# EMINENT MISSIONARY WOMEN

BY

MRS J·T·GRACEY

Library of the Theological Seminary,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Purchased by the Hammill Missionary Fund.

BV 3703 .G73 1898
Gracey, Annie Ryder, 1836-
Eminent missionary women

MARY LYON

"THESE ARE THEY WHICH FOLLOW THE LAMB"

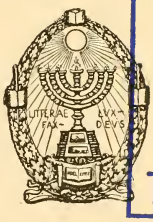
# EMINENT MISSIONARY WOMEN

BY

MRS. J. T. GRACEY

INTRODUCTORY NOTES BY

MRS. JOSEPH COOK AND MRS. S. L. KEEN




LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
SEP 16 2003
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS
CINCINNATI: CURTS & JENNINGS
1898

Copyright, 1898, by
EATON & MAINS,
New York.

# A FOREWORD

THIS unpretentious volume is the outgrowth of experience in connection with current missionary literature of many lands and of many societies. A great many persons, widely separated from each other, through a series of years have solicited information from the author about eminent missionary women, such as could not be found except in fragments in inaccessible reports or other current literature.

To meet the want thus indicated this group of biographical sketches has been prepared, covering one or two prominent women who have been leaders or creators of missionary sentiment at home, and typical women in many missionary societies, with some independent workers. It is thus pan-denominational.

It also represents the several classes of work which women have been able to conduct on the field—educational, evangelistic, literary, medical, or eleemosynary.

The volume is not a contribution to hero-worship. The persons whose life work is so

briefly sketched were eminently practical, sensitive, devoted, seeking not their own, but accomplishing their work without publicity except that required to insure sympathetic cooperation or to awaken inspiration in others for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Many of them entered upon their work before the Modern Woman's Societies were inaugurated, and had not the impulse of association with a great company upholding them with Christian love and prayer.

In some instances it has been impossible after protracted research even to ascertain their full names, and they appear simply as "Miss" ——. It matters not if unrecorded here; "these are they," and their names are "written in the Lamb's book of life." Others eminent in their own achievements can be spoken of only under their husbands' names, because their Christian names could not be ascertained.

In a few instances sketches have been found compact and complete enough to require but slight modification to adapt them to these pages. The original source has been duly credited.

Most of the names of persons whose lives are sketched herein, are familiar to American readers; but we trust that the record presented of toil, danger, loneliness, endurance, patience,

of Christian forbearance among strange people, in climates hostile to health, and in contact with all forms of debasing heathenism, may be an inspiration to the workers of the present day, and a source of greater interest in efforts to uplift the womanhood of the world, by all who may read its pages.

ANNIE RYDER GRACEY.

Rochester, N. Y.

# SALUTATORY

NOTHING is so stimulating to high endeavor and heroic action as the record of those who have made their "lives sublime." Mrs. Gracey will win the gratitude of all Christian women for bringing together this constellation of bright particular stars, whose light has not only illumined the skies of the New World, but has shown in the most distant dark places of the earth. No one could be better equipped for this task than one who has herself labored in foreign fields, and for more than a quarter of a century has been closely connected with the foreign missionary work of the home churches. The sketches, though brief, are as clear-cut as cameos, and make a distinct and indelible impression. The women of the various denominational boards are to be congratulated on this addition to missionary literature.

MRS. JOSEPH COOK.

Cliff Seat, Ticonderoga, N. Y.,
June 27, 1898.

# SALUTATORY

IT is sometimes said that to-morrow is the unknown, unknowable land. It is so near us —a few hours' rest and we shall be in it—but we have no knowledge what it may bring to us. Yet all nature and all life are getting ready for the consummation of the yesterdays. We do not clearly discern to what the signs of the times are leading us, but we know that the increasing activity in missionary enterprises everywhere portends some grand future culmination. Those who are in the advance of the movement and seem to have some direction of its lines welcome every fresh reinforcement and every new supply that can strengthen and comfort those in the midst of the fighting.

Much pioneer work has been done, but more remains to be done. The enemy still holds far the larger territory, and millions of foes are yet to be changed into friends. Many a time and oft a leader will say, "Was ever a time like this?" and will need to remind himself that when God says, "Go forward" he can open a way through the midst of the sea and command water from the rock to follow his children through the desert.

We hail with delight this chronicle of heroic patience and faith, and we know no one so thoroughly equipped for the preparation of such a record as is our old and valued friend, Mrs. Annie Ryder Gracey. Having learned by personal experience the hindrances and solaces that come to a missionary in a heathen country, and by subsequent loving study made herself familiar with all phases of missionary work in all lands, and by her skill as a writer, she is eminently fitted to give us such a review of the actual lives of these women as will be an anchor to our faith and an inspiration to our zeal.

Many a timid heart, scarcely understanding the call of the Spirit to separate herself from kindred and the land of her fathers and preach Christ in the wilderness, will learn the meaning of the voice within, and find courage to give up all for Christ as what others have done is unfolded before her eyes. Every missionary society needs such a book as an encouragement to persevere in the work undertaken for the Master's sake. It will receive a warm welcome to our homes and libraries, and we believe its value in educating the present generation of young missionary workers will prove the wisdom of its author in bringing it out at this time.

SARAH L. KEEN.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 1, 1898.

# CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Mary Lyon | 1 |
| Mrs. T. C. Doremus | 10 |
| Fidelia Fiske | 23 |
| Mrs. R. B. Lyth | 38 |
| Ann Wilkins | 45 |
| Mary Louisa Whately | 50 |
| Melinda Rankin | 58 |
| Lydia Mary Fay | 66 |
| Mary Briscoe Baldwin | 71 |
| Mrs. Bishop Gobat | 78 |
| Miss Aldersey | 88 |
| Mrs. H. C. Mullens | 92 |
| Mrs. Bowen Thompson | 101 |
| Sophia Cooke | 106 |
| Charlotte Maria Tucker | 111 |
| Mary Reed | 121 |
| Fanny Jane Butler, M. D | 132 |
| Mrs. Emma V. Day | 141 |
| Madame Coillard | 146 |
| Mrs. Hannah Marshman | 154 |

PAGE

Harriet G. Brittan..... 160

Mrs. John Geddie and Mrs. John Inglis..... 167

Louisa H. Anstey..... 175

Eliza Agnew..... 179

Gertrude Egede..... 186

Mrs. Murilla Baker Ingalls..... 196

Beulah Woolston..... 202

Clara A. Swain, M. D..... 211

# ILLUSTRATIONS


PAGE

Mary Lyon ..... Frontispiece

Mrs. R. B. Lyth ..... 39

Mary Louisa Whately ..... 51

Mrs. Bishop Gobat ..... 79

Mrs. Bowen Thompson ..... 100

Fanny Jane Butler ..... 133

Harriet G. Brittan ..... 161

Gertrude Egede ..... 187

Clara A. Swain, M. D. ..... 210

# Eminent Missionary Women

## MARY LYON

### Preparing Missionaries

"There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it."

MARY LYON was born in Buckland, Franklin County, Mass., February 28, 1797. Buckland is in what has sometimes been called the Alpine region of Massachusetts, and the site of Mary Lyon's earliest home is reached by a "wild, winding way" through a maple grove by a carriage drive from the railway, or by a climb over a steep hill which rises eleven hundred feet above the sea. It lies four miles back from the village road, and the spot is marked by a bronze tablet, inscribed with her name, inserted in a rocky ledge.

She grew up, as girls of the period were wont, learning household arts, embroidery, spinning, now flax, now wool, or weaving or netting. Her school advantages were limited, but she early exhibited great aptitude for study, and at seventeen had entered upon her life work

—teaching. At the age of twenty she entered Sanderson Academy, in Ashfield, at first as a pupil.

By birthright she was a woman of large faith. It was said of her, "Like the highborn in all realms, in the realm of faith she began life at the point where the few end and which the many fail to reach." The historian of the Buckland church at its centennial celebration in 1885 said: "In all her later schools here she labored first and most for the conversion of her scholars. The result was that through these scholars revivals were carried to the towns around." It came to pass that "when ministers in the sanctuary prayed for colleges they prayed, also, for the school at Buckland." Besides Ashfield and Buckland, Derry and, more eminently, Ipswich were the scenes of her earlier labors, and her name is inseparably linked with Mount Holyoke Seminary. It is most difficult to realize that in Massachusetts in the eighteenth century women even of well-to-do families were illiterate. Until 1790 girls were not admitted to the public schools of Boston. From 1790 until 1822 they were allowed to attend in the summer months, when there were not boys enough to fill the benches. Even the town of Northampton at the close of the last century voted "not to be at any expense for

schooling girls," and four years later they modified this by admitting girls under fifteen years of age to the public schools from May to October. There were more than one hundred colleges for men in the State of Massachusetts when, in 1836, she granted the first charter to "a school for the systematic higher education of women." That was Mount Holyoke Seminary, of which Mary Lyon was the heroine and saint. She was the herald of the principle that "education of the daughters of the Church calls as rightfully for the free gifts of the Church as does that of her sons." Her appeal was in the name of religion. In a year she had raised the thirty thousand dollars deemed requisite for her adventure, and it was not till then that she obtained the charter for the institution. A year later she announced, "So far we have been enabled to accomplish on every point all that we have encouraged the public to expect."

