

comparing translations, with the most intelligent natives as pundits.

My mother, being a rare native scholar, lent her assistance. Her translation of the Pilgrim's Progress was received with great appreciation.

Portions of the Scripture were printed by the mission press, and to start the lads he had instructed in their day's work was one of my father's duties. He visited the early school for old and young.

The manual labor connected with the mission was then portioned out. It might be building a church, or a school house, or repairing them, sawing planks, making a lime-kiln, repairing a boat, sending off the beloved "John Knokis," as the natives called her, or hauling her up and mooring her for the hurricane months.

The advanced classes were held by my mother for training teachers. And these with sewing classes, services, the dispensing of medicine, visiting the sick, advice, remonstrance, council, all sorts of cases being brought to the "Missies." Native and English worship concluded these busy days.

#### Other Missionaries.

The settlement of the Mathesons, Patons, and Mr. Copeland, on Tanna, was the next exciting event, and invaluable was the assistance rendered by our Aneiteumese in conjunction with my father and Mr. Inglis; and but for the timely visits of the "John Knox" the history of the Tanna mission might have been even sadder than it proved.

#### Nohoat's Death.

At intervals the outstations were all visited, and these occasions were eagerly looked forward to and generally quite a number of natives from the Harbor joined the party and cemented the good feeling between settlements that formerly would have waylaid and murdered a stranger.

Nohoat was now old and frequently ill, and I think his death demonstrated more strikingly than any other circumstance the changes on Aneiteum.

We had left the Harbor in the early morning for the visitation of the district, and were several miles on the way, our party in single file picking out their way between the boulders, on the sea-shore, when, suddenly, I saw one of the boys from our premises running swiftly to overtake us. As he passed each person he quietly said, "The old man sleeps," and to the best runner in the cavalcade, "Pass on the word." Quietly they exchanged places, the first messenger darting forward to pass the word in the same manner around the Island.

We returned home. My father made the

coffin, and Nohoat, the old chief, was laid to rest as a Christian amidst a large gathering of natives, who recalled with horror the cruel rites that would have accompanied the event in the dark days still within their memory.

#### Home.

After nineteen years of work and of experiences falling to the lot of few, my parents visited their own country. Warm was their welcome. My father's addresses were impressive from the simple directness of his language, and the absence of any exaggeration of effort for effect.

As one capable of judging once remarked, to me, "Your father's mode of expression always reminded me of the phrase, 'A well of English, pure and undefiled.'" His letters have been characterized as worthy of special notice. Concise and graphic, he wrote rapidly and the pages were almost as neat as print, so few corrections were necessary.

#### The End.

The years after his return to the work were years of extension. They brought also many anxieties and sorrows, and he was beginning to suffer from the excessive drafts upon his energy in the early stages of his work. He resigned his beloved station. A few hours thereafter he was found insensible on the verandah of the house he had built, and which had been his home through so many experiences, bitter and sweet. This was the beginning of the end. I think his last use of his pen was to note down his own and my mother's subscription to the Bible Society he loved so well.

And so life ebbed away in perfect peacefulness; and on a bright summer morning in December he fell asleep. Loving friends erected a monument to his memory in Geelong Cemetery, where his mortal remains lie buried, while behind the pulpit of the church in Aneiteum, in which he had ministered, has been placed a tablet, with the following inscription in the language of the island:

"In memory of John Geddie, D.D., born in Scotland, 1815, minister in Prince Edward Island seven years, missionary from Nova Scotia to Anecauhah, Aneiteum, 24 years. He labored amidst many trials for the good of the people. He taught many to read, many to work, some to be teachers. He was esteemed by the natives, beloved by his fellow laborer, the Rev. John Inglis, and honored by the missionaries in the New Hebrides and by the Churches. When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians. When he left in 1872 there were no heathens. He died in the Lord, in Australia, in 1872 1 Thes. 1, 5."