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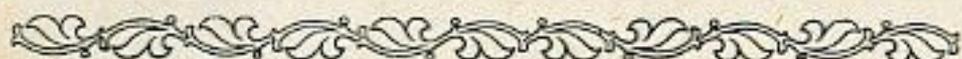
Letters of Charlotte Geddie

and

Charlotte Geddie Harrington



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MRS. GEDDIE

A Tribute  
from  
The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society  
of the Maritime Provinces  
to  
Mrs. Geddie  
and  
In Affectionate Remembrance  
of  
Charlotte Geddie Harrington

*"In the march of years, the heroisms of the past, its agonies and triumphs, fade very quickly into a mist of indistinctness. New events, new debates, and new achievements come crowding in; until their predecessors are well-nigh forgotten.— Where the portrait at full length is unattainable, the miniature or pencilled sketch may have its place and use. Truly we, in our time, ought to know, and knowing, to praise famous men, and women not a whit less famous, those men and women who, in Mr. Kipling's phrase,*

*'Put aside to-day  
All the joys of their to-day,  
And with toil of their to-day  
Bought for us to-morrow.'*"

—ALEXANDER SMELLIE.



## A WORD OF INTRODUCTION.

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WHAT the women of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, and more especially those of the Maritime Provinces, owe to the life and work of their honored missionary pioneer, Mrs. Geddie, will never be fully realized. When she left the home of her father, Dr. Alexander McDonald of Antigonish, in 1839, as the wife of the Reverend John Geddie, then the minister of Cavendish, P. E. Island, it was with the full knowledge that ere long she might be called upon to leave her native land for the distant isles of the sea.

Britain and America were then only beginning to feel their responsibility to the heathen world. Carey, Judson, and their devoted successors, had by their noble example, awakened the churches of other lands, but to the Reverend John Geddie belongs the honor of leading the Canadian missionary host.

Of the part performed by Mrs. Geddie, the accompanying letters afford ample evidence. These we have selected from her correspondence which appeared at irregular intervals in the "Missionary Register" of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, and from the "Life of the Reverend John Geddie, D. D." by Dr. George Patterson. Of her first letter which was reprinted in the "Maritime Presbyterian," July 1881, the Editor says: "This is the first public letter from our first female missionary, nigh thirty-three years ago. On being received it was treated with all honor. Instead of being published in a newspaper it was printed on a sheet by itself, distributed among the congregations of the church, and read with something of the kind of interest that might attach to a communication from another world." These letters are now republished in the hope that they may prove an inspiration to the women of our church.

In connection with them will be found a sketch of her early life by Mrs. Charlotte Geddie Harrington, eldest daughter of Dr.

Geddie, and well known as the Editor of "The Message" for a number of years. The "Stories" were written in 1895 for "The Children's Missionary" a publication of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and should have even greater attraction for our children of the north, than for those of the south. Owing to a change of Editorship, difficulty was experienced in obtaining these letters. At the time of Miss Emily Harrington's last illness, she was deeply interested in the matter, and the last letter she wrote was expressive of her delight that they had at length been recovered and of the desire that at an early date they might be published in their present form. It is with great satisfaction that we endeavor to carry out her latest wish.

Truro, September 20th, 1908.

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## Brief History of the New Hebrides Mission.

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EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESS OF REV. H. A. ROBERTSON, AS  
MODERATOR OF SYNOD, 1894.

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I HOPE you will bear with me while I endeavour briefly and generally to trace the history of this Mission from its inception. We may pass over the first eight or nine years, which include of course the first attempt to introduce the gospel, and the martyrdom of John Williams, for these are matters of history, written and well known. Beginning with the year 1818, for it was then that the foundation of the Mission was really laid by that prince of Missionaries, the never-to-be-forgotten John Geddie, we find the whole of the New Hebrides sunken in utter darkness. Alone Mr. Geddie toiled until 1852 when Mr. Inglis joined him. By the faithful labour of these two able men, and their brave self-denying wives, in a few years Aneiteum became a Christian island, and for many long years helped to carry the glad tidings to at least four or five other islands of the group.

In 1857 G. N. Gordon and his wife, from the Church in Nova Scotia that sent out Mr. Geddie, were settled on Erromanga. The following year Messrs. Paton and Copeland of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which sent out and supported Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, arrived; also Mr. and Mrs. Johnston from Nova Scotia. Except Mr. Copeland these were all settled on Tanna; Mr. and Mrs. Paton, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston at Pt. Resolution, and Mr. and Mrs. Matheson at Kwamera. After between three and four years of great suffering, trial, and danger, the Missions on Tanna and Erromanga were broken up. During these terrible years Mrs. Paton and child died; also Mr. Johnston, and Mr. and Mrs. Matheson and child; and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were killed on Erromanga. It was at this point that Mr. Paton began that work of visiting and arousing the Australian, Scottish, and American Churches, gathering money, obtaining missionaries, and building mission ships, which has since made his name famous.

When I first landed in this group, 5th June, 1864, there were only two missionaries in the field—Messrs. Inglis and Copeland—and they were both on Aneiteum. Dr. Geddie, Mrs. Geddie and child had gone home to Canada on a well earned furlough after

eighteen years absence, Mr. Geddie having been fifteen years on Aneiteum and never once off it in all that time—a unique record. Mr. Paton was in Scotland addressing meetings, here, there, everywhere; as Mr. Geddie was doing east and west in Canada.

At the time, 1864, Aneiteum was a Christian Island and there were a few teachers—all Aneiteumese—on Futuna, Tanna, Aniwa, and Erromanga. A church with a few members had been formed on Erromanga, and at Erakor on Efate; but beyond that, right through the group, all was heathen darkness. At the time of which I am speaking, 1864, there was no commerce anywhere in the group worth the name. The principal business was the sandalwood trade of Santo and Erromanga, whaling on Aneiteum, the making of a little cocoa-nut oil on Tanna, and the growing of a little cotton on Aneiteum, which latter did not begin till the end of that year. Labour and produce were paid in trade; no money was given as a general thing. Indeed I myself was the first person to pay cash for everything. All the white men engaged in business were to a man British subjects; those in their employ were everything, anything, and nothing. The only Mission vessel was the little cutter, "John Knox," of about twelve tons. I was often on board of her, but am thankful I never had to make a voyage in her. I have never been sea-sick, but I fancy a man would need to be made of steel rails to travel in that boat.

But in 1864 the "Dayspring," a topsail schooner of one hundred and fifteen tons arrived from Nova Scotia with three missionaries, Messrs. Morrison, Gordon, and McCullagh. Mr. Morrison was settled at Erakor, Mr. Gordon on Erromanga, and Mr. McCullagh was appointed to take charge of Mr. Geddie's station at Anelgauhat until his return.

In 1865 Mr. and Mrs. Paton arrived, but, owing to the low state of funds for the upkeep of the "Dayspring," Mr. Paton had to return immediately to address meetings and collect more money. The following year Messrs. Paton, Copeland, Cosh, Neilson, and Maenair arrived. Mr. Paton was settled on Aniwa, Mr. Neilson on Tanna, Mr. Cosh at Pango Bay, Efate, and Mr. Maenair at Dillon's Bay. The Victorian Church asked that Messrs. Paton and Cosh should become their missionaries, and that was agreed to. Thus Victoria was the first of the Australian Churches represented in the Mission. In 1869 Messrs. Watt and Milne joined the Mission, and in 1870 Mr. Goodwill. The two former were the first missionaries of the New Zealand Churches, and the latter the first and last of the Presbyterian Church of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland.

In 1872 Messrs. Murray, Robertson, and MacKenzie from Nova Scotia, and Mr. Macdonald from Victoria joined the Mission. Mr. Watt was settled on Tanna, Mr. Milne on Nguna, Mr. Goodwill on Santo, Mr. Murray on Aneiteum, Mr. MacKenzie at Erakor, Mr. Macdonald at Havanna Harbour, and Mr. Robertson on Erromanga.

In 1873 Mr. and Mrs. Annand arrived from Nova Scotia, and were settled on Iririki in Fila Harbour, and afterwards at Anelgauhau for nine years, and then for fourteen years at Tangoa, for half of which they have been in charge of the Training Institution.

In 1878 Mr. Michelsen joined the Mission, Mr. Lawrie in '79, Messrs. Gray and Fraser in '82, and Dr. Gunn in '83, Messrs. Morton, Leggatt, and Landels, in '87; and since then Messrs. Gillan, Smaill, A. H. Macdonald, Dr. Lamb, F. J. Paton, Boyd, Noble Mackenzie, Macmillan, F. H. L. Paton, F. G. Bowie, Dr. Sandilands, Dr. Bowie, Mr. A. Gillies, and Drs. E. Mackenzie and Crombie.

And now with so many missionaries, and teachers, and with a Training Institute, and a hospital, and a Maritime Service, what have we been doing? and have we been true to our marching orders, to GO FORWARD.

Let us see. We occupy almost every island in the group; several of these are now evangelized, and others are rapidly coming in. We have several hundreds of teachers, many of whom are now supported by their own people; and we have 3,000 church members. We have mission houses, churches, schools, and hospital, and a hall in which the students are being trained, that would do credit to any country, and to the best of workmen. Then as a Mission we are happy and united, or at least as much so as men are likely to be in this life, for we do not claim perfection for ourselves, and we deny it utterly to all who profess to have it. Again we have mastered the languages of the people for whom we are toiling, and have given them in their own tongue large portions of the word of God, and many of them know the truth, and would die for it, as others of them have already done.—*New Hebrides Magazine.*



## Our First Lady Missionary.

BY CHARLOTTE GEDDIE HARRINGTON.

CAN we think of our Church without its Missionary Societies, and Auxiliaries, and Bands, where busy hands fill the boxes that are to carry hope and joy to Coolie children in Trinidad and Demerara, to Erromangan scholars, or to the students Dr. and Mrs. Annand are training as missionary teachers? And yet our grand-parents had none of these pleasant associations. Money was scarce and hard to obtain, and for a poor Church in a colony to think of sending out missionaries was generally looked upon as foolish in the extreme. But a young minister, dedicated to missions at his birth, his mind stored with missionary lore felt his own duty and the duty of his Church to the heathen bear heavy upon him. As a student, he organized a missionary prayer-meeting. In his home field, he earnestly prayed that the missionary spirit would ever spread. The command of the Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," was with him, and after years spent in urging the claims of the heathen, those like-minded with himself formed a Foreign Missionary Society, and the desire of Mr. Geddie's heart was realized, and he, with his wife, became our first missionaries, and it is of Mrs. Geddie we wish chiefly to write, as connected with our subject for the month.

Sir William Dawson, a life-long friend, writes as follows: "Mrs. Geddie had the graces of a fine personal appearance and good manner, and was known in her social circle as a woman of eminent piety, and zealous in every good work. She was content to bury herself in the quiet duties of a country manse, or go afar off to the heathen, as the Lord might indicate; and I have been informed that before their engagement this was understood to be her determination.

"I had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Geddie to Antigonish to claim his bride, and felt that he had secured a helpmeet for any good or great work. It proved so in the sequel, and I doubt whether, without her advise and encouragement, her husband could have succeeded as he did in the great object of his life. In many difficult and dangerous positions she proved herself a woman of resource, judgment and courage, and was

most devoted and untiring in her exertions for the benefit of the barbarous people among whom they labored so long, and especially of their women and children. At the time of her marriage, however, the immediate prospect was that she should occupy the quiet position of a minister's wife in New London."

To leave a civilized land, relatives and friends, and with two small children journey, by devious ways, to the Antipodes was a serious undertaking. The voyage to the Sandwich Islands was full of discomforts, in a small brig, in which they suffered from intense heat, and then off Cape Horn, from intense cold and wild storms. The food became stale and the water bad. To go to an island whose inhabitants were heathen of the lowest type, and not within a thousand miles of a civilized and Christian community, with even few of the comforts of life, threatened with destruction, all was borne bravely and cheerfully, that they might be messengers of peace to those degraded people. May we not call this heroic!

From the beginning our dear lady's heart ached for the condition of the women, treated as beasts of burden by cruel men, without hope or self-respect, degraded in the extreme. How she worked to gain their confidence and to save the young girls for brighter and better lives! How bravely she bore the abuse of the depraved white men whose evil designs she frustrated!

Mrs. Geddie writes: "It was on a bright July day in 1848 that we landed on the lovely island on Aneiteum. Let me say, in passing, that the *natural* beauties with which it was our good fortune to be surrounded were a great compensation for our isolation. The exquisite scenery and wonderful tropical foliage were a constant source of joy and refreshment."

Having a love for gardening, the mission premises before very long were noted for their order and beauty—plain as were the buildings,—and this example was followed on a smaller scale at the various school stations. But before this stage of the mission, dark days had to be passed through. A young man who came to live on the premises, because he had become a Christian, was seized and killed, and a cannibal feast followed in a grove not far from the house. One night our dear lady could not sleep, and then the smell of burning roused her. The house had been set on fire, but was saved by prompt action. It was in the necessary interference with some of their cruel rites that the anger of the natives was often provoked. The strangling of widows immediately after the death of the husband was universally practiced. In trying to prevent the deed, Mr. Geddie was, on one occasion, surrounded by the male relatives with uplifted clubs, and rendered powerless while the rite was performed. He denounced the crime and the actual perpetrator threatened his

life, but finding the missionary fearless, at length laid down his club and went away."

There is no limit to the calls on the missionary lady, not ours, at any rate. She had her boarding school girls to train and teach, her day and Sunday school, her sewing class, which included any woman who chose to come, and she cut and taught to cut and make men's trousers and shirts, women's gowns and children's dresses. Even the bonnets were under her supervision or from her pattern. When left alone, she dispensed the medicine, and on one occasion had a continued guard of Christians over a poor heathen woman whose husband was dying, and who according to their inhuman custom, would have been strangled by her nearest relative. As regards the language, Dr. Inglis wrote of her: "The Pilgrim's Progress" was translated by Mrs. Geddie. She had a great command of the colloquial. The natives used to say, "She spoke just like an Aneiteum woman," which was the highest praise they could bestow upon her. Hence she rendered Bunyan's idiomatic Saxon into scarcely less idiomatic Aneiteumese. The "Pilgrim" is a favorite book with the natives."—"In the New Hebrides.")

Mrs. Geddie has lived in Melbourne since Dr. Geddie's death. She interested herself in home work, visiting her district with keen pleasure. In her parlour she formed a Woman's Missionary Society, by Presbyterian women, our W. F. M. S. being the example. Mrs. Geddie dearly loves Canada. She read with delight Ralph Connor's books, and he, hearing of it, sent her one of his latest, the receipt of which was a gratification to her.

As with other missionaries, her children had to be sent away while young. This is the greatest trial in missionary lives. Mrs. Geddie has a devoted daughter to cheer and care for her. Two daughters married missionaries, and I notice that a great-grand-daughter is secretary for one of our Mission Bands.

Of the visit to Canada after 18 years' absence, Mrs. Geddie writes: "The memory of the warm welcome from old and new friends in Canada is still with me, and I long to be among them again." Mr. Douglas Fraser writes at this time of the rare gift of conversation possessed by Mrs. Geddie. "Everyone, young and old, was charmed by her vivid accounts of life amongst savages. The New Hebrides, and Aneiteum especially, were made as real as the people and places about. It is a matter of profound regret that these descriptions and conversations have not been reduced to print. There has been no more heroic or picturesque missionary experience in any land than that of Dr. Geddie and his brave wife."

