

FIVE MARTYRS OF ERROMANGA.

Last Saturday evening I had great satisfaction in meeting with the Rev. W. H. Robertson, a missionary from Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides group of islands. This island was made conspicuous in religious history more than forty years ago by the murder of an illustrious missionary, John Williams, and an English gentleman, Mr. Harris, his companion.

Just forty years ago I made an abridgment of the life of John Williams, which was published by the American Sunday-School Union, and called "the Martyr Missionary of Erromanga, who was murdered and eaten by the savages in one of the South Sea Islands." It was therefore with peculiar interest that I now met a successor of that noble martyr, and learned from him the subsequent history of the island and its missionary work.

John Williams was sent out from England as early as the year 1816. Robert Moffat was set apart with several others at the same time. Such eminent English ministers as John Angell James, George Burder and Dr. Waugh participated in the services. Moffat went to Africa, Williams to the South Sea. One of them afterwards saw Ethiopia stretching forth her hands unto God, and the other heard the islands of the sea rejoicing in His law. After long years of wonderfully successful labor, Mr. Williams was making a missionary voyage among the islands and seeking to plant mission stations on some not yet occupied, and where the language of the natives was unknown to him. With four or five others, he went ashore on the island of Erromanga, and in half an hour was set upon by the savages and cruelly beaten to death, with Mr. Harris a friend who was with him. Others escaped to the boat and were saved. This awful event filled the religious world with horror, and served to fasten attention upon the dark places of the earth filled with habitations of cruelty.

Years passed on and the island that had drunk the blood of these martyrs remained in the darkness of paganism, with only feeble attempts by teachers from other islands to arrest the cannibalism that prevailed, and to give to those pagans a knowledge of a higher life. At length the Rev. G. Nichols Gordon and wife went out from Canada in 1857, under the care of the Canadian Missionary Society. They succeeded in winning the favor of the natives so far as to be allowed to settle among them and to begin to do something for their good. An epidemic broke out after Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had been there four years, and the superstitious natives attributed the evil to the coming of these missionaries. And so they murdered them both.

Again the island was left desolate. It richly deserved the wrath of God, and had He forever cut it off from the light of the gospel, the sentence would have been just. Who would now think of venturing into this den of wild beasts to subdue and convert them? Would it not be madness to try another experiment? And who would be responsible for the blood of another martyr, poured out upon the shore of that inhospitable isle.

But when was God ever without a witness, a martyr?

At length in the fulness of time a younger brother of the murdered Gordon said to his Canadian brethren, "Here am I, send me." And they sent him, in 1864. In the zeal of young love for Christ, he took his life in his hands, and went with his widowed mother's blessing over wide and trackless seas, and found this isle of blood, where four precious lives had been sacrificed and no good done! Was it right to go? Does God call for such sacrifice? He went alone, save that one like unto the Son of Man was with him. He lived among the natives. He learned their language, translated portions of the Bible into their tongue, and made known the Gospel. And they rose up and slew him. Mr. Robertson tells me they hated the gospel that he taught, and they killed him because they hated the truths that he spake unto them. Another martyr, the fifth in doleful succession, and the island is still not sunk in the sea. Sure-

ly the Lord is long suffering and very gracious or he would not bear with these cruel and wicked men.

Three months after the younger Gordon was slain the Rev. Mr. Robertson arrived at the island with his wife, and took up the work that had been so often drowned in blood. The population of the island is about 2,600 in number, and they had settled on the shore in two divisions about twenty miles apart. One of these divisions, a thousand people, were disposed to receive instruction and to tolerate teachers. They sowed the seed, precious seed, weeping. Perhaps the ground was more fertile because it had been made rich by the blood of the saints who had given their lives for Christ. And after years of fruitless toil the blessing came. The windows of heaven opened and the rain descended. These can-

ny. These uttermost parts of the earth are now given to Jesus Christ for his inheritance.

Is the gain worth the cost? Yes, a thousand times, yes! Nothing truly great and good was ever bought for less than blood. The Son of God laid down his life for us. Deliverers of nations have had to march through seas of blood to establish liberty. All great discoveries have cost human lives. And it always will be so. Perhaps no victories of the Cross had been achieved with less sacrifice of human life, than those which have given the Pacific Islands to be set as stars in the Redeemer's crown. And no annals of the Gospel are richer in heroic deeds than the story of the Sandwich Islands, the Fiji Islands, the New Hebrides, indeed all Polynesia, whose record is are now so familiar that they have lost the halo of romance with

them white in the blood of the Lamb, they are kings and priests before God.—*Trenaux in N. Y. Observer. June 1884.*

TRAINING HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY RUTH ROBERTSON.

Dear mothers, you may think I am harsh when I say you can hardly begin at too early an age to teach your little girls how to be housekeepers or home-makers.

Have a box for the playthings, and teach the little boy or girl who has them to put them away. Teach them that by so doing they are helping mamma and they will do it willingly, for all children love to help. Have low nails for sacks, hoods, mittens, and rubbers, and see that each thing is put in the right place by the child that used it, and it will soon become so natural to her to put away her wraps that she would sooner think of going out without them than to leave them out of place when she is done with them.

