

JOHN GEDDIE

HERO OF THE NEW HEBRIDES

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JAMES W. FALCONER



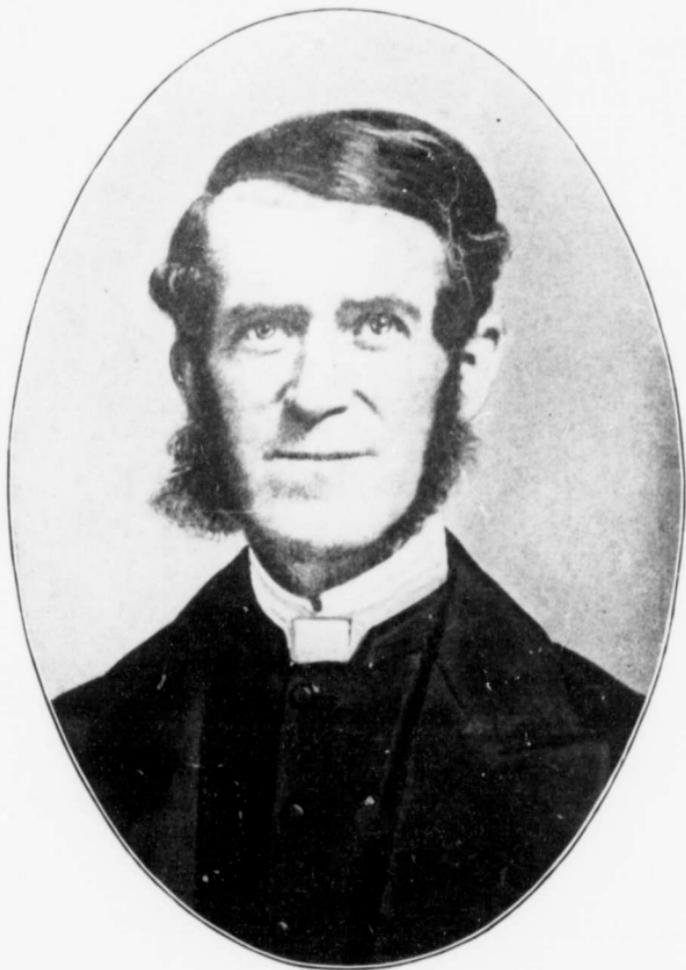
JOHN GEDDIE
HERO OF THE NEW HEBRIDES

“He urged the command of Jesus to take the Gospel to the whole world, and asserted that a Church neglecting this call of the Saviour could never receive the blessing. He spoke of the reflex benefit upon themselves, and of the pall of gross darkness hanging over paganism. ‘The glory of God calls us to the task. The command of God calls us to it. The reproaches of those who have gone down to perdition unwarned call us to it. And last, but not least, the spiritual deadness that prevails among our churches, which is perhaps a judicial retribution for the indifference which we have so long shown to the Gospel, calls us to it.’”

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REV. JOHN GEDDIE, D.D.

Born April 19th, 1815. Died December 14th, 1872.

JOHN GEDDIE

HERO OF THE NEW HEBRIDES

BY

REV. PROF. JAMES W. FALCONER, D.D.

Presbyterian College, Halifax, N.S.

"Kis wat ham ainyak an pece inigki (1848) is idim ti natimi lah incaki ja kis wat udei in pece inigki ainyak (1872) is idim ti natimi aupat iran."—*Ancityunese inscription behind the pulpit in the Church at Anelcauhat, Ancityum.*

"When I came to this land there was no man of light here, but when I left this land there was no man of darkness in it."—*Literal translation of inscription.*

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA
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INTRODUCTION.

The name of John Geddie and of the New Hebrides will always be as ointment poured forth to Canadian Christians. John Geddie was the first missionary sent to the heathen upon the sole responsibility of a Colonial Church. He had in him no faintest touch of the modern German "superman," but was meek and lowly, tender and pitiful, like his Master. Like his Master, too, this weak man "after the flesh" was mighty through God to the pulling down of Satan's strongholds, subduing savages to tenderness and transforming cannibals into Christian brothers. The New Hebrides will always be known to Canadians as the Martyr Islands, baptized with the blood of our early missionaries, but also as the scene of the most notable triumphs of the Gospel. The triumph of purely spiritual forces over the carnal and the material is nowhere better illustrated than in Aneityum and Erromanga.

From this man and from these islands came the inspiration that has since carried our Church into eight other distinct parts of the non-Christian world.

We owe a debt of gratitude to Professor James Falconer for uncovering these springs of life and putting within reach of all, in so brief and readable a form, the story of John Geddie's life and work. Many, having read this short life, will, I am sure,

INTRODUCTION.

be eager to read the larger work of Dr. Patterson, "Missionary Life among the Cannibals." Dr. Patterson's book is not gotten up in the most attractive form, but it is a mine of good things. There was a novelty and a charm, if also a danger, in the lives of these pioneer missionaries among the savage races which in the nature of the case is not found in the more commonplace though equally important work of the modern missionary.

ALFRED GANDIER.

Knox College, Toronto, April 2nd, 1915.

PREFACE.

There were many in the Atlantic Provinces by whom Dr. John Geddie was regarded as one of the greatest of the latter-day saints. The names of some of the New Hebrides Islands—Aneityum Erromanga, Efate, Santo—were like music in their ears.

But the generation that knew him is passing, and it is worth while to take advantage of the centenary of his birth to remind us, their children, that among the sons of the Dominion none is more worthy of remembrance. This is rendered more needful since the valuable *Life* by Rev. George Patterson, D.D., to which I am deeply indebted, is out of print.

Dr. Geddie must be reckoned among the great pioneer missionaries of the century. His was as brave a warfare as any happy warrior ever waged. Odysseus destroyed the eye of the cannibal giant on Sicily, but Dr. Geddie destroyed the giant of cannibalism on Aneityum, bringing civilization and peace to a land of degradation and war.

There are lines in the poem which appeared in *Punch* on the occasion of the death of Bishop Selwyn, which may equally apply to the hero of our study, who was also a personal friend of this first Bishop of New Zealand.

“ And there the Bishop stood, between the war
Of clans and chiefs and settlers, all alone,
Holding the Christian banner high and far
’Bove smoke of strife and noise of warriors blown.

“ Till savages were weaned from savageness,
And white men owned a faith ne’er owned till then;
And school and church rose in the wilderness,
Fruit of the seed of Love—Goodwill to men!”

Pine Hill, Halifax, N.S.

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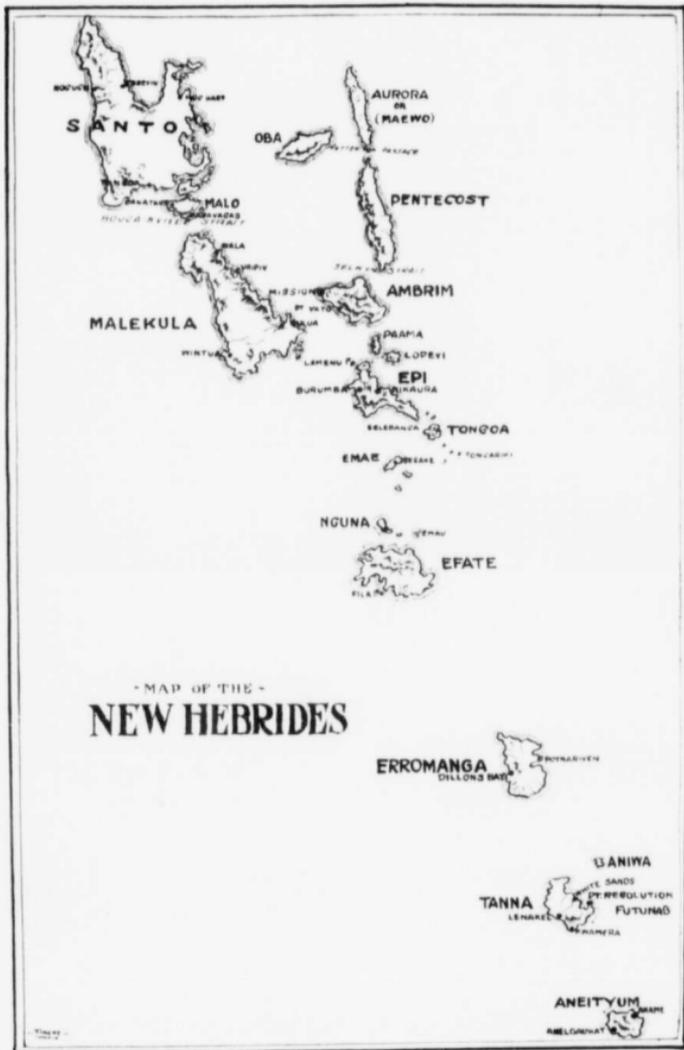
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LIFE OF JOHN GEDDIE

I.

THE EARLY YEARS.

A dark cloud rested over one of the homes in the village of Banff, Scotland. It seemed as though the bright hopes which had so recently been awakened by the birth of a son and heir were to be speedily blasted. The doctor gave little encouragement that the infant could rally from the attack of illness. Life was hanging on the slenderest thread. But the parents, long accustomed to commit all their affairs to the good keeping of the Heavenly Father, now sought the mercy-seat with renewed importunity, pleading that their child might live. They also vowed that if he were spared to them, and if the way were opened up, they would dedicate the boy to the service of God for work among the heathen. This is the earliest incident that has come down to us in connection with the life of John Geddie, and it illustrates the pious home and godly atmosphere in which he was to win those early impressions that are so effectual in the formation of character. A mystic thread was woven into the

life of the infant which would not easily be withdrawn. His was a dedicated spirit from the very cradle, though not until many years afterwards was the action of his parents made known to him.

The year of his birth is famous in our annals, marking as it does the conclusion of a striking period in European history. It was the year of Waterloo, 1815,* when the whole nation rejoiced over the defeat and capture of Napoleon, whose threats of invasion had been like a terrible nightmare to the English people. But victory was not gained without many losses, and the drain on the resources of the people had been so constant that after the declaration of peace numerous business failures took place; and many a family was compelled to leave home and look out for new scenes of labor. In this number was the Geddie family. The father had been a successful clockmaker thus far, but being unable to meet his obligations in this time of stringency, he was forced to make terms with his creditors, though it is to be remembered that at a later time all indebtedness was paid in full. He was induced to consider the call of the New World, that there he might retrieve his fortunes. Though we are not given the reasons which decided him in his choice of Nova Scotia, it is not difficult to imagine what some of these may have been. This colony was more easy of access than many others, and had won consideration as a Scotch

* He was born on the tenth of April.

settlement, especially through the emigration agents, who even in those times were beginning to see future gain for themselves in the lure of the New World. Besides this, Presbyterian ministers had already been sent out to care for the spiritual needs of the people, thus giving assurance that those who clung to this form of worship would not be destitute of the means of grace.

In 1816 the family arrived at Pictou, a town in the east of Nova Scotia, the centre of a Presbyterian population, and a place that has not been without distinction in the annals of Canada. Forty-three years before this the earliest settlers from Dumfries had arrived there in the brig *Hector*, the first emigrant vessel from Scotland to the Provinces, and these pioneer days had been filled with hardship and fears. The tales of their endurance, of their clearing of the dense forests, of the sorrows of the bitter winter, of the attacks of hostile Indians, were still in the memory of many Pictonians, though by this time most of the outward traces of hardship had vanished. Pictou had become a town of considerable importance because of its excellent harbor, and the valuable timber limits in its neighborhood. On account of the closing of the Baltic during the late war, a great demand had arisen for sawn timber, and a brisk trade in this commodity arose between Pictou and England; as many as fifty vessels passed in and out of the harbor during the year, and the value of the annual export was placed at half a million dollars.

But this prosperity was not without its darker side. Years of thriving trade had developed many forms of worldliness. Drunkenness was very prevalent. One lady of good position made the boast that the liquor bill for her household amounted to £400 per annum, while the Rev. Dr. McGregor, the pioneer missionary, writes: "Once in a day I could not have believed that all the vices in the world would have done as much damage in Pictou as I have seen drunkenness alone do within a few years." Besides this there was a tendency towards extravagance such as has frequently been the bane of colonial settlements. The moral tone of the place was, therefore, not conducive to the appearance of the fine fruits of religion, and had it not been for other elevating influences, of which we shall mention three, playing upon the youthful career of John Geddie, we might be at a loss to explain his choice of a profession.

First, there was his pious home. We have already noticed the religious zeal that inspired his parents. This was of a persistent type, so that the family altar that had been reared at Banff was again set up in Pictou. The home was a God-fearing one, where grave themes were welcome for discussion, and where the interests of the Kingdom of God were never neglected. The literature that was read was for the most part religious, and there can be little doubt that one of the formative influences on young Geddie was the ready access he had to books bearing on the evangelization of the world.

A more striking illustration of the value of judicious missionary publications could scarcely be desired. A friend of the Geddie family had become associated with the direction of the London Missionary Society, and was in the habit of sending out to Pictou their different publications. We are told that John Geddie was a constant reader of these books, and that his youthful imagination was especially fired by the narrative of the triumph of the gospel in Tahiti and the islands of the Polynesian group. Thus early were the noblest examples of Christian heroism brought before the boy's mind.

Secondly, he had the great advantage of association with people of deep spiritual life. The only church in the town was under the ministry of Rev. Dr. McCulloch, and Mr. Geddie immediately entered into fellowship with this congregation, afterwards called Prince Street Church. Here he found a small band of earnest Christians who had started a weekly prayer-meeting at which they gathered to pray for the coming of the Kingdom both in the world and in their own hearts. So devout and regular was Mr. Geddie at these and all the meetings of the church that ere long he became a chosen leader, and was soon appointed to the office of elder. In this church the children found a second home, and here and in the Sabbath school they gained a clear knowledge of religious truth, with the Bible and the Shorter Catechism as their textbooks.

The third great influence which had its effect on the life of John Geddie was the teaching he received

in his day-school. No person has done more for the cause of higher education in Nova Scotia than Rev. Dr. Thomas McCulloch, who had come out from Stewarton, Scotland, in 1803, as the minister to Pictou. His great heart had been much distressed by the ignorance which he encountered everywhere among the youth of the land, and, walking home one evening from his visitation, the thought came to him like an inspiration of the possibility of educating these young people and thus, perhaps, paving the way for the training of a native ministry.

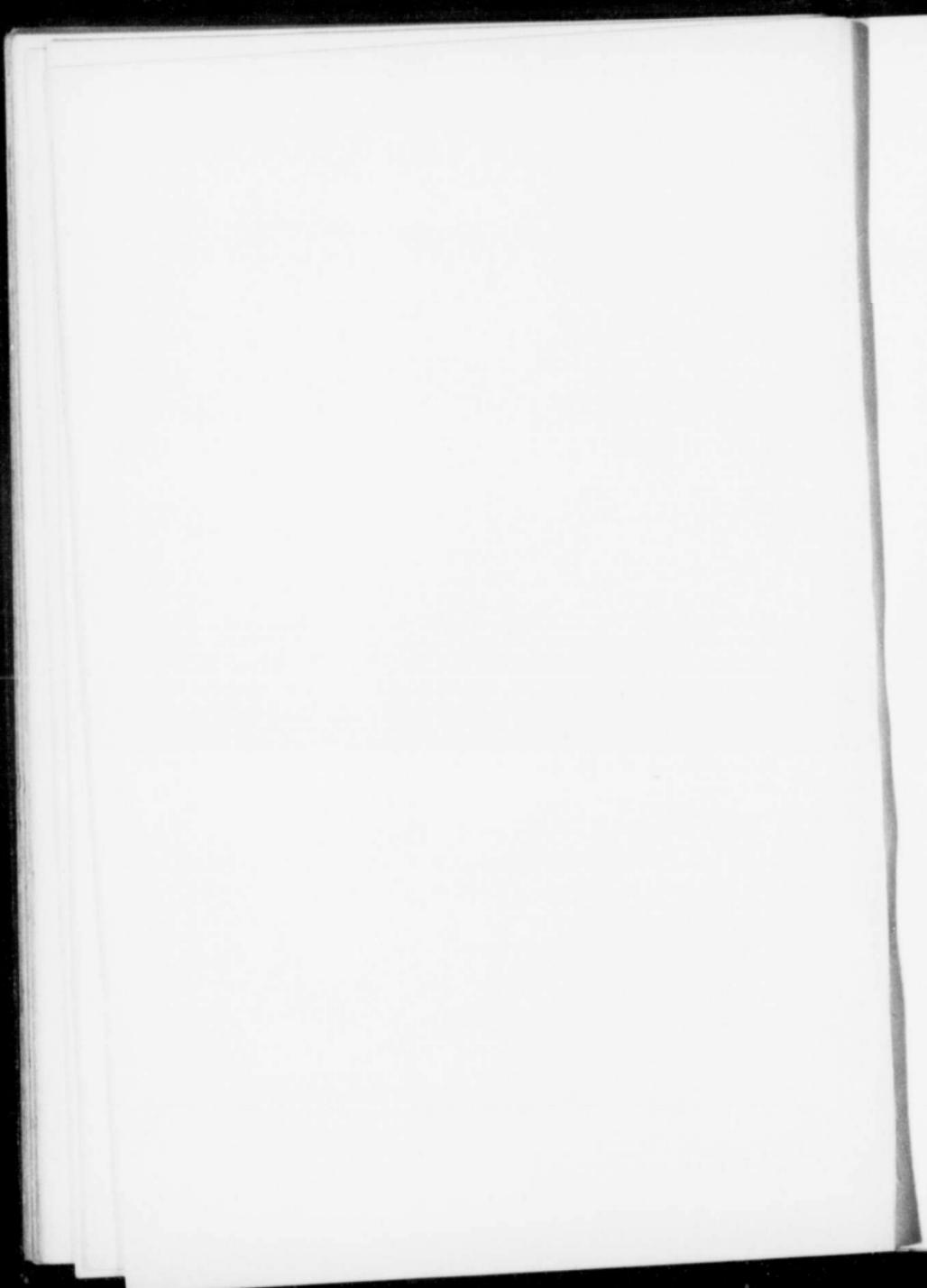
This is not the place to tell the story of Pictou Academy. It must suffice to say that from this institution, founded by Dr. McCulloch, many have gone forth to occupy leading positions in the professional and industrial life of this continent. There were none of the outward accompaniments which men usually associate with college life, no fine academic halls, no secluded quadrangles, no historic glamor. But it would be a mistaken inference if we supposed that the intellectual training was correspondingly deficient. So thorough had been the training given in these log buildings that when three of Dr. McCulloch's students went to Scotland to pursue their studies further, they received the degree of Master of Arts from Glasgow University without attendance on the classes. Such was Dr. McCulloch, and this example of a scholarly and devoted minister who sacrificed every personal interest for the great cause of education which lay so near his heart was constantly before the youth John Geddie.