What noble women we have seen develop in their Christ-like

work in the islands of the sea! At twenty-five, when called from her work, Mary Matheson, the beautiful and gifted, could say, "To me to live is Christ; to die is gain."

Let us remember those women who are still faithfully toiling on,—Mrs. Annand among young men and maidens, training for Christian service; Mrs. Robertson, on the island—the Martyr Isle—where the blood of the martyrs is indeed the seed of the Church.—"*The Message*," 1905.

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## LETTERS OF MRS. GEDDIE.

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TO THE LADIES OF PICTOU :

TWO years have now nearly passed away since we bade adieu to our beloved friends and native land, and though an immense ocean now separates us, still in this distant and dark isle, our thoughts often wander back to the land of our birth, and the friends we love and esteem; and deeply grateful do we feel to those, who by their kindness to us when leaving our beloved home, testified that they took a deep interest in the cause in which we are engaged, and we trust they still think of us, and often bear us and our cause on their spirits at a throne of grace. Among the many friends to whom we feel indebted for many tokens of kindness; to none do we feel more so, than to the "Ladies of the Rev. Mr. McKinlay's congregation," and feeling that you will be interested to hear of our movements, I shall endeavour to give you a brief account of our voyage from Samoa to this island, and of our movements since we arrived.

We left Samoa on the 3rd of July, in that interesting barque the 'John Williams,' and altho' we were rejoiced at the prospect of soon being engaged in Missionary work; our feelings were deeply pained at being obliged to part with our own dear Charlotte, whom we could not think of taking among the people in quite a heathen state, and to whom she must be constantly exposed at the commencement of a mission. We felt deeply too parting with the beloved friends with whom we had spent so many happy months, and whose kindness we can never forget.

There were on board the 'J. W.' (besides our associates,) Rev. Mr. Powell and Lady, as fellow-laborers; Rev. Messrs. Turner and Nisbit, as a deputation from the Samoan Mission, to visit the Islands of the West. These with our excellent Captain

and lady, made a happy little company with whom we spent several weeks of pleasure, and I trust profit. Everything is conducted with so much order and quietness on board, that we felt quite at home while traversing the mighty Pacific. We had service twice every Sabbath, and a prayer meeting Wednesday and Saturday evening, and of course, worship every morning and evening.

We arrived at this Island on the 11th day after leaving Samoa, but as Fati was the Island on which we expected to locate ourselves, we merely remained long enough to get all necessary information from the teachers, and leave three new ones.

We then directed our course to Tanna about 30 miles distant and anchored in Resolution Bay. We were much pleased with the romantic appearance of this Bay, but not so much with the natives who came off to us in great numbers. Tanna is the island at which the lamented Williams was so kindly received the day before his cruel death, but alas! the Tannese have since proved themselves to be a cruel and treacherous people. Our fellow voyagers, the Rev. Messrs. Turner and Nisbit, labored eight months among them, but were obliged at last to flee. The teachers were also obliged to leave, but two have since returned and we located a third. We hear from them frequently; the natives among whom they are laboring treat them kindly. The Tannese imagine that white people bring disease and death among them, as do many of the heathen islanders of these seas.

From Tanna we directed our course to Fati; on our way we saw the dark, deluded Erromanga in the distance, and had the wind favored, should have called, *not landed*, few if any dare to trust themselves on shore. On the evening of the second day we drew near Fati, and as soon as the teachers saw us they came off. The poor fellows had been looking long for the 'J. W.' and were delighted to see us, they had been suffering from fever and ague, and five of their number had fallen victims to this disease. We were all very anxious to learn the state of affairs at this island, and we waited with a great deal of anxiety until we learned from the teachers, how things were going on. Their account was far from favorable. Not many months before our arrival a whole ship's crew had been devoured by the people among whom the teachers had lived. There had been no provocation from the crew; the teachers appeared to think they committed this horrible deed from their desire to possess the property, and eat the bodies of these unfortunate people. This affair, as well as several other things, led the brethren, after asking divine assistance, to come to the conclusion that a mission could not be commenced at the present time. We all deeply regretted leaving

a place where there appeared to be such scope for missionary labor, and offered up many prayers, that ere long every obstacle would be removed to the introduction of the gospel into this dark land. We left three teachers at another part of the island, where the people appeared pleased to see us, and received the teachers with apparent pleasure.

As soon as everything was settled, our anchor was again lifted, and our course directed to Aneiteum, where, on our visit, it appeared there would be no obstacles in commencing a mission. We had rather a rough passage to Aneiteum, and were quite sea sick; still we felt sorry when we anchored at this place, as we knew we must soon say farewell to our kind friends, with whom we had spent so many happy weeks. We anchored on Saturday afternoon, and early on Monday morning commenced removing our property on shore to the teacher's house, where we all intended living until we could build for ourselves. Altho' at home the house in which we lived would look humble, here it was considered quite a good house, and we felt very thankful to have so good a dwelling at the commencement. In a week after our arrival we were all ready to take up our abode on shore, and the 'J. W.' was ready to leave; we all worked very hard, so that we might not detain the vessel. Our brethren on board felt anxious to be away, as they had two islands yet to call at, and the disturbed state of affairs at Samoa, made them anxious to get back as soon as possible. At last we had to say farewell! and as the 'J. W.' disappeared from our view, we looked around us and felt that we were indeed in a strange land, and far from home and friends; but of course our state was far less solitary than that of many missionaries where there is only one at a station; here there were three families of us together.

We have now been here three months, but we have not had much time to feel lonely yet; our husbands have been busy building, and we have attended to cookery, etc., that our servants might assist them; the assistance of the females is as much needed as that of the men, for they prepare all the thatching for the roof, which is a long tedious job; the thatch is made from the sugar cane leaf, and looks very well when neatly put on. I may here mention that our servants are Samoans, whom we brought with us, we have got very little assistance as yet from this people, nor can we expect much from them until they can appreciate the object of our coming among them.

The scenery of this island is romantic, especially around this place. We are living inside a pretty little harbor, the water is quite near our door; the spot our house stands on is elevated, and slopes gently to the shore, which gives us a fine view of the harbor. The island is very barren compared with Samoa; there

is very little fruit of any kind upon it, the natives cultivate taro, bananas, and a few other plants, but they are very unwilling to sell anything *eatable*, there is sufficient land to raise food for three times the number of people, but they are too lazy to raise more than they need for their own use. At Fati, the people brought off immense quantities of yams and taro; but altho' there are very often vessels calling here, the people do not appear to have the least idea of raising anything to sell to them.

The natives of this island are quite a different race from the Samoans, they are smaller, their complexion darker, and their hair woolly; the men wear little or no clothing, the females wear a dress, made from the leaf of a particular kind of tree, which reaches from the waist to half way below the knee. The leaf of which they make these dresses, is generally 2 or 3 feet long, and quite stiff, they make it soft by chewing it for some time; it appears to me rather a troublesome way of making a dress, especially the chewing; they often wear four or five of these skirts around them, and in the mornings and evenings, throw one over their shoulders. Chiefs and their families wear tortoiseshell ear rings, many of them eight and some twelve inches in circumference, and an inch and a half wide; they often wear four or five in *one* ear, one inside the other. The common women wear flowers instead, and the men a large piece of wood, or two or three figs of tobacco. Men and women paint their faces different colors, generally black and red, and when any of their friends die, they besmear their whole bodies with black. I have been often amused to see them sit and rub their bodies with the soot from our pots, and appear to think it quite a treasure. The men, like the Tannese, have a singular way of dressing their hair, they wear it long and divided into many locks, each lock is twisted closely from the head till within an inch or two of the end, with the fibres or roots of some kinds of plants; they then cover it with a kind of red paint; as the hair grows, they continue twisting it, and renewing the material with which it is twisted as it wears out. You may imagine the strange appearance they must make, decorated in this manner. The females wear their hair quite short, and from its appearance it gives them very little trouble. They wear great quantities of beads, whales teeth, etc., around their necks; they do not value very small beads, the larger the more valuable to them if they have but two or three on one string, which is often the case, but they string shells to make up the deficiency. I have often been surprised that they could bear such a weight about their necks, and often a child on their back, for when not working at their plantations they carry their children constantly, tied on their back. Their children are very small but very lively, they nurse them until they are two or three years old.

We have service in the native language every Sabbath. Mr. Powell preached the fourth and Mr. G. the sixth Sabbath after our arrival. The Samoan teacher who has been here a number of years, was of great assistance, especially to Mr. Powell, who can speak the Samoan language fluently; but now Messrs. P. and G. can speak more correctly than the teacher, altho' of course, they do not understand so much of the language. We have three hymns *printed* too. Mr. Powell is our poet. The people are very much pleased to hear us sing in their own language. We attempted to teach the women to sew, shortly after our arrival; but we were so straitened for room, we were obliged to give it up until we could get a building. We have now a nice little chapel, and have again commenced school. Our scholars are very irregular. It is a week since we commenced, and I believe we have had different scholars every day. They appear highly delighted. We sing the alphabet with them, try to explain to them the way in which words are formed by the letters, etc., and commence and end with a hymn. I have not time nor space to say anything of the worship of the people; but you will learn from Mr. Geddie's journal everything I have omitted.

There is an establishment here of foreigners, the head of the establishment (Captain Padden) has treated us with the greatest kindness ever since our arrival, he is very kind to the natives, and they are very fond of him. He is an Englishman by birth, and in early life was a naval officer. He is engaged in the sandalwood trade, which of course we do not approve of, but I wish that all engaged in the trade would act as humanely as Captain Padden. There are a number of white cottages round the harbor, occupied by the Captain's workmen, which makes the place look a little civilized. The Captain is building a very large house that will make quite a show when it is finished, on a little island in the harbor, he has several buildings also, he lives on this little island at present himself, for the benefit of his health.

The Roman Catholics have also an establishment in the harbor, but it is such a dark looking place that it does not add to the appearance of the place. It is a three story building, the two lower stories are iron, and the upper one wood; it is chapel, dwelling house and store. There are three or four priests, and as many lay brethren; they do not appear to be doing anything among the natives, they appear rather to be making this a depot and place of refuge than a missionary station; here their lives are quite safe, and property also, if housed. We have not had any intercourse with them, they do not appear to wish to make acquaintance with us, and we do not feel at all anxious to make theirs; they generally spend their Sabbaths, after mass, in shooting. I have only seen them once or twice, when they have been passing to shoot.

We are not often long without a vessel in the harbor. Captain Padden's vessels are in every two or three weeks, and there have been several in, on their way to China. There is now a large English barque in the harbor. The Captain has been very kind to us, he is quite a gentleman and we do not feel afraid that our confidence will be abused in treating him kindly, for one of the Lon. Society missionaries, whom he brought out to Sydney, gives him a very high character. Why I say we are not afraid our confidence will be abused, is that we know that several missionaries have been unkindly treated by those seamen whom they had kindly treated. This Captain offered us several necessaries, which we were very much pleased to get, as we were afraid of being short ere we could get our supplies from Sydney. He sends each family a bottle of milk every morning, this is very acceptable just now as we had very little, we shall soon have a supply however from our goats.

I must now draw this communication to a close. We have a great deal of writing to do, to send by this vessel. She goes to Britain by way of China. I have written in great haste, and have omitted many things I intended to have mentioned; but I trust at some other time I shall be able to send you a less hastily written, and more interesting letter. I trust you will use your exertions for our cause. We are not ashamed to beg out here. Needles, thimbles, thread and clothes for our schools, will be thankfully received. We thank you for what you have done; but, like all beggars, are encouraged by your kindness to ask for more. I hope when the 'John Williams' goes to Britain, to send you some curiosities; but it is difficult getting anything of the kind sent to America, and by her. However I shall make the trial, and if you do not get them, it will not be my fault. I should very much like to send some of the things made at the different islands to Nova Scotia, there is so little known or rather seen there of these things.

Altho' I am not personally acquainted with many of you, I trust you will overlook the plain and familiar manner in which I have written. I have been so much in the habit for several years, of writing to my own family, that I forget myself, still when so far from home, and among such a people, we feel as if every one that takes an interest in our cause, and sympathises with us, was a familiar friend,

I find in looking over this letter, that I have mentioned many things that may not be at all interesting to many of you, and that may appear trifling, but I trust you will overlook anything of the kind, as I have had to write in great haste. I trust when we have been some months longer, I shall be able to send you a more interesting account of our labor, and of our success

among this people. They are a very degraded people. Since I commenced this letter, I have heard of two women being strangled on the death of their husbands,—this is a custom among them, but it is the first instance that has taken place since our arrival, they also put any helpless children these hapless women may have, to death. Surely when we hear of such cruelties we should not count any sacrifice too great, if we can be instrumental in leading them to the Saviour.

I must now draw this communication to a close, with the prayer that God will watch over, bless, and be with each one of you in every trial through which you may be called to pass, and at last receive you to that place where there is no more sorrow, and where we shall meet never more to part.

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ANEITEUM, JUNE 6TH, 1851.

TO HER DAUGHTER CHARLOTTE IN LONDON:

AGAIN embrace the opportunity of writing to you by way of China. We wrote in March, by the same route. I hope you have long ere this received our letter. We have not had letters from Nova Scotia for a very long time, and we have received but one from you since your arrival in England. We are looking for the 'John Williams' every day, and expect a great many letters by her. I hope, my dear girl, you are happy, and enjoying the affection of your kind teachers and companions: if you do not, the fault must be your own. Believe me, my dear child, that you will always enjoy a greater share of happiness yourself, when you make sacrifices for the sake of others. If you love your teachers, you will testify your affection to them by your conduct toward them, and by the attention to the instruction which they daily impart to you; but, my dear, my greatest desire and wish for you is, that you are a child of God—that you are one of the lambs of Christ's fold, and that amid your engagements you devote a portion of your time to the service of your heavenly Father: remember, nothing can excuse you from this. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth &c.; seek him while he is to be found, call upon him while he is near." Read your Bible daily, and meditate on what you read in that best of all books.

I am happy to tell you that the natives are beginning to take a greater interest in our instructions than formerly, I have a

very large school at present, and it is more likely to increase than decrease. The heathen party are much opposed to our instruction; yet we have lately had several additions to our number from among them; and it cheers us to think that He in whose work we are engaged is able to change the hearts of the most ignorant and savage heathen.

Your dear sister Lucy is well. She does not forget you. She often speaks to Elizabeth of you, and E. points to the water and says "Loty, Loty." She means you are away over the water. Elizabeth speaks very well. She understands the native language; but prefers speaking English.

My dear C, if you have a desire to learn music, and if your teachers think you have an ear, we should be very happy to have you learn it. We shall write to Miss Rawlings in September. We expect to have an opportunity then of sending letters by Sydney.

I must now conclude, my dear C. Give my kind love to dear Mrs. Bullen and children, if you have an opportunity. I shall write her by first opportunity. With every wish for your happiness, my beloved child, I remain, your affectionate mamma.

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ANEITEUM, SEPT. 16th, 1851.