Mary Lyon's purpose was as philanthropic as her impulse was religious—she wrought to increase the usefulness of women. Mount Holyoke was to train women to usefulness. "For eleven years the institution created by her power, organized by her skill, and maintained through all its trials by her unfailing resources had been under her kindly autocratic direction." Miss Isabel Hart wrote of her thus: "Thoroughness

of instruction, firmness with gentleness of discipline, lovingness of spirit, beauty of life, bore their appropriate fruit in the type of womanhood molded by her formative hands. But peculiarly what characterized her work was her insatiate longing for that outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon her pupils which would lead to that regenerating work in their own hearts which she felt was the only true basis of Christian character. Without this, at any season and in any place, she felt her work was incomplete." During the first six years of her seminary superintendence at Mount Holyoke not a graduate, and one year not a pupil, was left in the school without a hope in Christ. Another year there were only three. In twelve years there were sixteen hundred pupils and more than four hundred and sixty hopeful conversions.

The intense consecration of her spiritual nature, combined with her lofty intelligence and benevolence, made her essentially a missionary, and a missionary whose sympathies and whose work could know no geographical boundaries. From the first her desire was to lay the kingdoms of the world at the feet of the Redeemer. Her interest in foreign missions began in childhood with hearing of Carey and of Mills, and grew with her growth and with the growth of the American Board for Foreign Missions. She

organized the first missionary society in Buckland, and either in person or by proxy visited every house in the town, canvassing for members and for materials for work. Over sixty children were enlisted. Though the Woman's Board of Missions was not organized till twenty years after her death, yet Mrs. Bowker, its president, who received her inspiration for missionary activities from Mary Lyon, declares that a vast deal of the widespread interest in missions which culminated in the organization of that Woman's Board must be attributed to Mary Lyon. Not only she herself was consecrated to the Lord, but the whole institution. The income of Mount Holyoke Seminary was the Lord's money. She would accept nothing but a home in the institution and two hundred and fifty dollars a year for a salary. Even of this, for several years before her death, nearly one half was given away for religious purposes, and, dying, she left property to the American Board, in reversion, exceeding two thousand dollars in value. The school itself contributed, in the last seven years of her life, nearly seven thousand dollars for foreign missions.

Mrs. Stowe, in her history of Mount Holyoke Seminary, says that seventeen at least who had been under her instruction before she left Ips-

wich became foreign missionaries. To this number were added thirty-six of her Holyoke pupils—of whom two were associate principals, and seven others teachers at the seminary—and twelve other pupils of the first twelve years became teachers among the Indians in our own country. Nineteen of these forty-eight did not finish the seminary course. With one exception, each senior class for the first fifteen years had one or more representatives on the foreign field, while those who became wives of home missionaries or teachers at the West and South are numbered by hundreds.

One feature of the seminary was the constant communication kept up with those who had gone from the school to missionary labor, a journal of the school being kept and copies of it sent to them in various lands. In return, letters were received in the school from the wilds of America, from the islands of the sea, from Persia, India, China, Africa, and thus an "electric chain" bound them to the altar of a common consecration.

Mary Lyon died March 5, 1849, but her "works do follow" her. Soon after her death a lady, principal of Vassar College, wrote: "Is she missed? Scarcely a State in the American Union but contains those she has trained. Long ere this, amid the hunting grounds of the Sioux

and the villages of the Cherokees, the tear of the missionary has wet the page that has told of Miss Lyon's departure. The Sandwich Islander will ask why is his white teacher's eye dim as she reads her American letters. The swarthy African will lament with his sorrowing guide, who cries, 'Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth!' The cinnamon groves of Ceylon and the palm trees of India overshadow her early-deceased pupils, while those left to bear the burden and heat of the day will wail the saint whose prayers and letters they so prized. Among the Nestorians of Persia and at the base of Mount Olympus will her name be breathed softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken."

Miss Lyon was interred on the Mount Holyoke Seminary grounds. The monument erected over the spot bears the following inscriptions:

MARY LYON,
THE FOUNDER OF
MOUNT HOLYOKE FEMALE SEMINARY,
AND
FOR TWELVE YEARS ITS PRINCIPAL.
A TEACHER FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS
AND
OF MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND PUPILS.
BORN FEBRUARY 28TH, 1797.
DIED MARCH 5TH, 1849.

On the north side:

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

On the south side:

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

On the east side the trustees directed to be placed her own emphatic words:

"There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it."

What Rev. Dr. Cuyler wrote after the graduating exercises of Mount Holyoke Seminary in 1879 has been epitomized by Mrs. John Douglas, in her *Life Story of Mary Lyon*, as follows:

"Her body has been resting in yonder grove for more than thirty years, but she was the pioneer of the highest education for American women. That crown belongs to her. Others, like Harriet Osmer, have handled the chisel; like Maria Mitchell, the telescope; and the pen, like Mrs. Stowe, but the life of Mary Lyon was an epic—an added verse to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. She was a heroine. Not only did she teach her pupils the higher branches of literature, but she taught to labor and to pray, 'to suffer and be strong.' Scores of pastors' wives have been trained at Holyoke, and more

than seventy foreign missionaries have already gone from her classes.

"So many wives and daughters of missionaries were present that it almost seemed like a meeting of the American Board, and all through the halls and art galleries was breathed a gladsome spiritual atmosphere. . . . I stood by her monument—a plain block of marble. I read the inscriptions, and thought of the motto she used to give to her graduating classes: 'When you choose your fields of labor go where nobody else is willing to go.' What a seed-corn that is for holy consecration to Christ! It has germinated into some of the noblest lives which America has furnished. As I stood there I felt the same thrill as when I stood by the historic haystack where the American Board was born."

# MRS. T. C. DOREMUS

"Her life is her eulogy."

"Yet speaketh! By that consecrated life,
The single-hearted, noble, true, and pure,
Which, lifted far above all earthly strife,
Could all but sin so patiently endure—
O Eloquence!—by this she speaketh yet:
For who that knew and loved her could forget?"

ON a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning in the month of May, 1868, the steamer *City of Paris* arrived in New York, having among her passengers a missionary and his family returning from India. Among the first persons to board the steamer was a lady tall in figure, somewhat bent in form, with hair of silvery whiteness, and a face with sweet and saintly expression. This was the subject of our sketch, and she was there to welcome the missionary and his family after an absence of seven years from home and native land. In our distant home in India we had received many a kind and encouraging word from her pen, and substantial aid for carrying on the work among the women, but had never looked upon her dear face until that hour; and to her loving care we made an unconditional surrender. Passing the custom house officer she simply said, "These are my

friends, missionaries from India; they have nothing contraband;" and passing out, we were put into her carriage and driven to the home of our friends. What she did for us was only what she had done for many other returning missionaries.

It is a very difficult matter to analyze the life of one you have known and loved, particularly when that life is very symmetrical and complete. Mrs. Doremus's life in any aspect—intellectually, socially, or religiously—is a lesson and a treasure to the women of any country; for the wise may be wiser and the good better by considering it. There is only one solution of it: her whole nature and all its possibilities were at the bidding of a Master whom she loved, and in whose service she was spent.

She was born well. Her parents were among the most honored families of the city of New York, and members of the Presbyterian Church. In her early childhood they removed to Elizabeth, N. J., where she grew up under the training of one of the noblest of Christian mothers, a woman of saintly excellence. In 1821 she married a Christian merchant of New York and returned to that city, where she spent the remainder of her life. She was a communicant of the Reformed Dutch Church, but she belonged to all Churches, to all Christians. She was in the

truest sense cultivated; having a culture that had its springs, not only in family and education, but in a full and pure surrender of her life to Christ and his work. She was rooted and grounded in faith; she searched and found the Rock, and her feet were firmly placed upon it and her foundations were sure as the everlasting hills. Her benevolence was as broad as her sympathies; not limited to rank or intelligence, creed or character. She loved all and helped all. She did not live in herself or for herself. God and his children, their sorrows and their burdens, and how she might help lift them, filled her soul.

Possibly no woman in our country has left her mark more distinctly. She was a woman of strong and independent mind. With her work meant work. Her greatest happiness was in making others happy, though it often involved trouble to herself. She would rather have gone forth with Martha to meet Jesus than to have sat in the house with Mary.

It is her connection with foreign missions with which we are more particularly interested. Mrs. Doremus received her first interest in the cause of foreign missions as a child when her mother would take her to meetings held by herself and a few Christian friends to pray for the conversion of the world.