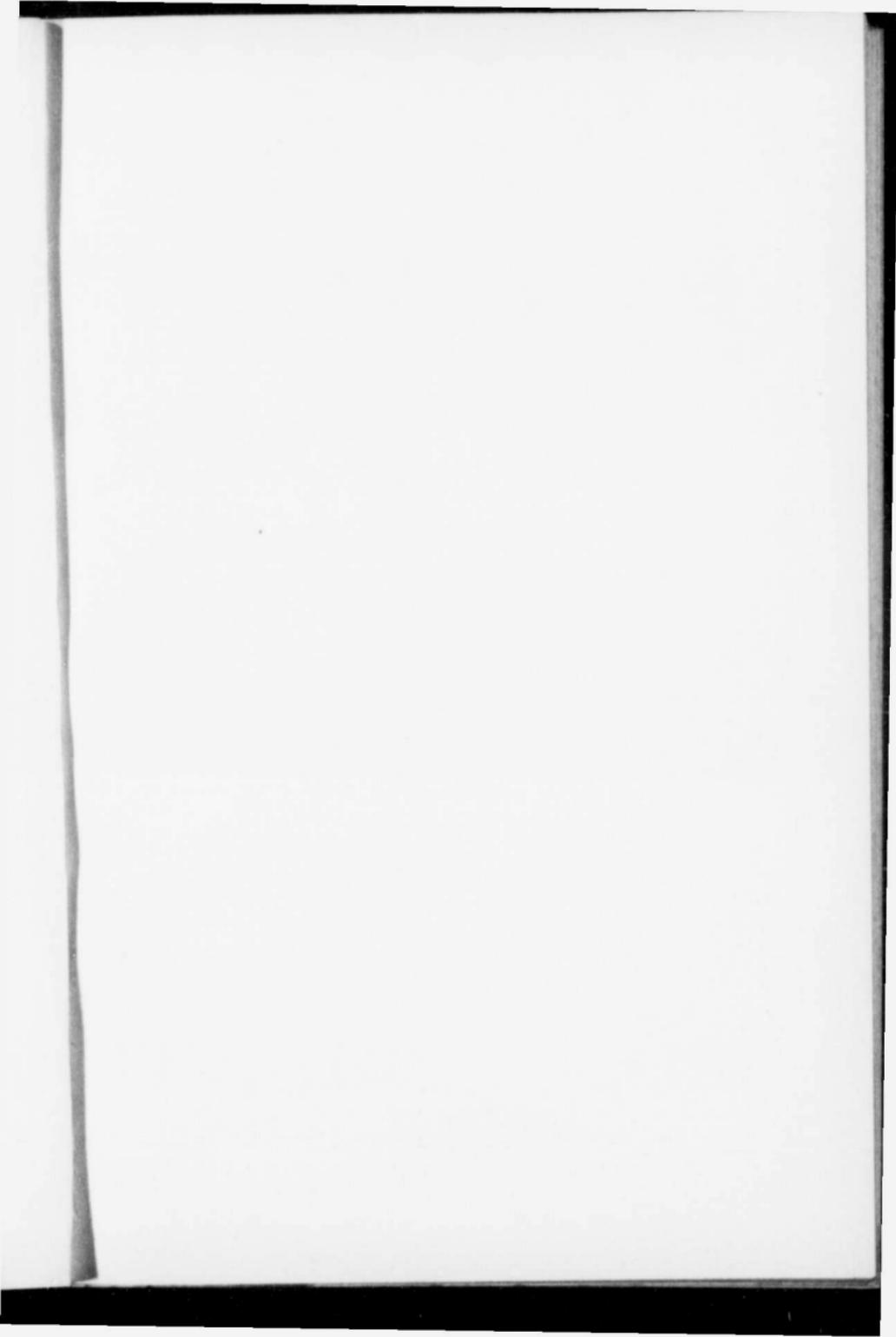
These powerful forces were all working in one direction; they were like a heavenly chorus of voices summoning the lad to devote himself to the service of what was noblest and best. Nor is it any matter of surprise that the impulse came so imperceptibly that he never remembered the time when he was unconscious of the purpose to enter the Christian ministry.

No remarkable facts are narrated concerning his school or college* days. John Geddie never shone in his classes, though he always maintained a good average position. Neither was he known as a leader in sport or debate. He was small of stature, retiring in manner, with a voice as gentle as a woman's. No prophecies seemed to go beforehand as to the large place he would fill in the Church's history; the estimate formed of him by his fellows might not unjustly be inferred from the way in which they spoke of him as "Little Johnnie Geddie." But there lay great forces of determination behind the quiet exterior, and his character showed a transparent sincerity which none could fail to admire. His record stands untarnished and pure; it is that of one in whom there were no

"Passions unworthy of youth's generous heart
And mounting spirit."

* This was the first theological college of our Church, and is now situated at Pine Hill, Halifax, N.S.







SCENES IN THE HEBRIDES.

II.

HIS SECOND DEDICATION.

It is difficult for us to picture a time when zeal for the evangelization of the world was not a prevalent grace, so much have the missionary convictions of our age become common property. They are almost conventional. We have come upon our inheritance so imperceptibly that we can scarcely realize the rough path by which it has been reached. An intelligent youth nowadays cannot pass through the undergraduate years without hearing through the Student Volunteer Movement a little of the great enterprise of the Church upon heathen shores.

But it was not so eighty years ago. The outward incentives to such a dedication of service were very few, and in studying the life of John Geddie we are brought close to one in whom we see a spontaneous outbreaking of missionary conviction. We have noted how the way was prepared by his early reading; while other boys were poring over the romances of worldly conquests, he was deep in the story of the conquests of Christ. However, the formal call did not reach him at this early stage. It was only when his college course had proceeded some distance that the question of his own duty in this regard was pressed home upon his conscience.

During his walks down the "Beeches" or around "Cariboo," the state of the heathen became more urgent in his thoughts. He heard more clearly the bitter cry of the destitute and ignorant, whose lives were not brightened by any of the sweet and gentle hopes that so richly flooded his own soul. He was only too painfully aware of the unhappiness, the cruelty, the fear that overwhelmed the pagan world. How vividly he pictured to himself the bondage into which these forsaken races had fallen! Thoughts of the "awful touch of superstition" became almost a nightmare to him.

This went hand in hand with a deeper study of the teachings of Jesus. As he drank at the fountain of living truth in the Bible he saw more and more clearly that duty might thrust him out into the work of a missionary, a work to be carried on far from homeland and from church. Could he remain guiltless if he kept back the precious message of salvation? Must he not hasten to correct the awful misinterpretation of God that prevailed in heathenism? Would not the complaint of these benighted children of God rise up against him at the Day of Judgment, asking him why he kept so precious a secret to himself? These are the problems that occupied his waking and sleeping hours and brought him under the constraint of missionary conviction. He felt himself a debtor.

While in this state of mind the hand of God was laid upon him in sickness, a method that has so often been the interpreter of the Lord's designs. His

strength gradually failed till it appeared that he was to go down to the grave without any period of service, with no stars for his crown, no structure reared upon the foundation of his personal faith. Was he to be cut off like Lycidas before his prime? In this valley of the shadow of death he vowed that if his strength returned to him and the Lord gave him grace he would dedicate all his talents and energies to the whole-hearted service of God among the heathen. A turn came in his sickness, he began to mend daily, and he arose out of his affliction into a state of spiritual and mental peace. All indecision was gone; he now saw his way clear as when a wanderer astray at night suddenly finds the path that leads home. The life decision was made. Henceforth he is to be a dedicated soul; his way is to lead him far from home and country.

Mr. Geddie was licensed to preach as a minister of the Presbyterian Church on May 2nd, 1837, and as no immediate prospect of entering the foreign field seemed to open up, he decided to accept work at home in the meantime, awaiting the direction of the Divine Spirit to show him when the way was clear. A call to the congregation of Cavendish and New London, Prince Edward Island, coming to him, he was ordained and inducted on March 13th, 1838. Here he remained for seven years, throwing all his energies into the many duties of his charge. In 1839 he was married to Charlotte, daughter of Dr. Alex. McDonald, of Antigonish, a lady who remained his devoted companion all through his

life, sharing his lofty ideals and furthering all his missionary plans. She bore with fortitude the many sacrifices which they had to endure, and now, in her old age, in Australia, awaits the heavenly call.

Dr. Patterson thus describes the years of ministerial work:

“But besides laboring diligently in his congregation, he was active in the advancement of the Church around. The Presbytery consisted of a band of most excellent men, several of them advanced in years, dwelling together in unity, and each in his own sphere discharging faithfully and regularly the work of a pastor. Yet, while deeply interested in the work of Gospel diffusion in the world, they were apt to settle down in the conscientious discharge of their duties in their own congregations, after the model of a Scottish pastorate, without much effort for the destitute beyond. Mr. Geddie's coming among them was the infusion of new life in regard to Home Mission work. He not only, in his quiet way, pressed the subject upon the attention of the brethren, but, being the youngest and most active member of the Presbytery, the largest share of missionary appointments fell to his lot, and in the fulfilment of them he never spared himself. At a time when railroads on the Island had not entered into the dreams of the most sanguine, he traversed every part of it, showing a thorough Scotch dourness, which allowed neither summer's heat nor winter's storm to prevent his punctually fulfilling his engagements, until, at least

in every settlement where any of the inhabitants claimed connection with the Presbyterian Church, he was well known and sure of a hearty welcome, his old horse, Sampson, being almost as readily recognized, with his carriage, in which a little later he often took about with him his wife and sometimes one or two children. He remarked to us that the more his mind was engaged in Foreign Missions, his interest in Home Missions, instead of being lessened, was intensified.

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III.

THE PIONEER.

The pioneer is immortal. We bear in lasting memory the man who cuts the first path through hitherto inaccessible lands, who makes possible what was thought to be impossible. Some such honor rests with Geddie; for he led the Church out into a new work. Never had any colonial Church heard the call to evangelize the heathen, until it came to the sensitive conscience of this minister on Prince Edward Island. For long he debated the matter in secret, looked up and down the range of every possible argument that could be urged against it, till at last he was convinced that his Church should send out a missionary.

But it was quite a different thing to convince his brethren of the ministry and the members of the churches. On the surface the attempt seemed doomed to failure. The Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia, a branch of the Secession Church of Scotland, was but a feeble body with thirty congregations, many of which could scarcely pay a living wage to their own ministers. The largest salary was £130, while most did not pay more than £40 a year. Pathetic tales might be given of the finan-

cial methods adopted by ministers to dispose of the produce which they had to take as payment of their salary. How could such a Church be expected to contribute, when their home work was so meagrely supported? Besides this, were they not veritably a mission Church? Their own field was white unto harvest; and they had no laborers whom they could spare. Against these arguments there was to be placed the irresistible force of a convinced and consecrated will. The grandeur of his ideal had clothed this man with an authority. Slowly but surely this won its way against every difficulty, as one may see the determined energy of the summer silently but certainly gaining its way against the hard and binding influence of the winter.

Strange to tell, it was the older ministers who yielded most readily to his persuasive arguments. To some of these it was like a revival of the spring-tide of their own career. Many of them had come out from the Old Land in response to the call of the needy. They had faced the uncertainties of a new country with much the same dedication as now moved Mr. Geddie. The proposal to send a missionary to the pagans touched a responsive chord in their hearts; it was like a fragrance blown from meadows long forgotten, meadows amid which they once had walked with tumultuous and eager hearts.

The history of the movement in Synod is very familiar to all who have watched the progress of similar new departures. First came the period of careless neglect, with the overture left till the last

sederunt, set aside with a motion to send it down to Presbyteries for consideration. Then came the time of recognition, when the subject received more countenance; and, last of all, the stage of serious debate, when the forces were arrayed on either side.

There were the arguments of poverty, of wise caution, of delay, the natural expression of the conservative temperament that appears in every deliberative body. But there was also the contagious lure of a grand religious conception, the venture of faith appealing to the deep spiritual longings of the soul. Besides this there was the stubborn earnestness of Mr. Geddie, who never yielded any point already gained. He urged the command of Jesus to take the Gospel to the whole world, and asserted that a Church neglecting this call of the Saviour could never receive the blessing. He spoke of the reflex benefit upon themselves and of the pall of gross darkness hanging over paganism. "The glory of God calls us to the task. The command of God calls us to it. The reproaches of those who have gone down to perdition unwarned call us to it. And last, but not least, the spiritual deadness that prevails among our churches, which is perhaps a judicial retribution for the indifference which we have so long shown to the Gospel, calls us to it."

It was at the meeting of Synod held in Pictou in 1844 that the first serious discussion took place. The Presbytery of Prince Edward Island was strongly in favor of at once proceeding to the work, and they were ready to supplement their opinion

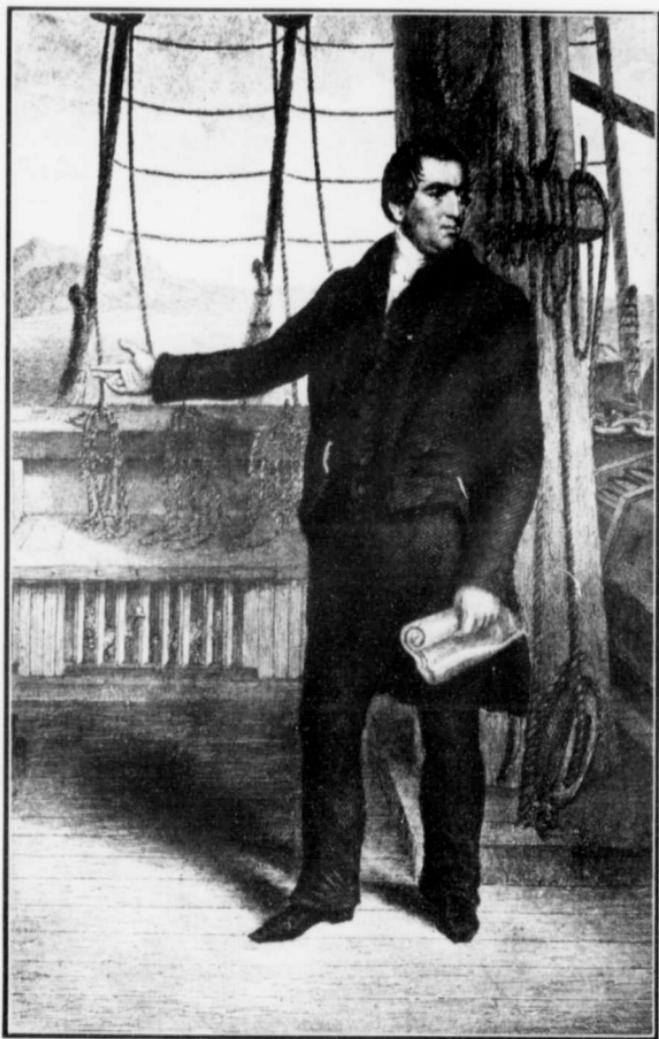
with a contribution of £70 a year. But the Presbyteries of Pictou and Halifax were not so favorably inclined. Two motions were made. The first was, "That the overture be adopted and carried into effect as far as practicable, and that a Committee or Board of Foreign Missions be appointed for this purpose, and that the memorial just read be published for the information of the people."