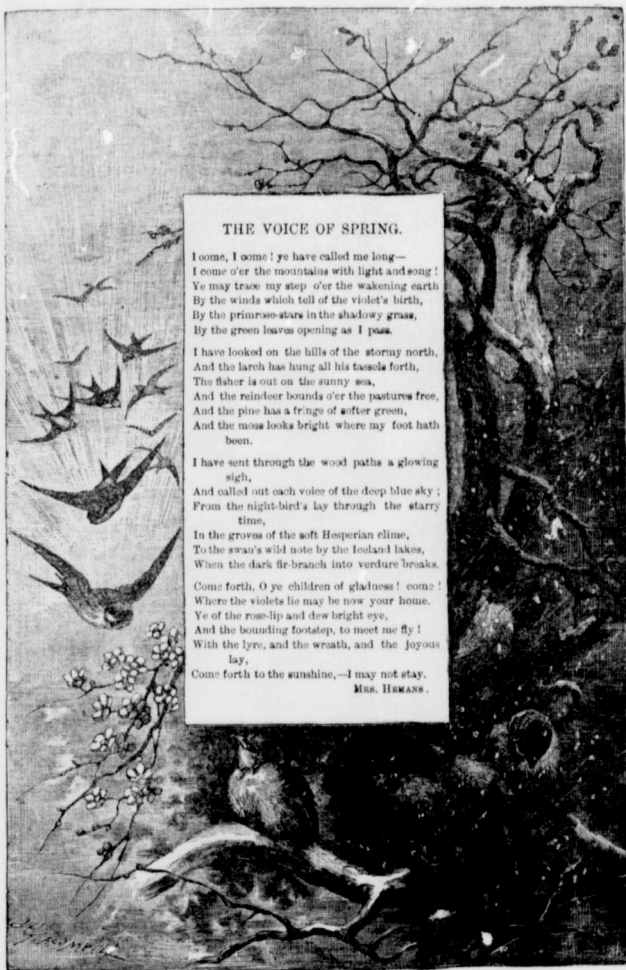
Have some bright cloth dusters and just as soon as the little girl is old enough (and she will be quite old enough as soon as she can walk), commence giving her lessons in dusting, perhaps she will need to have only her own little chair to dust for a long time, but teach her how to dust that well, and she will never know any other way. You will be surprised to see how soon she can dust a room. Such little tasks will not hurt her but rather help her, for she will thus gradually and unconsciously learn the art of housekeeping. As she grows older, teach her other duties only a little at a time. After the dusting comes the dish-washing, but don't keep her too close to that, let her help you, or else take turns with her, being sure you do your half. Almost all children dislike dish-washing.

Begin early with the sewing, but don't begin with patch work. Children like to make something—something which there is some prospect of finishing. Wouldn't it look like a great undertaking to you, to make a quilt all by hand? I think it would. Then how must it look to a child? A holder is more easily made than a square of patch work, and when it is finished, it is something of itself. An apron for grandma or auntie or mamma, or even for the little girl herself, would not be such a very large piece of work, if mamma only basted it carefully, and took a few stitches on it now and then, when no one knew anything about it. One thing being about; after an article is begun see that it is finished. If the time spent in beginning three fourths of the things which are begun was devoted to finishing the other fourth, very many people would accomplish much more than they do.

Take my advice, mothers, and begin giving your little ones tiny tasks each day, perhaps not more than five or ten minutes' work each day, at first, but gradually, very gradually, increase the worktime. Be systematic about it, and it will be a lifelong blessing to both the mothers and daughters.—*Morning Star.*

SOME of the worst gases to be avoided in ventilation are not readily recognized by the senses. Decaying boards and vegetables in a farmer's cellar may carry danger through the house, without any odor being detected by the family. A faulty drain or sewer may give his city brother a greater cause of alarm without disturbing the sense of smell. Science has provided an admirable thermometer by which we may nicely regulate the temperature of our apartments, but as yet has found nothing by which to indicate, simply and readily, the quality of the air. Science can do well for humanity by devising some simple contrivance to give at a glance the needed information. At present we must be very vigilant to see that proper measures are taken to maintain a constant purity. We may also sometimes aid our sense and judgment by passing from an atmosphere of known purity to one in question, as from out-of-doors to our office or sitting-room.—*Watchman.*

THE testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.—*Ps. 19: 7.*



THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have called me long—  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!  
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy north,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood paths a glowing sigh,  
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky;  
From the night-bird's lay through the starry  
time,

In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the inland lake,  
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!  
Where the violets lie may be now your home.  
Ye of the rose-lily and dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding fustard, to meet me fly!  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous  
lay,

Come forth to the sunshine,—I may not stay.  
MRS. HARRIS.

nials learned the way of life. They cast away their awful rites and ceremonies with which they had sought to propitiate their gods as cruel as themselves. One thousand of them have partially turned away from paganism and are learning to know there is one living and true God. Thirty schools are in successful progress. Christian churches are organized. Two hundred and fifty have received the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. And the word of the Lord has free course and is glorified there as it is here. Some of those islands are as thoroughly Christian as any countries on the face of the earth. On some of the islands the horrid customs that formerly were practised, making life itself a terror and perpetual crime, have been abandoned. In their place the arts and industries of civilization, with all the blessings of peace and order and domestic and social virtue prevail. These are the triumphs of Christi-

which they were invested forty years ago. The age of martyrs has not gone by. The Spirit of Christ, who counted not his own life dear unto him, is just as living and burning to-day, as when the Eternal Son exclaimed in the Councils of Eternity: "Lo I come to do Thy will, O God!" And if the wilds of Africa, Corea or the frozen North demand volunteers, they are just as ready and as many as when they went forth two and two, everywhere preaching the Word.

And it is something to have met and to have taken by the hand a living man who has been baptized for the dead, one who has gone into the field and to the spot where his five forerunners suffered martyrdom in swift succession. Williams and Harris, George Gordon and his wife, and Douglas Gordon, his brother, five martyrs of Erromanga! I see them now before the throne in bright array; having washed their robes and made