TO MRS. JAMES WADDELL:

Your very welcome and long looked for letter reached me safely, and we were rejoiced to hear of your welfare. My dear friends you cannot imagine how delighted we are to receive letters from those whom we have known and loved in our own native land, if you could form the least idea of the pleasure we experience, I am sure you would not be so sparing of your letters, but I will not blame you for past faults as you have promised to do *better* for the future. You will rejoice with me to learn that our prospects are now more encouraging than they have ever been since we commenced our labors here. Many of the most obstinate heathen in this district have lately joined, and the people of the two nearest districts, with their chiefs, have given up their heathen worship, and are very anxious to receive instruction from us. My school is very well attended by females of all ages. Grandmothers, middle-aged women with infants on their backs, young women and children meet every morning and again at mid-day. Some are learning their letters, others can read, and several are learning to write. I do not attend the

morning school, as I cannot neglect my little ones at the early hour they assemble, but I have an excellent woman who takes my place. She is the widow of one of the Teachers,—she is a Raratongan, and has been a valuable assistant to me. I always meet the school at mid-day when I am able. I commenced a boarding school about six months ago. I have eight girls, six of them can read and all of them sew very neatly. The two eldest write pretty well, the others are learning. I meet with my boarding school girls four afternoons in the week, to teach them sewing. While they are sewing I endeavor to instruct and amuse them, by telling them of the manners, customs &c, of my own and other Christian lands; they are always delighted and listen with the greatest attention. I would gladly teach all the females to sew, but I have not the material to give them. The small quantity of patchwork, which came in the boxes of clothing, I am obliged to divide in very small pieces to keep my girls busy. After this, when our kind friends send clothing, it would be well to send a portion of the cloth upmade. Many of the females can sew quite well enough to make their own dresses with a little assistance from me.

I often wish, my dear friend, that you could take a seat beside me when I am surrounded by my scholars. I have some very interesting girls among them, indeed they are all interesting to me. I feel very much attached to them. My Sabbath School is very numerously attended, and is very interesting. Numbers of the females can repeat the catechism which we have printed, and many portions of the Scripture, and they understand what they learn and I trust that some of them are seeking the one thing needful.

We dispense a great deal of medicine, the natives place a great deal of confidence in our *skill*,—their diseases are generally simple and easily removed if taken in time. Tea is in great demand—very often when I am called to meals there are three or four applicants for *warm water* (as they call it)—one is cold, another has a headache &c.; many think tea a cure for every disease. A few weeks ago our principal chief lost a child. Two or three days before the child's death, his son, who is one of Mr. Geddie's pupils, and a very promising boy, came to us and said that his father had said, if the child died he would kill his mother. Mr. Geddie went immediately to the chief and asked if he had said so, he said Yes! Mr. Geddie then told the woman to bring her child and come with him, which she did and remained with us until after the child's death. The father followed and attempted to excuse himself, said he was so angry at the thought of his child dying that he had said he would kill his wife, but that he would not do so, and begged of Mr. Geddie and me to do

all we could for it. We told him we would, but we thought his child would never get better. He came every day to see it and appeared to feel very much for it. The day before it died, when we were all sitting round it expecting every moment to see it expire, he asked Mr. Geddie very earnestly if his child would go to heaven. Mr. Geddie said Yes,—that it was very young, that it did not know good from evil. He appeared quite relieved and very often after that asked us the same question. Poor old man! Since his child's death he has attended chapel and asks some of our people every evening to go and have prayers at his house. I do sincerely hope that he is in earnest. He is an old man, and has been a very superstitious and bigoted heathen.

You will, I know, rejoice with us, my dear friend, to learn that we have received most favorable accounts of our beloved Charlotte. The Superintendent of the Institution says she is beloved by all, and is making rapid progress in her studies. Mrs. Banes who acts as her guardian and who has been as a parent to her, says that she is a favorite with all. When she arrived in London, Mr. Banes took her to his own house at Hackney, where his family prepared everything necessary for her to go to School. At the Christmas vacation he again brought her home, and Charlotte says the family did everything in their power to make her happy and comfortable. Mr. Banes is a very aged man and an excellent Christian. You may be sure my dear friend that we are rejoiced to hear such favorable accounts of our dear girl, and I trust that we do feel truly thankful to our Heavenly Father who has watched over her and raised up for her so many kind friends in a land of strangers.

Walthamstow is one of the best Institutions in the world for children; instead of taking Charlotte from there and sending her to Nova Scotia, I wish the little girls of dear friends in Nova Scotia could be sent there. It is the greatest alleviation to the trial of being separated from our beloved child to know that she is in such an excellent place. But my dear friend, it is a very great trial to be separated from her—what a pleasure would her society be to me in this dreary land, but it cannot be, so I would not be so selfish as to sacrifice the interest of my dear children to my own feelings. We received a letter from a minister in New Zealand, formerly a missionary at Samoa, in which he says: "I hope your dear Charlotte is at Walthamstow, I say, I hope so for I believe there is not a place where she could be better taken care of or so well trained. We shall never fail of speaking well of that noble Institution, It has been a very great comfort to us, may you find it so in respect to your dear child." This minister has a daughter at the school.

Lucretia and Elizabeth are very healthy children. Elizabeth

is very lively, and speaks both the English and the native language; it would amuse you to hear her translating into the native language what I have said to her in English. I never allow them to speak the native language to each other at their play. The natives are very fond of our children, but I keep them with myself as much as possible, as they would give them every thing they ask for, and often hurt them by giving them things to eat that are improper for them.

I am always delighted to hear from our beloved Prince Edward Island. Tell dear——for me that I hope he will be a missionary; tell him it is delightful work to teach the poor heathen the way to be saved. Give my love to all my kind friends in River John; tell them I often think of them, and my last visit to Belle Vue.

I have a great deal to attend to, and little time to call my own. It is very difficult for me to write a connected letter, I have so many calls; do not criticise this closely; really I speak so little English, that I am often at a loss for words to express what I have to say.

Think my dear, friends, of our situation alone in this dreary land, far from dear brethren and dear sisters engaged in the same arduous labor, with whom we could take sweet counsel together, and thousands of miles from our native land and beloved friends. With what delight would we welcome a dear sister and brother; to share with us our joys and sorrows. You may think I write strongly. I have felt deeply, and I can assure you that my dear husband is faithful and devoted to the cause, and has labored hard ever since he entered the missionary field. Do not infer from what I have written, that we give way to our feelings; indeed we do not; but we cannot help sometimes telling the solitude of our situation. We delight in our work; and this prevents us from feeling our lonely situation so much as we otherwise could.

Adieu, my beloved friends and believe me your ever attached friend.

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ANEITEUM, SEPT. 1852.

TO MRS. WADDELL:

I am happy to be able to inform you that our prospects are most encouraging. We have had numerous accessions lately,—Indeed there is but one small district that still holds out against the Nelaigabenna. We have our hands full of work. Mr.

Geddie has just completed his fourth book. He has worked at it night and day for some time. There is a constant demand for books and we are rejoiced to see it.

We are very busy collecting materials for our new church. All are assisting—the men and boys gathering wood, making lime, etc., the women and children collecting the pandanus leaf for the thatch. The natives have never been accustomed to steady employment and we have to talk to them like children and encourage them to persevere. Native food is not very plentiful in this district, and our boarding school girls are often very short. I have lately persuaded them to commence a plantation for themselves, and I hope by next year they will have a supply of their own.

My girls are very steady, nice girls. One of them whom we call Mary Ann is, we hope a pious girl. She was formerly a very bad character, but she has become quite changed. She is a very interesting person; and a great comfort to me. I can with confidence resign to her the charge of the morning school. All my girls assist in teaching in the morning, and I teach them in the evening. On Monday they wash—on Tuesday starch, fold and beetle the plain clothes. On Wednesday they iron. You would be surprised to see how well they do the clothes. They make and bake the bread, sweep, dress the children, &c., &c. Some of them can sew very neatly; but the younger ones know little about it, as we have been so very long out of materials that I have not been able to give them instructions in that department.

We have had but one supply of goods since we came here and that was a very small one. Those which arrived in Sydney last December are there yet. Were it not for the things so kindly sent by friends in Nova Scotia, and a large parcel of children's clothes sent by my dear friend Mrs. Bullen we should have been quite short. As it is we have nothing to give the poor natives who come from a distant, and who have nothing to cover them. Since I commenced this letter two young men from a distant district have come with *taro*, for which they wish a piece of cloth in payment, but I have none to give them. Poor Lucy has had no shoes for many months but what I have made for her, and when the ground is the least damp she must stay in doors altogether. I am wearing my last pair of shoes, and they are nearly done. You will think I am very discontented. Not at all, I am quite happy—but we are getting out of patience. Perhaps I should not have mentioned this for you cannot remedy it, but I know you will sympathize with us. I am thankful to say that we have never been out of flour, but had we not been able to purchase some corn bread from a whaler

and a bag of flour from a vessel that called here lately, we should have been quite out.

The foreigners are leaving. Poor people, they have tried all in their power to prevent the natives from embracing christianity, and when they could not succeed, they are leaving the island in a rage. They are really to be pitied. They do not value the gospel themselves, and would prevent those that do from enjoying its blessings. Our dear children are quite well. Our little boy is a stout, healthy child. Lucy can read very well, and is making fair progress in writing. Give my kind love to friends in River John. I am often afraid lest friends at home should suppose that we do not appreciate what they have done, and are doing for us. But this is not the case. We feel very grateful to all who take an interest in our work. Mr. and Mrs. Inglis are well. Mr. Inglis is here just now. It is a great comfort to have them here. I hardly know what I am writing, for there are a great many strange natives about asking questions, and I do not like to send them away, poor things. I do hope I shall be able to write you more leisurely next time.

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ANEITBUM, FEB. 18TH, 1853.

MRS. JAMES WADDELL :

When the 'John Williams' called here on her way to Sydney (Dec. 25,) I had not time to write you. I had just commenced the day before her arrival, preparing letters for home, as we did not expect her arrival for three weeks; but she had been very much favored with good winds, during her visit to the eastward islands, and came upon us, before we were at all prepared for her. We received a few letters by her from Pictou, but they were two years old. Our Samoan friends were all very much delighted to learn that we had an associate in our work: they said,—when the news had reached Samoa, that Mr. Inglis had left New Zealand to join us, there was quite a rejoicing among the missionaries. The 'John Williams' brought us our supplies, which were very acceptable, as we had been so long kept out of them.

Since I last wrote, we have been steadily going on with our labors; our schools here and at the other stations, are very well attended. When our new church was finished, we removed our schools to it, as our old school houses were too small. I commenced attending every morning, but our little boy became

delicate (having slight attacks of intermittent fever) so that I was obliged to remain at home, and attend to him. My girls all teach; each one has a class. I merely superintended; as my girls can teach quite as well as I can. I still go occasionally, Mr. Geddie goes every morning: (the male school meets in one end of the building). His boys are a great assistance to him also, in teaching; one of them has been teaching in a distant village, for the last three months.

Our church members, now 24 in number, continue to maintain a consistent walk. Since we have received our goods, I have commenced a sewing school; it meets at 2 o'clock, and closes at 4. We meet every day in the week, but Saturday. Some of my scholars are old women, that cannot see to thread their needles. We try to make our meetings profitable and interesting. I generally propose a subject for consideration, such as the duties of parents, children, &c. Sometimes, we converse about the sermons of the preceding Sabbath, or, I read a portion of Scripture, and endeavor to explain it to them. We have had some very interesting meetings: We are often interrupted by strangers, but these are things we must expect, and must bear with until we are able to get a large school house built for our girls. They meet at present, in our house, as their own is too small to accommodate the other females who attend. Our own girls sew very neatly and are a great assistance to me with my sewing. The other females, who attend, mend their own clothes; or sew for me. I keep them employed in making garments for natives. Several of them are now employed in making coarse shirts for our boys. After these are finished, they are to make *trousers*. I hope that ere long, most of them will be able to make their own garments. My time is often taken up, in teaching them to mend their old clothes; and I do not consider it lost time, as clothing is so scarce, that everything in the shape of clothes should be economized; and they are very much pleased, to see an old garment, which they supposed nearly done, mended up, to look (in their estimation) almost as well as new. I have written to friends on P. E. Island, that should they be again sending us woolen stuff, to send it unmade; as it will be employment for the women, and besides when made, it takes up so much room, and freight is now very high between Britain and New South Wales. Our esteemed associates, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, are getting on very well at this station. They pursue much the same system as we do; we try to do everything as uniformly as possible. They have a very comfortable house, and are very much pleased with their station. We visited them in October, and spent ten days with them. We left our house and place under the charge of the boarding school girls and the

Teacher. While at Mr. Inglis's, I received two letters from my girls; expressing their love to us all, and their grief at our absence. It was the first time that we have all been absent from them since they became Christians. When we returned, as soon as the boat neared the beach, a great number collected to welcome us home, and such a *shaking of hands*, and exclaiming, "Papa and Mama ouja," (or, our Papa and Mamma.) We found everything safe, and the house neat and clean; the walks all neatly covered with small coral.

Mr. and Mrs. Inglis came round in November, to visit us, and be present at the opening of the new church. It was a very interesting time, but I must refer you to Mr. Geddie's Journal, for an account of it. While here, Mr. Inglis assisted in laying the foundation of our new house. The house in which we are living is becoming bad and is too small in this warm climate; our new house is of stone. The stone is easily procured, and will be durable; but wooden houses so soon decay, that it appears but lost time to make them. We must have comfortable houses for the sake of our health. I think this house is far from being healthy, we have no floor in it, and in the rainy season, the mats always feel quite damp. Mr. Geddie is very busy at present, in printing the second edition of our catechism; he is also getting on with translating. Although the house is a very heavy job, yet I am not sorry he has it on hand; as it will prevent him from sitting so steady at translating, as he would do, had he not something else of importance to attend to. I think that his illness last year, was brought on by his sitting too closely at his studies. When he undertakes anything, he generally perseveres until it is finished; that of course is the right way; but if missionaries were to sit steadily translating, until they had finished even the New Testament, they would have to sit many months.

The foreign establishment is being removed from this island. There are two vessels here now assisting to remove property; it will be a blessing to the island when it is quite removed. Poor creatures! they (the foreigners) did all in their power to annoy and hinder our usefulness; vainly thinking, they could prevent God's word from taking root; but they have seen their folly, and some of them have acknowledged their surprise at the change which has taken place. The wife of a foreigner who lived here, remarked to me a few months ago, the great change that had taken place in the appearance of one of the girls under my care. She said, she had met her, and that both she and her husband had remarked it. The husband said, that certainly education did a great deal for the people. I said, that the gospel did all; and that to it, the change is to be attributed. This girl

was, when we came here, a very wicked girl ; but she is now one of my most steady scholars ; she is a very interesting girl, and we have reason to think she is a sincere christian. She is one of our members. I feel deeply interested in these girls. I trust they may become useful women. Yesterday morning, when instructing the females in writing, I overheard some conversation among them, which led me to fear, that our own little girls had been using improper language. I called one of the girls into the room, and enquired of her ; she said, oh no ! but that the evening before, they themselves had been speaking together, about their behaviour to our children, and making resolutions to be very particular in speaking before them. Also, that they must not tease or provoke them, for said they, " Missi has come here to teach us, and if we say things to her children to injure them, her *heart* will be very much *pained*." The females who come about us, are very particular in speaking, much more so, than even the Raratongans or Samoans. Indeed I have never heard any improper language from any of the natives, who are in the habit of coming about. The very small children, are the most difficult to manage. Their parents never attempt to correct them, but let them do just as they please. The poor mothers are perfect slaves to them, until they are five or six years old. I have been speaking a good deal to the women lately, about their children, and the sin of giving in to them always. They say, what can we do, if we deny them, they will scream until we are obliged to give way to them. I told them they must be firm, and when their children saw that there was no use in persisting, they would soon desist. I think that some of them are trying to act upon my advice.