The amendment was, "That this Synod, feeling that in present circumstances they are not prepared to embark in the Foreign Mission enterprise, resolve to enjoin upon the congregations under their inspection to make an effort in behalf of such Missions, consistently with other claims; and, further, that in order to render present efforts available, the Synod will connect itself with the ——— Society, through which their contributions may flow, till they feel themselves able to embark in the cause by sending forth a missionary of their own."

Through the morning session the debate held on without flagging. All were expected to express some opinion, and the members rose one by one. In the evening an order of the day was on the docket, and the Synod listened to a "lengthy but highly interesting" lecture on the "Apostasy of the Middle Ages viewed as a great and beneficent arrangement of Providence"; but at the conclusion of this the main subject was resumed, and the motion was carried by twenty to fourteen. The Board of Foreign Missions was accordingly chosen.

A year later, when the Board presented its first





JOHN WILLIAMS.

Martyred on Erromanza in 1839.

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report, the amount promised had increased to \$1,000, and the motion was made that the "Board be now instructed to select a field and negotiate with candidates for the field." This was carried by a majority of one.

It may be a matter of surprise that the committee went so far away for a sphere of labor, but several reasons account for this. First, the salaries and expenses of mission work in India and China were more than the committee felt warranted in incurring. West Africa was rejected because of climatic conditions. Many of the countries now open were then closed to the foreigner; also at this time the triumphs of the gospel in the South Seas in Eastern Polynesia had aroused great joy and expectation in the Christian world. John Williams had been commissioned to survey the islands of Western Polynesia to find out what the prospects were, and when the message of his murder in 1839 reached home it aroused the heroic resolve in the Church to honor his martyrdom by founding a new mission. These were the circumstances amid which the Board decided upon the region of Western Polynesia.

Then came the question who should go? Mr. Geddie had never put himself forward as a candidate, though his intimate friends knew that he was willing to offer his services if need arose. His modesty and his wisdom kept him in the background, and he wished the Church to feel itself in no way hampered. But there was no hesitation on the part of the members of the committee that the

one man for the position was Mr. Geddie, and he was appointed, though not without the opposition of some of the influential members of the Synod.

His first duty filled him with much foreboding. Readers of the life of Bishop Coleridge Patteson will recall that when he was urged to go to these same South Sea Islands, his father long resisted the desire of his son because he could not bear the thought of separation from one so cherished and beloved; and there is great pathos in the sense of personal loss expressed in the letters sent out from home to his son away over the sea: "It is so lonely without you, Coley!" Mr. Geddie had now to go to an aged and widowed mother and break to her the news that her only son was to leave her, perhaps never more to see her in the body. But the fears that possessed his mind were unrealized, for he found her so calm and resigned that afterwards he inquired the cause, and was told for the first time of the dedication that had taken place at his birth. The mother had made her vow, and would not recall it when the time for payment had come.

With great wisdom Mr. Geddie proceeded to prepare himself for the new sphere of labor. He entered a printing office and learned how to use the press, which was to be of much help in the schools and churches of the field. He studied the rudiments of medicine, learned the methods of house and boat building, and acquainted himself with many mechanical arts that might prove useful at a later time.

His mind well stored with knowledge, awake to the dangers and hardships of his new calling, he set forth in 1846 from Halifax, hoping to get a vessel in one of the American ports for the Sandwich Islands. The following quotations from his journal will reflect his feelings at this time:

“I know that in many of the qualifications and attainments which it is desirable that a missionary should possess I am wanting; nevertheless I feel as though the God of nature and of grace had committed to my trust some talents which, if faithfully employed, may make me useful to my fellow-sinners; and I go forth with a resolve in the strength of grace to devote my soul, my body, my all, to my Redeemer’s service and glory. And I am the more encouraged to proceed in the enterprise to which I have devoted myself, when I reflect that God can work by means however feeble, and that ‘the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.’

“In associating myself with our Mission, I do not think I have acted without counting the cost. The step which I have taken has not been the result of momentary impulse, but the deliberate purpose of years. I trust that I have given to the subject a measure of that consideration which the importance of the subject demands. I have contemplated and realized in part what it is to break asunder those endearing ties that bind parents and children, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends. I have anticipated a voyage of 18,000 miles over the mighty

ocean, through many latitudes and divers climes; but there is One who 'ruleth the raging of the sea, and stilleth the waves thereof when they arise'; and there is safety under His watchful care. I have looked forward to the time when I must forego the blessings of civilization, and comforts of social life, and the sweets of home, and expose myself to the inveterate prejudice, the repulsive arrogance, and the deep-rooted superstition of a barbarous people. I have beheld at a distance the drudgery to which I may have to submit in acquiring a barbarous language and moulding into characters and determining by fixed sounds a tongue never committed to writing before. I have glanced at the probability of being laid under the necessity to court the society of savage men, and assimilate myself in some measure to their disgusting habits of life, in order to gain their ear and win their confidence. I cannot say that I have ever seriously considered the possibility of falling a prey, as some have done, to the capricious fury of barbarous men. Nevertheless, for so painful a contingency, missionaries who go abroad, and their friends at home, must not be unprepared. The servants of Christ go forth to heathen lands with their lives in their hands, not knowing what is to befall them. Now, after a careful review of all that is forbidding in a missionary life, I have no wish to retrace my steps. I feel as if I might say, in the Apostle's words, 'None of these things move me, neither do I count my life dear unto me, so that I might finish my course with joy.'

“ But there is a bright as well as a dark side to the picture of a missionary life, and this I have not overlooked. It has its allurements as well as its trials and perils. I have thought of the dignity of laboring for Christ among the heathen. To be occupied in this work is the highest glory of men. It assimilates those who are engaged in it to Him who ‘ came not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him.’ I can conceive of no employment so dignified as that of turning men from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto the kingdom of God’s dear Son, in those lands where Satan has established his dark domain.”

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IV.

A JOURNAL OF THE SEA.

In these latter days a trip to Honolulu does not rank among the great adventures of life. Tourists find every convenience in the transcontinental trains and the ocean greyhounds. But it was not so seventy years ago. Then it required a measure of courage to brave the monotony and danger of a six months' voyage in a sailing vessel.

On November 30th, 1846, Mr. and Mrs. Geddie left Halifax for Boston and took eight days for the passage, coming near disaster at the very outset in consequence of a tempestuous gale that drove them into the latitude of St. George's Shoals. At Boston they expected to find a whaler bound for the Sandwich Islands, but the season for these had closed with October, and it was only after much inquiry that they learned of a vessel soon to sail from Newburyport, near Boston.

Hurrying down to this place, Mr. Geddie lost no time in examining the vessel which was to be their home for many months. It was a brig of 197 tons, somewhat larger than the schooners that go to the "Banks," built of oak, six years old, with an excellent sea record. They obtained a small cabin with a berth on either side, having a curtain

in the centre. On deck was a comfortable cabin to be used as a dining-room, with eight single berths for the officers and two passengers. They carpeted their room and lashed the stove, table, medicine chest and trunks in readiness for the heavy seas they expected to encounter.

Having a few days to wait before the ship started, they spent it in fellowship with the Christian people of the town, who took considerable interest in the brave venture of these two Nova Scotians. Early on the morning of their departure these friends gathered on board to bid farewell and to pray for God's favor for the missionaries. An impressive service was held. Psalm 121 was read, and an address was delivered by one of the ministers of the town. Mr. Geddie replied, thanking them for their kindness, and describing the feelings which filled his mind as he was leaving the realms of gospel light for the dark places of the earth. "Dear brethren, now that we are about to encounter the perils of the mighty deep, and enter upon an arduous scene of labor, we would again entreat your prayers in our behalf. Remember us when we are far from you, and you will not be forgotten by us. Our safety and success abroad depend much on the prayers of the Church at home. If you lift up your hands before God in our behalf we shall succeed; if not, we must fail."

After the concluding prayer commending them to the guardianship of Israel's Keeper, the scene suddenly changed into one of hurry and bustle.

All friends were ordered on shore; the captain shouted for the lines to be cast off, and in a few moments every inch of sail was unfurled to the wind. At first a covering of ice, formed on the harbor during the preceding night, kept them from moving, but slowly the path opened up, the fragile ice ceased to offer resistance, and the vessel began to glide gently before the wind. The shores of America were soon lost to view.

The long voyage now beginning was to take the greater part of a year, and is graphically described in the journal which Mr. Geddie kept of their trip. Favoring trade winds bring them speedily to the equator; but as they pass the coast of Brazil a change comes. The region called the "Swamp" proves true to its name, the thermometer is ninety-eight in the shade. Tedious days pass when the sails flap aimlessly from morn till night and the brig rises and falls but makes no progress.

Incidents now and then break the monotony, as when looking from the poop one night he sees a strange sail loom out of the darkness and pass within a few yards of their stern. Or it is a heavy squall coming so suddenly that the mate barely has time to run to the wheel and snatch it from the inexperienced sailor. Or it is a calm night disturbed with the sudden cry, "All hands on deck!" and for eight-and-forty hours the oak timbers creak and groan as if they could no longer bear the strain.

But brighter days also break, when a ship heaves into sight, a whaler bound home which will take

their letters. Then the fine, starry nights—so beautiful; clear, unclouded heaven with new constellations; most beautiful of all the Southern Cross, emblem of the Cross around which centred his best enjoyment in time and his brightest prospects beyond the grave.

At last the approach to Cape Horn draws on and they prepare for the dreaded encounter. Old sails replaced with new ones, round-house and boats fastened with additional lashings, every doubtful rope removed, new rigging rove—formidable precautions against the severe trial of strength, like a crisis in our human journey for which wise men prepare.

They are three weeks rounding the Horn, meeting waves of whose vastness the Atlantic in her wildest moments can give but slight conception. They are driven to sixty-one degrees South, on the verge of the Frigid Zone. But at last the Cape is weathered and the placid waters of the Pacific fill them with a strange new pleasure, such as a captive feels when he escapes from the prison house, or a doubt-enslaved sinner when he learns that God is still waiting to be gracious.

But new anxieties emerge. Fresh provisions have long since been exhausted; they are put on short allowance. Now they spring a leak and the pumps have to be at work every ten minutes. They have been 170 days at sea when on a happy morning they come in sight of Honolulu.

In the entire journal there is not a word of

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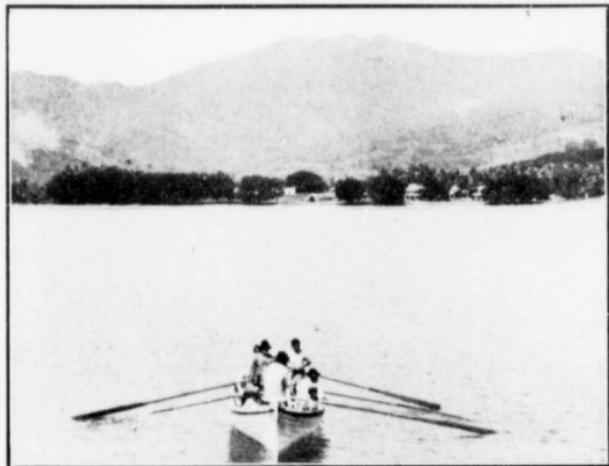
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ANEITYUM HARBOR.



DR. GEDDIE'S STATION, SHOWING HOUSE TO THE RIGHT
AND CHURCH AT THE CENTRE.

complaint from the missionary. He thinks, reads and prays about the land of his pilgrimage, not forgetting all the time that he has a mission on board. He is moved by the spiritual destitution of the seafaring men. Each Sabbath he has morning and evening service, and a Bible class as well. He also confers with the men individually on their spiritual needs. The captain, who has grown hard and sceptical, a reader of Tom Paine, begins to see the beauty of a Christian life, and would fain participate in the faith of this man of God. The sailors realize that this passenger has lent a new dignity to their calling. They are taking part in a new enterprise, where the merchandise is more precious than gold. What possibilities lie at a man's hand if only his heart is set upon the ways of God!

At Honolulu the missionaries of the American Presbyterian Church showed Mr. and Mrs. Geddie much kindness and gave them valuable advice. It was thought wise that they should go first to Samoa, where a very successful mission was being carried on by the London Missionary Society. Here they remained for six months awaiting the arrival of the missionary vessel, the *John Williams*, which was to bear them on their way. The interval was spent in building a frame for their house and in acquiring experience of missionary methods.

Eighteen months after their departure from Nova Scotia Mr. and Mrs. Geddie entered upon the final stage of the journey to the New Hebrides; and at daybreak of July 13th, 1848, the island of Aneityum

was seen in the distance. In the early afternoon they, along with Mr. Powell, of the London Missionary Society, came to anchor in a beautiful harbor on the south side of the island, an island which was to be their home for many long years, the scene also of one of the most thrilling stories of the transforming grace of Jesus Christ.

“The *John Williams* remained with us a week, during which time our property, etc., was landed. This dear vessel, in which we had spent some happy weeks, took her departure on August the 6th. I shall not soon forget our emotions, when she weighed anchor and spread her canvas to the breeze; anxiously did our eyes follow her, until she faded from our view in the distant horizon. We felt now, for the first time, something of the stern realities of missionary life, cut off as we were from the endeared society of Christian friends, and surrounded by a degraded and barbarous people. But though severed now from those with whom we could take sweet counsel, we were not alone. Oh, no! I believe that we have His presence, at whose command we had come hither, and whose promise is, ‘Lo, I am with you always.’”

V.

THE POWERS OF DARKNESS.

Aneityum is the southernmost island of the New Hebrides group, so called by Captain Cook, because of their likeness to the islands in the north of Scotland. They are part of Western Polynesia, and had never been the home of any Christian missionary. John Williams had gone to Erromanga in order to plan evangelistic work, but he landed only to gain the martyr's crown at Dillon's Bay.

The islanders were members of the Negroid race called the Papuan, with curly hair, dark skin and forbidding features. They were a degraded race that had long been under the tyrannous dominion of savagery. Society was a Dead Sea of pollution. Crimes of all degrees were of constant occurrence. Selfishness, treachery, inhumanity were characteristic faults. Falsehood abounded, theft was considered honorable, licentiousness prevailed everywhere. There was no thought of love. War was continuous. A member of one tribe dared not venture beyond the confines of his own territory for fear of being killed. Life had no value. Blood flowed every day. A man was never seen without his club and spear.

Women were in slavery, and did not know enough to resent it. Brutality was their daily wage. The awful habit of strangling the widow on the death of her husband was firmly rooted in the islands. Every woman wore round her neck a stout cord so arranged that a moderate pull would effect strangulation. Infants had no rights. The tenure of the child's life rested with the option of the father.

Superstitions of the most revolting type abounded and kept the people in incessant torment. The water gods, the wind gods, the mountain gods, were their fear day and night. Ignorance ruled their minds, they had no desire for knowledge, they loved darkness rather than light. Most hideous of all was the cannibalism that prevailed. All victims killed or taken in war were considered the lawful booty of the victor, and there were authentic tales of shipwrecked crews that were kept in life only to await the time of some cannibal feast. Thus there was none of the sanctity, none of the sweetness of life, that have come to us as the gift of our Saviour.

The missionary had also to reckon with the antagonism of the white man. Some of these were guilty of crimes so vile, so cruel, that they had become more degraded than the natives themselves. A few were shipwrecked sailors who had become assimilated with the natives, adding the evils of their own race to those of the savages. Some were escaped convicts from Australia. But the greater number were sandalwood traders, of whose treachery and deception terrible accounts were given.

“Toward the close of the year 1842, three sandalwood vessels (and we will give their names)—the *Sultana*, Captain Scott; the *Ose Ramond*, Captain Deniston; and the *Sophia*, Captain Hervey—came to anchor in a beautiful bay. The crews were sent on shore, and having quarrelled with the natives, they used their firearms freely, killing a large number of the islanders. About thirty, consisting principally of old men, women and children, took refuge in a cave, when the white men gathered brushwood at its mouth, set fire to it, and kept the fire burning until the whole company within were silent in death. The foreigners, being thus left masters of the district, supplied themselves abundantly with wood, yams, and pigs—it was said to the number of nearly a hundred—and sailed away in triumph.”

It was also the common thing for these white men to purchase or kidnap women for their immoral purposes, so that the white man's advent came to be regarded as the visit of a devil. One island had a standing rule to murder every white man that put foot on its soil.

It is necessary to give these facts in their naked horror in order to realize the stupendous magnitude of the task which this great-souled man was undertaking. The extent of these powers of darkness was fully appreciated by Mr. and Mrs. Geddie. Ere they left Samoa they had received such a narrative of the loathsome social conditions in these dark islands that they had in great sorrow parted with their daughter, dreading to expose her to such

abominations. He writes, "The most painful sacrifice which missionaries are called on to suffer in these islands is separation from their children, whose interest and welfare demand their removal to a less polluted moral atmosphere."

