

N. Gordon, who had fallen on Erromanga, on May 20th, 1861.

The brave and true younger brother took up, in 1864, the banner which the cruel assassins struck from the elder brother's hand, in 1861. He laboured with unremitting zeal and devotion till 1872, when owing it is believed, to deadly sickness among the people, he too was murdered. It was on the 18th March. The missionary was at Portinia Bay in his house, engaged in translating the story of Stephen's death as given in Acts. A native called and asked for an empty bottle. Mr. Gordon handed him the bottle, when the savage struck his tomahawk into the missionary's skull. He staggered into his room and fell dead. The murderer seized his axe and fled. Believing natives buried the faithful missionary at a spot which he had himself marked out, in anticipation of an early death. Thus on Erromanga fell Williams, Harris, and the three Gordons, five martyrs of the Cross. Surely Christendom has a stake in that far-off isle. Especially will the hearts of the Presbyterians of Canada yearn over those martyr graves.

Another Canadian—a Nova Scotian—steps at once to the front to do battle for Christ in Erromanga. The valiant young missionary is Rev. H. A. Robertson, who has devoted himself to the work since 1872, and whose efforts have been crowned with abundant success. The murderers, assassins and cannibals of a few years ago are now “clothed and in their right mind.” The influence of the Gospel pervades the whole island. Hundreds commemorate the Saviour's dying love at His own table. The missionary and his wife have frequently traversed the island in the whole extent of it, without fear of danger. Mr. Robertson has shown remarkable tact, as well as zeal and devotion, in his work. Churches, school-houses and dwelling-houses, marked with some comfort, are now found on blood-stained Erromanga.