

the Samoan missionaries should accompany Mr. Geddie for a year, and the Rev. Mr. Bullen was chosen to do so, but amidst preparation for the expedition Mr. Bullen died. The Rev. T. Powell at the last moment offered to go with Mr. Geddie, and they left in July, 1848. They reached the most southerly island of the New Hebrides—Anceityum—where some native teachers had been settled, but what was the surprise of the mission party to find eight Roman Catholic priests and eight lay brothers already established in the island! The mission vessel then cruised throughout the group, calling at the stations where native teachers had been left. It was hoped that Mr. Geddie might find a home on the island of Fate. An awful tragedy had, however, taken place there the previous year when the *British Sovereign* had been wrecked. The crew were all saved with one exception. The natives appeared at first to treat them kindly, but it was only to allay suspicion. The whole of the survivors, twenty-one in number, each being placed between two savages in a march, on a given signal were brutally massacred, and their bodies, divided among the villagers, were cooked and eaten by the cannibal people. It was self-evident that a missionary could not at that time be safely settled in that quarter. The mission vessel returned to the South, and Mr. and Mrs. Geddie, with an assistant, found an opening at Anceityum, where they settled under the protection of the chief at the harbor. The Rev. T. Powell remained with them for a year. The Roman Catholic priests and brothers left soon after and never returned.

The Geddies had to pass through a hard and trying experience in dealing with a people so low and savage. Their property was stolen, their house threatened with fire, and their very lives imperilled. Meantime the horrid custom of strangling widows on the death of their husbands continued. Inter-tribal fighting was chronic, and people were afraid to go from one side of the island to the other for fear of being killed, cooked and eaten. There was little to encourage the mission party. They were, however, cheered by a friendly visit of Bishop Selwyn, who remained a fortnight on the island, and travelled on foot with Mr. Geddie to see as much of native life as he could. He kindly offered the use of a cottage at Auckland to Mr. and Mrs. Geddie should they need a change for a few months to recruit their health. On his voyage in 1852 the Bishop conveyed the Rev. John Inglis and his wife, with all their furniture, house and luggage, to Anceityum. Mr. Inglis was a minister of the Reformed or Covenanting Church in

Scotland, and it was a pleasing circumstance that an Anglican prelate thus aided the Covenanters. Bishop Selwyn thereafter kept up this friendly relation, and also introduced Bishop Patterson to these brethren. He even asked Presbyterians in New Zealand to contribute, and on one occasion brought over £100 to Messrs. Geddie and Inglis,

By the time Mr. Inglis had settled on the opposite side of the island, the tide had turned in favor of Christianity at Mr. Geddie's station. Fifteen had been baptized, and the Lord's Supper had been observed on the visit of the London Missionary Society's deputation that year in the *John Williams*. The two missionaries occupied different sides of the island, but labored with equal zeal and great cordiality. They preached, taught in schools, translated Scriptures, composed, and Mr. Geddie printed a class-book, built premises, and exercised an influence for good all over the island. Young people were all taught to read and write, congregations were organized with elders and deacons, fifty day-schools established, and over 2,000 persons admitted into the visible Church by baptism. The whole people were evangelized. It was a marvellous change in a degraded and cannibal people. At length the whole Scriptures were translated, and first the New, and ultimately the Old Testament were printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, but paid for by the contributions of arrowroot from the Christian converts. After a visit to Nova Scotia in 1863, where he got the translation of the Book of Psalms printed, Mr. Geddie returned with the honorary degree of D. D., from the Queen's University in Canada, to resume his labors. But he had to retire in 1872, prematurely aged by his toils and exposures. He died at Geelong in the end of that year, leaving a widow, one son and four daughters. Two of the latter were married to missionaries on the New Hebrides. He was a noble, self-denying pioneer, and led many into the fold of Christ. He had a happy way of dealing with the natives, and was also very handy in work. It was my privilege, by the kindness of a few friends, to place a wooden tablet to his memory on the wall of the stone church he had erected at Anelgauhah, Anceityum. The record of his labors, inscribed on it in the native language, concludes with these words, "When he landed here in 1848, there were no Christians, and when he left here in 1872, there were no heathens." Since first published, this inscription has gone round the world, increasing in value, as it was retold, until the latest account makes the tablet marble and the letters gold!