As we try to place ourselves in imagination amid these scenes of degradation, and realize a little of the incessant drain that must have been made upon the courage, faith and virtue of the missionaries, we shall recognize that it was indeed a herculean labor which they had undertaken, a task of almost superhuman effort. Only as the grace of God was given to them could they hope to tread all these powers of darkness down.

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VI.

THE BEGINNING IS HARD.

The fainting sense of insufficiency that overtakes one who is called to a difficult task for which he feels quite unprepared might well have overwhelmed the minds of these messengers of the Word. How could they ever expect to cleanse this evil place, how hope to overcome this degradation? It was only because they were moved by a noble compassion and by a faith such as enabled Paul to approach the entrenched forces of the corrupt paganism of Rome: "I am not ashamed (afraid) of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation."

But where and how are they going to begin? There seemed to be so few points of contact. Very little notice was taken of them on their landing, and it transpired afterwards that the natives were on the point of driving them off from their shores because they were foreigners like those who had stolen their wives, their daughters and their wood. But this indifference soon changed. This foreign man carried no firearms, he abode with his wife in peace, he did not take their wood. He spake with a new language, which they had seldom heard, but did not fail to understand—the language of kindness. Con-

fidence began to rise, and with it an increase of curiosity.

Mr. Geddie's first task was to become acquainted with the tribes on the island, and he makes his first trip to a neighboring village accompanied by an interpreter, who tells the people the object that has brought him. He wishes to tell them of the true God, of the beauty of a life of peace and goodness, of the promise of salvation in Jesus Christ. Three weeks after their arrival he determined to explore the shores of the island, and started out in his boat, accompanied by his Samoa teachers. The romantic beauty of his new island home greatly impressed him, in such striking contrast with the human depravity. He was interested in meeting the chiefs of the various districts. "Japai is said to be the greatest warrior on the island, and his name is a terror to his enemies. He showed more pleasure in meeting us than his brother."

The journey was not without its dangers, for the coral reefs of the shore rendered navigation difficult. They were compelled to go much farther than they anticipated. One evening they left their mooring at sunset with six miles to go. But when they got beyond the harbor they found it needful to put a long way out to sea. The sun had gone down, and in the gloaming they could see the foam breaking on the distant reefs. The waves increased, and the Samoans insisted upon turning towards the shore. Guided only by the noise of the breakers, and amid constant danger, they succeeded at last in effecting

an entrance into the harbor of Epige. This is one of his many perils by sea, and casts a light upon the varied duties which fell to the lot of the missionary.

All the time he is busy picking up their language; and since the natives in their love of barter will not give even a new word without some payment, Mr. Geddie carries biscuits in his pocket, which he distributes in exchange for the desired knowledge. So successful are his studies that on the sixth Sabbath he can preach in the native tongue. He writes, "Our knowledge of the language is, of course, very limited, yet we can tell this benighted people some of the simple truths of the Gospel in their own tongue. This is the object to which I have looked forward with desire for years, and I thank God I have been spared to see the day."

He also calls into service his small printing press, finds an alphabet—no slight task—gives their language a written form, and prints three hymns to begin with. They have in the meantime constructed a small house and are at work upon a church and a school. The following from his journal will give some idea of their active life:

"Besides preaching every Sabbath day in our little chapel, Mr. Powell and I are accustomed to go out in different directions, and preach to the people wherever we can find them. This is a deeply interesting part of our work. When we see a native at his work, or amusement, we request him to follow us, and so go on until a little group is collected. Sometimes we collect five or six, sometimes ten,

sometimes twenty, and sometimes thirty; then we sit down under the shade of a tree, or by the side of a path, or by the seashore, and tell them as best we can of sin and a Saviour from it. Some will laugh, others look serious, some will amuse themselves so as not to hear, and some will turn away in anger. It is very distressing to hear the wicked and irreverent remarks they make about divine things, but generally all will listen to our message. But ah! what a darkness hangs over the heathen mind! It is impossible for persons brought up in a Christian land to have any just conception of it. Some of our conversations, however, are not without interest. I recollect on one occasion, after addressing a group of natives, one of them said, 'If these things are true which you tell us, how is it that we have never heard of Jesus before?' This is a question that must be answered by the professed followers of Christ at the last tribunal."

Thus far they had not met with the slightest molestation, but suddenly the indifference of the natives is turned into active hostility, and Mr. Geddie learns that he has offended their deities or *Natmasses*. The missionaries, it is said, have cut cocoanuts that had been dedicated to the spirits, they have built their church from burnt coral, and the *Natmasses*, smelling it, have become angered and driven the fish from the coast; they have encroached upon the sacred mountain. There are the possibilities of great danger here. The tribal religion has been insulted. But Mr. Geddie is able

to smooth over the trouble. He pleads his ignorance of their religious customs, regrets what has occurred, and will respect their feelings in future so far as possible. Most illuminating is the light here cast upon the wisdom, self-control, and conciliatory manner of Mr. Geddie; and it is very probable that the success of the mission depended in part upon the prudent and generous methods which he adopted with the people. He refrained in every case, where no principle was involved, from claiming any rights. He came as a man of peace, and as a man of peace he continued till the end.

There are hosts of discouragements that meet them. The interest in the Sabbath services is very slight, the hostility of the people towards each other is appalling. If they come to church they do not put on Sabbath clothing, since of the need of any kind of clothing they are scarcely conscious, but they are fully clad in armor. They carry their spears, their bows, and their clubs.

The oppressions of the women fill the missionaries with great grief. They hear of eight cases of strangulation during the year, and any efforts made to prevent it have only ended in failure. The sacred men of the island are up in arms against these new teachers, for they feel that their own power is endangered. So dark, indeed, is the outlook that his companion begins to abandon hope. "Mr. Powell has just told me that this has been one of his worst days. After walking about a considerable distance he could not collect even a small audience.

Although he visited places where our reception had been most cordial, the natives did not wish to hear him. Added to this, a man whom he invited to follow him took up a large stone and threw it at him."

But if the others despair it is not so with Mr. and Mrs. Geddie. They fully recognize that this work will be slow and arduous. The number that comes for instruction is very small indeed, but he cheers his heart at every slight token of progress. Every ray of light is eagerly welcomed. A boy meets him and asks him to conduct worship. The little fellow, putting his hand to his forehead and covering his eyes, said, "Come, let us do this." It was the first request for a religious exercise, and Mr. Geddie welcomes it as a harbinger of the springtide.

His influence over the chiefs begins to show itself:

"To-day arrangements were made for a general fight. Natives come pouring in from all quarters, armed with clubs and spears. The report of the contemplated war having reached our ears, Mr. Powell and I resolved to interfere, and, if we could not prevent it, at least give our solemn and public testimony against it. We accordingly set out for the field of battle, which was about a mile distant from our premises. We found Nohoat and his party encamped on a spot of level ground, while the others occupied the top of a hill about half a mile distant. At the time of our arrival both parties were screaming and yelling at each other, throwing their bodies in various postures, and assuming all

the attitudes of challenge and defiance. These are the usual preliminaries of battle among savages. As we knew there was some risk in going into the midst of an infuriated gang of savages, we took a circuitous route, which brought us on to the brow of the hill nearly midway between the contending parties. Our presence seemed to have a paralyzing influence on both parties for the moment. Indeed, the natives have since told us that they were ready to rush on each other at the time when we took up our position between them, but that they were afraid to fight lest we should be injured. Nohoat, the originator of the war, was the man we wanted to see, and as soon as we observed him, we descended to the spot where he was. We told him our errand, that we had come to stop the war, and that if he persisted in the war God would punish him for his wickedness. We now sat down to await the return of Nohoat, whom we saw descending the hill towards us. It appeared that, after he left us, he ascended the hill and was met by the leading man of the opposite party, who said to him, 'Why don't you come on? We are ready to fight you.' 'How can I?' said Nohoat, 'for the *alaiahan* (new religion) makes it wrong to fight.' Nohoat handed his spear and a strip of native cloth to the other, and his were received in return. Thus was peace concluded, and a war averted which might have involved the whole island, for the last general war is said to have originated from a similar circumstance. We had the satisfaction of returning to our

homes amid armed natives of both parties, who but a short time before were thirsting for each other's blood."

And now the first year is over. His companions in the work have found it too severe a strain, and they are preparing to leave. He is to be left alone with his faithful wife, but no hint of departing ever falls from their lips. Mr. Geddie has taken up his stand, and there is no turning back for him. He writes home urging the Church to send forth another laborer to his assistance, telling them that he is ready to make any personal sacrifice if only the wants of this depraved people may be more adequately met.

VII.

THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

The second year opened amid dark clouds. The arrival of the mission vessel, the *John Williams*, was not an unmixed joy, for while it brought the much-longed-for letters from home, yet with its departure they were to lose him who had been their companion in the trials of the mission. Mr. Powell had never heartily acquiesced in his appointment to the New Hebrides, and the many discouragements which he endured now finally led him to decide to return to Samoa.

While it is not for us to criticise his action, we may well picture the disappointment which this decision must have caused Mr. and Mrs. Geddie. It was indeed a sad prospect that faced them, to be left alone on a heathen island fifteen hundred miles from their nearest missionary brethren at a critical moment in the history of the mission. Few have ever been placed in so trying a situation, and it was more than any Church should have asked of its representative. Three long and dreary years were to pass during which they had to labor single-handed, without anyone like-minded with themselves to share their hardship and to brighten the dark pathway which they had to tread.

But Mr. Geddie had a great aim, which Stevenson calls "the only fortune worth finding," and he turned with redoubled zeal to the various activities of the mission. Every Sabbath he holds the morning service, and as the people are slow in seeking the house of God, he goes forth on his itinerating journey to gather up his audience by the way. He and his Samoan teacher go hither and thither on their exhausting work, only to find that the indifference of the natives remains as intense as ever. Promises to come to church are easily forgotten. Indolence and prejudice are prevalent; the pagan mind is like a dark night; the work requires heroic patience, but our missionary is not unequal to the task. He is firmly convinced that the grace of God will in the end win its way. Here and there he detects the signs of breaking day. He hears a sound of distant victory sounding in his ears. As he leaves the church one morning, a leading native is heard to say, "I must come back again and hear more about Jesus," and he buoys up his soul with thinking of the time when the whole population will rejoice as they say, "Come, let us go into the house of Jehovah."

His educational duties are performed with the same patient faith. The torch of learning does not readily blaze amid a barbarous and heathen people; and it is only after the use of exquisite skill that the missionary can induce the parents to send their boys to school. For one thing, these parents have scarcely any parental authority with which to en-

force attendance, and, moreover, they cannot appreciate the advantage of learning how to read and write. They even suggest the payment by Mr. Geddie of some fee for the privilege of instructing their boys. The boys are also wayward, have such fugitive habits that it is a nerve-racking task to guide such pupils into the ways of wisdom. But a few are drawn to attend, hours being such as would amaze our scholars of to-day. He writes, "We dare not venture beyond an hour daily lest we should exhaust their patience. We endeavor to lead them on by gentleness and kindness."

The printing press is also called into requisition. An elementary book is published, only twelve pages in length, but very carefully edited. It contained brief statements on the leading doctrines of Christianity: God, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, Sin, Salvation, Death, and Eternal Life. The task of finding fit words from their perverted language to express the life-giving truths of Jesus was very arduous, but fascinating as well. He writes, "Those are privileged indeed whom God permits to prepare the key which shall unlock the hidden treasures of divine truth which makes the soul rich to all eternity." Two thousand copies of the booklet were printed, and it rendered great service on the island. "The joy of Paulo was very great when my little book was printed. He said that he had told the people all he knew so often that he scarcely knew what to say to them now, but he would learn from the teacher what was contained in the book,

and that would keep him going for some time to come."

In the entry of June 15th, 1850, in his journal, we read of his first successful attempt to save a woman from the revolting death of strangling. Her husband had been an invalid for some time, and when Mr. Geddie heard that he was dying he repaired to the spot to find the end very near, and the stranglers, besmeared with charcoal, awaiting their deadly deed. They greatly resent his interference, and he is advised to leave; but he must speak out, for there is a poor woman's life at stake. He tries to reason with them. Most are unmoved, but at last one begins to speak and acknowledges the wickedness of strangling, and promises to prevent it. Others offer help, and hopes brighten. He has to return home for a little, leaving strict orders with one of the friendly natives not to leave the spot till his return. During his absence the attempt to strangle the woman is renewed, but one of the native leaders says to the Christians present, "Let us not be faint-hearted, we must prevent the deed," and turning to the heathen party adds, "If you kill that woman we will kill you." When Mr. Geddie arrives the woman is still alive within the house, calling out for them to come and strangle her; but she is well guarded and kept safely through the night, and when she sees the light of a new day it will be too late for this foul deed, since her spirit can no more accompany that of her husband to the other world. The spell is broken, civilization begins.

It would be strange indeed if such self-sacrificing ministry did not have some effect upon those who were constantly in Mr. Geddie's presence. Human nature has ever the capacity of response, or, as Emerson puts it, "there is an infinite worthiness in man which will appear at the call of worth." And it is quite natural, too, that the first approaches should come from natives of a strongly-marked type. Uumru is such a one—a chief of secondary rank, with a dark mind and strong temper. He becomes anxious to learn the truth; he renounces his old superstitions; he acknowledges himself to be a worshipper of the only true God. Though he is forty years of age, he begins to learn like a little child, so eager is he to read the Word of God. Another is heir to a chieftainship. He has abandoned his idols, prays morning and evening to God, is a regular attendant at church. But the most important convert is Waihit, who is to be one of the great pillars of the mission, a man of remarkable ability, and whose conversion is best given in Mr. Geddie's own words:

"Waihit joined our little company about three months ago. He is what the natives call a *Natimitaup*—a sacred man—and one of the most influential men in the district. Not long ago he was a wild, fierce, and savage-looking man, and so passionate that when excited he seemed regardless of everything. Though he lived near our premises he could not be induced to attend our religious services, and if we met him in the course of our visita-

tions our reception was often cold or uncivil. About the time the *John Williams* was here he came to public worship, and has never missed a Sabbath since; he also attends family worship in my house every evening with his wife. A marked change has taken place in the conduct of this man, and the ferocity of the lion has given place to the gentleness of the lamb. He tells me now of the ways in which he used to act under the impulse of his impetuous and ungovernable temper; but he says that his conduct was very wicked, and he endeavors to guard against his besetting sin. An occurrence took place some time ago characteristic of the man as he was and as he is. One day he returned from a fishing expedition, having caught a very large and highly-prized fish. He left his treasure in his canoe, and went off some distance on business. In his absence another native stole his fish and hid it in the bush, intending to carry it away. On his return he became enraged at the loss. Some natives who were on the shore at the time gave information about the thief. Waihit immediately grasped his spear and went after him. He found him, and, when in the act of taking perhaps a deadly aim, he came to himself, his hand quivered, his arm was powerless, and his spear fell. 'I will go to the missionary,' said he, 'and ask him if it is right or wrong for me to kill this man for stealing my fish. If he says it is right, I will do it; but if he says it is wrong, I will not hurt him.' He told me that his heart was bad, and he wished to kill the man; but then he thought

of the *Nalaiaheni*, and that unhinged him. I told him, of course, that we must not injure but do good to those who do evil to us, and referred him to the example of our divine Saviour."

Thus the months slip by and the second year draws to a close. The clouds are still thick, the pall of heathen night still rests heavily, but there are faint rays of light. The Spirit of God is moving on the people. The average attendance on the Sabbath services has increased from 10 to 45. Many have abandoned heathenish customs and are inquiring after the way of salvation. The Lord has begun His reign.

VIII.

THE HEAT OF THE BATTLE.

The Gospel of St. John tells the story of the growth of faith and unbelief according as the message of salvation penetrates to wider circles of the people. Christ compelled all hearers to a decision. There could be only two classes where He came. Some He drew by the beauty of His teaching and example; others were only repelled, because their dark deeds which they loved were thrown into clearer relief by the pure light of Jesus. The same growth of faith and unbelief was very apparent during the third and fourth years of this mission on Aneityum.

