelt there—a man considerably in advance of his race and people, who was anxious to learn and to embrace the doctrines of Christianity. The young Anglican had rowed the Bishop over from the missionary station, and was now waiting—his boat securely stranded on the beach—while the Bishop and the chief held private converse together in the hut of the latter, some few hundred yards away.

It was the opportunity of the native priests: and they took it. They were well aware that the man before them was one of the most ardent and untiring of all the hated band of missionaries: and they believed that if he were once out of the way, his weaker and less impressive brethren would soon follow; and that thus their island would once more be left secure in the fetters of its former heathenism. Of the Bishop they did not take much account. He was growing old; and his sphere of work was so wide that he could visit each particular island but rarely. But this man was in the prime of life—not much over thirty—and was distinguished by considerable personal beauty: moreover his labours were confined to this particular corner of his Master's vineyard; and he was seen frequently in this island, preaching the Gospel which the native priests hated, and promulgated the religion which they regarded with dread.

At first the two natives approached him in a friendly and commercial spirit, walking up and down the shore