By the *John Williams*, we had letters from our dear Charlotte. She was quite well. The superintendent wrote us also, giving us a cheering account of her continued good conduct and progress in her studies ; it is very gratifying to hear such good accounts from time to time of our beloved girl, and tends to alleviate in some measure, the trial of being separated from her ; a trial, that time does not lessen. We received her (Charlotte's) likeness by the *John Williams*. It is a very good one, but it makes me feel very melancholy to look at it. It hangs opposite to me, as I sit writing, and the eyes appear to follow me wherever I move. We have the prospect of sending our dear Lucretia, when the *John Williams* returns, to Britain, two years hence. I cannot bear to think of it, but try to banish the subject from my mind. When I think I shall never know the happiness of enjoying the society of my beloved children, as they grow up ; and that they will never know the happiness of living together, as a united family ; it is almost more than I can bear. Lucretia

can now read quite well; she also writes pretty fair. I generally devote the morning to her lessons, and the afternoon from two o'clock, to the natives. Elizabeth is a very healthy child. She is very fond of learning hymns, and stories about little children; but she does not at all like the drudgery of learning her letters.

I have not persevered much with her, as she will likely get over her dislike to learning. Lucy had the same prejudice to learning her alphabet; but when she took the notion to learn she learned very fast.

Our little boy is now a year old. He is very lively. He stands alone, but does not walk yet. His sickness has kept him back. Intermittent fever, from which he has been suffering, is very prevalent here in the rainy season, especially among children. I have had a great many patients, for the last five or six weeks. Natives who live at a distance, when their children get ill, come and remain sometimes for a fortnight with us, that they may have the benefit of our *skill*. Dispensing medicines takes up a good deal of time, during the sickly season. The poor natives place the greatest confidence in our knowledge of diseases. I often tell them I know very little, but they say, "Oh missi, you know a great deal." Formerly they attributed all disease to their *natmasses*, (evil spirits) and performed many ceremonies for the purpose of "driving out the *natmass*." They had no idea of sickness being caused by cold, wet, heat, etc.; and when they used to bring their children suffering from teething, and I told them the cause of their illness, they used to laugh at me; but now they imagine all their troubles are caused by teething, and often come to get their gums cut. The natives are much more healthy than formerly, owing to their getting *only* their proper nourishment. Formerly, they were from their birth, fed with fish, and all kinds of trash. The mothers too, take better care of their children, keep them cleaner, and do not expose them so much to the cold, rain and night air. When we came here, there were very few infants, but now there are a great number. I am afraid, my dear friend, you will scarcely make out this hurriedly written letter. Really, it is very difficult for me to write, I have so many interruptions. When I have a few moments free from interruption, I hurry to make the most of it. I fear to look over this letter, and I have not time to write it over. I have been writing for the last five days. I have so many dear friends to write to, when an opportunity occurs: but my friends must just take my letters as they get them, and make allowance for all errors, &c. Do you know, that in speaking English, I am often at a loss to express myself. I know it is our own fault for when we are alone, we often use

native words: they appear more expressive than English. I observed the same habit among the missionaries of Samoa; indeed I have often used native words in speaking to foreigners. I speak and write little English, in comparison to Aneiteumese.

Some of my girls are in the habit of corresponding with their young friends at Mr. Inglis's station. Last week, two of them of their own accord, wrote to the daughter of the Samoan teacher formerly living at Ipege, but now removed to another district, where the people are less advanced. This girl is very careless about the most important of *all* subjects, and although she has possessed advantages (in Samoa) so superior to mine, she is far behind them. I was very much pleased to see the strain in which our girls wrote to her. They began in sympathising with her in living so far from the missionary, and solemnly warned her to think of her carelessness; also, to watch her actions before the people, lest she should counteract the good instructions of her parents; begged her to pray often, and that if she did, her Father in Heaven would watch over her, and keep her from all evil. I did not dictate, but merely looked over their letters, to see if they had spelled correctly. I trust their letters may be the means of making the girl think seriously. She is very clever, and if she were pious, might be very useful.

Do write often, my dear Mrs. Waddell, you cannot think how disappointed we feel when a vessel comes in and there are no letters for us. Give my love to your good husband. I will write to him next time. Mr. Geddie has written him now; meanwhile I am, my very dear friend, Your affectionate, &c.  
CHARLOTTE L. GEDDIE.

P. S. As many of the Native dresses we get are not suitable, I will give you a few directions, as to what will be most useful, and the best way of making up clothing. Good Print, Navy Blue, or even Unbleached Cotton, are very useful. Also Check. Dresses should be made wide across the breast. Short dresses are very useful—they need not be longer than to reach a little below the waist. When long gowns are sent, let them be full length. (I do not, of course, mean to trail on the ground). It would be better to send the greater proportion short. Skirts are also very useful. We do not need so many small dresses, as we do, of longer ones. The little dresses, half trowsers, half frocks, do not answer. They are too much confined for little boys, who have not been used to clothing. Patchwork, or rather pieces to make patchwork, are very useful to teach little girls to sew. We also make nice garments of small pieces. Tell your little girls to save all their pieces for their little dark sisters out here, who can make nice little garments for themselves, of them.

ANEITEUM, Oct. 18TH, 1853.

## TO HER PARENTS :

THE following extracts from a letter of Mrs. Geddie to her parents contain matter of sufficient interest to warrant publication, though of no later date than the last packet which was published some months ago.—October 18, 1853.

“ We have been very busy during the last year with our new house, and building out here is quite different from getting up a house at home, where you have regular tradesmen. Mr. Geddie must be constantly looking after the natives,—indeed he is master builder, journeyman &c. The natives are most willing to help all they can, and they do a great deal, such as cutting down the trees in woods, and carrying the timber on their shoulders. The wood used for building is very hard and very heavy. The natives also make the lime-wattle and put on the first coat of plaster. I am sure that were you to see our new house, you would say that Mr. Geddie deserved a great deal of credit. The house is of stone, and when finished, will be very convenient, substantial and comfortable. We have a most splendid view from the front windows. We are getting quite a village around us. When we first settled here, the natives removed inland to get away from us; but they are now building all around us. They are making much larger houses than they formerly lived in, and have their fences and plantations.

While I am writing, I am honored with the company of two Fotuna men, (chiefs.) One of them has stretched himself on the sofa opposite to me. They are heathen. Our own people would never think of sitting on a sofa. The gentleman looks just as these poor people did when we came among them; with his long hair, painted face, and a large white feather on his head. Poor creatures! I hope that ere long they will receive the light of the glorious gospel, which is alone able to transform them, and make them like human beings. We hope to keep one of them, who understands the language of the island, for a time, and when he returns, send teachers with him. They are very anxious to have teachers. You are aware that they killed the Samoan teachers who were settled among them; but as the party who are here have been some months on the island, they have seen enough of missionaries and their work, to know what their object is, and to have confidence in them. When they killed the teachers, they did not know their object in coming among them, and besides, they thought them the cause of a severe epidemic then raging on the island. We have at present on this island, natives of Fotuna, Erromanga, Fate and Tanna, besides the Rarotongan and Samoan teachers. With the exception of

the Fotuans and Tannese, the others were left here by the John Williams, until her return from Sydney, when she will take them back to their own lands. They are all behaving very well, and there are none of them more mild and docile than the Erroman-gans; and the truth is, they are not naturally more savage, but they have met with more cruel usage than others. Some of them have lived long enough among the missionaries in Samoa, to know that all white men are not alike. The teachers who were settled among them eighteen months ago, have never met with any ill-usage from them. It is likely, that ere long, there will be a missionary in Erromanga. There are many open doors but we want the men. Thousands and thousands will leave country and kindred, and suffer every privation, to get gold, but how few will go to instruct the perishing heathen!!

This morning, (Oct. 18,) we had a severe earthquake,—the severest we have yet felt. There were two shocks, the one immediately after the other,—the first slight and trembling, and the second more severe and rocking. Our new house shook very much, but did not suffer the least injury. The tide went out in a moment, and returned as suddenly; then again, went out and returned four times,—it was low and high tide in the space of three-quarters of an hour. The volcano at Tanna has been more active for the last three months, than ever we have before known it to be. For some weeks the explosions took place every fifteen minutes, with a sound like loud thunder, only it was beneath instead of overhead. We still hear it, but not so frequent, nor so long as formerly. We used to hear it only in very calm weather, and the sound was not loud nor long. Sometimes the atmosphere is quite filled with smoke from the volcano. The shock of an earthquake produces a singular feeling. I have felt a good many, but I cannot get over the feeling of awe, they cause while the very earth is rocking under one's feet.

This is the fall of the year with you, while it is early spring with us. The Citron trees before the door are loaded with fruit and flowers; the Peach trees are also in blossom; my garden strawberries are fruiting; the children found two ripe berries a few days ago; we have potatoes, beans and carrots up. Indeed many of these fruits will grow at any time of the year. A few weeks hence, melons will be coming up in every direction, and they are so refreshing in the hot weather. Pumpkins grow at any season, and we have a good species. Cucumbers grow without any trouble in the summer months; indeed almost any vegetable will grow here. This part of the island would well repay the farmer. The soil is splendid, and the natives are now cultivating a great deal, considering the implements they use. They have merely a sharpened stick, and yet their plantations

are beautifully neat, and produce a great deal. They dig very deep and press every particle of the earth through their hands and their plantations look as if they had been all raked with the finest garden rake. Then the pretty reed fences, wove like lattice work, and also the foliage of the different trees and vegetables, have quite an elegant appearance. There is the Banana, with its broad green leaves,—the Taro, with its soft green velvet leaf, resembling the leaf of the Lily, and the Sugar cane towering above all. There are also numerous vegetables such as the Yam, Sweet Potatoes &c., with vines, these are trained over the fences and look very pretty.

But the most beautiful of all beautiful sights to be seen in those islands, are the coral groves. Nothing can be more splendid than the view which the bottom of the harbor presents. There is Coral of every species, shape and color. I have often said it reminded me of the fairy tales I have heard and read. The worst of it is, that the most beautiful specimens soon lose their color after being taken out of the water. The deep red Coral is very beautiful, and does not fade, but it is so brittle that it will not carry any distance.

You have no idea of what a bustle and stir there is about us. Besides the seventeen natives who live in our family, there are constantly others going and coming; some to barter, others for medicine, &c. The missionaries house is the great centre of attraction. Still the natives are not troublesome. When people from a distance come, they like to go through the house, but they first ask permission.

We have four Rarotongan teachers and their wives, living on the premises. They, with four others who are at Mr. Inglis' station, and several natives of other islands before mentioned, are waiting for the John Williams. The teacher's wives have done a great deal of sewing for me. They sew very neatly, and the assistance they have given me has enabled me to pay more attention to the natives.

I wrote this letter some time ago, expecting to send it by the John Williams when she returned from Sydney; but when she arrived, the missionaries insisted on our accompanying them on their visit to the islands,—so we were obliged to get ready in a hurry. We left Lucy with our kind friends Mr. & Mrs. Inglis, and took Elizabeth and John Williams with us. At every place we found the people willing to receive teachers, at many, missionaries, especially at Mare, where they have two large houses ready for them, but alas! we had none for them. I must refer you however, to Mr. Geddie's journal, for a full account of our voyage.

When we returned, we found H. M. S. Herald in the harbor.

She has been here now nearly three weeks. The captain takes tea with us very often and is very sociable. There are several gentlemen on board. Mr. Wilson, who is the Artist, has taken several sketches, which you may yet see. He has taken too, our likenesses, by the Photographic process, which we shall send home by the John Williams. The captain and officers are all very much pleased with this island, and especially with our people. They came from the Isle of Pines, and they see such a contrast in the people, &c. French Priests have been there for several years, but the people, alas! are none the better. The French have taken possession of New Caledonia, and are busily erecting forts on it. Their right to do so may, however, be disputed. The tender of the Herald (a steamer) will be here in a few months,—our people are collecting wood for her. Captain D. has kindly offered to bring our supplies by her from Sydney. The Herald will likely visit this island again ere long.

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ANEITEUM, Dec. 25th, 1853.

TO HER SISTERS.

AS we will soon be looking for the *John Williams*, and will not have time after she arrives to write letters, as her visit will be very short, I sit down to write you while I have time.

Since the last time I wrote, we have been all in the enjoyment of good health. The weather is very warm now; we are suffering with heat, while you are shivering with cold. This is the commencement of the rainy season. We have had ten days of very wet weather, but it is now clear and appears a little settled. Everything is growing splendidly now. I have been gardening for two or three days. We can have radishes all the year round. Our spring radishes, lettuce, cress, etc., have gone to seed, but I have a young crop coming on. We have squashes and pumpkins ripe; melons and cucumbers are coming on. We hope to have a variety of fruit trees, such as oranges, lemons, citrons, peaches, mulberries and custard apples. The citrons are fruiting this year; the peaches also will have a few. The mulberry grows quite a large tree. It is both pretty and useful. The fruit is about the size of a field strawberry. When ripe it looks very like a bramble, and is quite sweet. When not quite ripe it makes very nice tarts; it bears fruit the greater part of the year and is very easily cultivated; it grows quickly from the

slip and bears fruit soon after it takes root. I have garden strawberries also. I think they will do well with a little care. We shall be able to get all kinds of seed and fruit trees from New Zealand. The Cape gooseberry will also do well here. I have some already bearing fruit. It is a low spreading shrub, the fruit is enclosed in a kind of bag and resembles our yellow smooth gooseberry and makes an excellent preserve. But do not suppose I spend all my time in the garden, it is only when I have leisure and wish a little recreation that I thus employ myself.

We are kept very busy with schools, etc. We all go to school in the morning, baby and all. We meet in our new church, the women occupy one end and the men the other. I have the females divided into classes, and my boarding school girls, who are now quite capable, teach them. Lucy, too, has her class of little girls. I superintend, and assist Lucy with her class. Elizabeth and John W. sit on a mat and amuse themselves. After the lessons are over, a small bell is rung, when every book is shut; the Rarotongan teacher then asks questions from the catechism and all answer together. When the lessons are over we leave the school and return home and have worship and breakfast. By the time breakfast is over, school is out and I am ready to attend the women who write.

If there isn't the John Williams, and she will be in, in the morning! We had no expectation of seeing her for two or three weeks. I must write nearly all night; it is too calm for her to come in to-night, but she will be in early in the morning, I must go on with my Aneiteum news.