She was, without doubt, one of the most in-

telligent women of her time on missionary subjects. As interest in foreign mission work developed, and organizations were formed in the churches, she threw her heart and soul into it, and it was her delight to serve the cause and the missionaries. Facilities for procuring or purchasing ready-made clothing were not then what they are now, and the ladies of various congregations met together to prepare outfits for missionaries. Many of these were prepared in her own home, the material freely given and cut out by her own skillful fingers. Then, as a missionary's departure in those days meant a long voyage of months, sometimes in wretchedly-furnished ships, often has she not only gone to Boston—the usual place of embarkation—and fitted up the miserable cabins with comforts for the voyage, but with her own hands made tempting delicacies to sustain the messengers of Jesus, whom, for his sake, she took into her great heart, regardless of denomination. Her broad catholic spirit knew no sect, no dividing lines. They all melted away in the light of the truth she loved and lived by—the oneness of all believers in Christ.

In 1828 the sympathies of our country were stirred for Greece, so outraged by the Turks. Mrs. Doremus, hearing of the necessities of the Greek ladies, with several friends organized a

band to work for their relief. Dr. Jonas King was invited to go to Athens as their representative, taking large supplies.

In 1835 she became interested in Mme. Feller's Baptist Mission at Grande Ligne, Canada. In aid of this a society was formed in New York, of which she was president. Many were the boxes of school apparatus, delicacies, and useful stores which were sent regularly to cheer the hearts of those in that isolated and needy mission.

In 1834 the Rev. David Abeel, returning from his mission in the East, had determined to arouse Christian women to their duty to rescue heathen women from degradation. He organized in England the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, from which the Union Society has taken its model. He attempted to accomplish a similar work in this country. Mrs. Doremus entered into the plans with great zeal, but the opposition of existing boards made it expedient to postpone the organization. The time had not come. The women of the churches were not ready for it. Sufficient knowledge of the condition of Eastern women had not reached the Christian women of America for them to have their hearts touched and aroused to action. A quarter of a century passed, and the way was being prepared for some connected action. Mis-

sionaries pleaded for help. Influence had been exerted by missionaries abroad and by those returning home. About 1859 or 1860 Mrs. Mason, a missionary of Burmah, visited this country and told the story of the woes and wants of heathen women, anxious to awaken an interest among American women in their behalf. These appeals resulted in the formation of the Woman's Union Missionary Society. This society embraced all evangelical denominations of Christian women, and it worked independently of church boards. Its direct object was to form an agency whereby unmarried women might be sent abroad as teachers and missionaries to enter the homes and carry the Gospel to those who could not receive it in any other way.

This undertaking was a great experiment, and it needed the wisest and most judicious administration. The women of the churches were to be brought together, collections so made as not to interfere with existing organizations, general missionary intelligence disseminated, and a missionary enthusiasm enkindled all over the country, if the venture was to be successful.

Naturally and wisely Mrs. Doremus was elected the president of this organization. She threw her life and soul into the work. She was ubiquitous. With personal presence and with pen she inspired everyone with her own zeal and

devotion. Her beautiful home in New York was the headquarters of the society. Every missionary appointed was her special charge. She not only welcomed them to her home, but, when strangers to the city, gave them every opportunity of seeing places and people of note. Then, when they left this country or returned, how tender was her parting or welcome! How many touching tokens of personal consideration she surrounded them with! In her correspondence with them she carefully avoided business details as far as possible, but wrote as a mother might have done. She would glean items of daily interest and sketches of lectures to send them, that something fresh from their native land might give variety to their lives of arduous toil. No event of public importance transpired that she did not send copies of newspapers to all the stations. Then she was always on the outlook for inspiring books, which she sent to them by mail, feeling that all that cheered their lives would strengthen them for duty.

For fifteen years she held the position of president of the society. She loved it, nurtured it, prayed for it, and saw it grow and develop—and saw also one denomination after another get strength sufficient to organize independently. She saw the beginning, but who can foresee the grand result? After thirty years the united an-

nual contributions of the various women's societies of America amounted to the magnificent sum of one and one half millions of dollars.

It was in 1861 that Mrs. Doremus became the link connecting the Union Society with our Methodist women. In the early history of our Methodist Mission in North India work was attempted among women and girls, but the need was felt of special help to prosecute the work more fully. Soon after the writer arrived in India a letter was received from Mrs. Doremus stating the fact of the organization of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, and enclosing a check for fifty dollars for the employment of some native Christian woman as Bible reader or teacher. This was the first donation made for distinctive woman's work in the North India Conference.

Before me lies a note penned by the hand of Mrs. Doremus in 1864, in which she inclosed the annual remittance. The kindly sympathizing words always accompanied the money. In this note she says:

"You have my warmest love and sympathy in your missionary work . . . I inclose the check, and wish it were ten times more."

This remittance came regularly each year, and when, in 1867, the writer left India it was made over to one of our ladies in Lucknow, and aided

greatly in carrying on work in that important but bigoted city. This was the beginning of a work in India that now receives annually an appropriation of about seventy thousand dollars.

### WORK IN HOME CHARITIES.

Not often is a Christian woman permitted to see the germs, planted in faith, grow up within a lifetime into overshadowing institutions of healing for soul and body, but many such owe their origin to her patient labors and far-reaching influence. Winning by her life the highest confidence of the community, means and facilities to a remarkable extent were placed at her disposal, and in this way her efficiency was multiplied a hundredfold. The work she accomplished in New York city alone was enough to engage the time and thoughts of any ordinary woman. She began a Sabbath service in the city prison from which was developed the Women's Prison Association, with which she was connected for more than thirty years. For thirty-six years she was a manager of the City and Tract Mission Society, and for twenty-eight years a manager of the City Bible Society. She was one of the founders of the House and School of Industry, and for twenty-three years was connected with the Nursery and Child's Hospital, which she aided in founding.

In 1855 she bent her energies to the establishment of the Woman's Hospital, the first institution of this character in the world. To this she devoted time and personal sacrifice, went repeatedly to Albany to secure its charter and State appropriation, and collected large sums for it. She visited the patients regularly, cheered them, gave them spiritual comfort, and followed them with her ministrations after they left. She assisted in organizing, also, the Presbyterian Home for Aged Women. During our civil war she was most active in work for our soldiers.

Much of what she accomplished was due to a very rare combination of endowments. She had power to lay great plans and organize grand movements, a marvelous memory, and a talent for details. Nothing was too trivial to be made use of if it would aid in perfecting the organization, and to her latest day her memory was true to its trust for dates and incidents, every one accurate and thoroughly at her command, and all used for the benefit and comfort of others.

If we turn from her activities in mission work to the sanctuary of her home, we find the devoted wife and mother. Home was the scene of her tender and loving care. The mind that could have ruled a kingdom gave its best energies to her family. She lived with her children, painting, designing her own patterns for em-

broidery, modeling in wax, and excelling in all the accomplishments of her day. Nothing was ever allowed to interfere with her high and holy home duties. To her own family of nine children she was all that a mother could be. In addition to these she adopted children into her heart and home, caring for them and securing means for their education.

From the very beginning of her Christian life her many beautiful gifts, her rare intelligence, her dauntless will, all were consecrated to the service of her Redeemer, and thenceforth, transfused by his Spirit, were quickened into ever-brightening emanations of loving activities. But there came a time when these tireless loving ministrations must cease; when the busy brain must stop; when she should hear the summons: "It is enough. Come up higher." Prostrated by an accident in her own home in January, 1877, she suffered for a week, and then was translated to see Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write—the King; the One whom she loved and for whom she had toiled.

There was sorrow in hearts, in homes, and in churches as the news of her death spread, not only in this country, but throughout the world, for there was scarcely a mission field where she was not lovingly known. Missionaries felt that they had lost one of their best friends.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng said, in his address at her funeral: "Mrs. Doremus seems to have given the whole of herself to the Lord; the whole of herself to the Church; the whole of herself to every suffering heart she met, and yet the whole of herself to home and children."

Dr. Prime said: "I never felt the power of goodness as I have felt it exemplified in the walk and life of that noble woman. I have the memoirs in my library of nearly three thousand women—in dictionaries, encyclopedias, and separate volumes—distinguished in many ages for deeds that have made their names illustrious in the annals of time. Among them there is not one —no, not one—whose record is more bright and beautiful in the light of heaven than hers. . . . I never found in marble or on canvas, in history or in poetry, one that embodied the idea of usefulness so perfectly as it was presented in the lifework of our sainted friend."

Dr. Ormiston said: "It would seem to me that it pleased God to give her personally the choicest gifts and rarest graces that she might show to what an altitude of beauty womanhood in Christ can rise, and manifest the perfection of Christian service, which was triumphant, even to the end."