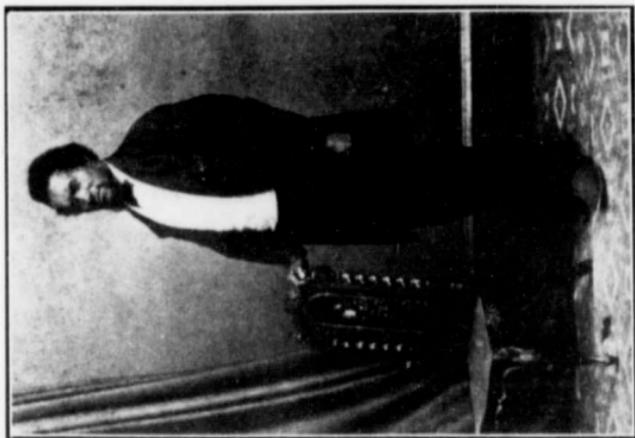
Slowly there was formed about Mr. Geddie a small band of friends who revealed an increasing interest in the teaching of the Gospel. They abandoned their superstitions, assumed more civilized mode of dress, attended the services on Sabbath, and gave evidences of a changed heart. The following incidents taken from the journal will further illustrate this progressive development of the kingdom of Christ:

“A few weeks ago, Waihit, one of our most consistent men, came to my house and requested a private interview with me. He had a fine head of

long hair, done up in the native fashion, that is separated into small locks, each of which is wound round with the rind of a plant. The dressing the hair is a tedious operation; and, besides an enormous waste of time, it is an unscrupulous and heathenish practice. He addressed me as follows: "Misi, you have told us that all who are of the family of Jesus must give up their dark customs. Now, I know that it is a dark custom to wear long hair as it is; will you cut it off?" "I asked him if he had considered the matter; for I know nothing in which an Aneityum man prides himself so much as his hair, and to part with this is something like breaking caste in India. Upon assuring me that he had maturely considered the matter, he took a pair of scissors and soon relieved his head of its unwieldy burden."

"About nine o'clock in the evening I heard a knock at my door, and upon opening it I found a native named Kiho apparently in distress. When he came in he burst into tears, and it was some time before he could tell me the cause of his trouble. As soon as he spoke he said he could not go to rest, for he thought he was one of the unprofitable hearers whom I had described when explaining the parable of the sower. He said his heart was very dark and very hard. I gave him what directions I thought suitable to his case, then prayed with him, and bade him pray for himself. He requested me to explain Revelation 3: 20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," on which I had preached some

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time ago, and which had arrested his attention. He seemed to derive some comfort from it. This man lives about four miles distant. Directly in his path lies a heathen village, the people of which have shown much opposition to the cause, and have more than once threatened his life. On this account he comes to this place in his canoe, or else takes a long, circuitous route through the bush to avoid his enemies. He usually comes on Saturday, and most of his relatives are in favor of Christianity, but are afraid openly to avow their sentiments."

"Our Friday meeting goes on well and is attended by about fifty members. It comes very near what you would call a prayer-meeting in Nova Scotia. The natives call it a meeting for searching or looking into their hearts. In addition to devotional exercises we have two or three addresses. These are most commonly based on some passages of Scripture from which the natives have heard me preach, and are often very impressive. I have felt my own heart warmed on many occasions while listening to them."

"The tide of feeling seems to turn in favor of Christianity. Kapaio, a brother of the chief of this district, has come out from the ranks of our enemies, and desires Christian instruction. This man has been a great savage, and notorious for his wickedness. He is a thorough hater of white men, and has hitherto very much opposed our work. This man has done more in the way of destroying the plantations of the Christian natives, and other-

wise persecuting them, than any other native on the island. It surprised all parties when Kapaio announced his determination to forsake heathenism and embrace Christianity. The heathen were paralyzed at the thought of losing their leader, and the Christian party were amazed, and said, 'Many others will now come in, and the Word of God will soon become triumphant in this dark land.' In a conversation which this man had with Mrs. Geddie a few days ago, he said that when we came to this island he looked on us as liars and deceivers, and that he, along with others, had stolen our property and done much injury to us. He said, moreover, that he had narrowly watched our conduct, and when he found that it was agreeable to what we professed he began to think there was something in religion. How exact ought Christians to be in all their actions! And, above all, missionaries to the heathen should be living epistles of Jesus."

All these evidences of rising faith cheered the missionary, who recognized in them the joyful fruits of his ministry. It was like water to a thirsty man to hear the confession of these simple people, to behold their endeavors after a holy life, and to listen to them as they pleaded with their brethren to abandon their superstitions and turn to the Lord.

But unbelief was more in evidence than belief. The strongholds of Satan were well fortified. The heathen raged. Mr. Geddie doubted if there was a field in all the world where the inhabitants were so estranged from God and so fearfully degraded.

He writes, "If we except Tahiti, on no island of the Pacific has the gospel been so violently opposed as in Aneityum."

The natives who joined the mission were subject to a merciless persecution at the hands of their countrymen. Their clothing was stolen, their plantations destroyed, while they were reviled and threatened with death. An outbreak of sickness becomes the cause of active measures against them. The report is spread that the deities, or *Natmasses*, are offended because of the Christian converts and have taken revenge by the spreading of disease in the island. A messenger is sent to Mr. Geddie informing him that his new converts will be attacked on the following morning. Thereupon he immediately proceeds to Nohoat, the chief, to remonstrate with him, but all the satisfaction he gets is that his own life will be spared in the general onslaught. The resolve of the chief is inexorable; he will listen to no pleading voice. He points to his heart and says, "I know that if I am killed I will be burnt in the great fire; but I don't care, I will have revenge."

Mr. Geddie was about to leave in despair when he remembered how eager the chief was to have him remain in his territory. It gave Nohoat increased prestige to have the missionary in the kingdom, and he had often been benefited by the medicines given him during his sickness. Accordingly, as a last argument Mr. Geddie said, "Nohoat, this is my only word to you, and mark it well: if you lift a weapon against my Christian natives to-morrow I

will leave your lands as soon as the mission ship arrives, and go to some other division of the island where the people wish to fear God; and as for those who have turned from their dark ways, as many as wish to leave the persecuting lands will be taken to some other place where they can worship the true God without molestation." This stern rebuke proved effective, and the chief promised to exchange the punishment of the spear and club for the rebuke of the tongue, which last he administered with great energy on the following morning.

Another case, that ended fatally, happened in a different part of the island. The petty chief of Annaunse had invited some Christians from Epige to make him a visit, and in accordance with the custom of exchanging presents as a sign of friendship, the people from Epige carried a pig along with them. But they had no sooner reached the chief's house who had invited them than the treacherous natives, who had known of the visit, attacked them with spears and clubs, and killed one of their number. The victim was one of the best scholars in the mission school; and when his friends attempted to carry off his body for Christian burial they were outnumbered and the body snatched from them in savage triumph to be used for cannibal purposes.

The rage of the people is directed against Mr. Geddie, as well. He is shadowed by murderers, arrows are hurled at him, he cannot go beyond the mission compound in safety. "I have had an un-

pleasant interview with a heathen named Naurita. This man and his wife have shown a very unfriendly disposition and have caused great annoyance to the natives in our premises by stealing from the plantation. I went to remonstrate with him, and he and his associate seized their spears and clubs. I did not like their movement, but I spoke kindly to Naurita and disclosed my errand to him. At first he tried to speak coolly, but the flame within soon broke out. In a few moments he was in a paroxysm of anger and loaded the teacher and myself with abuse. He told us that the heathen party intended to kill all the Christian party, and mentioned the names of individuals who, he said, designed to kill us. I told the teacher to come away, as I thought we were in danger in the midst of armed and infuriated enemies. Something was thrown at me, and a club was aimed at the teacher, but we both escaped unhurt."

Kapaio also, whose conversion has been referred to, confessed that he had waited for months for an opportunity of taking Mr. Geddie's life. He had crept on several occasions into the garden at night armed with his club, in the hope that the missionary might come out. One evening he did come forth and walked down the narrow part so close to the bush behind which Kapaio waited in concealment that he could touch him with his hand. The long-looked-for opportunity had come, and it needed but one strong blow and the deed would be done. He grasped his club, raised it into the air intending to

bring it down upon the head of his victim, when suddenly his arm became weak, a strange sensation came over him, and he could not strike. Thus wonderfully was Mr. Geddie protected from the murderous resolve of one who afterwards became a consistent member of the Church.

It was, however, from the white population that the most aggressive opposition came. As the principles of the Gospel took deeper root in the island, it became increasingly evident that these would interfere with many of the sinful practices of the traders. Mr. and Mrs. Geddie endeavored in every way to show a friendly disposition towards their fellow countrymen of the sandalwood establishment, but they did not shrink from opposing any injustice that they saw, while they were specially careful to guard the female natives from the wicked designs of some of the whites. This aroused great displeasure, and the bitterest attacks soon began to emanate from the people of their own race. The authorities from the establishment threw off all disguises of friendship, plotted to burn down the mission premises, and used every possible means to alienate the minds of the natives and to drive the missionaries from the island. They formed a satanic alliance with the worst savages.

One calm night Mr. Geddie was suddenly awakened from his sleep by the smell of fire, to find that the thatch roof of his house was on fire. Hastily he rescued his wife and children, and called for the help of the natives to save the church if pos-

sible. It was only too apparent that this was the act of an incendiary; and on further investigation it was found out that on the previous day a meeting had been held at the sandalwood establishment at which the evil-disposed savages had been present, and at which it was decided to burn out the mission and drive the Christians from the island.

On the following day Mr. Geddie met the captain of the trading company and was insulted with boisterous and foul language. It was only too evident from what he said that the chief offence of which Mr. and Mrs. Geddie had been guilty was that they had won the confidence of the natives and had protected them from degradation.

Another effort to destroy the Kingdom of God on Aneityum was made by these traders when they refused to furnish the mission with any provisions from their stores. Two years and a half had passed since the departure of the *John Williams*, and the supplies had got very low. Sometimes the missionaries would obtain a small amount of flour or bread from a vessel calling at the island; but often they were reduced to a state of great destitution. Mrs. Geddie wrote of this period in their experiences: "The head of the sandalwood establishment would not allow his vessels to bring us our supplies, neither would he sell to us a mouthful of food; but Providence provided for us. Often have I baked the last of our flour, as I thought, but before we had used it a vessel would come in and spare us a little."

Thus through these years there were many causes

of anxiety. Faith and courage were greatly strained. The battle was fierce. The enemies of the Cross, however, had imagined a vain thing. Slowly the victory turned to the side of the mission. The greatest rally of heathenism had failed. Henceforth no elaborate attempt was to be made to crush out the truth of Christianity. The old system still prevailed in parts of the island; there were many struggles to endure, but the back of heathenism had been broken. This is the spirit that breathes through the message sent home to the Board in Nova Scotia: "A flame has been kindled in the hearts of many a poor islander, which the waters of much opposition cannot quench. The sun of righteousness has begun to rise on this benighted island, and though the clouds of adversity do sometimes seem to intercept his rays, yet his course is always onward; and may we not cherish a hope that the day is not far distant when his life-giving rays shall penetrate every district, every village, and every habitation in Aneityum?"

By the close of the fourth year Mr. Geddie can look back upon great results achieved: a language acquired and reduced to writing, thousands of copies of parts of Scripture circulated; some hundreds taught to read, nearly half the population brought to embrace Christianity, all the leading chiefs on the side of the mission. This is indeed a soul-stirring achievement for one man and his wife. This is a labor of which the strongest might be proud. Few missions can record such triumphs. When

the mission ship at last returns after an absence of two years and eight months, the deputation on board is astonished at the progress. Their report says: "An amazing change has taken place since our last visit. Had there been two or three missionaries on the island it would have been very remarkable. As it is, it is pre-eminently so, and appears very conspicuously to be the working of the Lord."

It was at this time that an addition was made to the staff of the mission, by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Scotland. Henceforth Mr. Geddie and Mr. Inglis were to work together for the cause of Christ upon these islands; and seldom have two Christian laborers lived together in such harmony. Their gifts and graces were complementary, their mutual friendship remained constant, and the happiest results followed from this union of the two Churches, of Old and New Scotia.

IX.

A NATIVE CHURCH.

In the literature of the New Testament much attention is paid to the spiritual nurture of the converts. The Church is a school for the perfecting of the saints. Following this authoritative standard, Mr. Geddie now devoted his attention to the task of religious education. Evangelization is to go hand in hand with edification. The message sent to his Board in 1852 will set forth the situation :

“ The formation of a Christian Church has been the occasion of much solicitude to me during the past year. I felt a conviction in my own mind that the time had come for this ; but I was unwilling to act in this matter on my own responsibility. I delayed until the arrival of the *John Williams*, in the hope that I might meet with parties to whom I could refer for advice. You will be pleased to hear that the brethren from Samoa approved of the formation of a Church on this island. The ordinance of baptism was accordingly administered, on the Sabbath on which the deputation was here, to fifteen natives, of whom thirteen were adults—six males and seven females. In the afternoon of the same day, the Lord’s Supper was dispensed. The whole occasion was one of deep and immortal interest. Besides our

native members, several Samoan and Rarotongan teachers, officers and some of the crew of the *John Williams*, and the Mission families, sat down to commemorate at one table the death of Christ. The services were conducted in the Aneityumese, Samoan and English languages. The Church of Aneityum is the first Christian Church that has been formed among a new branch of the human family, the Oceanic Negro or Papuan race. I trust that, through the goodness and mercy of God, you may, time after time, be cheered with refreshing news from our infant church, and that your prayers for its prosperity and increase will be constantly presented on its behalf."

It was the habit of Mr. Geddie to exercise great caution before admitting any candidate to church membership. Long preparation in a class of catechumens prepared the way; and only after ample tests had been made was this important step taken. Consequently there were few cases of backsliding. The conduct of the church members was on the whole consistent. Old grudges were forgiven, old feuds vanished. "Mr. Inglis arrived yesterday and brought an influential chief, Iata, formerly a great warrior and notorious cannibal. He met in the house of God to-day a man named Nimitiwan, of a similar character. The last time they met was on the field of battle. I wondered how they would act now, and, oh, how delighted I was to see these two men come to the house of God with their arms round each other!"

Naturally defects of knowledge and of moral perception clung to them, but in the course of three years there were only three cases of discipline. They were always in great readiness to serve, displaying a zeal for work in connection with the mission, and a forwardness in telling the good news to their brethren. The contribution of work which they made to the Church during one year, if reckoned at ten cents per day, would have amounted to \$5,000!

Mr. Geddie gives the following testimony:

“We may here observe that nothing is more remarkable among the recent converts from heathenism among these islanders than the readiness with which they give themselves to the work of extending the gospel among savage tribes around, even when this involves serious toil and danger. In knowledge they will not compare with the members of our home churches, and, it must be added, are in many respects of lower moral tone. But in the simple faith in which they surrender themselves to the work, and the cheerful readiness with which they make any required sacrifice, they utterly put to shame the members of our home churches. To endure hardship in this cause is looked on as a matter of course, and every member of the Church is ready, when called, to go abroad. The missionaries never require to seek for men, but only to select those that they deem best qualified.”

Too much praise cannot be given to the work accomplished by the native teachers. In many a

case these were the forerunners of the missionary, breaking up the ground and preparing the soil. Their fidelity and usefulness cannot be overestimated. Even in the face of death they remained true; for some of them had to resist even unto blood. Two teachers, left at Efate, with their wives and a little boy, were all murdered and eaten on November 20th, 1854.

In the journal of the same year we read of a great public meeting at which two natives and their wives were set apart as teachers for the heathen island of Futuna, being the first agents contributed by the mission towards the evangelization of other lands. One was Waihit, one of the first converts, and perhaps the most intelligent and influential man on the island. Another example may be given, to show that these native teachers proved most valuable in taking the gospel into the interior parts of the island where heathenism still had its stronghold.

“We have succeeded in locating some teachers in the interior, who are doing much good. I recently stationed two teachers at a place called Anumetch, which is our largest inland settlement and contains a population of nearly three hundred souls. The persons selected for this station were choice men, to show that, however much that people might be looked down on by others, they were not despised by us. When I last visited the place, and told the people that I had brought teachers for them, their joy was extreme. I have since seen the teachers, and they give most encouraging accounts

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of their labors. The people do what they can to make them comfortable; and such is their desire to learn that they apply to the teachers day and night to instruct them, and they can scarcely find time for necessary repose. They have lately built a schoolhouse. I have sent some of our chiefs and church members to be present at the opening of it. The people collected their former deities on the occasion, which made a heap of stones of various sizes and divers shapes. The party who were sent brought a few of them home with them."

In 1856 we find the first movement towards definite church organization.

"You will learn, I trust with satisfaction, that we have recently ordained deacons in our infant Church. Five men were elected by the church members, and solemnly set apart to this office. Their names are Simiona, Karaheth, Topoe, Navalak, and Neiken. The selection is the best that could have been made, and meets with my cordial approbation. Among the occasions for this class of office-bearers in the Church, I may mention the care of widows. In the days of heathenism widows, as you are aware, were strangled, and the property of the deceased husband was usually claimed by his friends. The Gospel has abolished the practice of strangulation, but as yet the claim of widows to the property of their husbands is scarcely recognized, so that some guardianship of them is needful. This guardianship, however, is not usually of long duration, for the disproportion between the sexes on this island

is so great that if a woman continues long a widow the fault is her own. I feel thankful that we have now a few trustworthy men to attend to the temporalities of the Church, as this will relieve me of some anxiety and trouble. Mr. Inglis expects also to ordain deacons in his district at no distant period. I mentioned in a former letter that we had in prospect the appointment of ruling elders; but, after deliberation, Mr. Inglis and I resolved to delay until more of God's Word is in the hands of the natives. In everything connected with the organization of a Christian Church among a new and untried race caution is desirable. It is better to do a little in the right direction than to attempt too much and be compelled to retrace our steps."