Our new church was opened on the ——, Mr. and Mrs Inglis were with us on the occasion and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was dispensed. We had eleven new members, another one of my boarding school girls joined; four of them are now church members.

There was a great gathering of people from different parts of the island, at the opening of the church. Persons met there as friends, who had never before met but as deadly enemies on the field of battle. A great change has indeed taken place among this people. The natives were very much struck themselves at the meeting, with the change that had taken place; and several remarked to me that nothing but the power of God could have caused it. Our church is a pretty large building, it will hold 500 people. The people are delighted with it, they say they are surprised that they have been able to make so great a house. It stands in a very pretty situation, and looks very well, especially from the harbor. Our place looks quite like a little village. We have the best situation in the harbor.

The natives are all in a state of excitement, and they will not sleep to-night; they are always so delighted to see the John Williams.

The John Williams sails again this day, so I must conclude in haste. Our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Murray are here, also a missionary and his wife from Rarotonga. Good-bye, as I must finish a letter to dear Charlotte.

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ANEITEUM, June 1st, 1854.

TO HER SISTERS.

As an opportunity has unexpectedly occurred for sending letters to Sydney, I embrace the opportunity for sending you a hurried letter, but the notice is short. We have not heard from you since the "John Williams" returned from Sydney last November. We are now anxious to hear from you. We had a letter from dear Charlotte lately, also one from my sister Ann, by H. M. S. "Torch." The "Torch" will be returning to Sydney ere long, when we will again have an opportunity of writing you. We are all pretty well, with the exception of dear Elizabeth, who has been subject for the last fifteen months to attacks of fever and ague; and although the paroxysms are light, still she looks very pale and delicate, and is very nervous. We took a cruise among the islands last year, in the J. W., hoping it would do her good; but she did not appear to derive the least benefit from the change. Lucy is healthy, and is growing tall. Poor dear child! the time is now drawing near when she must leave us (we shall look for the John Williams in two months hence); I cannot bear to think of it. It seems almost too great a trial thus to part with our beloved children—a trial that time does not lessen. I feel the separation from my dear Charlotte more now than I did the first year after she left us.

Johnny is a healthy, stout boy. He is very forward of his age. He can speak both the Aneiteumese and English languages, as well as if he were six years old. He is very lively. He will miss dear Lucy much, as he is very fond of her; and, I am sure, Lucy will often long to see him.

We are very busy as usual—indeed, from Monday morning till Saturday, we are busily engaged. We are building a new *large* Church, as our former one is now too small. Mr. G. is busy every day at it. We are also building new houses for our boys and girls. I and my boarding-school girls are busy preparing

dear Lucy's outfit. I merely cut and set—they do all the sewing. Our sitting-room is like a dressmaker's shop continually. Besides my own girls I have all the women, who choose to come every other day, sewing. We make shirts, trowsers, bonnets, caps, &c. We are getting quite out of clothing for our poor natives again. You have little idea of the quantity of clothing we dispose of in the year, still our people are not half clothed. They have got a considerable quantity of cloth lately from H. M. S. Torch. She is a steamer, and, while surveying the island, uses wood instead of coal. Our people cut a large quantity, for which they received cloth. The Torch is tender to H. M. S. Herald, which was here last November, and by which we sent you letters. There are some very fine young men among the officers. The Doctor of the Torch, a namesake of my own (Macdonald), is a very fine young man. We think he is serious, &c. The vessel is now at the Fiji's, but will be back in three weeks.

Our dear friends—Mr. and Mrs. Inglis—are well and doing much good in their district. We get on most harmoniously and happily together. I must now conclude, as Mr. G. has taken possession of the other side of the *sheet*,

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ANEITEUM, June 15th, 1855.

TO A FRIEND IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Some time ago Mr. G. received a letter from Mr. McC., from which we were happy to learn that you and yours were all well. It gives us inexpressible pleasure to hear from you and other dear friends in our beloved Prince Edward Island. We often think of you and of the many happy hours we have spent under your hospitable roof. How pleasant it would be if we could now drive to Brackley Point and spend a night with you.

I trust the gold fever has not been prevailing in your settlement. I sincerely hope that none of the young men have been tempted to leave their peaceful happy homes in search of gold. I fear that many, very many, who did so, have bitterly repented when too late. How many thousands have left their homes and country, willing to undergo any privation, that they might gather together those riches that perish with the using. Yet how few are willing to make sacrifices that they might make known the unsearchable riches of Christ to the perishing heathen.

You will learn from the *Register* how we are prospering in our work. Our Church has much reason to rejoice that her first effort to send the gospel to the heathen has been so blessed. I trust the success that has attended our feeble efforts to make known the way of salvation to these degraded islanders may stir up the Church to send more laborers into the field.

There are at present some Tannese residing on this island, whose object on coming is to learn christianity. We sent two teachers to Tana by the "John Williams" last October, in compliance with the request of a chief who had visited this island shortly before the arrival of the "John Williams." We have heard since that the teachers were well, and the people attending on their instructions. We have also two teachers on the island Fotuna. Small and insignificant as this island may appear, yet I trust it may be the means of sending gospel light to larger but less favored isles.

A great change has, my dear friend, taken place on this island. I can scarcely realize that the respectable looking men and women, who now come around us, are the same naked, degraded looking beings, whose appearance when I landed among them made my heart sink within me, and to think them as almost sunk too low to be reclaimed. Yet what is too hard for God? What can he not accomplish, and by instrumentality the most feeble? Numbers of them are now cleanly and decently clad, many can read and write, great numbers are learning to read, write, cipher, sew, etc.; and above all we trust that many are learning "the truth as it is in Jesus." We have had a great number of young people (males and females) under our care, who are now usefully employed as teachers in different parts of the island.

I devote the greater part of my time to the instruction of the females, and I am happy to say that I am encouraged by seeing them improve. Mr. G. is kept constantly employed with teaching, translating, printing, &c. He is also doctor, carpenter, &c. We have a large number of out-stations where we have teachers. These Mr. G. endeavors to visit once every three months. In these visits I generally accompany him. The people are always rejoiced to see us and do all they can to make us comfortable.

We have not heard from home for a long time, and we are now looking anxiously for letters. It is very trying to be so long without hearing from those we love. Our beloved Lucy left us for England last October in the "John Williams." We have had trials in this dark land, but the greatest trial is parting with our beloved children. It is a trial that time does not lessen, but rather increases. Our beloved Charlotte, although very comfortable and affectionately watched

over, yet feels very keenly her separation from us. Our little girl and boy (Elizabeth Keir and John Williams) are very lovely children. John W. is a very strong healthy boy. Elizabeth is more delicate. She is very subject to fever and ague. She is just now recovering from a severe cold.

This is the fall of the year with us and the most unhealthy for the natives, yet, when they apply in time their diseases are easily removed. We have a great many applicants for *tea* during the sickly time. Many of them imagine that it is a sure remedy for their sickness. Our old chief is fond of a cup of tea, and often drops in at meal times. The other day he sent us a large pig, and, when we asked him what he wanted for it, he said, "nothing;" he said it was an expression of his gratitude for the tea he so often got from us. The people often make us presents of food. Many of them, when they make a new house, send us a portion of the food collected on the occasion. When we visit the out-stations we always get a present of taro, bananas, and sometimes a pig. This is in addition to the cooked food which they always prepare for us and the natives who accompany us. The taro is the staff of life here. It is an excellent vegetable; we are very fond of it, and never miss potatoes. It is quite unlike any vegetable we have at home. We have it always cooked in the native fashion, by laying it on hot stones over which fresh leaves have been spread. The taro is then covered with fresh leaves and over them dry leaves (used in previous cooking), and earth over all. In this way it is thoroughly cooked, and better than in any other way. The natives of all the South Sea Islands prepare their food in this manner.

The breadfruit grows on this island and is very plentiful in some seasons, but it does not last many weeks. There are a great variety of bananas. The Chinese, which is a superior kind, has been lately introduced. Bananas are raised with very little trouble. The natives will soon have more than they can consume. We will advise them to dry and export the dried fruit, as is done at Rarotonga, Samoa, &c.

I have never tasted any fruit in the South Seas to be compared with what we have at home. I would prefer a good apple to all the pine apples, custard apples, bananas, &c., in these islands; and there is no fruit that can at all be compared to our strawberries. We have lemons also, and a number of young orange trees which are not yet bearing fruit. We can raise maize, beans, cabbage, carrots, &c.; but we cannot always get the seed of the smaller vegetables to ripen.

We have three cows which are no expense, as they have abundance of grass all the year round. We keep goats too, as they supply us with milk when the cows are dry, and, as we

have no fresh beef or mutton, we relish a kid sometimes. We have poultry also, *i. e.*, fowls and turkeys. This long account of goats, cows, &c., may not be very interesting to you, but it will give you some idea of how we live in this part of the world.

I can scarcely realize that we have been so long from home, yet, were I going home I would no doubt see many changes. Many of our aged friends have gone the way of all the earth, and our young friends have grown up so that we would scarcely recognize them. Time passes very rapidly out here. We have so much to attend to that we never think it long.

It is a long time since I wrote this letter, hoping to see an opportunity to send it to you, but none has occurred until the present, and it is so unexpected that we shall not have time to send many letters by it. I am happy to say we are all well, and very busy in our work, teaching, &c. Mr. Geddie joins me in affectionate regards to yourself, Mr. McC. and family, and also to our many kind friends in Brackley Point.

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ANETEUM, August, 1858.

To \_\_\_\_\_

**B**Y the John Williams which arrived the 8th of this month, we had a large package of letters from Nova Scotia.

You cannot imagine, my dear friends, how delighted I was to hear from you again, for I had not had a line from home for a long long time. We were delighted to see dear Mary. She is now with us. Mr. M. and she will remain here until the arrival of two missionaries whom we are daily expecting from Scotland, and then it will be decided where he will be located. I think he will in all probability be settled on Tanna. If so, they will be near us, and we can often visit each other in the John Knox.

We had a large family during the stay of the John Williams, beside our dear associates, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis.—We had Mr. and Mrs. Creagh and their little boy; Mr. and Mrs. Stallworthy and five children from Samoa; Mr. Gill from Rarotonga, and Mr. and Mrs. Matheson. Mr. Creagh left Mare last year, intending to go to England. The Rev. Mr. Buzacott, lady and daughter were passengers with him to Sydney. On his arrival he was united to Miss Buzacott, and is now returning to Mare. He has made an excellent choice. Mrs. Creagh is accomplished and possesses all the qualities for a missionary's wife, and has what others who enter the field fresh from home have not, experience.

Dear Mary looks very well and says she feels so. I trust

she and her dear husband may be long spared to labor in the Lord's vineyard. Mr. Matheson is very delicate, and we feel anxious about him. However he is much better since he landed, and I trust the climate may be beneficial to him. Mr. Geddie and Mr. Matheson accompanied the John Williams to Erromanga, calling at Fotuna, Nulia and Tanna. They only returned two days since. This is the second time Mr. G. has been from home this season visiting the islands. He has been away two weeks each time. He intends going to Tanna again very soon and will probably be gone two or three weeks, getting a house, up for our Missionaries. I have a great charge when he is from home, but the natives do all they can to assist me, and are very kind to me. Lahela is also teacher here, and is very useful and trustworthy and has much influence among the people. He is married to Mary, one of my first girls. They live on our premises and assist me in taking charge of the girls.

Charlotte teaches the children every day and they are improving under her. I am engaged with the natives all day. I have but one of my former girls, and she was very young when I took her. She is still young and not steady as Mary, Mary Ann and many of my older ones were. All my steady trustworthy girls are married, those I now have are quite young and have yet to be taught, but most of them are learning very fast. Our boys, of which we have seventeen, are all steady and doing well. Several of them are printers and others of them are quite good sawyers and have been busy sawing frames and boards for houses for the new missionaries. Some of them would make good carpenters. They make good chests for themselves, and benches.

We have a number of foreigners here. The two Sandalwood establishments keep a number of men always about them. We have always vessels calling too. There are now four in the harbor. Last week there were seven. Two are whalers. They lie in the harbor and send their boats out. There is an American whaler here just now. She is a large vessel. They have been here only a week and have taken two large whales. The captain's lady is on board, but I have not yet seen her. The captain called yesterday and said he would bring her on shore. Our own people are surrounded by temptations.

H. M. S. Iris visited us about a month since. The captain (Loring) is a very kind man. Many of the officers appear to be very fine men. They visited us often. Mr. Moresby, whom I mentioned in a former letter, is really a nice young man. We became quite attached to him this time. I mentioned before that he is a son of Admiral Sir Fairfax Moresby. His mother is a daughter of the Earl of Fortescue, but Mr. Moresby manifests

no pride of birth. He insisted upon having Lucy's address, and has written to his mother, to have Lucy spend her holidays at heir country seat in Devonshire. Lady Moresby is from all accounts an excellent pious woman. Her son adores her. He says she will be so delighted to have Lucy, as all her own children are married and away from her, and he lives very retired in the country. We consented to let Lucy go as Mr. Moresby insisted so much, and he seemed so anxious to convince us that Lucy would see nothing that we would disapprove of, we feel no scruples in letting her go. Captain Loring is a gentlemanly off-handed old Englishman whom one cannot help liking. He brought me a splendid case of plants from Sydney, put up by a first rate nurseryman. There were a great variety of fruit trees and flowers, and nearly all are growing. The Doctor is a Scotchman, and a very nice man. He is so intelligent, so kind and so gentlemanly. So is the chaplain, Mr. Campbell. He is a good young man and appears to take such an interest in our work. They came from Caledonia and the Isle of Pines here, and could see the difference between Christians and Heathens. The first time they were here they did not appear to appreciate the change among this people, as they had not visited any of the heathen islands.

We feel very grateful to the friends of the cause at home for their contributions, etc. We were nearly out of everything. We received all your kind presents, for which please accept our thanks and feel assured we value highly every thing you send us. The smallest token of remembrance from our beloved friends is highly prized by us. They are also so useful to us. Your presents of collars, etc., are very valuable, as we need such articles of dress here, but cannot afford to buy them. Everything has been so dear in Sydney for the last five or six years that we cannot get anything but the necessaries of life. Flour has fallen this last year, but sugar has been enormously high, and still is, and what we get is of a very inferior quality. Native produce is very scarce here at the harbor, in consequence of their being so many foreigners to supply. The natives supply us with taro, as much as we need, gratis, but fowls are very scarce, and pigs are becoming so. The Sandal-wood traders buy up all the pigs they can get and exchange them at Espiritu Santo, for Sandal-wood. Still we get along very comfortably and have no cause to complain. The mission premises are now very comfortable and our buildings very convenient. I have lately had the room where the girls and women sew, enlarged. I have a closet in it for holding work, thread, thimbles, etc., and a store-room at the end for holding cloth. I find it very convenient, and a great saving of time and labor to myself, having everything at hand. The

kitchen adjoins, so that I can step in, and see that all is going on right.

Mr. Geddie went round to Aname yesterday, to tell Mr. Inglis the result of his visit to the other islands, and consult about the future. Mr. Matheson accompanied him. They have not yet returned. I fear he will not be back in time to write, as the vessel is to sail to-day. However we expect a vessel soon for China, and we shall all have more time to write. This time we are hurried.