Resolutions were passed by various missionary and other societies, but none were more

hearty and appreciative than those of the General Executive Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which paid an "affectionate and reverential tribute to her memory" as one "known and honored, not only as the originator of the Woman's Union Missionary Society in this country, but as one of the most beautiful specimens of Christian womanhood and intense devotion to Christian work that has adorned the century, her name being as ointment poured forth, filling all churches and all lands with its perfume."

The Woman's Union Missionary Society has perpetuated her name in Calcutta, India, by calling their home the "Doremus Home," but she lives to-day in the hearts of thousands of Christian people, not only in this land, but in all lands; her name is as ointment poured forth.

Her daily prayer was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" We can offer the same, and, though not having the diversity of gifts that this consecrated woman had, we can do our part in helping the oncoming of our Redeemer's kingdom.

# FIDELIA FISKE

Prayer was her "vital breath," her "native air."

REV. DR. ANDERSON, for many years Secretary of the American Board for Foreign Missions, in his *Oriental Missions* says of Fidelia Fiske: "She seemed to me the nearest approach I ever saw, in man or woman, in the structure and working of her whole nature, to my ideal of our blessed Saviour as he appeared on earth."

The Rev. Dr. Kirk, who spoke at her funeral, said: "I wish to speak carefully, but I am sure I can say I never saw one who came nearer to Jesus in self-sacrifice. If ever there should be an extension of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, I think that the name of Fidelia Fiske would stand there."

One of her associates writing from Persia said: "She was our beloved Persis who labored much in the Lord; in charity our Dorcas; in counsel and action our Deborah; in prayer our Hannah; our Phœbe, the succorer of many; and now our sainted Fidelia the faithful."

These are remarkable testimonies, coming as they do from such sources. The complete devotion of Miss Fiske to her work, her spiritual

power, her marvelous ability to influence those about her, and her overcoming faith, have seldom, if ever, been equaled in the records of missionary work. Hers was most emphatically, and in every sense, a "life hid with Christ in God." She led a life of prayer, and carried about her an atmosphere that showed she was in constant communion with the Father.

Early in life she became interested in missionary work through the influence of a relative who was in the foreign field, and the subject of missions was a constant topic of conversation in the family. This feeling of interest became greatly intensified during her connection with Mount Holyoke Seminary. Here she studied, and afterward taught, partaking largely of the spiritual and missionary character of its founder, Mary Lyon. A missionary who returned to this country from Persia visited Mount Holyoke and made an urgent request for a teacher, and Fidelia said, "If counted worthy, I shall be willing to go." After overcoming many and serious difficulties she sailed, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, in March, 1843, and reached Oroomiah in the following June.

Miss Fiske was not a pioneer in missionary work in Persia, but she was the first unmarried woman to enter that field, and she adapted herself at once to the situation. The missionaries

had borne the privations and hardships incident to the occupancy of a new and most trying field. They had secured the favor of an intolerant government and the confidence of a degraded and depressed people. Mrs. Dr. Grant, a woman of fine intellect and rare acquirements, prepared the way for woman's work, and created a sentiment in favor of woman's education. When the missionaries reached Persia in 1835, there was only one woman, the sister of a Nestorian patriarch, in the city of Oroomiah who could read. Mrs. Grant did not rest until she had opened a school for girls.

Up to the time of Miss Fiske's arrival, however, only a few girls were obtainable, and those were day-scholars. She was exceedingly anxious to make this a boarding-school, so as to have pupils removed from the evil influences surrounding them in their homes. But this idea was not according to Nestorian ideas of propriety, and the missionaries doubted the success of the measure. Writing to a friend at this time Miss Fiske said:

"The first Syriac word I learned was *daughter*, and the next the verb *to give*, so I learned to say to the people, 'Give me your daughters.'"

The Nestorians were poor, subjects of a most despotic government, and their women fearfully degraded. It was counted a disgrace for

a woman to learn to read. Early marriage obtained. Men beat their wives, and the women knew nothing of a better life. They were shockingly profane, given to falsehood, coarse, passionate, quarrelsome. No wonder when Miss Fiske saw what they were she should write home, "I felt pity for the women before going among them, but anguish when, from actual contact with them, I realized how low they were. I did not want to leave them, but I did ask, Can the image of Christ ever be reflected from such hearts?"

However, notwithstanding the discouraging outlook, preparations were made for opening the school, and when the day came not one pupil had been obtained. But the day wore on, and the Nestorian bishop came, bringing two girls. "These be your daughters; no man take them from you," was his salutation. Soon the number increased. These girls were untutored and uncombed. The very first lessons in personal cleanliness had to be taught them, and in all morals it was necessary to begin at the very foundations in order to renovate such characters.

Miss Fiske had difficulties to overcome that we can scarcely comprehend—the poverty of the people, the want of books and proper requisites, and the intense prejudices of the

people. It required almost infinite patience. But the book studied above all others was the Bible, of which the New Testament appeared in 1846 and the Old in 1852. Three hours a day were devoted to this study, and the pupils never wearied of it. They committed large portions of it to memory, and their joy in receiving portions as their own could hardly be expressed. Depending upon this word, and upon the power of the Holy Ghost, Miss Fiske and her teachers toiled. These all waited upon God day and night, feeling that importunate prayer would bring the results desired.

After the seminary had become fairly established only boarders were received, no day scholars. These took charge of the household affairs. Of the transformation in the habits and lives of these children we get an idea from a letter of one of the missionaries, written a few years after the establishment of the school, in which he says, "The system, order, good conduct, and rapid improvement of the pupils are unsurpassed in any schools in America."

Miss Fiske did not confine her labors entirely to the school; she visited the mothers of her girls, prevailed upon them to come to her room, that she might pray with them, and visited not only in the city, but in the adjoining villages. On Sundays many congregated in her room,

and she soon had the satisfaction of seeing them inquiring the way of salvation; one woman repeated each petition after Miss Fiske, and rose from her knees covered with perspiration, so deeply was she moved. She acknowledged her sins, and, as she expressed it, " The Lord poured peace into my soul." She was the first convert among the Nestorian women.

This work spread, and almost all who came to the seminary and under Miss Fiske's influence for any time were compelled to surrender and accept Christ. One Koordish chief, known to be one of the vilest and most desperate of characters, brought his daughter to the school. He had his gun, dagger, and ammunition with him, and acted in a most defiant way. But even he was arrested, convinced of sin, and wonderfully converted before leaving the premises. This man, the terror of that section of the country, was clothed and in his right mind, and all he could say was, " My great sins, and my great Saviour!" Through his influence other members of the family were won to Christianity. At one time this man was leading in prayer in public, and when getting up from his knees he exclaimed: " O God, forgive me. I forgot to pray for Miss Fiske's school." So, kneeling down again, he prayed most earnestly for it.

The year 1846 was a most memorable one in the history of the seminary. Patiently had the truth been taught. Old superstitions had lost their hold, and of the pupils, though many of them had been converted, yet there were many who had only an intellectual apprehension of salvation through Christ. Miss Fiske and her associates fasted and prayed for a revival that would stir them all. January 5, 1846, the whole day was spent as a day of fasting and prayer. Before the day closed two girls came to her, weeping, and inquiring what they should do for their souls. There was no private room where they could go, so they made a closet among the fuel in the wood cellar and spent hours there in prayer. The following week others were converted, and the teachers were engaged often until midnight in pointing pupils to Christ. The rooms of the teachers were in demand as prayer-closets for the girls, and sometimes upon awaking in the morning the teacher would find some one in the room ready to inquire about her soul. This continued for three weeks, and it seemed like one continual Sabbath. Every corner was consecrated to prayer. Prayer and praise were heard everywhere.

The work was genuine, as was shown in the interest these girls had in the salvation of their

families. During their vacation many of them held meetings in their villages for the women, and went from house to house proclaiming the glad tidings.

Conversions followed each year, and in 1849 was another wonderful outpouring of the Spirit. Then again in 1856. In the meantime there had been many discouragements. Cholera had broken up the school at one time; at another, persecutions of the most violent kind were suffered, lives and property threatened, and they were compelled to send the children to their homes. But after a few months these all returned, bringing others with them, and they came in such numbers that it was impossible to receive them. When the seminary had been established nineteen years it had enjoyed twelve revivals, and more than two-thirds of the pupils were earnest Christians.

The pressure upon Miss Fiske during these months of school was very great, and frequently during vacation she would take itinerating trips, visit the pupils in their homes, and meet with the women. It was on one of these trips that occurred a little incident which is very familiar.

