

Hope, at Table Bay, where she remained five days. Successive gales were encountered in the Indian Ocean, which caused considerable damage. In November they visited several Australian ports, and were most cordially welcomed by all the brethren there.

They continued their voyage, calling at various islands and Missionary Stations, leaving supplies here and placing teachers there, till on the 5th June, 1857 they reached Aneiteum, where our faithful pioneer Missionary was anxiously awaiting their arrival. Mrs. Gordon had stood the voyage nobly, cheering her husband in hours of darkness, and ministering to his necessities. A genuine Englishwoman in her love for the sea, she was neither sick nor alarmed even in the roughest weather. She frequently plied pen and pencil in sketching the beautiful scenery of the tropics when the *John Williams* was in port.

After a stay of four days on Aneiteum, our Missionaries, accompanied by Messrs. Geddie and Inglis, visited Fotuna and Tana, and on the 14th June landed at DILLON'S BAY, EROMANGA. With the full concurrence of Messrs. Geddie and Inglis, the Gordons chose Eromanga as their Mission Field. The *John Williams* with the Aneiteumese brethren remained with them four days, and then left them to struggle as they could, and as others had done before, amid a degraded, ferocious, and hostile population then actively engaged in war.

Mr. Gordon was not the man to be daunted by difficulties, however overwhelming. He and his wife lodged for a time in a native teacher's house. They went fearlessly out and in among the natives—ate of their food—slept in their houses—learned their language and used every possible means for bringing them under the influence of the Gospel. Considerable portions of the Scriptures were translated—hymns and simple catechisms composed and printed, specimens of which are now before us. The work seemed hopeful if not prosperous when the measles broke out and the events transpired which sent a thrill of horror throughout Christendom.

All the known facts relating to the death of our Missionaries have been so recently laid before our readers that we need not recite them here. Words can do but scant justice to the scene that imagination pictures. Think of the sickness, the want, the loneliness, the fiery persecution endured without a murmuring word; think of the long weary days, weeks, months, and years of apparently thankless and fruitless toil—toil and love, and sublime self-sacrifice, repaid by treachery and murderous hatred. The clouds of adversity thicken over the heads of our devoted sister and brother. It is the hour and power of darkness. The exhausting endurance, the sacrifices, the noble heroism of four years have only roused the powers of Hell to ten-fold bitterness and wrath. The storm bursts! The hand of the assassin is imbrued in blood, and our brother and sister have sealed their testimony with their lives! Forever memorable in the history of Eromanga—forever memorable in the annals of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, is the TWENTIETH OF MAY, 1861. Day of release, rest, infinite joy to the martyred ones—day of tears to all beside. Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan them; but Oh, that our eyes were a fountain of tears for the poor, orphaned outcasts of Eromanga who have added this other to the black catalogue of their crimes! FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO! Father give us grace as a Church to plant once more the quenchless beacon-light of truth on that blood-stained isle that it may flash its warning, guiding, healing rays far out into the darkness and storm! The wilder the sea and the denser the darkness, the friendly light will beam