

I returned to Potnareven and by invitation (the previous day) the white man came and drank tea with me, and I asked him frankly all about the drinking. I found him quite willing to confess he had given them *grog* on several occasions both while boating and house-building for him, but he said they generally asked for it, and that he did not think he was doing any harm. I then told him there was small hope of any native who touched *grog* of any kind, and if they once got fond of it, humanly speaking our Erromangan mission would that day receive its death blow—as we would as soon let the cruel, Godless French of New Caledonia in upon them as give them *grog*.

I then asked him if he would then and there promise, for the sake of the poor natives themselves, and for the prosperity of the mission, and for our comfort and his own good in the end, that he would neither give it or sell it to any Erromangans or Foreign natives living on the Island for the time being, and that he would use his influence to prevent any of his company giving or selling it to them. He engaged at once to do all I had asked, and next morning after I had married a couple in the church, I spoke very plainly to the whole people and said it would now be too late for any who had drank to seek to deny it, for that the trader himself and the teacher had told me all about it.

I then got the white man kindly to come to the church and repeat publicly his promise made to me the previous evening, and I told them if any party sought to break through I believed it would be some of our own Queensland returned young men and not the white man. I also told them I had ever cared for their bodies and souls and never spared my time or means as far as I possessed any, that I had set life and death clearly before them, and if they refused the good and took the evil they would perish under the very noon day of the gospel light. And so I left them alone to think it over.

While speaking I noticed my remarks were telling in a way that would do good. To show they felt the force of all I had said in the proper spirit the whole village lined themselves along the shore in single file to bid me good-bye. As I passed I called on the white man to bid him good-bye and to thank him.

After a tramp of twenty miles I arrived at home (Dillon's Bay), about 8 p. m.,

very weary, but with a heart, I trust, devoutly thankful to God for the result of my four days' journey and talk.

Not long after this their trader left this island as he could not get cocoanuts in sufficient quantities to pay, and he went to Api, but before we left he wrote me a very kind letter thanking me about many things.

Fearing some trader or traders might come at any time who might not be like this man, but more like the old sandalwood traders, I resolved to buy that piece of land adjoining the mission property at once if they would sell it. Three parties sold their's to me out and out. I paid £12 for the land out of the Erromangan Mission Fund. I purchased for and in the name of the *Presbyterian Church in Canada*, and it will make a nice mission station along with the piece purchased from the Chief when we built the Mission cottage. We have the boat harbor and best landing in Potinia Bay, in front of the church property. I call it sometimes Cook's Landing as Capt. Cook actually landed at this very spot, yes, and was attacked too.

A SON OF THE MURDERER OF JOHN WILLIAMS NOW AN ELDER AND TEACHER.

The death of my dear, kind friend, and faithful elder and teacher, Atnello MacKie has been a great blow to the Erromangan mission. He had few equals and no superior on all this island, unless it be Yomot, the teacher at our head station on the East side. Atnello Mackie was teacher in Dillon's Bay for over five years, and I cannot tell you what a loss his death is to me in the work of this principal station. He was a born gentleman, and his polite and gentle manner was noticed by all strangers who visited Dillon's Bay. Then he was firm in matters requiring bold decision, but some how gained his point without estranging those who mixed up heathen customs with a very little of religion. Atnello died shortly before our return, or in November, 1884.

Soon after our return I appointed Daniel Usuo teacher at this station (Dillon's Bay) and he has now been about two years and three months not only our teacher but also leading man at this Station. He is not unlike Atnello in many ways, and when he most appears unlike him is in his deficient education; but though now about 45 years of age he is