In a village on a certain Sabbath she had attended Sabbath school and prayer meeting, and she was very weary and longed for rest, and

felt as if she could not sit without support through the preaching service, for she was to have another meeting afterward with the women. She says: "I was so tired, but God gave me rest in such an unexpected way; a woman came and seated herself directly behind me, so that I could lean on her, and invited me to do so. I declined, but she drew me back, saying, 'If you love me, lean hard.' Then came the Master's own voice, repeating the words, 'If you love me, lean hard,' and I did lean hard, and that woman did preach me such a good sermon!" How these Nestorian women loved her! They went to her for comfort in hours of trial, for help when convinced of sin; and she was always ready to receive them, and no one left her presence without being pointed to Christ.

These Nestorian converts have always been noted for their spirit of prayer. They asked for what they wanted. During one of the revivals two of the pupils in the seminary spent a whole night praying for some relatives, and Miss Fiske said, "Sometimes I have gone to their cold closets to persuade them to leave; but the fervor of their prayers has oftener driven me to mine than it has allowed me to call them from theirs."

But there was a connection between the semi-

nary in Oroomiah and the seminary at South Hadley, and Miss Fiske watched the connection with great interest. Miss Lyon and her pupils prayed regularly and often for Miss Fiske and her pupils, and when a religious interest developed in Oroomiah it was found that there had been special seasons of prayer at Mount Holyoke.

These girls were trained in mission work and had their monthly concerts, and on that day, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the voice of prayer for a lost world constantly ascended. They were trained in habits of self-denying benevolence, and in one year the girls made some fifty garments for poor children. But work so varied in its character, so pressing and exhausting in its demands, seriously affected the health of this devoted woman, and after fifteen years it became necessary that she should return to her American home for needed rest.

Miss Susan Rice, who joined Miss Fiske in 1847, and who worked so faithfully and lovingly, took the burdens of the school upon her. It was, however, a sad day to the pupils and the women not only of the city, but of that whole section of the country, when Miss Fiske departed. Just before she left she had the joy of seeing four of her earliest pupils, with their husbands, depart as mission-

aries to the dark mountains of Koordistan. A few days after that nearly one hundred of the once degraded Nestorians knelt with her at the communion service, and there was only one present out of that whole number with whom she had not prayed! One woman traveled sixty miles through deep snow and piercing cold over the mountains to be present on this occasion.

Miss Fiske's work for Nestorian girls and women, done in the corner of the earth and hidden, was performed as royally and loyally as if she stood in the center of the court, with the eye of the king upon her all the time.

When the poor, filthy women, wild, rude, dishonest, and profane, kept on in their crooked ways the outlook was very dark.

Mrs. Rhea, for some years a missionary in Persia, says of the work of Miss Fiske and Miss Rice, who was associated with her:

"If they met the women in large companies, as they often did, they acted like unruly mobs or herds of Bashaw, violent enough to frighten gentle ladies; and there was never one single thing attractive or lovely in these coarse women, never the faintest flashing gleam of the hoped-for hidden diamond, nothing but the promise of God concerning the leaven—they to hide it, he to make it work."

The *Rays of Light* from the Eastern land, issued fortnightly, has a column or two written by a woman. Sarra, wife of Priest Oshana and a former pupil of the seminary, contributes to it, and Mrs. Rhea says of her, "She wields a burning, poetical, eloquent, vivid, consecrated pen." At a large public gathering recently in one of the churches a woman presided in quiet dignity, having a day's literary and devotional program, with original essays and earnest discussions of evangelistic plans. Sarra, who was present at this meeting, spoke, contrasting the past with the present.

"She told of the unruly mobs around Miss Fiske, and how it took all her strength and tact to control them, and how often she seemed to fail utterly, as one would fail who essayed to bind and hold the waves, and added: 'I know all that personally, for I was one of them. I was there. I heard her, what she said, and their replies, and now I am here in quiet reverence, waiting on the Lord in his own house and in his own work, and with hundreds of my Nestorian sisters, and I marvel and rejoice in the wonderful change.'"

Such meetings as these referred to are held in three districts of the missionary field on the Oroomiah plain by societies of Nestorian women who were educated in the female seminary.

From the neighboring villages these women come quarterly to spend a day together in prayer, worship, and discussion of practical religious matters, and how they can best work for the evangelization of their less favored sisters.

The day of the departure from Oroomiah was a notable one. Miss Fiske had prayed with her pupils and commended them to God's care, but on that memorable morning seventy of them asked for just one more prayer meeting in her room, or their "Bethel," as they called it, where so many prayers had been offered and answered, and this proved to be the last.

She reached her home in 1858, but not to rest, as she had anticipated. Invitations came to her from every direction to give "parlor talks," and these became so popular that she had to go from parlor to church. She had wonderful influence over an audience, but she refused to speak to mixed audiences.

"I am so glad of an opportunity to tell the people what the Lord has done in Persia," she said. She was requested to take the principalship of Mount Holyoke, but declined. She went there for a time, until other arrangements could be made, and of the three hundred and forty-four pupils in attendance only nineteen left the school unconverted. Leaving here, she

was urged to open a school in Boston of a high literary and religious character, but to all these offers she turned away with only one reply, "Persia."

She returned to her home in Shelburne, Mass., where she was born, hoping to finish a volume she had commenced on recollections of her teacher, Mary Lyon, but disease rapidly developed, and for weeks she suffered intensely, when, on July 26, 1864, in her forty-eighth year, she exchanged the toils of earth for the rest of heaven.

"Will you pray?" she said to a friend at her bedside, and these were her last words. A life of prayer had ended in prayer.

Her death caused grief not only among friends here at home, but in the missionary circle in Persia, among all classes of Nestorian women, and her former pupils. Many of them wrote letters of sympathy to her family, expressing their grief for her loss. One of them said, in a letter to Miss Fiske's mother, "When you see a band of Nestorian girls on the right hand of the Redeemer, brought there by the influence of your daughter, you will not regret the sacrifice you have made;" and then touchingly added, "Is there another Miss Fiske in your country?"

She was a rare Christian woman, a skillful

teacher, an eminently successful and devoted missionary. Her monument is the seminary which now for forty-seven years has been sending forth blessed Christian influences on the hills and plains of Persia.

"God granted her that which she requested."

# MRS. R. B. LYTH

## South Sea Missionary

THE story of the founding of the Church of Christ in the South Seas is full of heroism. The Rev. R. B. Lyth, M.D., was one of the pioneers and the first medical missionary. In 1836 he married Miss Hardy. At that time few would have ventured to prophesy that the cultured and gentle bride would develop the fine qualities which have made her record one of noble daring and wonderful success. She combined the intrepidity of the heroine with the fortitude of the martyr. She shared the perils of her husband on sea and land, traveling with him in frail canoes and living in the midst of the wildest cannibalism, ever strong in faith that God would put between them and every danger his own broadest shield.

The first three years of her mission life were spent in Tonga. Here she acquired a correct knowledge of the Tongese language, which proved of great service to her in other parts of Polynesia. At that time a wave of spiritual power swept over Tonga, and thousands were soundly converted to God. One of the first expressions of that new life was in missionary fervor and a desire to send the Gospel to the Fijians.

MRS. R. B. LYTH.

Thus the Fijian Mission commenced as an extension of the Friendly Islands Mission, and Mr. and Mrs. Lyth were sent to Somosomo, always the most trying and difficult station in Fiji. Mrs. Lyth acquired now an accurate knowledge of the Fijian language. Dr. Lyth's mission was to care for the bodies of the Fijians, and thus seek to win their souls for Christ. The sick were brought to him from every quarter. In the house given by the chief as a temporary hospital patients requiring nursing and careful dieting were under the special care of Mrs. Lyth. She relieved suffering and prolonged and saved life by her care for the sick, and thus she was ever preaching a gospel which the cannibal could not gainsay or resist. She was also teaching the natives how to nurse the sick and training them for similar service. Many profited by her lessons and became skillful nurses.

All the while tribal wars were raging around, the quiet of the hospital was broken by the cannibal death-drum, and bodies were dragged in front of the mission house to be offered in sacrifice before they were put into the ovens. Yet no word about hardship or sacrifice ever escaped her lips. We have the testimony of another about her patient endurance. Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Exploring

Expedition, visited Somosomo, and he writes thus of Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Hunt:

"There are few situations in which so much physical and moral courage is required as those in which these devoted and pious women are placed, and nothing but a deep sense of duty and a strong determination to perform it could induce civilized persons to subject themselves to the sight of such horrid scenes as they are called upon almost daily to witness. I know no situation so trying for ladies to live in, particularly when pleasing and well informed, as we found at Somosomo."

After five years spent at Somosomo Mr. Lyth was removed to Lakemba, where the people had become Christians and the great demand was for native teachers. The whole circuit was turned into a training institution. Two days each week the local preachers and class leaders came to the mission station for instruction. After a lesson in theology the outline of a sermon was written on the blackboard and explained; then it was copied, to be preached in all the villages on the following Sunday by men who had great facility in illustration and the burning fervor of first love. But while the men were thus getting help for their work Mrs. Lyth had their wives in another room teaching them to sew and to knit, and giving a Bible reading, which the

women would repeat when they returned to the village. She was able to do more for the wives of teachers because the nurses trained by herself could do the work of the hospital under her general supervision. The training of native pastors and their wives in this way was a wonderful blessing to the Fijian churches.

