

his hands. We arrived at Dillon's Bay next morning, when Mr. Gordon informed us that he had made up his mind to go to Sydney. The Dayspring went on to *Fate* and arrived there the same evening. Mr. Neilson called to see us on the return on Saturday last, informing us that Mr. Morrison is very ill indeed. We vainly hope the change to the colonies may do him good, and he may be able to return to his station. He is such a sensible good man. Mr. Neilson takes charge during his absence. Dr. Geddie will tell you how the maddened *Tanese* opposed the landing of Mr. Neilson. They seem poor ignorant creatures, more determined now than ever to reject the offer of salvation. How sad! What a hold the devil has of poor sinners! I dare say, however, his friends the traders have a good deal to answer for in regard to this last open resistance.

We are wearying to get over to the other side.

With kindest regards and best wishes, in which Mrs. McN. cordially joins.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

JOHN MCNAIR.

Extracts from letter from Mrs. Geddie, November, 1867.

When I wrote you last, nearly a year ago, I think I had commenced teaching. I had forty scholars, and taught on till the 21st of May, when our little grand-daughter made her appearance, and I was obliged to remain at home for some days. At this time the whooping cough broke out and entirely interrupted the school for five months. The cough cut off a great many children and several adults. Among those who were carried off was Selwyn, the son of Lathella our chief. He was about ten years old at the time of his death—a tall, bright, fine looking boy. He appeared quite delighted to see us return to the island, and spent the greater part of his time about the mission premises. He was of a very affectionate disposition, and if any of our family were unwell he made a point of coming every day, to visit them and ask after their welfare. In school he was like boys of his age, fond of play and fun rather than learning; yet he did learn, for he had good abilities. He was very truthful, a trait of character not often found in native children. He seldom or ever told tales. When he saw other boys or girls do anything he knew we very much disapproved, he would tell us of it as a matter of duty. On Sabbath afternoons he used to come to me to assist him with his lessons, and appeared pleased that he could do so. Indeed he always seemed to look upon me more as a parent than anything else; and though

always respectful was never afraid or ashamed to ask me for anything he needed or wished for, and when refused anything never showed any displeasure. He had whooping cough nearly three weeks before I thought him ill; then I brought him honey and made him a bed in the sewing room, where he used to lie alone all night coughing and restless, yet he did not wish any person with him. He kept up about two weeks, but gradually grew worse till he was confined to his bed. He had a great deal of fever and coughed very much, but he was very patient, and never refused to take anything; I told him would be good for him. Mr. Geddie was absent when he was taken ill. On his return Selwyn got out of bed in the evening to welcome him home. Mr. G. asked him, jokingly, if I had been good to him. He answered Ahe! (a strong exclamation) she is my mother. After this he was unable to get up, but when Mr. G. went out to see him he asked him to pray with him, and while he delayed for a little he said very earnestly, as if he thought Mr. G. was hesitating, "it will not be bad, it will be good." Mr. G. assured him he thought so too and prayed with him, and every day after he requested him to do so. He had now been so ill that his friends came to attend him and sit up at nights; and they told me that they heard him often praying in the night, and he never omitted to mention every member of our family in his prayers. One day, when talking to him of heaven and the love of Jesus, and what he had done for sinners, he said, "Missi, don't tell this to me only, tell all the boys, I wish them all to know." Another time when he was very feverish and restless, I sat beside him, trying to soothe him if possible, and putting my face close to his I began to sing in a low voice, "There is a happy land," &c. Very soon he became quite composed, and joined me in singing that and one or two other hymns. On the night of his death, when suffering very much from exhaustion, he asked for me. Some one said Missi is here, he answered she is indeed my mother. On some of those around him expressing pity for him, he said, "Why do you pity me, this is God's love to me." During his illness he loved to have me talk of his mother and little brother being with Jesus. When in health he was much interested in scripture stories, and was very fond of scripture pictures, and never tired of having them explained. He had an enquiring mind, and was a very intelligent boy of his age. But he is gone, dear child, and you cannot imagine how much I miss him. I loved him for his own sake, and I loved him for his mother's sake, who was as a daughter to me. When dying she left her children to my care. One soon followed her. I took care of him while he