

gato, and the mission-boat, and gave us a very warm welcome back the day we landed.

At our East station they built a fine new church, 42 x 17 feet, and plastered it; and they put up a new plastered kitchen for us, making all the line for both buildings and carrying the wood for the frames from one to three miles. And they put up an excellent hardwood fence enclosing the mission buildings, and the head teacher (Yomot) and his wife (Navusia) in charge of the church and school at Pot-nareven, took the utmost care of our cottage there, inside and out, and the Christian people, with Yomot, visited several times, every district on the East and South-east side of the Island.

#### HONESTY OF THE NATIVES.

At both Stations every article we left we found on our return, and the few scattered pins and needles were gathered and tied up carefully in a paper, and the cattle and goats all looking strong and healthy. But poor old "Bessie," the faithful horse, first of George Gordon, and afterwards of his brother James, had become weary of life, and going under the shadow of a great banyan tree one fine morning she quietly stretched herself on the grass and died.

"Ochei," a faithful servant who has been fourteen years constantly with us, daily looked after the inside of the mission house at Dillon's Bay during our absence, and she is yet the same faithful helper and never unwilling or long-faced over a little work. Some of our helpers are fairly good, for natives, but we never had one like this woman, never!

She was so pleased to see us back, but specially pleased to see our little girl. The elders and teachers had kept up very well the schools, and were kind to ships of war and traders.

#### ANOTHER TRIBE GIVES UP HEATHENISM— A HARD CASE.

One bush tribe had given up heathenism during our absence, and had moved to Dillon's Bay to be near church and school; one of the party was baptized in June, 1885, at our winter communion. He was once one of the most hopeless of the heathen whom we know. He had been ten years in Queensland on the cotton plantations, but on coming home he threw off his fine clothing, painted his body and engaged in all manner of vile heathenism,

took part in a foul and cowardly murder near our house about nine years ago. His Slave vessel and Queensland civilization peeled off like so much white-wash. It was working from the outside and not from within out, hence it was no good and could not stand the test of temptation.

#### GIFTS AND WELCOME.

Soon after our return (within three days) several hundreds of the people had come from all parts of the island to see and welcome us back, and before many weeks they gave us a present of twelve large hogs and one and a half tons of yams, and seven hogs, and six hundred pounds of yams to the *Dayspring*. Any more would have been a waste so I asked them not to give us any more until summer. So last summer our East side people gave us eight hogs and about one and a half tons of yams and taro, and continued putting often bananas, taro, and yams, in the kitchen the three months we spent amongst them.

#### A MARVELLOUS CHANGE.

At both our winter communion in June, 1885, and our January communion last summer the greatest order and attention prevailed, and our hearts were filled with joy and thankfulness. At Dillon's Bay, in June, we met on the very spot where the old sandal-wood station of the traders once stood, and almost immediately opposite the graves of George and Mrs. George Gordon and James Macnair, and in sight of Mount Gordon where Gordon and his wife were martyred for the name of Christ whom the savages hated. Directly opposite us stood the old tree near which Williams and Harris fell, and up the stream the black volcanic rock upon which Williams' body was measured before his murderers carried him off (on a pole tied like a pig) to Sufo where his body was cooked and eaten.

What a change since those dark days! And when we are sometimes grieved with their sins and strange ways, we should just think for a moment what they were only a few years ago or when Geo. Gordon began his labors on this island.

At the communion in January at Pot-nareven the same good order prevailed throughout though the people were a week there. Our Dillon's Bay people, we could not help noticing, looked so much more gentle and civilized and so much better dressed than any of the others. But so