Eight years were spent in Lakemba, and then Mr. and Mrs. Lyth were appointed to Viwa. Here was the printing press, and Mrs. Lyth was soon assisting in the translation of the Bible. She was a cheerful and valuable helper in all literary work, for her knowledge of the language was accurate and her pen that of a ready writer. It was during her residence at Viwa that what she calls in her journal a "heavier cross than usual" had to be taken up. The story has been often told, but may well be told again.

When fourteen women, captured as prisoners of war, were about to be killed and offered in sacrifice, and then cooked and eaten at a great festival in honor of important visitors at Bau, Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert, when their husbands were far away on a distant island, went, at all hazards, to try to rescue the victims. The death-drum, the firing of muskets, and the piercing shrieks told that the butchery was begun when they reached the shore, but

they hastened through the crowds of maddened cannibals to the house of the old king, Tanoa—admittance to which was forbidden to all women excepting those of the household—and with a whale's tooth in each hand as an offering thrust themselves into his awful presence with their plea for mercy. Their audacity startled the old king, whose hearing was dull, and in their terrible earnestness they raised their voices to plead for the lives of their dark sisters. The old king was overcome, and said, "Those who are dead *are dead*, but those who are alive *shall live*." Five of the poor women were saved, and blessed them for their work of love. They were only conscious of their peril when they looked back upon it after the excitement was past.

A navy officer after a visit to them wrote: "If anything could have increased our admiration of their heroism, it was the unaffected manner in which, when pressed by us to relate the circumstances of their awful visit, they spoke of it as the simple performance of an ordinary duty."

These devoted missionaries lived to see a great work accomplished—the islands Christianized, the Sabbath observed, and family prayer held daily. They returned to their native land, and on September 18, 1890, Mrs. Lyth was buried.

# ANN WILKINS

## Missionary to Africa

THE name of Ann Wilkins is as "ointment poured forth" in connection with the missionary work in Liberia, Africa. She went to the Dark Continent in the days when it took heroic faith for a woman to penetrate the sin and misery of that country.

The mere dates of her history are these: She was born in 1806, of Methodist parents, in New York State; converted at the age of fourteen; sailed for Africa, the first time, June 15, 1837; returned to the United States in poor health in 1841; went to Liberia a second time, January 30, 1842; returned again in June, 1853; went to Africa a third time, October 25, 1854; reached America again April 23, 1857, and died in November of that year, aged fifty-one years and four months.

These figures may seem bare and uninteresting, but they are essential, and if once clothed with the character of our heroine, they become instinct with intense beauty and sublimest interest. Her birth was of parents whose love for God and his cause became early infused into her life. Her sailing was preceded by a call to the work and an offer of service, in words which have

become historic. The Rev. John Seys had just returned from Africa and, alive with the sense of the need of the mission to Liberia, he presented the claims of the work at a camp meeting at Sing Sing, N. Y., and among the contributions came this note: "A sister who has but little money at command gives that little cheerfully, and is willing to give her life as a female teacher if she is wanted." She literally put herself into the plate. She was wanted. She was then a member of Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city, and a teacher in the Sunday school. When the *Charlotte Harper* left Philadelphia in the following June she was among the passengers, going to a field which had been the grave of so many devoted heroes for Christ, yet strong in her determination to do her Master's bidding. From the hour when she beheld the low, palm-bearing coast of Liberia she never forgot it in her conversation, her labors, or her prayers. Once arrived, her eagerness to do good and restlessness at any delay manifested itself in her beginning immediately to gather about her the dusky faces of those anxious to be taught. When she was, at length, settled at her appointed work it was at a town situated some twenty miles from Monrovia, just at the foot of the highlands, where St. Paul's River forces itself over a rocky

ledge with a rushing sweep and the hoarse sound of a rapid. Here, at Millsburg, she began her labors in earnest, laying the foundation for the school over which she presided more than eighteen years, and to-day her former pupils and their children, grown to womanhood, cherish her memory and her pure, Christian instruction. The dates show that she returned home twice previous to the last time, compelled by her failing strength. When, after ten long years of severest toil, she yielded to the solicitations of her friends and came back the second time, in 1853, it was not expected that she would live to see her native shore. But a kind Providence watched over her, and gave her restored health and increased strength, so that within a few months she gladly went back again, to assist the three ladies whom the Board was sending out to this field and to be with them in the beginning of their work. Her constitution had, however, become so shattered by exposure to an inhospitable climate that she remained but a year and a half, and then crossed the ocean the sixth and last time Within a year after her return she passed away.

Her welcome home in 1857 was warm as that of a dear and long-absent child. The New York East Conference was in session at the time of her arrival, and her first appearance in pub-

lic was at the ordination of ministers in Fleet Street Church, Brooklyn. Near the close of the sacramental service which followed the ordination services Bishop Waugh announced that Miss Wilkins was present, and invited her, if able, to come forward to the altar. Slowly and feebly, leaning upon a friend, her arm—which had been broken by an accident during the voyage—in a sling at her side, the slight form which enshrined so grand a soul moved down the aisle and kneeled to receive the sacred emblems in remembrance of the Saviour she so much loved. There were breathless silence and quick heart-beats through the room; and when she arose and turned her worn and wan face toward the congregation tears, both of joy and sorrow, burst forth, and all hearts melted in love toward her who had so long stood in Christ's stead, partaking of his sufferings.

She lingered but a few short months after this, but in her last moments she thought and prayed for those she had taught in Africa. "Such dying we never witnessed," said those who were present at her deathbed. She was buried in the family cemetery on the banks of the Hudson, near Fort Montgomery, and after thirty years the property passed into the hands of strangers. The person who purchased it declared his intention to remove the headstone

and plow up the field. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, learning this fact, passed a series of resolutions authorizing a committee to solicit funds to provide a suitable resting place and erect a simple monument, A fitting and beautiful site was donated by the trustees of Maple Grove Cemetery, Long Island, and the body removed to it. The reinterment took place June 19, 1886, at which time a number of the members of the society were present. A memorial address was delivered by the Rev. John M. Reid, D.D. Upon the monument erected is the following inscription:

Here lies Ann Wilkins, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church to Liberia from 1836 to 1856. Died November 13, 1857, aged fifty-one years. Having little money at command, she gave herself. Erected by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

# MARY LOUISA WHATELY

THE name of no English missionary is probably more widely known than that of Miss Whately, of Cairo, Egypt. The remarkable character of this woman and the missionary work she accomplished in thirty years are known and appreciated by Christians everywhere.

Miss Whately was the second daughter of Archbishop Whately, of the Church of England, the famous logician. She was born in 1824, at the country rectory of Halesworth, in Suffolk, where her father resided some years before his appointment to the see of Dublin. The chief part of her early life, however, was spent in Ireland, where, under her father's roof, she and her sisters received the highest educational training, mental, moral, and religious, from a father and mother of rarest gifts and graces.

Activity, energy, and intelligence of no common order distinguished her from her childhood. After the Irish famine, when so many organizations were formed to help the poor and ignorant, she found a field for those energies especially in the ragged schools opened in Dublin, in which she and her mother and sisters were constantly employed. She often said in later life that the training she received in the

MARY LOUISA WHATELY.

Irish mission schools was an invaluable preparation for the work in which she was afterward to be engaged. She had learned before this early beginning that the first step was to give herself to Him who had bought her with a price, and in this spirit her work at home and abroad was ever carried on. She was a good Italian scholar, and, with her sisters, was at one time much occupied in visiting and teaching poor Italians, who were very numerous in Dublin. This also served as a preparation for the work she was to undertake later on among various nationalities.

In 1858 she visited Cairo and the Holy Land with some friends, and the interest awakened in her mind by this visit was the first inspiration for her life work in the East. At one time after her return she had much wished to engage in work at Jerusalem; but circumstances made this impossible, and another path was to open for her soon afterward. In the winter of 1860 her health had suffered severely, after the loss of her mother and youngest sister, and she was ordered to a southern climate. Her thoughts turned toward the land of Egypt, which she had already learned to love. She went there with a near relative, and while residing in Cairo felt a strong desire to do something for the little Moslem girls, who seemed so utterly neglected, living the life of mere drudges, without a thought

or hope beyond the outer life. At that time no attempt had been made in behalf of Moslems in Egypt, and education for women, even for those nominally Christian, was at the lowest ebb.