It was inevitable that such a native Church would touch the social life of the community and bring forth the fruits of civilization. A new sense of the sanctity of life was awakened, and many destructive forces checked. A census was taken by the missionaries in 1854, and it revealed the fact that more than one-half of the islanders were Christians; but it also showed that there were six hundred more males than females, a fact due to the strangulation of women and the exposure of female infants. The law of Christian marriage was enforced, and though the situation was a difficult one the Church faced it with firmness and insisted that this divine institution be held in regard.

The civil affairs of Aneityum also began to assume more orderly form, as the following letter will show:

"The time is coming when something must be done to improve the evil politics of the island. In the days of heathenism every chief appeared to have exercised authority in his own district, and there was no general union among them. The chiefs were for the most part sacred men, and were supposed to possess supernatural powers, such as making sickness and death, controlling the elements, causing famines or fruitful crops at pleasure. They were feared by the people, who dreaded their superstition; but when heathenism fell, their power sank with it. Thus by the introduction of Christianity the chiefs have entirely lost their influence over the people.

"The circumstances of this island are now peculiar. There is here a population of about four thousand souls, recently notorious for every species of wickedness, without rulers and without laws, and yet crimes affecting the peace and welfare of society are of rare occurrence. The present state of things is traceable to the moral influence of the Word of God on these islanders. A change, however, will sooner or later take place.

"In these circumstances we have felt it our duty to endeavor to raise the standing of the chiefs in the estimation of the people. Government is an ordinance of Divine appointment, and Christianity teaches its subjects to fear God and honor the king. And it is a cause of much satisfaction to us that the chiefs of the island, taken as a whole, are the men whom we would wish to see invested with authority. Most of them are men of some energy; and as they

excelled in wickedness in the days of darkness, so they say that they ought now to excel in doing good. Some of the highest chiefs in the island are church members, and their conduct, so far as we know, is exemplary.

“ In connection with this subject, I am happy to say that a circumstance of some importance took place when our new church was opened in July last. The Christian chiefs, being then present from all parts of the island, held a meeting, and enacted a law prohibiting the sale of native women to foreigners; and the penalty is that all property received as payment shall be seized and publicly burnt. The necessity for such a law may surprise those who reside in Christian lands, but it was called for here. For many years this revolting practice has been common on many of the islands of the Pacific. I am glad to state that the Governor-General of Australia has issued a proclamation, dated July 3rd, 1853, on the same subject. The proclamation declares ‘the practice to be a violation of the Acts passed by the Imperial Parliament for the suppression of slavery, and a scandal to the British name and character.’ And all British subjects resident on islands within the jurisdiction of the Supreme Courts of the Australian colonies who shall be found guilty of this practice are warned that they will be prosecuted for such offences with the utmost rigor of the law. With the proclamation of the Governor-General on the one hand, and the law of the chiefs on the other, I do not anticipate that the evil can longer

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exist on this island. This is the first statute law that has ever been passed on Aneityum, and it reflects credit on the chiefs of this island that their first law should be directed to the suppression of slavery and the protection of woman."

In fact a complete transformation was taking place. The gifts of Christian civilization abounded everywhere. Neat houses replaced the old huts, new occupations, new interests, were started, war ceased, the gates of peace were swung wider and wider. Safety increased so that voyagers could go from port to port unarmed. The missionary made his tour into the interior and there was an eager crowd anxious to accompany him. "In our company there are several chiefs of importance who have never seen many of the places we have visited. In the reign of heathenism few dared venture beyond the boundaries of their own districts. What a change the gospel has wrought on this island! The natives themselves are amazed."

The adjacent tribes hear of the changes and come to see with their own eyes. The great barrier to Christianity in this group of islands had been an impression on the part of the natives that it brought disease and death. But Aneityum was a complete refutation of all their delusions. The population was increasing. War, strangulation, infanticide, were vanishing; peace and security were everywhere. What wonder that their visitors were impressed by the new faith and asked *that missionaries might also come to them*. Thus in 1856 sev-

eral natives from Tanna came to Aneityum, and, like the Queen of Sheba, were overwhelmed by the wonders which they beheld. Mr. Geddie describes their visit :

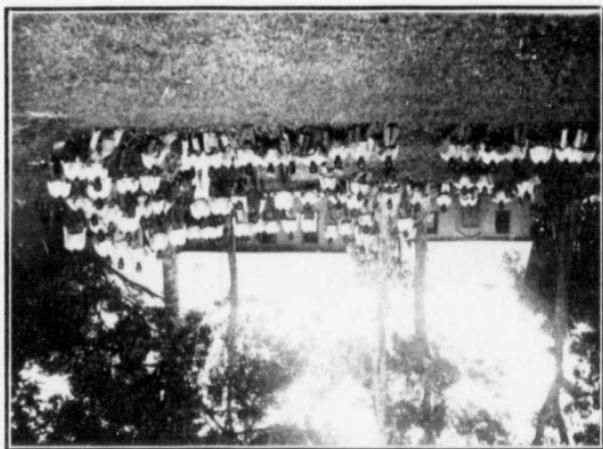
“ One great objection to Christianity on these islands is the fear of famine, as the gods worshipped by the natives are supposed to make the food. They have now seen that on Aneityum food is much more plentiful than it was in the days of heathenism. In addition to food, there were collections of property at several places, consisting of mats, women’s dresses, tortoiseshell ear-rings, beads, etc., which were given to strangers. Nothing surprised the natives of Tanna and Futuna more than the peace which prevails throughout this island, as in their own lands it is not safe for a person to venture beyond the boundaries of his own district. When we completed our visitation of the islands, a missionary meeting was held at my station, at which persons from all parts of the island attended. To make the meeting as impressive as possible, about a hundred objects of religious worship, surrendered by the natives of this island, were exhibited, and also a quantity of spears and clubs. The Tannese and Futunese expressed their wonder that the people of this island had the courage to give up their gods, and said they now saw what they had only heard of before. The meeting was addressed in the language of Aneityum by Mr. Inglis and myself; in that of Tanna by Nohoat; and Waihit spoke to the Futunese in their own dialect. The strangers said

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The difference which Christ makes.

STUDENTS OF THE INSTITUTE ON TANGGA.



A HEATHEN GROWD AT SANTO.



that after what they had seen and heard on this island they were convinced of the folly of their own superstitions, and that they would embrace Christianity and endeavor to persuade their countrymen to join them."

The Church was indeed fulfilling its divine functions; the Spirit of Jesus the Master was working through these new converts to His gospel. Aneityum was becoming a bright jewel in the Messiah's crown. Many were able to read parts of the New Testament in their own language, the schools were filled with eager children, and *by the end of the seventh year Mr. Geddie reported that there were scattered throughout the island as many as twenty-five snow-white buildings devoted to the service of the true God.*

Rich rewards were thus coming to these faithful laborers in this present world. They rejoiced in their work, and were satisfied that they had not made their sacrifices in vain. Everywhere they saw the signs of harvest; all around there were the transformed lives of this once heathen people. Those who had looked upon life here as a sphere of war, enmity and hatred had come to see it as a place of loving fellowship. Those who looked upon the future with hopeless despair had been taught to meet the last enemy, death, with courage and hope. Among the first deaths in the native Church was that of a young woman who had the unusual distinction of being a high chief of the island. At the early age of nineteen a fatal illness attacked her, but

her last days were rendered beautiful by her Christian resignation and peace. She expressed her unspeakable happiness at the prospect of soon being in heaven. She longed to be with Jesus and to enter more fully into the mysteries of His Kingdom. Death had lost its terrors. She who once walked according to the course of this world had been raised up and made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

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DR. GEDDIE'S CHURCH.



GEDDIE MEMORIAL CHURCH,
CAVENDISH, P.E.I.



RUINS OF DR. GEDDIE'S CHURCH.

Regarded by natives as a memorial. • Banyan trees growing from wall.

X.

PROSPERITY.

From 1856 to 1860 the work of the mission advanced steadily. The nurture of the converts was carefully attended to. A normal institution for the training of teachers was founded and the Church was built up in the faith. However, the most noteworthy feature of this time was the way in which the light of the gospel penetrated further into the gross darkness of the New Hebrides.

Our Lord's command of Matthew 28: 19 was ever kept before the native Church of Aneityum, and it became a rule to hold missionary meetings at which the needs of the adjacent tribes were discussed and the duty of giving was brought home to the members. The collection at one of their gatherings will illustrate the measure of response: Money, \$11; cocoanut oil, ten gallons; arrowroot, 5,400 pounds.

More significant was the manner in which some of these natives dedicated their very lives to the work of spreading the new message. Mention has already been made of the effective service rendered by these teachers; but further notice must be taken of them, as in nearly every case where missionary efforts succeeded teachers had been the humble pio-

neers; while in the case where their assistance was rejected failure was the result.

The courage which they showed is seen in the following incident told of Nohoat:

On one occasion he set out with a small party to visit a district on Tanna, which was on terms of hostility with another district, which had consented to make peace if their enemies would agree to that. Nohoat had influence in the district to which these belonged; still it was a hazardous mission on which he embarked. The parties to be pacified and conciliated were bent on fighting. They heard of Nohoat's intended visit before he reached their village, and, feeling, as they did, that if he once got among them they would be obliged to give up their war, they decided to try to shoot him, and actually fired two or three shots at him. Regardless of these, Nohoat pressed on to his journey's end, and succeeded in inducing the people to give up the war. Mr. Geddie afterwards asked him if he were not afraid. "No," said he, "I knew I was going on a good errand, and I believed God would protect me."

That Mr. Geddie fully recognized his indebtedness to this worthy class of workers comes out clearly in his letters written home.

"Our latest news from the teachers is encouraging. There are at present seventeen Aneityum teachers, married men, laboring on the islands, distributed as follows: On Futuna, four, on Tanna, nine; on Aniwa, two; and on Efate, two. These simple and devoted men have been honored by God

to do much in preparing the islands for the gospel, at the expense of much self-denial, suffering and danger. Their labors may not be so visible or so extensively known as ours, but they are no doubt recorded in heaven. They, as well as we, have a strong claim on the sympathies and prayers of our Church. But while native teachers are indispensable as pioneers, and when wisely led prove valuable auxiliaries in the work of evangelization, yet our great want at present is missionaries."

It was the habit of the missionaries to visit these outlying places whenever it was possible, but this was rendered difficult because of the deficient communication between the islands. This hardship was removed by the arrival of a little schooner called the *John Knox*, which had been built in Scotland with funds given by the children of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia and of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, with assistance from the Church of New Zealand. She was a vessel of twelve and a half tons burden, and proved to be a great blessing to these islands. Her praises were sung in a letter written some time later: "She is a fine little vessel, and admirably suits our purpose. It had been said that the *John Williams* is the best barque, and the *John Wesley* the best brig, and I speak the truth when I say that the *John Knox* is the best schooner of her size that sails these seas. I have been twice at Erromanga in her, twice at Tanna, and twice at Futuna, and encountered all sorts of weather during these voyages, and I know

something of her sea qualities. She has been almost constantly employed visiting the islands since she arrived, and we hope to keep her in motion from the first of May till the end of December. She will not go to sea during the other months, which is the hurricane season. As we have more work for her than was originally contemplated, and as a seaman whom we expected to sail in her died a few days after her arrival, we have taken the responsibility of engaging a captain for her. His name is Anderson, a Swede, who came to us from the *John Williams*. He is a good seaman and navigator, but what is of vastly more importance, he is a very pious man, and deeply interested in the cause of missions."

By this means Mr. Geddie and Mr. Inglis could visit Tanna, Futuna and Erromanga more frequently, while they at a later time extended their voyage farther north to the remote parts of the group.

More significant, however, than the gift of the vessel was the arrival of missionaries from the home Church, for whom he had pleaded during nine long years. This delay had added greatly to his anxiety and burden and sensibly retarded the evangelization of the group of islands. In 1857 Mr. and Mrs. George N. Gordon, of Alberton, Prince Edward Island, came in the *John Williams*. Mr. Gordon was the first to respond to Mr. Geddie's appeal, and had already given evidence of his zeal and faithfulness in home missionary labors. It was with pro-

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foundest gratitude that they were welcomed. Mr. Geddie writes: "We have long looked for them, and they have come at last. Many are the prayers which have been offered up for help for the dark islands around us, in private, in public, and at the family altars on Aneityum, and in the presence of our newly-arrived brother and sister we can recognize an answer to them."

The first plan was to send Mr. Gordon to the island of Tanna, but after further consultation it was decided that the hostility of the inland tribes rendered this inadvisable at present, and the original desire of Mr. Gordon to begin work on the martyr island of Erromanga was attained.

About a year later two more were added to the band, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, of Pictou, the latter being a niece of Mr. Geddie. One dark element mingled with their gladness in welcoming some of their own connection is that Mr. Matheson had overtaxed his strength at college and was threatened with lung trouble. The medical advisers at home thought that the mild climate of the South Sea Islands would be beneficial. He was strongly advised to rest awhile at Aneityum, but insisted upon getting at once into a field of his own, and when, in August, Rev. Joseph Copeland and Rev. John G. Paton came from the Reformed Church of Scotland, it was thought that circumstances justified the opening of a mission on Tanna. Accordingly Mr. Matheson was located on the north side of Tanna, while the two others were stationed at Port Resolution.

Another year, and the brethren were rejoiced by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston. They also were asked to go to Tanna, to learn the language and to assist Mr. Paton at Port Resolution.

Everything seemed to augur well for the future of the missions; the much-longed-for help had come, the native Church was well organized and rapidly increasing in strength, there were few causes for alarm. However, the time of tribulation was nigh at hand, the shadows were about to fall, and this little Church was to be tested by severe affliction. "For the day will declare it, and the fire shall prove each man's work of what sort it is."

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XI.

ADVERSITY.

The New Hebrides mission did not receive its baptism of fire till 1860. For twelve years Mr. and Mrs. Geddie had labored in Aneityum with conspicuous success. They had, of course, had many severe trials and disappointments, but had been able to make progress in the face of their difficulties. A savage island had become civilized; one-half of its population had been taught to read; the New Testament was translated into a new tongue. The ordinances of the Church were well observed; the Sabbath was kept holy, while family worship was held in many homes.

But this peaceful state was now suddenly interrupted, and the native Church was called upon to pass through a succession of terrible afflictions. Disease was the first scourge, and came in the form of an epidemic of measles accompanied with dysentery. It had been brought by a sandalwood vessel, and it almost seemed as if the parties who introduced it were anxious that the island should not escape the disease, which was of a peculiarly violent type. Out of twenty-one natives on the mission premises seven died. Many communities were completely prostrated, so that none were left to care for the sick. Many died from lack of attention. Even

the dead were with difficulty buried. It was sad to see many of the most efficient teachers and most faithful members of the Church cut down in the midst of their usefulness. About one-third of the population died during the epidemic.

The next calamity was the death of Mr. Johnston, whose strength was overtaxed by the severity of relief work. He contracted fever and died in January, 1861. Mr. Paton, his fellow-laborer on Tanna, writes: "The laborers are few and the harvest is great, and Mr. Johnston was full of youth, life and activity; and why he should be safely brought over a long voyage, enabled to acquire the language so as to be able to speak to the people, and called away when his usefulness was just beginning, must remain among the inscrutable mysteries of God; yet He doeth all things well. Mr. Johnston's death is a great loss to the mission and to the Church, for he was much respected and beloved by all the members of it, and high hopes were entertained regarding his future career on Tanna."

A third tribulation came in the burning of the new church and school-house, which had been the cause of so much satisfaction to them. The natives were most distressed at this loss, that seemed to many of them more severe than the trial by sickness. It was discovered afterwards that the fire originated with a few heathen who had refused all entreaties of their brethren to turn aside from their evil ways.

The week after the fire came the severest hurri-

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OUR MARTYRED MISSIONARIES.



REV. GEORGE N. AND MRS. GORDON.

Arrived at Erromanga June 17th, 1857.
Both martyred May 20th, 1861.



REV. JAMES D. GORDON.

Arrived at Erromanga, August 6th, 1864.
Martyred March 7th, 1872.

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cane that had ever visited the mission. Great damage was done, houses were blown down, churches were ruined, many school buildings were destroyed, garden and plantation were wrecked, and in some cases lives were lost.

