

souls of the degraded heathen of the New Hebrides. Mr. Geddie, in much humility and a much heart-searching, resolved to occupy the field on which Williams fell, and the missionaries of Samoa placed their new ship the "John Williams," at his disposal. Mr. and Mrs. Geddie landed on Aneityum, the most southern island of the New Hebrides group, on 29th May, 1848, and a more desolate situation cannot well be imagined than that in which the mission party found themselves after the "John Williams" sailed away. With the ocean between them and all earthly help, surrounded by cannibals, whose jargon they could not understand, nothing but great faith could sustain them in their circumstances. Christians know, however, that faith can remove mountains, and in due time mountains of difficulties were removed out of the way of these gospel agents on Aneityum. The first year was one of great trial. The natives were suspicious and thievish; the language was hard to learn; fever and ague attacked the strangers; several hurricanes swept over the island; but still Mr. Geddie laboured on, and he was able to record in the second year that his Sabbath services were attended by ten individuals. After the second year the missionary's faith was rewarded by visible signs of success and encouragement. Conversions took place. A Christian party began to be formed among natives. The heathen then themselves became ashamed of their grosser practices. Several commenced to attend school. A congregation gradually drew together. The "John Williams" called back. The Rev. John Inglis arrived and settled on the island as a fellow-labourer. Bishop Selwyn sometimes called and encouraged them in their work. Gradually, but steadily and visibly, the pleasure of the Lord prospered in their hands, and in the course of a few years all the idols of Aneityum were thrown to the moles and the bats.

After fifteen years of severe toil, Mr. and Mrs. Geddie took a well earned holiday, and went back for a time to Nova Scotia, visiting Melbourne by the way, and they were then able to tell the friends of the mission here that they had not left a heathen on Aneityum. This was surely a great work to accomplish. How few ministers succeed, even in Christian countries, in gathering a large congregation with so many surrounding aids in their favour, and how fewer still succeed in forming a Christian congregation in the depths of society? But to bring in depraved heathens, to fill their dark minds with the truth of God, to teach them the way of salvation and the doctrines of an eternal hereafter; to change evil habits, inherited from many generations, to turn multitudes

from sensuality and shameless impurity to decency, and, in many cases, to holiness; to elevate them spiritually, socially, and industrially, from utter barbarism to Christianity and comparative civilisation—this was the work on which Mr. Geddie set his heart, believing, prayerfully, and laboriously, and this, by God's help, he was enabled to accomplish.

On his return to Nova Scotia Mr. Geddie was cordially welcomed, and every fitting honour was bestowed on one who had endured so much and succeeded so well on the mission field. Church courts convened to receive him. Congregations met to hear the tale of his sufferings and triumphs. Children gathered in multitudes to see him. Christians of all denominations held fellowship with him. An American university bestowed on him the degree of D. D. And all this was as it should be, but the rigour of a Nova Scotian winter told on his feeble frame, and he had to hasten back to a warmer clime. Sailing from Halifax, by way of Britain, he landed at Melbourne about seven years ago, and all here became impressed with the fact that he would not be capable of full mission work again.

The remaining years of his honoured life were spent partly on the islands and partly in Australia. He liked to go in the "Dayspring," as a sailing missionary among the islands, to find suitable stations for new missionaries and native teachers, and all his spare time was given to the work of translating the Old Testament Scriptures into the native language of Aneityum, an effort which taxed his feeble strength to the utmost, and which remains, alas! incomplete.

Shattered health obliged him at last to leave his well-beloved mission-field for ever, and about three months ago the mission vessel took him to Victoria—to die. He has entered on the rest that remains to the people of God, and of him may it be as truly said as of any other saint in heaven.

"HE RESTS FROM HIS LABOURS, AND HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM."

Some interesting particulars relative to Dr. Geddie's latter days may be gathered from the following extract from a letter of the Rev. A. J. Campbell:—

Dr Geddie "gradually sunk into a state of unconsciousness, with some signs of occasional intelligence, especially when a friendly voice offered prayer at his bedside. Life ebbed away in perfect peacefulness. He had finished the work given him to do, and, having done so, like his great Master, he went to the Father. He was buried on