

of the martyr rest, and still form part and parcel of that palm which waves its foliage in every breeze, emblematic of the Christian hero's triumph!* A piece of red sealing-wax, found in Mr. Williams's pocket, was supposed by the natives to be some portable *god*, and was carefully buried near where the skull was laid. Mr. Gordon lately recovered this, and handed it to me to convey to Mr. Williams's children, as the only relic which he has been able to obtain of their lamented father. At first he thought, from the description of the natives, that this "*god*," would turn out to be Mr. Williams's *watch*; but, when found, it was only red sealing-wax. The clothes, and other things found on the body, after the massacre, were all distributed about, with the exception of this bit of sealing-wax, an inch and a half long.

We had the pleasure of spending a Sabbath at Erromanga, and met with about 150 of the people in their little chapel. All were quiet and orderly. It thrilled our inmost soul to hear them, as led by Mrs. Gordon, strike up the tune of "New Lydia," and also the translation and tune of "There is a happy land." Mr. McFarlane and I addressed them through Mr. Gordon. They were startled and deeply interested as I told them of former times, when we tried so hard to get intercourse with them, and to show them that we were different from other white men who had visited their shores. When I read out the names of seven who swam off to us in 1845, and to whom we showed kindness, and took on shore in the boat, it appeared from the sensation created that one of them was present. He came after the service, shook hands; said some two or three more of them were alive; that our visit that day greatly surprised them, and that they marked our vessel as the one which showed them kindness, and did not take sandal-wood. They thought us quite different from all the white men with whom they had previously come in contact.

Mr. Gordon was glad to see so many at the service, and considered our visit providential and opportune. There had been a reaction. Reports were raised that the Aneiteum people were all dying, and that it was occasioned by the new religion. The chiefs forbade the people attending the Sabbath services, and the consequence was that the chapel, the Sabbath before our visit, was quite deserted; only some five of the people ventured to attend. We hope that the good effects of our visit will not soon pass away. But Mr. Gordon finds it up-hill work. The population is not only widely scattered, but constantly occupied with petty inter-tribal wars. He thinks the entire population of the island may be set down 5000. There is one dialect which is known all over the island, and in this Mr. Gordon has printed some small four-page elementary pieces, catechisms, hymns, etc. — The Erromangan teacher Mana is stationed on the other side of the island, and has collected a number around him. There is also an Aneiteum teacher assisting Mr. Gordon at Dillon's Bay, and Mr. G. has six young men under instruction, who, he hopes, may yet make useful helpers. But Mr. G. sadly wants another missionary for Forteria Bay, on the opposite side of the island.

On the Saturday I saw and shook hands with the chief Kauiau who killed Mr. Williams, and on the Monday met with him again. I also saw one of his men, called Oviaallo, who killed Mr. Harris. These two men feel ashamed and shy when the "John Williams" comes. Neither of them were at service on Sabbath. Probably they have had a fear also which they found it difficult to shake off. I hope, however, that Kauiau has now perfect confidence in our friendly intentions. On the Monday, he and Oviaallo walked about with us, showed us the place where Mr. Harris was first struck, the place in the stream, a few yards from it, where he fell, and the course along the road, and down to the beach, where Mr. Williams ran right into the sea. Here, too, Oviaallo helped us to pick up some stones to take with us as mementoes, to surviving friends, of the sad event. Mr. Gordon has erected a little printing-office and teachers' residence close to the spot where the first blow was struck at Mr. Harris. I have planted a date-palm seed there,

* In a letter just received from Mr. Gordon, it appears that after I left Erromanga last year, he got some further light on these sad transactions, and is now led to think that the body of Mr. Harris was cooked in Dillon's Bay, and that the body of Mr. Williams was taken to a place a few miles distant, and divided among three different settlements.