In spite of difficulties and discouragements innumerable, and prophecies of failure on all sides, she opened a girls' school in her own hired home. With a respectable Syrian Protestant matron, whose services she engaged (whose own native language, of course, was Arabic, and who knew about as much English as her employer had learned of Arabic), she went forth into the streets and lanes near her dwelling. She persuaded the mothers to let their girls come and learn to read and sew. With great difficulty she gathered eight or nine little ones, taught them the Arabic alphabet from a card which she had prepared, the first rudiments of sewing, and a text which she had herself learned by heart from the Arabic Bible. This was the small beginning from which much blessed fruit was to spring.

Later she was obliged to return to Europe. She attended her father during his last illness, and, her Irish home being broken up by his death, she returned and settled herself in Cairo for life. With the voluntary help of Mr. Mansoor Shakoor, a devoted and highly gifted missionary from the Lebanon, and of his brother a

little later, she was able to add a boys' school to the one already opened for girls. This was filled more rapidly, as the need of education for lads to whom it might be daily bread was more readily felt. In 1869 the Khedive, Ismail Pasha, at the kind suggestion of the Prince of Wales, who with the princess had visited her work, gave her an excellent site, just outside the city walls, on which to build her mission house and schools. She erected a spacious building for the boys' and girls' schools, a fourth part of the price of which was collected by friends in England, while the rest was supplied from her own resources, by no means large.

Some years previously Miss Whately had been joined by the betrothed bride of Mansoor Shakoor, her first missionary helper. This young girl, a daughter of one of the landed proprietors in the Lebanon district, was educated and treated as a daughter both before and after her marriage, and was a fellow-worker in all labors of love. When the two excellent brothers who had been Miss Whately's assistants in the work were taken to their heavenly rest within a few years of each other the young Syrian widow remained, instead of returning to the home where her husband's family wished her to join them, and resolved to devote her life to that mission to which her husband

had given himself, heart and soul, and in which he had spent all his strength.

A medical mission was added to the schools in 1879, for which Miss Whately built a dispensary and patients' waiting room, also from her own private means. This work originated in her own unaided efforts to relieve the sick, and is now carried on by a pious and skillful Syrian doctor. Upward of six hundred are in daily attendance. Half the boys and two thirds of the girls are Moslems, the rest being Copts, with some Syrians and a few of other nationalities, including several Jews. Almost all the subordinate teachers were trained in the school.

The people in the Nile villages within a certain distance south of Cairo said to one another in 1889, according to their wont in early spring: "Where is the Lady of the Book? Will she come again this year and read us the 'good words?' It is time for her to come." She did go, but it was the last trip.

She had taken cold before she stepped on board the hired dahabieh. It was engaged for a certain date, and the hire must still have been paid even if the trip were given up. For many years she had been trying to raise money to buy a mission boat, but English Christians did not comprehend the need, and her own resources were already heavily overtaxed. "No,

she could not give up the voyage—It was the one chance for the year," she said. So the expectant audiences were not disappointed. The story of salvation was once more told at five different halting places. The Book of books was distributed, the feverish bronchial symptoms being meanwhile kept at bay by the happy excitement of the good work done, and on returning to Cairo it was hoped that rest and nursing in her own quiet chamber would, with good medical aid, undo the damage received. Her sister's letter of March 2, giving these details, expressed the hope that convalescence had set in. But the very same day that that letter arrived by post the news was flashed by telegram that, one week later, on Saturday, March 9, 1889, the happy worker had entered on her happier rest.

All that is earthly of Mary Whately was buried in the beautiful English cemetery at Cairo, in the midst of the city and people she so much loved.

## MELINDA RANKIN

MISS RANKIN'S *Twenty Years among the Mexicans* is a thrilling missionary story. I have been stirred as I have read the book, and more deeply stirred as I heard Miss Rankin relate the story in the quiet of my own home. She was a remarkable woman, combining great strength and independence, womanly tenderness and religious devotion, and was a power in any position. Born among the hills of New England, she found her life work in the sunny land of the Aztecs. She never shrank from duty or from danger in all the varied and trying experiences that came to her, and in writing up some of these experiences she says, "I tell them because I hope to prove by actual facts which have occurred in one woman's life that our divine Master has still work for woman to do in his kingdom on earth."

She had unlimited faith in woman and in her power to bring things to pass. "Had I yielded to public sentiment," she said, "I should have settled down in my New England home; but when Christ took possession of my heart I submitted myself and all my possibilities to him, and was filled with a desire to make known the blessed Gospel, and I went out to do the Master's

work, and felt no proscription because I was a woman." After her consecration she was subjected to a series of trials which she believed were sent to prove the depth and sincerity of her motives, but she came through these years of waiting and preparation refined and purified for the work God had for her.

About the year 1840 a call was made for missionary teachers to go to the Mississippi Valley. European immigration brought great numbers of Roman Catholics into that portion of the country, and American Protestantism made appeals for counteracting influences. To this call Miss Rankin responded, and went as far as Kentucky, where she remained for a short time, establishing schools, then pushed her way on to Mississippi. The sunny South charmed her, and among its delightful scenes she fain would have made her permanent residence; but she was not seeking her own pleasure; she was about her Master's business, and this merely became to her an observatory whence she looked to the regions beyond.

At the close of the war between Mexico and the United States, through officers and soldiers returning home, she learned much of the Mexican people, and their condition under a tyrannical priesthood, and her sympathy became so enlisted that she immediately wrote articles for

the papers, hoping thus to awaken an interest among the churches and missionary societies, but her appeals met with no response. "God helping me, I will go to Mexico myself," said she, and she carried out her determination.

But Mexico then was in a very unsettled state and she could not enter; besides, the laws at that time positively forbade the introduction of Protestant Christianity in any form, so to Texas she went, and settled at Brownsville, on the American side of the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, Mexico. The outlook was not pleasant. With difficulty she found shelter, for there were no hotels. She succeeded in renting two rooms—one for a bedroom, the other for a school. She had no furniture, but her wants were simple and were soon supplied, "For," she says, "a Mexican woman brought me a cot, an American sent me a pillow, and a German woman said she would cook my meals; and so I went to my humble cot with profound feelings of gratitude."

The very next day she opened a school for Mexican girls, as there was a large population of Mexicans in the city. This prospered beyond her expectations, and she was encouraged by the following little incident: A mother of one of the little girls came to her door one day, bringing her saint, as she called it; said she had

prayed to it all her life and it had never done her any good, and wanted to know if she might exchange it for a Bible. "Indeed, I was so well pleased," said Miss Rankin, "that I gave her two Bibles, as she had a friend over in Matamoras that wanted one." This was the beginning.

God's word she felt to be above all human law, and while to carry Bibles into Mexico was a direct violation of the laws of the country, she maintained that no earthly power had a right to withhold this book from the people, and so she devoted her energies to getting the Spanish Bible across the river.

"Better send bullets and gunpowder to Mexico than Bibles," said one (a minister) to her when she was pleading for help. But she found opportunities for sending hundreds of Bibles and hundreds of thousands of pages of tracts furnished her by the American Bible and Tract Societies. Mexicans came to her house earnestly soliciting a copy of the book. Orders came to her from Monterey and places in the interior for dozens of Bibles, and with money to pay for them. A Protestant portrait painter carried great quantities of books for her into the country. "The Mexicans take your books to turn them over to the priests to be burned," said a friend to her; but in several instances she was

told that they hid their books, and "only read them at night when the priests were not about." She wrote home for help, but was told that a Christian colporteur speaking the Spanish language could not be found; so, getting assistance for her school, she started out as the agent of the American and Foreign Christian Union, and the work received a new impulse.

"Every Bible going into Mexico pleads for religious liberty," she said, and religious liberty came very slowly; but while she was watching the struggle severe domestic troubles came upon her. Her sister, who had taken care of the seminary, was taken ill and died, and she herself was stricken with yellow fever and her life despaired of. But faithful Mexican women tenderly and lovingly cared for her, and she recovered. Then the civil war came, and she was driven from her school because she was not in sympathy with the Confederacy. She did not, however, relinquish her hold readily, but waited until three peremptory orders were sent, the last with the intimation that force would be used if she did not vacate at once. Confiscation of all her property was urged, but the receiver, a Roman Catholic, would not allow it, saying, "It was bad enough for *men* to be *afflicted* with the horrors of war, and he could not take from a *woman* her necessary articles of furniture."

Thus driven out, she found shelter in Matamoras, and here she commenced her direct missionary labors for Mexicans on Mexican soil. But difficulties presented themselves, and often she would spend whole nights in prayer.

She made a decision to go to Monterey, which on account of its commercial interest was one of the most important cities, with a population of about forty thousand, and was the center of strong Romish influences and power; and in this place this lone woman, after three months of careful and prayerful consideration, decided to establish the first Protestant mission in Mexico. She rented house after house, each of which she had to abandon as soon as the priests found she was teaching the Bible. Feeling the need of a chapel and school buildings for successfully carrying on this work, she visited home and secured several thousand dollars, with which she bought land and erected the necessary buildings. In the meantime converts were multiplying, and some of them were selected by Miss Rankin to go to the adjoining towns and villages within a circle of one hundred miles to preach Christ, who returned at the end of a month with reports of kind receptions. They went from house to house and from ranch to ranch.