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ANEITEUM, August 26, 1861.

TO MRS. WADDELL:—

I FEEL that you and other friends of our Mission will be discouraged, as well as shocked and grieved, when you learn the dreadful tragedy at Errömanga. But I will say little about it here, as you will see a full account of the sad affair in our Missionary Record.

As you may imagine, we all feel this mysterious dispensation much. We felt the loss of our dear brother Johnston very deeply, but this has been the greatest trial of all. The last season has been trying throughout, both to us, and to the cause; yet I trust we may be enabled to say—"He doeth all things well."

I cannot help feeling very sad when I think of the changes here since the beginning of the year. How many who were then alive and well, are now in their silent graves! How many on this island, whom I loved are gone! Boys and girls to whom I was fondly attached, and who we hoped would be spared many years to assist us in our work. It has been a season of trial to the poor natives too. Many have buried *all* their relatives—many are orphans—many are widows. May this trying dispensation be greatly blessed to many, and the breaches that have been made be filled up with durable, substantial and never fading blessings.

My good, intelligent and useful Mary is gone too—oh, I do feel her death so much every day. She was an affectionate daughter to me. Her husband (Lathela) feels her loss very much, poor fellow, he will not soon find one to fill her place. They were a very happy couple, and much more enlightened than the rest of the natives. They had lived long beside us and had daily intercourse with us, and were so anxious to acquire knowledge. Mary has left a fine little boy whom I feel it my duty to take

charge of. Not only ourselves but the cause owes much to Mary. She was the first girl that came to live with me, and the first female that embraced Christianity. She did all that lay in her power for the cause. But if spared I may send you a little sketch of her which may be interesting to the friends of the Aneiteumese. At present you will have enough to think about when you receive the sad news from Erromanga.

But, dear friends, do not be discouraged nor let those who are seeking the riches of the world out-do us. There is a family living upon Erromanga braving every danger and difficulty, that they may become rich; and shall we shrink or be discouraged from going forward to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the perishing heathen? It is true that a large proportion of the population of this Island have been cut off, yet there are many left who have souls to be saved or lost. I feel specially interested in the young. I have a large boarding school just now, and could get many more if I had room for them. I intend when the Samoan teacher's widow and family leaves to take in several promising little girls.

Dear Mrs. Johnson teaches the little girls, and they are improving very fast. I teach the larger girls sewing, and any families who bring garments to make. I intend to re-commence the afternoon school as soon as the church is finished, but at present all the young men are busy at the church. I have not had any afternoon school since last February. The sickness broke up all our schools, and I fear it will be some time ere we have everything going on as before. When we again meet how many a seat will be vacant! It makes me very sad to think of it. When I go into the school room and look round and say such a one sat there and there, but they will never occupy these seats again, my heart is ready to break, and I weep like Rachael for my children, because they are not. Still I am comforted by the thought that many whom we esteem and love are spared, and feel that we should be thankful.

Dear Mrs. Johnson is with us, but I am sorry to say her health is not at all good. She is very willing and contented to remain here and do what she can if her health would permit, but as it is not improving she thinks it will be her duty to return to her native land, but she has not yet made up her mind. We should like very much to have her remain. We esteem her very highly, and shall feel very sorry to part with her, should she be obliged to return home. There is plenty of work for her to do, but if her health does not improve soon we cannot advise her to remain. She has a good number of scholars who attend every forenoon, and they are improving rapidly. Indeed, two or three

that I feared would never learn to read have learned very soon under her instruction.

What effect the sad news from Erromanga will have upon the missionary cause at home, we do not know, but we fear it will be disheartening; but I do hope and trust that it will be the means of stirring up Christians to do even more for the perishing heathen.

Our dear brother and sister have fallen, but let us not be discouraged and yield to Satan that island where they sacrificed their lives for the salvation of souls. If white *traders* can live upon the islands so should missionaries.

Such events as the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon should not deter missionaries from exerting themselves. They should rather make them more earnest in doing all in their power to destroy Satan's kingdom. In instigating his servants to burn our church we have reason to believe that the Evil one outwitted himself. The very person who is supposed to have set the church on fire now attends church, and the little band of bad men who called themselves heathen are scattered, and I believe that all attend worship.

I must now say a few words about our respective families. I hope your children are all well. I hope you see our dear children. Do not fail to give them any advice they need. They will be grateful to you I know. We had letters the other day, and were rejoiced to hear from them, and know that they are well. I was anxious to know how they had got through the long cold winter, and am thankful to learn that they had not suffered from the cold. It is a great change to go from Anciteum to Nova Scotia: here it is all summer. Our dear children here are well. Ella is very stout since she recovered from the measles, and our little boy is growing very fast. We call him Alexander, after my dear father. The natives are very fond of him, and say that Ella and the babe have been given to us that we may not be too sad at being separated from our other children, and that we may remain among them and teach them, and not leave them. Greet our friends by name. I do not forget those that were so kind to us when we were leaving, nor those who are so mindful of us since. Do write often—I seldom get letters—I do not know how it is, but all the other missionaries get so many letters and we so few; still we write by every opportunity.

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WRITTEN ON HER RETURN FROM HER ONLY VISIT TO CANADA.

ANEITEUM, January 11th, 1867.

SO many missionaries were never collected on Anciteum before. The first two weeks after we came home, we had three missionaries and three ladies from the John Williams, Miss Williams, daughter of the British Consul at Narraga-

tois, Mr. and Mrs. McCullagh, Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Neilson, and Captain and Mrs. Williams, sometimes ashore to tea. Then, after the meeting of missionaries at Mr. Inglis' station, came Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. McNair, and Mr. Gordon, to await a passage to their several stations by a trading vessel. They were detained here a week, but we found room for them. We had a very pleasant time, and enjoyed the company of our friends very much. I had a great deal to do, and just coming home things were not quite at hand, but we got along nicely. Of course I did not attempt any teaching except on Sabbath. Now that the vessels are away, I have commenced school again. Mr. G. takes my old scholars, the young men and women, and I have the children. I had thirty-nine to-day, and expect many more when we can take those from a distance. We have several boys and girls living on our own premises. All the girls that I left here I found married on my return, so that we have now to begin with a new set. Many of the children are very interesting. I feel quite attached to them already. I wish you could see them in school—they look so bright and nice. Children here learn very quickly when they get proper attention. There are tiny things that you would be surprised to hear reading fluently in the New Testament. The boys are stirring enough if they are born in a tropical climate. It gives me enough to do to keep them quiet; but they are nice little fellows, and will do anything for me. We have six small boys in our yard; and on Sabbath last I gave each of them a new suit—cap, kilt and jumper—and they marched off to church very much delighted. I could see they were the objects of admiration to the boys who were not so well dressed. I hope we shall be able after a few months to take a good number of orphans into the school, but at present there is no room for them here. We have found the people as willing as ever to help us. My old scholars who are married come whenever I need assistance.

We had a pleasant visit to Melbourne and Sydney. Lucy was married in Melbourne at the house of Captain Ferguson, very dear friends of ours, whose acquaintance we made on our way home. We left dear Lizzie in Melbourne. She is in a clergyman's family, where is a sweet, gentle only daughter, who is delighted to have Lizzie with her. Lizzie is at a very good ladies' school, conducted by mother and daughters, all of whom are members of Dr. Cairns' church. She is very happy. We have heard from her twice since we left.

I became quite attached to Melbourne and Sydney. We found many kind friends there. Once I was strongly prejudiced against these places.



## Stories by a Missionary's Daughter.

*Charlotte Geddie Harrington.*

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### JANUARY LETTER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :—

As the daughter of the first foreign missionary from this part of the world, I have been asked to write for you some of my recollections. Naturally, you want to know where I am writing from and when I tell you "Nova Scotia," your knowledge of geography will remind you that Nova Scotia is a part of the continent upon which you live, and that it is a peninsula that juts out into the North Atlantic Ocean, north of the state of Maine. Nova Scotia means "New Scotland," because so many of the earlier settlers were from old Scotland, and had such loving thoughts of the country they left that they called many of the places they settled in by the dear familiar names, as Lochabor, Loch Lomond, and Strathblorne.

The French once took possession of Nova Scotia and called it Acadie. Some of their descendants still live in settlements having French names, such as Louisburg, Gaspereau, and the Grand Pré, about which you read in Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Originally the Mic-Mac Indians held the country, and a remnant of them still live in birch-bark camps, and move about from one good fishing and hunting place to another, but generally near enough to some town or village to sell their pretty and useful basket-work, snow shoes, moccasins, canoes or tiny toy imitations of the same. I think the old Indian names are lovely; we have Shubenacadie, meaning "place of ground nuts," and Stewiacke, "whimpering and whining as it goes," referring to the river; Tracadie, "Camping Ground;" Pictou, "An Explosion," supposed to be from the gas from the coal beds there.

You will also remember that Nova Scotia is one of the provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and that we are part of the British Empire, which instead of a President has an Empress-

Queen Victoria—whom we all think of with loving respect as a good woman, who helps on the right and grieves at what is wrong. We have a Canadian flag with maple leaves, and a beaver, and king-fisher, as distinguishing signs; and also roses and shamrocks, and thistles and the Union Jack, to show that we belong to Great Britain. And when we have entertainments here the Canadian flag, the British Ensign, and the Stars and Stripes you love so dearly, are all draped harmoniously together.

Just north of Nova Scotia is an island shaped like a collar and called Prince Edward Island. It is not as rocky as Nova Scotia nor are the hills so high. The Island has many fine farms which for two or three generations have been cultivated by sturdy, intelligent, religious families. From many of these have come young men who distinguished themselves in the world as scholars, statesmen and ministers. On one of these farms grew up two brothers whom I knew, and who afterwards fell as martyrs on one of the South Sea Islands. I shall tell you about them further on. The winters on Prince Edward Island are very cold and I suppose that is why most of the houses in the country have thick groves of spruce and pine to shelter them from the keen wind. In addition to their use in this respect the trees are very picturesque, and then, you see, they are green in the winter when other trees are leafless.

Well, in a small cottage with garden and fields around it, so completely surrounded by spruce trees that it was hidden from the public road, lived with his wife and three little girls, the minister of that part of this island which is called Cavendish. He not only ministered and preached to the people here, but in several other places, to which he drove in summer for many miles through woods sweet with the scent of pines, and a low-creeping vine called *Linnaea*; and in winter in a sleigh over the crisp snow, or often to save a long round, skating across frozen rivers and coves.

I remember now, how when he returned to Nova Scotia after nineteen years in the tropical islands of the South Seas, on the first good skating day that winter, when every girl and boy, and many of the older folks were flying about on the frozen harbor of Pictou, my father asked his nephew to lend him a pair of skates, and off we went to see if he had forgotten how to use them. We were starting from the nearest wharf, when we found suddenly that from far and near, on the ice and on the shores, every one seemed to be coming toward our point of departure. On enquiring the cause, the whispered answer was—“Why, to see Mr. Geddie skate!” We did not tell him, but let him enjoy his skate unconscious of being the cause of this kindly curiosity.

You see, if I am to write down my memories, it must be

just as they come, one recalls another, or is linked with something that happened years after, so you may weary of my rambling reminiscences; but I think your kind editor will perhaps know better than I do what will interest you, and mark out what he thinks will tire you, for I am only at the beginning of my travels; for I was one of those three little girls in that country manse in that quiet corner of Prince Edward Island.

My father's father was a Scotchman, and lived in the town of Banff, where he was a skilled watch and clock maker; for those were the days when these useful and wonderful articles were carefully put together by hand and not rapidly made by machinery, as they are now, when almost every boy and girl of any size can own a watch of some sort. This grandfather and grandmother were very excellent people, and tried to do good to the young apprentices. One of these young men became afterwards a celebrated missionary in China, another a clergyman in the great city of London; and when I was a little girl at a boarding school near there, he and his wife, two dear dignified old people, came to see me, and to speak of those far away days in the town of Banff, and rejoiced that the "little curly-headed boy," who went to Nova Scotia, had been spared to do so much good, not only in that land, but among the dreaded heathen of the New Hebrides. You will gather from this that when still a child John Geddie came with his parents and settlers to Nova Scotia, and settled in the town of Pictou. Here his father followed the same occupation he had in the "old country," and in many a house thereabout you may still see standing one of his tall old-fashioned clocks of which the owners are very proud, and which they think none of the present day can equal. I have the face and works of one which travelled to the South Seas and back: the case was too tall to go. While this clock went, it was the wonder of many a savage who came to gaze at it. It had two round rosy moons, which moved in and out of sight according as the moon was new, or full, or on the wane, and it showed the days of the week.

The older John Geddie died before his son became a missionary, but it was not a strange thing that when John Geddie told his mother that he was to go out to teach the heathen, she told him for the first time, that when he was an infant she and his father had devoted him to the service of the God of Missions, and although she was an invalid and could never expect to see him again, she gave him up willingly.

As a boy, this only son went to school, helped his father in the clock-making, being himself very ingenious and clever with his fingers, and in all sorts of mechanical drawing. I still have a box which he made as a boy, with his initials J. G. in brass nails on the curbed lid.

All this was good training for the after days when, in distant lands, he was obliged to build a house to live in, a church to preach in, and keep in repair the boats he went from station to station in, and he even made furniture for his house.

After teaching school and passing through the course of study laid down for every Presbyterian minister, he was ordained to the charge I told you of in Prince Edward Island. He married a girl who was very young and, as the old people love to tell me, very beautiful, and to them she endeared herself by going about among them with her husband. She was of an energetic and hopeful spirit, and being a doctor's daughter, knew much that was afterwards useful to her in the strange land, where sometimes she had to be missionary, doctor and general adviser on all subjects, from the cutting out of men's and women's garments to a quarrel between natives and white traders.

C. G. H.

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## FEBRUARY LETTER.

I have received the January number of your pretty magazine and find my first letter is in it. When I sent on the copy it was not with the expectation that it would all be printed at once, for it makes too long a paper from one person; but there it is, and I hope you have not found it tiresome. I am sorry that the illustrations that always make any paper more interesting to old or young, were not in time. It is a pity I have to use the little word "I" so often, but there appears no way out of the difficulty; and there is one thing to be said in its favor; it could not very well be shorter. In that island in the South Seas which I knew best, you could not, however modest and insignificant you felt, express yourself in one letter. You would have to write something like this, *ek ainyak*, which of itself would cure any egotist.

My early memories are stirred up and refreshed almost daily by passing events. For instance, seeing in all the papers items about Louis Stevenson (the author's) death, at Apia Harbour, Upolu, (one of the Samoan or Navigator's Islands), away fly my thoughts, and back come fragmentary memories of many months spent there. Indeed, I have reason to think I was the first Canadian child to live there at all and how I came to do so will appear in the course of our travels from Nova Scotia or New Scotland, to the New Hebrides. If you do not grow tired of my letters in fewer months than it took us to reach Samoa, I hope to be tell-

ing you how a few white children managed to amuse themselves in those islands. I have not the slightest doubt that you will in the next few weeks see in the papers and hear much about Louis Stevenson's home near Apia, and by the time we get there you will know what the scenery is like, and perhaps the appearance of the people who live there. I believe there were a few of them at the "World's Fair." Had I seen them I should like to have saluted them with their own pretty soft "Talofa ena mia so-e-fua." You can easily pronounce these words yourselves, because every syllable ends in a vowel, and the letter *a* sounds like *ah*.

