

## CONCLUSION.

I must now bring my long letter to a close. May your interest in the cause of Christ and our's never diminish. Let us persevere, and by God's blessing we shall prosper. It is no uncertain enterprise in which we are engaged. The achievements which the gospel has already accomplished it is still able to perform. Let us long, and pray and labour for the time when Christ "shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the end of the earth."

I remain, very sincerely yours, &c.,  
JOHN GEDDIE.

Rev J. Bayne, Sec. B. F. M.

ANEITEUM, May 9th, 1862

Rev and Dear Brother,—

As we are daily expecting the "John Williams" en route to Sydney, and as we will have an opportunity of forwarding letters by her, I feel it my incumbent though painful duty, to give you a more lengthened account than that contained in my former letter, of the last illness and death of my dear wife.

About the first of January, she caught a severe cold, which eventually assumed the form of chronic bronchitis—of which she has had periodical slight attacks ever since leaving home,—but which had hitherto yielded to the use of proper remedies. From that time she was troubled with a slight cough and scanty expectoration, both of which were much aggravated by excitement during the last week that we were upon Tana—by exposure to rain and cold, the night that we were driven from our station—and also on our voyage to this island.

We arrived here on the 8th of February, and all that skill, and care, and attention could do was done, yet without any beneficial result. Instead of deriving benefit from the change, as we had fondly hoped, she continued to sink gradually day by day.

She continued, together with ourselves, until the first of March, to entertain the hope of ultimately recovering, but after that it became painfully evident that her end was fast approaching.

Her illness was borne with much patience and resignation to the divine will. From first to last not a murmur—not a complaint escaped her lips. In reference to her prospects of recovery—she often said, that if it was God's will, she should like to be spared and return to Tana with me; adding, I would not like to see you going back to Tana alone;—but if God's will is otherwise, I would rather go and be with Jesus. If God takes me from you—and if you still say that you will return to Tana, I know that God will take care of you.

Her mind seemed to enjoy the most perfect assurance of a well grounded interest in Christ—and her prospects beyond death and the grave were to the close of life bright and cheering.

Mrs Matheson was in the 25th year of her age,—died on the 11th of March, of tubercular consumption, and is thus another added to the multitude cut down by that fell destroyer, in the morning of life—and in the brightness of youth and promise.

To the loss which your mission has sustained by her being thus early taken from us, I will not refer; neither is it for me to allude to the character of one in whom there was such a combination of the most lovely qualities, with the most fervent piety, which so pre-eminently qualified her for usefulness in the Lord's vineyard.

The work however assigned her on earth is done—she has reached the goal—she has gained the prize which we are still doomed to pursue with so much anxiety and toil; and though her sepulchre is not in the land of her nativity—though she sleeps not with her fathers—yet her dust mingles with that of those for whose salvation she left kindred, country and home. From this distant isle of the sea, her grave will continue to stand forth as a lasting memento of the love by which she was actuated for souls,—a grave around which it may be some of Tana's now benighted sons and daughters (in visiting this island) may stand and weep, when they remember that for them she left the endearments of home, but among them she was not permitted to dwell.

I fondly hope and earnestly pray that one and all of those whose hearts are sore pained within them, and whose cheeks are hourly bedewed with the tear of sorrow,