

But wonderful are the ways of God! In a distant region of the earth he was preparing another to take up the task. Mr. Geddie was a minister of the United Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia. He was happily settled in Prince Edward Island and laboring successfully in his Master's work, but the Master had other work for him to do. He and his dauntless wife determined to leave home and friends and native land and go where Providence might send them to make known to the benighted heathen the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

Parents.

My father's parents came from Scotland, to N.S. They had been deeply stirred by the religious awakening of those days in the Old Land, and had become interested in missions, partly through a former apprentice leaving them to study for the ministry, becoming a director of the London Missionary Society and editor of an evangelical paper which came to them in their new home in Pictou.

My grandfather distinguished himself by his interest in Sunday school work, then an innovation. He was an elder much esteemed in the Church. My grandmother was for many years an invalid, patient and resigned. Before leaving Scotland both mother and father had dedicated their only son to missions, but this was not made known to him until he came, almost with dread, to tell his invalid mother of his decision. She then calmly informed him of his dedication.

Boy and Man.

Quiet, studious, observant, with an excellent memory, his pastimes carpentry or models, interested in delicate mechanisms,—this is what I learned of my father's youth. The child is moulded largely by the literature of the home. The reading matter sent by an aunt from London was varied and eagerly looked for. A part of it was missionary literature, which had a powerful fascination for him, and confirmed the growing desire in the boy's heart some day to be a missionary.

In his student life he organized a Missionary Prayer Meeting. As a pastor in P. E. I. he was so earnest in working up a missionary spirit in his congregation that, for several years before the church had a mission of its own, they sent contributions to the London Missionary Society. Williams' "enterprises, his martyrdom, the Judsons' letters—all were as fuel to the flame in the case of my father.

He worked up the mission idea in his church and convinced them that, few in number and poor as they were, it was an absolute duty to enter a foreign field. As-

sured of the righteousness of his cause he was enabled to bear the opposition he encountered, but who shall tell of the keenness of his suffering at the nature of the opposition? Were these opposers wilfully blind, that they did not see that he was called of God to the work? The mission was decided upon at last, the first foreign mission organized and supported solely by a church in a British colony. The sympathy and enthusiasm aroused were intense and the missionaries were designated and sent forth with hope and fear combined.

The Voyage.

The voyage of 19,000 miles was made in a small brig of 197 tons, and the miseries endured in her from tropical heat and Cape Horn cold, from fierce tempests, the condition of the food and water, the confined space on board, must be left to be imagined.

Samoa.

The astonishment of Rev. Mr. Murray of the Samoan mission at seeing four boats rowed and towed into Pango-Pango harbor from a vessel outside, the landing of those who told him that they were missionaries, on their way to Western Polynesia from far distant Nova Scotia, who shall describe it? Their welcome was delightful and the months that had to elapse before the "John Williams" arrived passed in pleasant preparation; for the Samoan missionaries decided to co-operate in this new effort for the West.

Aneiteum.

When the "John Williams" returned from England she took my parents, some Samoan assistants and one of their missionaries who had volunteered to go with them, to the West, Aneiteum being chosen as the island first to be occupied. The ship remained a week, and they were assisted in raising a small frame house they had taken with them.

In Samoa my father had greatly surprised the people by raising a frame house after the American fashion, as well as by his medical knowledge, gained first from his father-in-law, Dr. McDonald, of Antigonish, a man of uncommon genius.

After the house had gone up the missionaries were left alone to work amidst a people ranked as among the most degraded on the face of the earth.

The mission premises, small and rough as were the buildings, were soon made attractive by my father's handicraft and my mother's taste. Climbing plants over the door and windows, the thatched roof neatly trimmed, the native fence of reeds evened off, the tidy coral paths, all testified to