

and he was an interesting little boy. He was an only child and his parents were very much attached to him. At first Waihit was inconsolable about the death of his child. He came running to my house and cried: 'O Misi, Misi, tell me something out of the Bible to strengthen my heart, for I am afraid it will become weak under this affliction.' I told him the story about David and his child, and how David acted when it died. He was pleased with the narrative and went to Mrs. Geddie, asking her to repeat it to him. I went to the house some time after and found Waihit quite composed. He was telling the story of David and his child to his wife and some others, and he would often say: 'I shall go to him but he shall not return to me.'

This death has caused a considerable stir among the heathen people. It is regarded as an additional evidence that christianity is false, and that we are suffering the vengeance of the Natmasses for endeavoring to overturn heathenism. Several of the heathen have come to Waihit to-day in the expectation that he would now turn back to the old system; but he would not suffer any of their dark talk in his house. 'If you have come to sympathize with me' he would say, 'I am thankful for it; but if you have come to *waken and destroy my heart* you can leave, I will not hear you.'

HIS ILLNESS.

The following, concerning the same man, is an extract from a letter by Mrs. Joseph Annand, who, with her husband, has been for the last four years laboring in the field first opened by Dr. Geddie.

Aneityum, Sept. 2, 1880.

"The old man who first accepted the gospel on this island as been very ill for the last month. We shall miss him very much if he dies, he is a good worker for the cause. In his heathen days he was one of the gods of the sea. Joseph went up to see him the other day and found him sitting up in what we would think not a very comfortable position. There was a string hung from the roof of

his hut and a loop at the end of it, in which poor old Waihit's chin was resting. He said that it was to hold up his head, that he was too weak to hold it up. Then a young man sat behind him with his knees at his back to hold him up. Poor creatures their comforts are few and poor."

ANEITYUM "THEN."

The following extract from a letter from the Rev Thomas Powell of the London Missionary Society, who landed with the Geddie's, and for a short time labored with them, but who was soon prostrated by fever and compelled to leave the island, gives a picture of the field at that time.

"Aneityum, Aug. 3rd, 1849.

* * * All the former customs are still assiduously practised here. *Eight* women to our *knowledge* have been strangled during our residence here (less than a year), how many more it is impossible to say. The last one I attempted to save. It is scarcely two weeks since. I had been asked to visit a native who was stated to be very ill. I found the poor creature reduced to a skeleton lying outside his hut near a fire. His wife, an interesting young woman, was sitting by his side. I administered a little medicine, with the hope of abating the severity of his sufferings, but not with the hope of his final recovery. In prospect of his decease I requested the Iata, the chief of the village, to forbid the strangling of his wife. He faithfully promised to do so. About noon of the 23rd ult., our attention was suddenly arrested by the commencement of the death wail. I hastened to the spot. The corpse was lying in the open air, surrounded by a number of women, who were rubbing it with finely broken leaves, and at the same time wailing in the most piteous manner. Tears were pouring down their cheeks; many of them were pulling their hair, apparently in excess of grief, while so deafening were their lamentations and shrieks that I could not stand near them. Others approached, sat down in silence till their sympathies were excited, and then joined