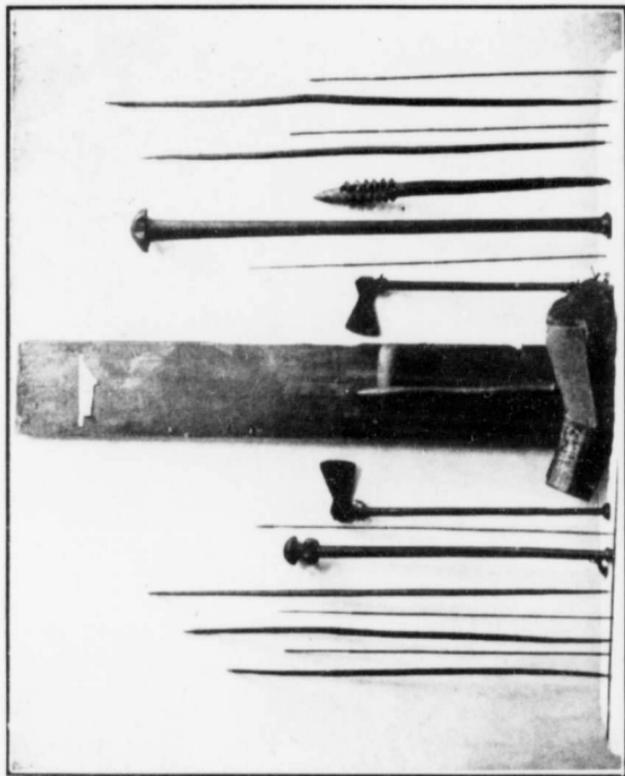
But the crown of sorrows came in May, 1861, when Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were murdered on Erromanga. The ravages of measles had been very severe on that island, and the heathen, in their delusion ascribing the sickness to their new missionary, had threatened to take revenge. But Mr. Gordon, with his wonted courage, had disregarded all these threats and had gone about his regular work. The details of the murder were very distressing. Husband and wife were attacked when separated one from the other, and by men for whose sake they had made such great sacrifices. Mr. Gordon was working at a new house some distance from home when a band of natives drew near. Of these Uhuvili, the chief, carried his battle-axe in his hand. Mr. Gordon asked him why he carried so dangerous a weapon, and remarked on its keen edge. Uhuvili told him that they had come for some calico to make clothes in order to attend the services of the mission. Accordingly Mr. Gordon took a piece of board and wrote a message to his wife: "Give these men a fathom of calico each."

But they were not satisfied, saying, "There is a sick man, and we want you to come and give him medicine." Hearing of the sick person, Mr. Gordon replied: "I have not yet eaten, but I can do

that as well at the house as here." With this they started, but they had advanced but a short distance when several suspicious signs aroused his fear of some evil design. He walked more hurriedly but soon a savage raised his hand to strike him. Near a half-fallen tree another struck him on the back with an axe. Still he struggled forward. A second blow from an axe was received in the palm of his hand. As he rushed up the steep path panting and weak from the loss of blood, Uhuveli swung his axe in the air and plunged it into his victim's neck, and then sat down and mocked his death-throes.

Uven, who was an accomplice, hastened to the mission house in search of Mrs. Gordon. She, hearing the cries, asked him the meaning of it. He replied, "It is nothing, only the boys playing." Turning to look, she asked, "Where are the boys?" Uven, seizing his chance, struck her in the shoulder with his axe, and she dropped at his feet. "Thus fell Ellen Catherine Gordon, the fourth martyr of Erromanga, and most a martyr of the four." We can well imagine the dark shadow that fell across the other brethren, while a thrill of horror passed through the home Church.

At the close of 1861 the tribes on Tanna began hostilities against the mission, and attacked the station where Mr. Paton lived. His windows were smashed, his house broken into and his life threatened. Mr. Paton had been much broken down by repeated attacks of fever, and he decided that it was wise to remove from the island. On the other side



WEAPONS USED BY THE MURDERERS OF THE GORDONS.

Blood stains of James Gordon can be seen on the centre of the board.
Wood is from the tree where Williams was martyred.

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of Tanna Mr. and Mrs. Matheson were fighting, not only against a hostile heathenism, but also against the fatal disease of consumption. The missionaries accordingly resolved on retiring from Tanna, and shortly after their arrival at Aneityum Mrs. Matheson passed away, followed seven months afterwards by her husband.

Truly these two years had been crowded with calamities. The Church on Aneityum had lost more than one-third of its members, while the mission begun so hopefully on Tanna and Erromanga had been for the time closed. Out of the eight Nova Scotians who had dedicated themselves to the New Hebrides mission, only three now remained, Mr. and Mrs. Geddie and Mrs. Johnston. Yet, amid it all, Mr. Geddie did not yield to despair. Despite the intense sorrow that filled his mind, he refused to doubt the wisdom of the divine Providence, and his letter to his Board is filled with a noble confidence.

“Let not our hearts faint, or faith waver, or our hope sink in these trying times. If clouds are passing over us, we can also speak of sunshine. This island may now be considered as added to the number of Christian nations. Our brethren on Tanna have their enemies, but it is also true that the Mission there has many sincere friends, and we have a band of witnesses here from Erromanga, who at no distant day will return, accompanied by others, to spread the truth throughout the length and breadth of that dark island. Then there are great and popu-

lous islands in the distance, which present noble fields for missionary enterprise. Let us trust in God, and gird on our armour for the great work before us, in the assurance that He will bless us. Our Church seems in a manner solemnly pledged to the work of Missions on this group. We must always feel an interest in the one that has renounced heathenism and embraced Christianity, as it was the scene of our early trials, encouragements and hopes, and we have taken possession of other two, by having secured in them a 'Burying-place,' and many hearts will go out to the graves yonder. We ask your prayers, and we ask for men and women to take the place of those who have gone to their rest."

Perhaps the deepest satisfaction was felt because of the fidelity of the native Christians. Their affliction, so far from turning them away from the Gospel, only drew them closer to Him who is the only solace in time of trouble, and throughout all these months of depression Dr. Geddie was much comforted by the beautiful testimonies given by these converts.

All this time the home Church was greatly stirred. A wave of great missionary zeal passed over the members, who now recognized more than ever the greatness of their task, since some of their own had joined the noble army of martyrs. An effort was immediately made to secure three missionaries, and among the responses to the appeal was one from Mr. James D. Gordon, a brother of the late Rev. George Gordon, who wished to step

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XII.

ON FURLOUGH.

It is now a recognized rule of Mission Boards that missionaries be granted leave of absence every six or seven years, a rule which has been found to be beneficial, not only to the missionary, but also to the home Church, which receives inspiration from the narratives of the progress of the Kingdom. But fifteen years had now passed without any change of climate or environment on the part of Mr. Geddie. The Board had frequently suggested to him the wisdom of a rest, but hitherto he refrained from yielding to their desires. In 1863, however, he decided to follow the advice of his brethren. On the eve of his departure he writes:

“ I regret to say that we feel seriously the effect of a long residence in a climate by no means salubrious. You will not be surprised to hear that we feel much at the prospect of leaving a spot where we have spent so important a period of our lives, and which has been the scene of many trials and of many joys. The prospect of prolonged usefulness is our chief inducement to leave, and it is our unalterable purpose to return, if spared, as soon as God in His providence shall permit. We leave at a

very interesting period of our lives, when the prospects of great usefulness are opening up before us on the large islands of the north, which enhances the trial all the more. There never was a period, in the history of the Mission, when I desired more to remain in it. Our new vessel will give us facilities for expanding the Mission which we never enjoyed before. But if I am not privileged to assist further in carrying the Gospel to the dark regions beyond, others will be raised up better qualified and more worthy of the honour."

They sailed first to Australia, where they experienced great kindness at the hands of their brethren in Sydney, Melbourne and Victoria. At Victoria it chanced that he and Bishop Patteson, who had been friends in a common Christian service, arrived at the same time. Much interest was aroused by the simultaneous testimony of these two messengers of the Gospel. Many Presbyterians went to hear the Episcopalian, and many Episcopalianians went to hear the Presbyterian. Mr. Geddie formed a very high opinion of the people of these cities. He writes: "The Churches of Australia are likely to become eminently missionary Churches. Their nearness to the Mission field, and the fact that they are so often visited by missionaries, will keep the subject of missions always before them. The people also have generous hearts and much wealth, and are always ready to make a liberal response to every good cause presented to them. We are all

much indebted to the kind attention of the friends of missions to us during our sojourn here."

After a long voyage to Liverpool and another shorter one to Nova Scotia the missionaries reached home. Mr. Geddie's advent was the occasion of an expression of profound regard. Never before had any returned missionary visited the Synod of Nova Scotia; and his addresses were everywhere the occasion of great interest. Crowds flocked to hear his arresting narrative of the triumphs of the Gospel in Aneityum. His visits were extended to other Churches than his own, and to New Brunswick and Upper Canada. He addressed the Synod of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, where he was received with enthusiasm.

Large sums of money came into the treasury of the Church; and since Mr. Paton had induced three clergymen of Scotland to devote themselves to the New Hebrides Mission, the Church of Nova Scotia agreed to become responsible for part of their support. Their names were Revs. Thomas Neilson, J. Cosh, and T. H. McNair.

An incident of considerable significance disturbed the peace of their visit home and caused Mr. Geddie much foreboding. During his absence the brethren, when gathered at Aneityum, had decided to request the intervention of a British man-of-war because of the hostility of the natives of Tanna. They said that life and property were not safe, and that such a demonstration might prove of great value. At

various times the question of employing British men-of-war to prevent the natives from their evil deeds had arisen, but Mr. Geddie had always strenuously opposed it. This will explain his indignation when he heard that H.M.S. *Curacoa*, accompanied by the *Dayspring*, had bombarded Port Resolution in Tanna, and shelled the place for two hours, destroying much property and some lives. He deprecated this use of force, and made public his protest. He stated that the great missionary societies were uniformly opposed to such methods, while even the Admiralty expressed doubts as to the expediency of such a vigorous mode of dealing with savage people. He writes:

“ I must now say, that I believe the punishment of the Tannese was a great but unintentional mistake. My missionary brethren never could have anticipated the fearful results, or they would never have invoked the interposition of a man-of-war. As this is the first thing of the kind that has happened in the Mission, I hope that it will be the last. The weapons of our warfare in the glorious work to which we have devoted ourselves must be spiritual, and not carnal. We shall do far more to subdue, humanize and elevate these natives with Bibles in our hands, than with the whole British navy at our backs. It is the grace of God alone, which can change the disposition of the heart, and bring these savage islanders, clothed and in their right minds, to the feet of Jesus.

“ I regret the bombardment of Tanna, because it

may endanger, rather than add to, the security of life and property on these islands. A missionary at Port Resolution and some other vulnerable points may be safer than before; but this temporary advantage will not compensate for the insecurity which it will cause in other places where no man-of-war can reach the people. I believe that I am correct in saying, that for more than eight years previous to the visit of the *Curacoa* not more than five Europeans had been killed in the New Hebrides; but she had not been away from the islands more than sixteen months when the same number were cut down by the natives. The exercise of physical power is far more likely to irritate than soothe the passions of savage men. The excellent Bishop Patteson, speaking of missionaries, says 'their very defencelessness is their best protection'; and my own opinion is, that the less these islanders have to fear from us, the less we have to fear from them. I regret the bombardment of Tanna also because this act sweeps away at one stroke the character which we have been endeavouring for years to establish, as ambassadors of the Prince of Peace. Natives walk by sight rather than by faith, and understand actions better than words. We may now tell these islanders that we come to them with a message of love, but the case of Tanna will arise in their minds. The Mission on these islands has now a character to redeem as well as a character to maintain."

On February 2nd, 1866, Dr. and Mrs. Geddie, (for Queen's College, Kingston, had conferred upon

him the degree of Doctor of Divinity), left Halifax never again to see these shores. Their departure was the occasion of what was the "largest and finest meeting probably ever held in that city." At Liverpool they were joined by the brethren from Scotland who had been designated to their work, and with glad hearts their faces were all turned to the islands made dear by such heroic services.

XIII.

CLOSING YEARS.

The return of Dr. and Mrs. Geddie to Aneityum was the occasion of a great demonstration. When the ship was sighted in the distance the crowds soon gathered on the shore. As they entered the harbor a boat came out to meet them, which as it touched the beach was raised on the shoulders of their friends. Then they were carried amid wild acclaim to the gate of their home. Great was the eagerness to shake hands and welcome them back again. Mrs. Geddie wrote: "Many tears were shed by the natives, and we found it difficult to suppress our feelings also. Our return to this people presented a strange and happy contrast to our first landing among them, when they were naked, painted and armed savages. Oh, what a change has the Gospel wrought among them!"

The first task was to redistribute the missionaries, and to decide where the new recruits should be placed. New islands were now to be occupied; Mr. Copeland was to go to Futuna, Mr. Paton to Aniwa, Messrs. Cosh and Neilson to Efate.

The affairs of the mission were carried on in the regular routine. Successes and disappointments followed each other as in the home fields. Mr.

Geddie took up the threads at the place where he had laid them down, visiting the different sections, superintending the schools, seeing to Bible translation, and lending his aid to the other islands.

It was about this time that a new peril began to face the Church in the New Hebrides. This was the so-called *Kanaka* or labor traffic, a business, however, that bordered very nearly on the slave trade.

The cultivation of cotton in Queensland and the Fijis created a demand for more laborers, and efforts were made to recruit from the islands of Western Polynesia. Attractive inducements were offered, and many of the young men of the islands readily applied for the work. Out of this grew the traffic in native laborers, which in some cases was productive of the worst cruelties of the slave trade. The natives would be enticed on board under false pretences and retained there by force.

Sometimes Captains would paint their ships to resemble the Mission vessel. Then one would go ashore assuming the dress of a clergyman, tell that Bishop Patteson was sick on board, when the natives would flock to see their good friend. As they were allowed below, two or three at a time, they would be thrust into the hold. Their canoes would then be cut adrift, and the vessel sail away with its living freight.

Within eighteen months, eighteen vessels of this stamp visited Efate. Some islands were nearly depleted of their male population. So extensive was

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this cruel traffic that the mission on some of the islands was almost brought to a standstill. Mr. Morrison wrote: "Those on whom we were spending our strength, those who were the future hope of the Gospel on Efate, were lured away beyond our reach, and I was left with a work on hand without the accomplishment of which we could not well remain at our post, and for the accomplishment of which no adequate strength remained."

The effect upon the heathen islands was disastrous, since it aroused increased resentment against all white men, and led to the murder of many visitors to these islands, one of the victims being Bishop Patteson. For long this trade received legal recognition and remained as a constant menace to mission work.

In 1868 Dr. Geddie left by the *Dayspring* on an exploring voyage among the northern islands, hoping to open up new stations. He visited Santo, an island with lofty mountains and fertile valleys, having a mixed population. At Ambrym, Tongoa, Mai, Nguna, he also landed and received requests for missionaries. He thus describes his approach to the natives:

"The visitation of the islands is more perilous now than formerly, in consequence of the slave trade. So many natives have been stolen, or enticed from their homes under false pretences, that there is a general feeling of irritation against white men. We are therefore in danger till our character is known, and when this is the case,

we have comparatively little to fear. The natives do not gather around a missionary vessel as in former years, but we must go to them, and it is sometimes difficult to open friendly intercourse with them. The plan which we usually pursue is as follows: The vessel anchors, or more commonly heaves to, near the island to be visited. A boat is lowered, and usually manned by one white man and a native crew. The shore is now approached at some eligible landing place. When the boat is within gunshot of the land, the boat's crew rest on their oars till the natives begin to make their appearance. All the dialects that we can command are now called into requisition, and it usually happens that some one of our number is understood, and failing this, recourse must be had to the language of signs, in which natives excel. The natives are always armed with their clubs or spears, or bows and arrows, and this, being their custom, is no evidence of hostile intentions. The presence of women and children is a good sign, for when evil is intended they are usually sent out of the way. If the natives wish intercourse, they make signals for us to land, and wave green branches as emblems of peace. If signs are favourable, the boat pulls in without much delay till the water shoals to three or four feet, and then I leave her to be pulled out again to a safe distance, before the natives can crowd round her. I always consult the natives who accompany me on the propriety of landing, and, without strong reason, would not act against their opinion, which is usually the correct one."

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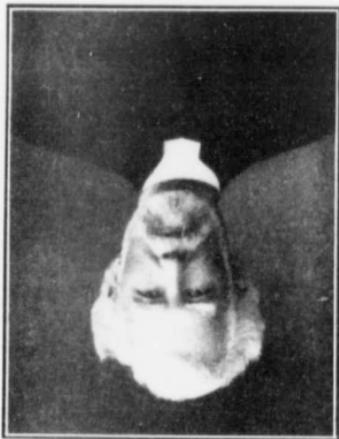
REV. H. A. ROBERTSON, D.D.
Arrived 1872. Died 1914.



MRS. JOHN GEDDIE.
Arrived 1878. Now living in Australia.



REV. T. W. MCKENZIE, D.D.
Arrived 1872. Died 1914.



REV. JOSEPH ANNAND, D.D.
Arrived 1872. Retired 1912 to Hunt-
port, N.S.