However, I must "hark back" to my home among the spruce trees, and within sound of the ocean that rolled its waves upon the white sandy shores of the northern coast of Prince Edward Island, giving you facts that came to my knowledge as I grew older, of the causes that led people here to think of the heathen at our Antipodes.

I am taking for granted that you have become interested not only in the inmates of that quiet manse, but in the good mother, and the father who died before his son became a missionary. Just here I must tell you a sister in London used to send out missionary literature to her brother, and it was eagerly looked forward to and read in the family. It was not so attractive as your pretty magazine, on fine paper and with engravings and fancy covers and Christmas numbers. The "news" was months, and even sometimes more than a year old, for no telegraphs or fast steamers brought messages from Australia or Africa. You can imagine how the whole Christian world were shocked when they heard that John Williams had been killed by cannibals, (you know what that means) on one of these very New Hebrides I am taking you to in my company. These missionary papers, and the interest they excited in the family, and John Williams martyrdom had much to do in deciding the son to give himself to mission work in the South Seas.

C. G. H.

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### MARCH LETTER.

Not many days ago a friend sent me, from "Pictou, a sheet of paper outside of which was written "In Memoriam," "A lot in the old cemetery," Pictou, because he kindly wished me to know that that lot needs to be put in order, for "Jack Frost" has caused the stones to fall out of their proper position, which,

I suppose, seems impossible to you in your milder climate. This friend also copied the inscriptions on the four stones, and I send you three that will interest you.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN GEDDIE,

A native of Banffshire, Scotland, who departed this life  
27th April, 1843, aged 65 years.

In the several situations of Elder of the Church, Sunday School teacher, parent, and member of society, he displayed a zeal in discharging his duty, which gained the highest esteem of all who knew him.

"Let me die the death of the righteous."

IN MEMORY OF

MARY SOPHIA,

who died 15th day of February, 1846, aged 1 year and 9 months;  
also of JOHN FRAZER, who died the 10th of March, aged  
3 years and 8 months; children of the Rev. John and  
Charlotte Geddie. "They were lovely and pleasant  
in their lives, and in their deaths  
they were not divided."

MARY GEDDIE MATHESON,

who died on the Isle of Aneiteum, New Hebrides, South Seas,  
March 11th, 1862, in the 25th year of her age.

"For me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

The first one is a true testimony to the good father who devoted his infant son to the God of Missions. The second tells you that two of the manse girls left the home of their birth, not as was supposed, to travel over thousands of miles to southern seas, but to the "Happy Land" where they are "Safe in the arms of Jesus." The oldest was a bright and beautiful child, strong and rosy looking, but from the first of her illness she longed to go where her little sister had gone before her.

I must tell you a compliment to her that will make you smile. She was at her grandmothers, where was an odd old Irishman servant who was very fond of her, and he said—"Oh, but Mrs. Doctor, she's the flower of the flock!" That is rather pretty, but when he added quite innocently, and evidently intending more praise, "and the scum of the pot," you will think his similes were rather confused.

The last inscription I send you is a loving memorial on the stone to an adored and sainted mother; but the young and lovely Christian who bore that name was laid to rest far from this family "burying ground." Tall palms bend over her grave, the never ceasing roar of Southern Pacific waves as they dash

against the barrier reefs, and at night the "Southern Cross" in the heavens, show you how far from the dear home ties her love for the Master led her.

Her work on Tanna was dear to her, but threatening enemies drove her from its shores, and exposure in an open boat, on her way for refuge on Aneiteum, caused her death, but she was nursed and cared for by the loving uncle and aunt on that once heathen island, whose converts now surrounded the beloved invalid with tender attention, and whose prayers and hymns in their native tongue comforted her in her hours of suffering and failing strength.

The mother in Pictou and the daughter in Aneiteum entered into rest within a few weeks of each other, neither hearing of the other's death. But what I tell you now is a fact. When we asked the dying mother for some special message for the daughter so far away, she answered, "I leave no message for Mary. I shall meet her, she has gone before me." And so it proved. We heard of her death four months after, as having taken place six weeks before her mother's.

The church in Nova Scotia to which Mr. Geddie belonged was not rich, and in some congregations they found difficulty in paying their minister, for money was scarce, and many thought it foolish of him to propose a Foreign Mission. For some years he persevered, speaking and praying wherever he could on the subject, and at last he began to hope, for the Prince Edward Island congregation voted for Foreign Missions and, of course, their representatives at Synod had influence, and after many months and many meetings, it was decided to send a missionary to the South Sea Islands, and Mr. Geddie offered himself. He had to part from his dear people, and for a year prepared for his work. He learned to print and bind books, to make and raise the frame of a house, and from his father-in-law, who, fortunately, was a wonderfully wise doctor, he acquired invaluable knowledge.

I have told you nothing about his personal appearance yet. Perhaps you would like to know that he was not as tall and broad-shouldered and hardy-looking as many Scotchmen and Nova Scotians are, but slight and not very strong. You will hardly believe it, but some men, even ministers, objected to his being sent among heathen, because he would not impress them by his size and strength. They evidently did not realize the power of the Spirit. Others thought it was a dreadful thing to take three small children on such tedious voyages and to so strange a land. I have told you how two made a speedier journey to a brighter world.

Before leaving, the missionary visited many places in Prince

Edward Island, Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia, driving from one village, settlement, town to another, everywhere trying to interest the people, and rejoiced to find many eager to do what they could. The Synod gave him a printing press, and many necessary medicines were put together for him. The parting from relatives and friends was very sad, because they did not expect to meet again. So the two missionaries and their two children (for there was now a baby not many weeks old), left Halifax for Boston, and were eight days on the way. Think of that! If any of you ever come here from Boston you will only have one night to spend on board of a large, comfortable steamer, and then imagine eight days in a sailing "packet," (as these vessels were then called) in the gloomy, cold, dismal month of November.

C. G. H.

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### APRIL LETTER.

As I looked at your March Magazine in all its pretty freshness, I felt how true was the motto "The Regions Beyond," for it begins with Mexico and ends with China. In the middle is a corner of "God's Acre" in Nova Scotia, now covered from sight by mounds of snow, and on the next page the evergreen "Last resting place" on Aneiteum. Each native's grave is surrounded by pretty reed fencing. Here also was laid to rest the young and lovely missionary, who left her babe in its tiny grave on heathen Tanna, and of whom we might say as she in her own sweet words wrote of another:

" No arms escutcheoned mark the spot,  
Naught save a simple lowly stone  
Where Mary's laid—forget her not,  
But make her virtues all your own."

I am quite sure that the readers of the Children's Missionary can never say as the dear old lady who writes you such a loving letter,—“ In our Southern country till I was nearly grown, I had never seen and scarcely heard of a missionary.”

Gazing into a glorious fire of soft coal and hard wood and thinking over this letter, which is to be about that long voyage, I find myself unable to recall the hardship and sufferings I knew afterwards we endured. Instead of distinct recollections of these, there came into my mind pleasant thoughts of the many people who were good to me for my parent's sake. In Pictou,

in his own home, one\* whose name is well known all the world over for his knowledge of how and what the earth is made of and many other subjects, first showed me the wonders of the microscope; and the size of a hair from my head was an uncomprehended mystery. In Boston, while older members of the party were happy in the sympathy of many good people, I rejoiced over toys. A tea service with cups almost as large as those in a "Five o'clock" tea-set and a little iron stove with pots and pans, were indeed to me things of beauty and joy for many a day.

However, one of my presents was very aggravating—a wax doll—finely dressed, glued to the back of the box she was standing in, and with a glass front. I did not like her, so stiff and "stuck up" as she looked. What was the good of her there? I did not fret when the case was broken. Everything was very wonderful to me in Boston and Philadelphia and at what I supposed was my first dinner in a hotel, when only half through my soup, I turned around to gaze, when I looked back my plate was gone. There was a lesson in manners never to be forgotten!

On a cold January morning we left America behind us and began that long journey to the other side of the world. A small brig of 192 tons was our home for nearly half a year, and we travelled nineteen thousand four hundred and twenty-nine miles before we were again at anchor. Just here it came into my mind that you would like a map to give you a clearer idea of this long road that was the shortest way to the South Seas! You will notice that our zig-zag course crosses the equator where it is always very hot, twice, and "off" Cape Horn the storm drove the little vessel as far south as 61 degrees, where it is bitterly cold, and oh, how dreary! Only room to sit around in the small cabin and hold on to something stationary, as the brig rolls and pitches and lurches. No space for exercise. Even a fire is a danger in all this tossing about. Hugh waves dash over the small vessel and pour floods of water on the deck, where you hear it swishing back and forth, and some of it is sure to find its way down and make the berths still more uncomfortable. The fierce winds and heavy seas cause the ship to tremble and quiver as if she were going to pieces—a sudden plunge of her bow into the "trough" of the sea, and you feel as if you were going down never to come up again. Meals are not a pleasure. You brace your feet against something firm, balance a cup on one hand and take a sip or a bite as well as you can. Night does not rest you—tossed as you are from side to side. The provisions were stale, the water bad, and we had no nicely canned vegetables and fruit. The dear mother was sorely tried for want of

\*Sir William Dawson.

proper food for the tender little ones. After many weeks of tempests, that dreadful Cape Horn was passed and the little brig was sailing north again, and in the Pacific Ocean,—but it very often belies its name and terrible hurricanes sweep over it. Aboard of ships the equator is spoken of as the line, and from hearing it so called I had crossed it more than twice before I realized it was imaginary; indeed, I had a distinct feeling of disappointment that there was nothing to see or bump over. The common trick of putting a thread across the telescope deceives very few children. On the evening of the day that our latitude was neither north or south, a strong voice was heard from the bow of the vessel shouting, "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy! What's your name? Any land lubbers aboard—any land lubbers aboard?" These questions being answered, Neptune and his attendants made their appearance, and three men who had not crossed the line before were sentenced. They were blindfolded, seated on a board on the edge of a large tub of water, their faces were lathered with tar, which was then scraped off with a piece of iron hoop; suddenly the seat was tipped over and the poor victims fell into the water, but were ever after "free of the ocean," and found that the best way was to take all good naturedly. Sailors look forward to this event with great delight. Neptune is wonderfully made up with long locks and beard of tow, and carries a trident that has been fashioned in secret. After all these weary weeks and months at sea, what joy it was to hear the anchor chains rattling out and to be once more quite still. The little girl who had learned to stand but lately, was puzzled and astonished that she had not to sway from side to side to preserve her balance. Only those who have been long at sea can understand the joy of being on shore again. You feel that you could go down on your knees to kiss the flowers or hug the first tree you saw. What dainty could taste better than shore bread, fresh butter, and a glass of milk! There at Honolulu, on the Sandwich Islands, this long voyage ended, and the warm welcome and wonderful kindness of the dear American missionaries went straight to the heart of the weary voyagers. But we are not in Southern Seas yet!

C. G. H.

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## JUNE LETTER.

My last letter left us waiting in the Sandwich Islands for some chance to get near Western Polynesia; and after a few weeks the captain of a whaler offered to land us at one of the Samoas. This second voyage was quite short—only five weeks—and would

have taken a very little time in a steamer; but when we had to depend on the wind to fill our sails and send us along—why a strong head wind kept us back. Fortunately the “trade winds” as they are called, north and south of the equator, are a great help, but between getting out of one and into the other sometimes a ship is caught in the “Doldrums” and it was our fate to be thus detained for two weeks. Well, the very name is suggestive, I think. The sea was like glass and reflected the heat and the glare of the sun and sky; the decks were so hot that the pitch in the cracks was soft; the sails would flip-flop back and forth; the ship having nothing to steady her would roll from side to side. We found how hard it was to be doing nothing, that is, that we were not getting on. However, the sails that wanted mending would be spread out, and you would be surprised at the neat patches and hems and new breadths the sailors could put in. They used knives instead of scissors, and rope yarn instead of thread; their thimble was worn in the palm of the hand, and a huge pointed piece of iron called a marling spike was always in use. The way they spliced one piece of rope to another without showing the join, the wonderful and pretty round knots that finished off a rope and made a handle, always excited my admiration.

There were a great many idle hours when everyone would be on deck, and these toilers of the sea could not be kind enough to the children. One of them made me a beautifully carved model of a whale boat, with ivory ends, which I was afterwards ignorant enough to spoil with a coat of green paint. From another I received feather flowers made in some South American Convent; and another gave me a long thick necklace of branch coral.

In the middle of the deck of every ship is a “long boat” to be used in case of need, and generally a smaller one was turned upside down over it, forming a sort of roof. We were allowed to occupy this in the hot weather. The space between the two boats was rather narrow to get through, but once inside I thought it was finer than the finest state room I was ever in. We had some severe storms; but not being troubled about time I enjoyed the “Doldrums.” But this enforced idleness is trying to captain and crew; and some sailors have a funny fashion of going to the side of a vessel and “whistling for the wind,” and I suppose when a sudden violent squall came scudding out of the horizon and across the water and helped us ahead as long as it lasted, it was considered to be the result of this whistling.

We generally had one or two neighbors, for sharks hover around vessels to pick up the many things that may be thrown or fall overboard. When the cook and steward empty their

waste baskets, you will see the ugly black fins come up a little out of the water, and you know the terrible creature is turning on its side to open its wicked mouth, opening those six rows of teeth to snap at whatever comes; and woe be to any unfortunate who should fall overboard. However, one shark was cheated. The captain had taken me on top of the wheel house, where I felt very elevated and half afraid too. When the dinner bell rang, he was carrying me carefully down to the deck, when away went my sunbonnet and rag doll over the side! As we were becalmed, the captain shouted to a sailor to bring a boat-hook, climb over and fish them up. But while he was hurrying to do this, up came the tips of those horrid black fins, and sun bonnet and dolly proved, I hope, a very indigestible dessert to that greedy shark!

The next thing I remember was our coming near to a beautiful island and our leaving the ship in boats and rowing a long way into the narrow entrance of a harbor, where we lost sight of the ship and sea, and found ourselves in calm water, the shore bordered with a sandy beach and surrounded by mountains like the sides of a basin, and the two or three white buildings peeping through the trees showed that this was a mission station. And what a comfort that was, for when the astonishing sight of four boats coming up the shore with our party and their belongings had brought the tall, slight, gentle-mannered man (whom ever after I associated with John, the beloved disciple), to the land, a very few words sufficed to make these strangers from Nova Scotia, as welcome as if they had been looked for. I had here no companion of my own age, but in the garden was a large tortoise with a very hard shell. Where he came from I do not know, but if by a fortunate chance, I found him in one of the paths, not being very heavy myself, I would sit on his back and try to imagine him a prancing steed, and not as slow as the proverbial tortoise, who yet won the race! Whether by design or habit he had one good method of dislodging me, and that was by crawling under a prickly pear bush. There he was secure, the thorns protected him, and when he drew in his head and feet I might poke and hammer away at any portion of his hard shell without making any impression.

