

that the building in course of erection was sacred and that if allowed to stand, the paths on either side would not be obstructed.

It was in the necessary interference with some of their cruel rites, that the anger of the natives was often provoked. The strangling of widows immediately after the death of the husband was universally practised. In trying to prevent the deed my husband was, on one occasion, surrounded by the male relatives with uplifted clubs and rendered powerless while the rite was performed. He denounced the crime and the actual perpetrator threatened his life, but finding the missionary fearless, at length laid down his club and went away.

It was in scenes such as that that the first eighteen months passed away, but the Holy Spirit was working in the hearts of at least four of the natives, and one of these was a sacred man, "Waihit" by name. This Waihit was one of the fiercest of savages, whose fury, when aroused, was terrible to see. His influence was immense on account of the supernatural powers imputed to him. His manner to us, when not aggressive, was surly.

Presently he began to attend church, then, with his ill-used drudge of a wife, family worship in our home, every evening. The savage grew gentle in manner, and strong in controlling his hitherto ungovernable temper, and became a loyal friend and helper in the work.

Schools were established in the villages and the people induced to attend for an hour in the morning before going to their plantations. In the first school were pupils of all ages, children, fathers, mothers, and even grand parents, all learning together. Thus they learned to read the Word, which delivered them from a bondage so cruel and degrading.

All illusions as to the free, simple, happy life of the untutored savage soon fade before the realities of mission work. The savage is bound soul and body in foolish and revolting superstitions. Many of his practises are such as cannot be named, and his abode is truly the abode of cruelty. Oh, when will the Gospel of Love and Peace be carried to the uttermost parts of the earth and such horrors be no more?

By 1852, or thereabout, the worst was over, and many were our tokens of encouragement. About this time, our coadjutors, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Inglis, arrived from Scotland, and settled on the other side of Aneiteum, and with their help the work went steadily forward.

After 18 years' absence from Nova Scotia and nearly 16 years' work on Aneiteum, the state of my husband's health and my own warned us that change and rest was much needed. As the Rev. Joseph Copeland was willing to take charge of our station during our absence the way was opened,

and we left, confident that all would prosper in his hands. The memory of the warm welcome from old and new friends throughout Nova Scotia and Canada is still with me and I long to be among them again.

My husband returned to his work refreshed and invigorated mentally and physically, and prepared, as he thought, for many more years of active service. His life was bound up in it and any disappointment in connection with it, cut him to the very heart. None but those of his immediate family knew what a sensitive, intense temperament was behind his quiet, undemonstrative manner. What a wealth of love he had to bestow on those dear to him, only they know.

He may have been unwise in overtaxing his strength, but in his day the harvest was great, and the laborers so very few. I never remember his taking rest except when compelled by illness. His relaxation was change of work, but he loved it all. He never regretted his choice of a life's work and would have felt keenly being laid aside from it, so six years after his return the Master called his weary but willing servant home to the everlasting rest and peace of his Father's Kingdom.

JOHN GEDDIE.

By his eldest daughter, Mrs. C. G. Harrington, Halifax, N.S.

My father, John Geddie, was born in Banff, Scotland, April 10th, 1815, licensed by the Presbytery of Pictou, May 2nd, 1837, sailed from Newbury Port, Mass., Jan. 28, 1847, landed on Aneiteum, New Hebrides, May 29, 1848, entered into rest at Geelong, Australia, Dec. 14, 1872.

Through the naked words and mean
May we see the truth between.

Christian missions to the New Hebrides received their baptism of blood in the martyrdom of John Williams at Erromanga. "I have heard Captain Morgan, of the Camden, on which Williams sailed, tell with deep emotion, how, a few minutes after landing, Williams and his companion Harris were clubbed to death by the ignorant savages, their bodies dragged away to be divided cannibal-fashion, and how the powerless and horrified spectators in the boat had to row out of reach for safety, and carry back their terrible tidings.

Two years later the Turners and Nesbitts, who had bravely settled on Tanna to make a fresh effort, were compelled to leave, the Samoan and Raratongan teachers were killed, and the mission was almost abandoned as hopeless. The degradation of these islanders was profound.