This demand for missionaries fortunately could be in part met, since in 1870 Mr. and Mrs. Goodwill came from Nova Scotia and were followed some time later by Messrs. J. D. Murray, J. W. McKenzie, and H. A. Robertson. They were assigned to the different islands of the group, Mr. Robertson going to Erromanga, where the second martyr of the mission had fallen, for Mr. James Gordon had met the same tragic fate as his brother.

In the meantime Dr. Geddie had removed to Australia to superintend the translation of the Old Testament. This work he interrupted in June, 1871, in order to make a visit to his beloved islands. This proved to be his last voyage to the New Hebrides. He contracted influenza, which left him much enfeebled. On the return to Melbourne, friends noticed with regret the evidences of failing strength, and it was with no surprise that they heard that he was stricken with paralysis. He lived for a few weeks, till, on a bright summer morning in December, 1872, he fell asleep, having lingered awhile "like a weary pilgrim at the gate of Heaven."

He was buried in the Eastern cemetery of Geelong, being in his 58th year. Here a worthy monument was erected to his memory by his friends in Victoria; while his broken-hearted children of Aneityum placed behind the pulpit of the church at Anelcauhat a tablet on which was the inscription that has since become so famous, "When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians here, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen."

Dr. Geddie will long continue to be remembered with profound reverence, as one of the most illustrious among the sons of Canada. He wrought a work that may well gain the admiration of all right-thinking people.

Along with his associate, Mr. Inglis, he was the means of converting a large island of four thousand people. They who once sat in darkness now saw the marvellous light of Jesus. They who once were ignorant of the true Word of God could now read the divine oracles in their own tongue.

Close upon the heels of Christianity came civilization. A place of warlike savagery became the centre of peaceful industry. Aneityum was the first island of a large group in which people could go about without fear of molestation. It was here that the earliest botanical and geological researches were made in all western Polynesia. Exploring parties from ships of war were delighted at the opportunities given them to carry on these investigations in safety. The path of science had been made smooth by Christian Missions.

Nor must it be forgotten that Dr. Geddie aroused a colonial Church to the sense of responsibility for the conversion of the heathen. He lighted the fires of missionary zeal, and kept them so well fed that his biographer* makes this bold claim: "We feel justified in saying that at this time no Church in Christendom, except the Moravian, was doing more

* Rev. Dr. George Patterson in "Missionary Life among the Cannibals."

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for Missions to the heathen in proportion to her means than the little Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia."

Other Churches were stimulated by this example. The Free Church of Nova Scotia commenced a mission in Asia Minor. The Canadian Presbyterian Church started one in India, while far over the sea this good seed bore rich fruit. Bishop Selwyn, who had become a devoted friend to the Mission on Aneityum was so impressed with Dr. Geddie's work that he determined that as Nova Scotia was the first colony to have its own mission, New Zealand, his colony, should be the second.

In reading the story of this faithful servant of Christ we recognize the untold possibilities that lie in a dedicated life; and we can hardly think of a more effective piece of work for a man to look back upon than this feat accomplished by one whom his early associates did not regard as having more than ordinary gifts. "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

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XIV.

AFTERWARDS.

A brief glance at the later history of this mission may form a fitting conclusion to our story, as we can see from it how firm were the foundations laid by Dr. Geddie, how imperishable the principles which he sought to impart to these dark islanders of the South Seas.

It has already been noted that other churches beside the Church of Nova Scotia were engaged in work in the New Hebrides. This was indeed a mission of eight Presbyterian Churches, united into a Synod having oversight of the spiritual welfare of the entire group. This is no place to narrate the great achievements of the Synod, or to speak of the different missionaries who have devoted their lives to this noble enterprise, though one is greatly tempted to make an exception in the case of Dr. J. G. Paton, whose distinguished services have won world-wide recognition. Suffice it to say that nearly, if not quite, every island is the home and sphere of labour of one or more missionaries, and that the fruits of the Gospel are brought nearer to the outside world, especially to Australia. As an indication of their commercial progress attention may be directed to the fact that a few

years ago the export from the New Hebrides to Sydney amounted to \$170,000. We must confine our notice to the three missionaries who, with their wives, have so faithfully represented the Presbyterian Church in Canada for nearly half a century.

When Rev. H. A. Robertson returned from Nova Scotia in 1872 with his wife, the first message which he received at Aneityum was the sad report that the savages of Erromanga had killed James Gordon; killed him as he was translating the Bible, and had reached the story of the stoning of Stephen: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit, and lay not this sin to their charge." When Mr. Inglis, who had brought the message, was leaving the *Dayspring* to get into his own boat, Mr. Robertson slipped a note into his hand stating that he would like to take Gordon's place in Erromanga. Thus began the work of these heroic servants of Christ, which for forty years was continued in this island of such tragic association.

The record of their labors is given in Dr. Robertson's valuable book, "Erromanga: the Martyr Isle," and it furnishes us with another thrilling tale of the conquests of Christian missions. Here we read of the same change wrought in Erromanga as we have seen took place on Aneityum. By degrees the Word of the Lord began to prevail over evil, and several congregations were formed. A church was built at Dillon's Bay, dedicated to the memory of the martyrs who had given up their life on the island; and when another and larger building was at a later time opened, it is to be noted that the

service was held on the very spot where in 1836 John Williams was killed and eaten by the savages, and that the first prayer was offered by the son of the murderer, who for years had been an elder of the Church in that locality.

So zealous were these missionaries in their tasks of evangelization, Bible translation, teacher training, and social service, that when twenty-five years had passed Dr. Robertson could say that their prayers had been answered. On their first day in the island, as they watched the *Dayspring* vanishing from their sight, these two had knelt down and united their hearts in one earnest request, "Erromanga for Christ." Now after these years it had been answered. The island had become a part of Christ's possession.

The following retrospect appears in Dr. Robertson's last report given in 1913; and it proved to be his last message to the Church, since ere another year had passed* he was called to the heavenly service:

"And in November, of this year, if I live till then, I shall have been fifty years from home. Just fancy, half a century! I left Halifax on the 7th November, 1863, in the *Dayspring* (the first Presbyterian Mission ship that ever left British North America), when Revs. Morrison, McCullagh, and Gordon sailed away as missionaries to these far-off isles. Young Gordon, only eight years after, fell a Christian martyr on this very island where I now sit

*He died May 13th, 1914.

and write in the most perfect safety. I am surrounded by respectful and quiet natives who daily come to their missionary for counsel, advice and instruction, and who seem to have implicit confidence and trust in his judgment and wisdom. In all their sorrows and trouble they come to us. What a change, not only on this island, but throughout the whole group, since McKenzie, Annand and I came here over forty years ago. What hath God wrought! To His name be all the praise."

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McKenzie had sailed at the same time as Mr. Robertson, and on their arrival in the New Hebrides in 1872 were asked to take charge of the villages of Erakor and Pango on the island of Efate, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Morrison. Already a Christian Church had been formed there, with about sixty members, but the rest of the island was still in the bondage of iniquity and ignorance. Among the three thousand cannibals of Efate this mission was carried on with great patience, wisdom and devotion, and when twenty-five years had gone by the same report was made as on Erromanga. The entire population of Efate had accepted the faith as it is in Jesus. Since then the mission has prospered greatly, and perhaps nothing could bring out more clearly the deep affection which Dr. McKenzie awakened in the hearts of his people than the following letter, written by the chief of Fila Island on behalf of the people of the villages of Erakor, Pango, etc. The occasion

was the death of Dr. McKenzie, which took place in Australia last year, (1914):

“ Fila Island,
November 10, 1914.

“ Our fathers and mothers in Jesus,”—

“ We are remembering Rev. J. W. McKenzie, D.D., for the good work that he had taught us, and that he also exemplified us. The first, he brought us into the worship, to know God, and His great love, His son Jesus Christ, and all the things that He had done for us. The second, we were poor, but he thought of us, and told us to make the arrowroot, that the money of it paid us the Holy Bible, and churches, that we went into and worship; and reading the Holy Bible. Now we have the Holy Bible and six good churches in our villages. These, we see them every day, and remembering our beloved Missionary. We are remember him to-day and every day and year in our life in this world. Some of our old men remembered one day he went with them and made the arrowroot and slept with them in a certain cave. And the sickness happen to him in the same day, but with patient he stayed with us until he became old man. We know that he loved us and stayed with us until his three sons were died, and also his wife died. He left us 12th September, 1912, and went into Sydney. When he left us he called us his children and taught us the word of God in the Acts. 20, 26. ‘ Wherefore I take you to

record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men.' Of a truth we know his conduct when he stayed with us until he went away from us. It was a great love that he had left home and kindred and come and stayed with us until he became old and went into (Kent Street, Epping). He left us, but his heart did not, for he again written letters about the word of God to us until October 14th, 1914, and he died. On November 8th, 1914, we gather together and made a memorial service of Rev. J. W. Dr. McKenzie, D.D. And this is our lamentation, 2 Samuel 1, 26. 'We are distressed for you, our beloved missionary; very pleasant you have been unto us; your love to us was wonderful, passing the love of women.' We, the young men of the villages that Dr. McKenzie looked after, we loved our beloved Missionary when we heard him died. We loved him because the good work that he had done for us. When we were infants he baptized us to be the infants of Jesus. When we were children he taught us to know the word of God. And when we became young men he made some as teachers. He was very good Missionary and good conduct. He was faithful in the good work of God that he had sent for when he was young till he died. As it was written in the book of Luke, 3, 4: 'The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight and every valley shall be filled and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways shall be made smooth; and all

flesh shall see the salvation of God.' So we in the olden times we stayed badly, but to-day in the blessings of God through our beloved missionary, Rev. J. W. Dr. McKenzie, D.D."

The third member of the Canadian group is Rev. Dr. Joseph Annand, and he and his wife are living still in Nova Scotia, having been compelled to retire from active service because of advancing years. However, Dr. Annand has said that his heart remains in those far off islands, the parting from which caused him greater sorrow than the first departure from his native land. "Had I another life to give, how gladly would I devote it to the New Hebrides!"

They first arrived in 1873 and commenced work on Efate, whence they removed in 1876 to Aneityum, remaining there until 1888, when they were called upon to assume new work in the northern island of Santo. The difficulties that faced Mr. and Mrs. Annand were of the gravest nature, involving many personal dangers, and it was only after a long and patient service that the light began to break on Santo.

Special mention, however, must be made of a distinctive feature in their later activity. From the commencement of the Mission the importance of native teachers had been fully acknowledged, but advancing years only made this more and more apparent. These helpers assisted in the outdoor work of the Mission, taught in the schools, went on evangelistic tours, took the missionary's place at

services, carried the Gospel to the islands, and were like the aids whom St. Paul used so freely in his work. The demand for these teachers increased every year, and the statement was made that three hundred would be required ere all the island could be evangelized.

It was accordingly a step of deepest significance when in 1894 the Synod of the New Hebrides decided to establish an institution for the training of native pastors and teachers. Tangoa was selected as the location, and the position of principal was given to Dr. Annand. The instruction was to be carried on in English, the course of study to cover four years.

Two years after the opening of this institution Dr. Annand reported an attendance of thirty-nine students, and told of the results following their efforts. The college curriculum was a happy blending of theory and practice. During the week days the students studied reading, writing, and arithmetic, also receiving instruction in manual work, agriculture and industrial matters. Special prominence was given to the teaching of the Bible, and on Sabbaths the students were sent out by groups to carry the news of salvation to those who had not yet heard the glad tidings.

The work grew rapidly under such wise and efficient guidance; and it soon became evident that in this Institution the Mission had found one of its most valuable helps. The last report shows that the average attendance in 1912 was ninety men and



WIVES OF STUDENTS, WITH MRS. ANNAND AND MISS
JAFFRAY.



THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

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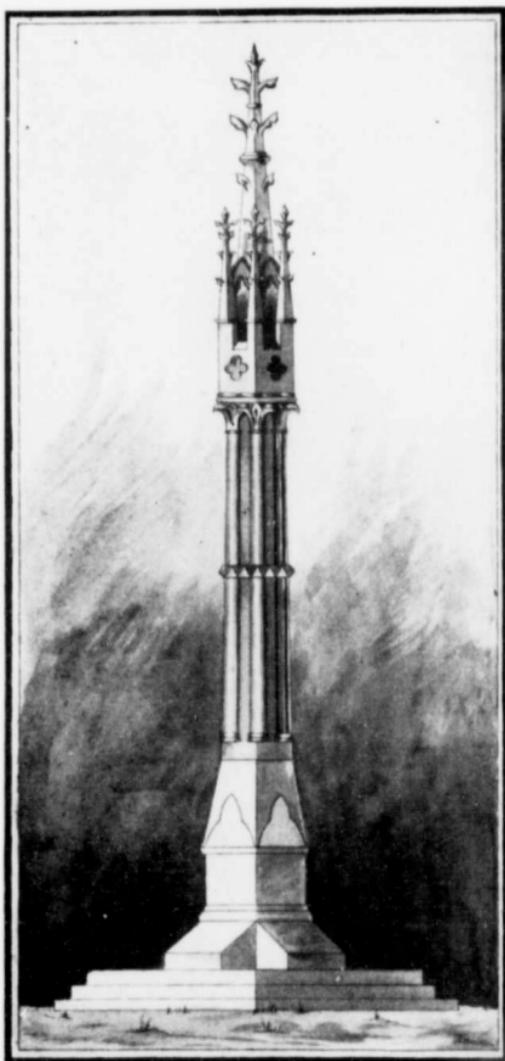
twenty-two women. For many years will Dr. Annand continue to influence these islands through the graduates who have gone forth from his instruction.

With the removal of these missionaries the Presbyterian Church in Canada has closed an important chapter in her history. It has been a long recognized policy on the part of the Board of Foreign Missions that we should gradually retire from the New Hebrides, that no new laborers should proceed from Canada, and that on the removal of our staff arrangements should be made for the transference of the mission to the Churches of Australasia. We may rest assured that the conduct of affairs may safely be entrusted to the devotion and wisdom of these churches, which by their geographical position, commercial interests, and familiarity with the religious situation, are best able to provide for the needs of these islands, which have now for the most part passed into the stage of Christian civilization. There are problems in the New Hebrides, especially arising out of the condominium by England and France, which await solution; but only those who are directly conversant with the political situation can best help to solve such difficulties.

While we must needs recognize the wisdom of this retirement from so distant a sphere of labor, yet there will remain many for whom this remarkable episode in missionary activity will remain so entrenched in the innermost citadel of the memory, that no other mission can ever have for them the

same romantic distinction as that of the New Hebrides. If there be regret, such as often follows upon the accomplishment of a great task, yet mingled therewith is a noble pride that we were allowed to take part in one of the most memorable spiritual achievements of the last hundred years, and that brethren from our Canadian land should have done such invaluable service for the kingdom of God. A church wins a new claim upon our affection and support that includes in its communion of saints men and women such as these of whom we have been thinking, who have gone forth not counting their lives precious, that they might fulfil their ministry and hasten the coming of the Day of the Lord.

END.



IN MEMORIAM—REV. JOHN GEDDIE, D.D.

Geelong Cemetery, Victoria, Australia.

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Canadian Presbyterian Missionaries to the New Hebrides.

- Rev. John Geddie, arrived Aneityum, July 13th, 1848; died December 14th, 1872.
- Rev. George N. Gordon, arrived Erromanga, June 17th, 1857; martyred May 20th, 1861.
- Rev. J. W. Matheson, arrived Tanna, November 1st, 1858; died June 14th, 1862.
- Rev. S. F. Johnston, arrived Tanna, September 10th, 1859; died January 21st, 1861.
- Rev. Donald Morrison, arrived Efate, 1864; died October 23rd, 1869.
- Rev. James Gordon, arrived Erromanga, August 6th, 1864; martyred March 7th, 1872.
- Rev. William McCulloch, arrived Aneityum, June 5th, 1864; retired, 1886.
- Rev. James McNair, arrived Erromanga, 1866; died July 15th, 1870.
- Rev. John Goodwill, arrived Santo, June 14th, 1870; retired, 1874.
- Rev. James D. Murray, arrived Aneityum, June 4th, 1872; retired, 1876.
- Rev. H. A. Robertson, arrived Erromanga, June 28th, 1872; died May 13th, 1914.
- Rev. J. W. McKenzie, arrived Efate, June, 1872; died October 14th, 1914.
- Rev. Joseph Annand, arrived Efate, 1873; retired to Hantsport, N.S., June 13th, 1913.

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Letters and Sketches.....*Mrs. J. G. Paton*
New Hebrides and Christian Missions.....*Steel*
Christus Redemptor*Montgomery*
Mr. Greatheart—(John Geddie).....*Burnham*
John Williams—Shipbuilder*Mathews*
The Gospel in Futuna*Gunn*
Memoirs of Johnston and Matheson.....*Patterson*
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Lantern Slides, with lectures, on John Geddie and the New Hebrides may be obtained from the Board of Foreign Missions, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, or from the Presbyterian Lantern Slide Department, 96 Queen St. East, Toronto.

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