My next journey was across the island to another mission station, and this is how it was made. The missionaries walked with native guides by one road, and the mother and little one were carried in a "fata," which is a frame of wood covered with native cloth to keep the sun off; the poles which support are borne on the shoulders of men who were occasionally relieved by other four. By some mistake there was no "fata" for me, and I was sent in the charge of two men, who very much to my

mortification, carried me, "turn about" like a baby. I had not the slightest fear of these large half clad men; they had leaves around their heads and a bunch of long narrow fragrant leaves to whisk away flies and musquitos. When I was thirsty one of them climbed a tall cocoanut tree and threw down two or three of the young nuts. The husk was torn off and a large round piece of shell was very cleverly knocked out of the top and there was a cup filled with a delightfully cool, sweet, sparkling and refreshing drink.

C. G. H.

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### JULY LETTER.

We drew near our journey's end in advance of the rest of the party and many were my misgivings as to how I should introduce myself. To my satisfaction I was allowed and so saved the indignity of making my appearance sitting on a Samoan's arm. The house we came to was not large, and as is usual in these latitudes had all the rooms on the ground floor, and the roof was thatched with layer upon layer, of long, thick leaves. The partitions between the rooms were not high, and being unceiled you looked up to the inside of the roof, which, however neat and pretty by daylight, with rafters and arched supports bound around with cocoanut-fibre twine, was a dark and mysterious vault at night and not always uninhabited by cockroaches and lizards.

Before the open door of this mission home were three dear little girls, whose mother gave me a loving welcome, and my misgivings vanished. I was very glad to see play-fellows of my own color again, but they were very shy of me, being unaccustomed to white children! Some toys which I had for them soon made us friends, and we played and quarreled and made up, as children do all the world over, for we were many months together. Our parents gave us lessons and invented amusements for us. I was very proud of my mother's cleverness in making, painting and dressing rag dolls, and in helping to arrange a doll's house, the furniture of which was all home made. After native's school hours some of the girls were allowed to play with us and they considered this a great treat, as they considered us, our toys, plays and dresses very wonderful, and we were quite sure the tiny native house they made for us of thatch and mats, after the fashion of their own, was far better than the ones we lived in, and our only regret was we were not allowed to sleep in it. These Samoan girls astonished us with a ball game that

was very pretty. They sat on the ground, tailor fashion, and would commence by throwing an orange with one hand, catching it in the other, then picking up another and another until they sometimes had six all in motion at the same time, without one coming to the ground. They delighted to decorate us and themselves with garlands of flowers. The "Four o'clocks," which were closed all the morning, opened out in hundreds of variegated blossoms as the afternoon hour drew on and our great delight was to string wreaths of these pretty perishable flowers. Beautiful shells of many shapes and colors furnished us with quite a variety of fancy dishes. So you see that even without toy shops or children's parties we had many happy hours.

We did not speak of summer and winter there, but of the rainy season or hurricane months. Very trying these close wet days were, and the hurricanes were so dreaded on account of the destruction to food and property and sometimes to life.

One night I was awakened out of a sound sleep and found several tall grave Samoans in the bedroom, who, after we had been wrapped up, bore us carefully and quickly, through a howling tempest which was breaking branches and rooting up trees, to an unfinished house, where we all found refuge. The one we left was unsafe in such a storm; for the wind tore off the thatch and threatened its entire destruction. We children were awed by all the noise and confusion in the darkness, but when light came it was good fun to us to get our breakfast anyhow among stones and timber, and under the carpentering table we "camped" with great enjoyment.

The missionaries on these beautiful Samoan Islands were all from England or Scotland, and they had already tried to send the gospel to the wild, fierce natives of the New Hebrides. Two of their number, with their young wives, accompanied by several Christian Samoans, had gone to them, but the white missionaries were driven away by the Tannese and many of the poor Samoan teachers were killed or died of diseases brought on by the hardships they endured. When my father and mother arrived they were looked upon as sent by God to encourage them to try again; and the father and mother of these dear little girls (Mr. and Mrs. Bullen) decided to join them and go to these terrible Western Polynesians, who had already killed and eaten the noble John Williams, the man who brought the gospel of peace to Samoa and many islands away to the east. But this is another story. I could fill many pages with his adventures, and if any of the boy readers of this magazine would like to hear how he built a vessel, first making his own tools and forge, what the sails were made of, and the appropriate name he gave it and

what it accomplished, they can send a letter to their editor, Mr. Rankin, and ask him to tell them ; and I shall collect all I know about that martyr missionary ; and I am sure you will think it quite as interesting as imaginary travels.

I had to speak of him here because the children of England had called their new mission barque the "John Williams," and this vessel was now on her way from that far off land with new missionaries and supplies of food and clothing, and all were anxiously waiting for her to come and take them to the west. Not only that ; when for instance all your shoes had to be ordered many months before, to last two or three years it was not easy just to know, so far ahead, what would fit the little growing feet and sometimes the greatest inconvenience was endured. I remember my father making me a very nice pair of shoes out of canvas and leather. Sometimes the orders were mistaken and great was the disappointment on one occasion, when instead of a dozen and a half of strapped slippers for little folks, out of the packing case came the same number of very large size for a man !

C. G. H.

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### SEPTEMBER LETTER.

I told you something of our life at Samoa while waiting for the John Williams. My father was learning something every day of Mission work, and the Samoan language was growing quite familiar to us. In fact one of the great troubles with missionaries' children is that hearing the native so much more than their own tongue, they prefer speaking it ; and to hear a tiny white, chattering glibly in native, and quite shyly and slowly in English, is quite amusing. The missionaries we were with had decided to leave this station, where they were surrounded by loving Christian Samoans, and go with my parents to the heathen islands westward.

My father had learned the American fashion of making frame houses, and he and Mr. Bullen had prepared one to take with them, when suddenly the latter was called from his labors below, to his rest above. My ideas of death were very vague, and it was at the funeral that the sorrowfulness of it impressed me. The church was crowded with Samoans whose grief was intense, and their peculiar ejaculations were heart-rending. I never hear the old tune Shirland, without associating it with Samoan words, as sung that day. I can recall the white, oval church with the thatched roof, the sound of the surf on the reef,

the glimpses of sea and cocoa palms without, and the grief-stricken people within. Their beloved teacher was laid to rest in the shadow of the walls, and near the grave that we children had always looked at with interest—that of a brother of Mary Lundie Duncan, who wrote for her own children the little verses which we then sung, and children in many lands now sing, as their evening song, and which I am sure most of you know.

“Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless Thy little lamb tonight,  
Through the darkness be Thou near me,  
Watch my sleep ‘till morning light.’”

I am now going to give you a few extracts from my father's letters, written on this island. Of the frame of the house he writes: “As our system of building was a new thing in Samoa, we had many spectators.”

The children around often make their little rhymes, of which we and our operations were the theme. They sang words meaning “This is the house for the land of darkness.” The Samoans are much given to rhyming; if anything arrests their attention or excites their curiosity, it is likely to become the subject of a song. They invariably sing when working, paddling a canoe, or rowing, generally in a recitative and chanting manner, as every syllable in the language ends with a vowel, it is easy to make rhymes.

My father writes again: “The Annual Missionary Meeting took place in May; it occupied two days. On the morning of the first day the children's meeting was held; at the close of the services, between four and five hundred came forward with their offerings, which consisted of cocoanut oil and arrow root.

The morning of the second day upward of a thousand people attended the services. They retired for a short interval, and then men and women came out dressed in their richest attire, (chiefly of native cloth which is something like chamois-fibre, with designs painted either in orange or sepia). They approached in companies, carrying their contributions of oil in hollow bamboos from twelve to eighteen feet long. Their appearance was most martial, as they advanced with their bamboos over their shoulders like muskets.

This island of Tutuila was long celebrated for the ferocity of its inhabitants, who were a terror to those sailing in these seas. Oh, what change has the gospel wrought.”—Extract from the life of Dr. Geddie.

We were quite alone for some time, when one afternoon a messenger came to say that the Vaa Lotu (gospel ship) was in sight; and there was hurrying and scurrying to get our things down to the beach, and off to the vessel before dark.

There was quite an affecting parting from the affectionate people; and I had a sorrow quite my own, for I was told I must leave behind my pet, as cats were objected to as passengers. She was consigned with many charges to one of my Samoan friends; and I caressed her, as I supposed for the last time. We were rowed off to the barque in boats, for at many islands ships cannot anchor, but only, as they say, "lay off and on," which means, that the sails are so arranged as to keep the vessel as nearly as possible in the same place; but there is always the ocean swell, and it is not very easy to get on board from a boat bobbing up and down. The men generally had to climb up a ladder flat on the ship's side. This was nothing to a sailor, who becomes as active as a monkey, but rather appalling to landsmen. For women and children a large arm chair was generally lowered down from the yard; and the sensation of for a few seconds swaying between sea and sky was both delightful and alarming, as we were hoisted up clear of the ship's side, and then lowered gently to the deck. This was how we first boarded the John Williams, and after a few hours anchored in Apia harbor, which has a melancholy interest for Americans, because of the wreck in a hurricane of the U. S. S. S. Vandalia, and the loss of her brave crew, the story of which was so well told in St. Nicholas, I think.

Our deck was covered with the belongings of the passengers, native and white, also oranges, limes, cocoanuts, bread fruit, taro, and bananas. Pigs and fowls were mostly complaining of being crowded together; and the poor cow that was to go with the western party was lowing for liberty. While the sailors were arranging the cargo, out of a roll of native matting that had covered our floor, walked a frightened and hungry looking cat! Now, a stow-away is usually considered a very disreputable character on shipboard; but I was not at all ashamed to recognize and receive "kitty" with open arms. What made her secrete herself in the roll of matting will never be known; but there she was, and even the captain's wife, who was very particular, condoned the offence, and kitty was fed and petted to my heart's content. Of course, now that she was a cat with a history, she was received as a welcome visitor where I was—indeed I am sure that kitty helped me to make rapid acquaintance with my new little friend on Upolu. I am sure you will be glad to hear that some of these were grand-children of the martyr John Williams, after whom the ship was called in which kitty made her voyage.

C. G. H.

NOTE.—We regret that Mrs. Harrington was unable to continue this delightfully written sketch of her life in the South

Seas. As will be gathered from Mrs. Geddie's letters she was sent back from Samoa to a boarding school in London. On the completion of her studies she joined her parents in the New Hebrides, where she remained until obliged to accompany a younger sister and brother to Nova Scotia.



## APPENDIX.

MISSION SCHOOL, Oct. 30th, 1851.

TO MISS ELIZABETH GEDDIE, PICTOU.

As you wished me to tell you about my journeys, I will try and do so. When you left us at Boston, we went to New York; I saw a great many pretty things there. I went to see a Museum and I saw some idols and other foreign things. We went to a beautiful Chapel which had a fountain just in front of it, and three beautiful figures of the Apostles carved upon it. We staid two or three weeks at New York, but the weather was so wet that we could not go out much.—There were a great many fountains, but if it was cold they were closed. When we had been a short time at New York, we went to a small town, I forget its name. We remained there till Christmas eve; we then left so as to get to Philadelphia by Christmas-day; on the way we saw a great many shows, such as Sham Fights, &c. I saw my Uncle Archibald, at Philadelphia, he took us to see a great many pretty places. We went to a menagerie of wild beasts and birds, there was a monkey that played such funny tricks.—We also went to a deaf and dumb school, and there were such pretty little children there. One of them thought, before she was taught better, that rain was a large, large basket in the skies having water poured through it; she had no parents and was a sweet little thing. We were a long time at Philadelphia, I cannot remember how long.

There are beautiful gardens in Philadelphia, all the houses are white. There was a splendid Orphan School, all of marble, with a walk on the roof, and I could see all over the city. There was a hill there, and there was a large basin full of water; all the water was supplied to the city by pipes. There were Gutta Percha pipes all along the streets, in case of fire. We were invited out a great deal, because people knew Papa was a missionary. The houses were warmed with gas, and this I did not like because they felt close.

We then left Philadelphia and went to a little town where we embarked. I think its name was Newberry. I daresay Papa has told you the name. There was a gentleman there that used to be very kind to me, and gave me a great many playthings. He had a large China warehouse, he gave some little tubs, and I

used to pretend to wash my dolls in them. We left in a ship called the *Eveline*. But I will tell you about it in my next letter.

With much love to all my dear Aunts, Uncles, friends and cousins, I remain, Dear Aunt, Your loving niece,

C. A. GEDDIE.

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BELLEVUE, Oct. 2, 1850.

TO THE CHILDREN AND YOUTH OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

DEAR CHILDREN—The promptness and liberality with which you have responded to the call made upon you for aid in our missionary boat scheme, afford us assurance, that on you we may confidently depend for assistance in such missionary efforts as meet your approbation, and properly appeal to your sympathies.—Indeed, it has been contemplated to organize a regular juvenile missionary phalanx, and direct its operations on some specific department of the enemy's strong-hold; but as yet no concentrated action of this kind has been officially taken, and no definite object has been presented for your continued and permanent support. Extras, in the meantime, seem to fall in your way, and you appear to be expected to engage in those enterprises, which require but one effort to complete them. Thus it has been with the boats, and we hope your work there, for some considerable time at least is done. But there are extra services continually presenting themselves to notice; and as they come up we naturally think of the quarter, whence supplies to meet them can be obtained. The church at large is pledged—and we are fulfilling our pledge to maintain our devoted missionaries on the field of their enterprise; but new claims which we may expect to be continually arising, must be supplied, from new sources, or our ordinary revenue will not meet our expenditure; and we look to you as auxiliaries in the work, not as those who should supersede or take the place of parents and teachers and older friends. Those of you who see the *Eastern Chronicle* have lately been informed that Mr. Geddie's oldest child has been sent to England for education; and I could have wished that "Christiana" had sent her interesting letter about her to the *Register*, that you all might have seen it, and judged for yourselves, whether you should not give something towards the maintenance of that little visitant to the heathen, either to prepare her as far as education can do, to go, should she so incline'

to the assistance of her parents, and to the help of the Lord against the mighty ; or to provide for herself, when those who should provide for her have been sent far away in the service of the church.

The following extracts of a letter from the Superintendent of the Walthamstow Institution will give you some idea of the present situation of the child, and parents and teachers will advise you as to what you should do respecting her. Any further information will be cheerfully supplied to any one who may require it.

"Charlotte Geddie has been at the mission school since 1st of July, and is already much loved on account of her gentle manners and good conduct. It is evident that her previous training has been judicious. We provide her with everything she wants in this *Home for the children of missionaries only*. This school is managed by a committee of Ladies. At present we have forty-two children from all parts of the world, and I am sure you would think them a happy family could you see them. I am their mamma, and we have four governesses. Letters must be addressed to Miss Geddie, Mission School, Walthamstow, Essex."

The support of the child will involve an expense of about twenty-five pounds per annum, which is a small part of what you will reasonably be expected to raise for missionary purposes. I will probably soon address you again on other claims, such as a *Bell* for the missionary premises, a *Communion Service*, Training of native teachers, etc., etc.

In the meantime, contributions may be forwarded, either to Miss Geddie, as suggested, or, if preferred, to the Treasurer of the Board, Alexr. Fraser, Esq., New Glasgow, the particular purpose for which it is intended being specified,

I am, dear young friends, very sincerely, yours,

JAS. WADDELL.