Then Zacatecas, distant some three hundred miles, was selected as another center, and in

two years a church was erected by the Mexicans, which in 1872, with one hundred and seventy members, was made over to and occupied by the Presbyterian Board. The work spread on all sides. In one place the Bible readers wrote to Miss Rankin, "We can scarcely get time to eat or sleep, so anxious are the people to hear God's word." Mexicans themselves, after obtaining some knowledge of the Bible, would organize "societies" for the purpose of mutual instruction.

But in 1871 came disturbances again, and upon every available spot of her house was written in large letters, "Death to the Protestants." The mission followers were in constant apprehension of assault. Bloody battles were fought not far from Monterey, and mounted soldiers entered the town and came to her home demanding "her money or her life." She said to these desperadoes: "I am alone and unprotected. You will not harm a helpless lady." She gave them food to appease their hunger, and they left, robbing, destroying other property, and shooting down numbers on the street.

After a time order was restored, and the mission work which had been checked was again prosecuted with great success. But all these cares and responsibilities told upon Miss Rankin's health, and she found it necessary to leave

Mexico. "I had entertained the hope," she said, "of dying on the field, with the Mexican people, with them to rise in the morning of the resurrection as a testimony that I had desired their salvation." It was a tremendous struggle for her to give up the work. "Never did the trophies of Christ's love appear so precious as when I felt I must tear myself away."

She had developed the work until it assumed proportions which required ordained ministers. This fact and failing health were indications that her work in Mexico was done. Missionaries of Protestant denominations came forward, saying, "We will take Mexico for Christ." In 1872 she returned home and made over her work to the American Board. For twenty years she had toiled, wept, suffered, prayed, and relinquishing her hold cost a severe struggle. "I passed a night of meditation and prayer over it," she says, "but about the fourth watch appeared One who in other scenes of trial had come walking upon the sea of trouble and calmed my anxious heart."

This done, she occasionally visited the churches, interesting the people in Mexico, then retired to her home in Bloomington, Ill., where, on December 7, 1888, in her seventy-seventh year, she passed to her home above.

## LYDIA MARY FAY

POSSIBLY the name of no one missionary woman is more lovingly remembered in China than that of Lydia Mary Fay. She was one of the heroic band of women that laid broad and deep foundations in the early days of missionary work in the Chinese empire. One of her associates said of her, "She was one of the truest women and one of the best and most efficient missionaries that ever lived, and her life was a daily testimony to those about her of the beauty and happiness of self-sacrificing duty."

Miss Fay was a native of Essex County, Va., but went out from Albany, N. Y. She was appointed as a missionary teacher under Bishop Boone, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and sailed for China, in the ship *Horatio*, November 8, 1850—the first single woman sent from America to China by a missionary society. She had a remarkably well-trained mind and a heart full of human sympathy, and was qualified in a peculiar manner for the arduous work that awaited her. Writing to a friend soon after her arrival, she said: "It is a difficult thing to keep the heart at the spiritual heights it has gained, and perhaps the

first rude shock to the young missionary's faith, on his arrival in heathen lands, is the utter indifference of the people, the clouds of incense that dim his sight, and the harsh music that deafens his ears, as he finds himself in some lofty temple, near huge idols, before whom crowds are prostrating themselves and offering all the worship their darkened, untaught hearts are capable of, and I exclaim, 'Who is sufficient for these things, and how can the still, small voice of the Spirit ever touch the hearts of these noisy idolaters, or how can the missionary be seen through the clouds of incense, or the voice be heard in the din of gongs and drums?'" But by "patient continuance" the impress of her mind and heart was soon made manifest.

She established in her own house in Shanghai a boarding school for boys, which she called her "gravest responsibility," as through this agency she hoped to raise up teachers and preachers who would carry on future work. She not only taught in the school, carried all the domestic cares, provided for the clothing, kept all the finances, but devoted much time to the study and translation of the Chinese language—surely enough for one woman. But besides this she had the oversight of boys' day schools, conducted a class of student teachers, and had the care of several girls' schools, and in all she

sought not only to impart knowledge, but to develop a deep spiritual experience, and all who came under her influence felt her power.

While busy with all these multiplied labors she lived most frugally, without many of the comforts which are generally thought indispensable in an inhospitable climate, and she was not without her afflictions; the Master called her to pass through many severe experiences in the twenty-eight years of her residence.

At the close of her twenty-fifth year the school which she had established was made over to the Episcopal Board. This was an occasion of deep interest, and was duly celebrated. She was permitted to see her small beginning develop into Doane Hall and Theological School, with president, professors, and with ten Chinese teachers, and to see some of her pupils in the Christian ministry. She had gone forth weeping, but was permitted to gather in some sheaves. This anniversary was held in her own house, and was largely attended. A translation of an address was read, from a large number of Chinese, congratulating "Lady Fay" on the memorable occasion. The address was drawn up and signed by Chinese who had known "Lady Fay" for more than twenty years, who had been impressed by the simplicity and purity of her life and devotion to

their interests, and who compared her to the illustrious literary women of China. The various translations that she had made from English into Chinese and from Chinese into English were referred to, and a tribute paid to her knowledge of the classics, for her reputation as a Chinese scholar was the highest of any woman in China. The closing words of this address were memorable: "If our countrywomen ever deserved a mark of distinction for virtue and filial piety, much more does this American teacher deserve such a mark of imperial favor, as her life is sacrificed not for father, mother, husband, friend, or even for her own people, but for a far-off and ancient people who had no claim upon her sympathy except through the religion of Jesus, the Redemer of the world." A poet of high position in the Chinese literary world wrote her praises in verse, and ascribed to her all the charms that belong to woman and all the intellectual qualities that are attributed to man. It is said that no other foreigner in modern times has been thus honored in China.

Miss Fay aided Dr. Wells Williams in the revision of the manuscript of his Syllabic Dictionary. She was engaged in this work for nineteen months, and with the aid of a Chinese assistant revised every one of the sixty thousand phrases. She was also

a contributor to magazines and papers, and published a good translation of the various official documents connected with the emperor's marriage in 1872.

In all these twenty-eight years Miss Fay visited America but once. Her excessive labors, however, told upon her, and she became conscious that her work was drawing to a close. "The great trial of sickness," she writes, "is being laid aside from work. I must keep it in mind that 'they also serve who only stand and wait.'" Her health continued to fail, and a trip to Che-foo was recommended, but it brought no relief. She had a great desire to return to her home in Shanghai, but this was denied her, and on October 5, 1878, surrounded by missionaries and loving friends, she passed to her eternal home. The funeral was attended by a large number of visitors and residents, and the flag of the United States Consulate was put at half mast in token of respect to this noble woman. She rests in the foreign cemetery of Che-foo, a beautiful spot overlooking the sea, and she lives again and again in the lives of those whom she labored to bring to the loving knowledge of the Christ.

# MARY BRISCOE BALDWIN

## Missionary to Greece and Joppa

IN an old-fashioned Virginia mansion in the Shenandoah Valley Mary Briscoe Baldwin was born on the 20th of May, 1811. Her mother was a niece of James Madison, fourth President of the United States, and Mary was the second daughter in a family of twelve, all of whom received their education from private tutors. Early she showed a strong and original character, and had her own opinion on all subjects coming under her observation. During her girlish days she surrendered herself to her Saviour, after deep conviction of sin, and was ever after a most loving, earnest, and devoted disciple. Bishop Meade, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was a relative who greatly influenced and helped her in her religious life.

Her Christian character was put to a great test by the death of her parents, the breaking up of the family home, and the separation of the children. When about twenty years of age she went to Stanton, Pa., to visit relatives, and here she made the decision that influenced her future life. She says: "I grew weary of fashionable life. For some years I had felt a great desire to be directly engaged in some Christian

work, especially in extending the knowledge of the Gospel among my fellow-creatures, such as is the privilege of clergymen to do, but, being a woman, I could not possibly enter the ministry. Next to this my thoughts turned to the life of a missionary, and this seemed a position far too high and heavenly for me to attain and enjoy." During this period she was offered a position as teacher in a young ladies' boarding school at Stanton, which she accepted, and while there the call came to devote her life to missionary work.

The Protestant Episcopal Society received a letter from Mrs. Hill, of Athens, stating her pressing need of assistance, and urgently requesting that some one be sent to aid her in the schools she had established. As Miss Baldwin had some acquaintance with Mrs. Hill, she was interested especially in that work, and after a long consideration of the matter she wrote, "I rose up with a firm and steady purpose of heart and said, 'I will go.'" Miss Baldwin was one of the first unmarried missionaries to go out from America. Her decision was a surprise to her friends, some of whom said she was "going on a wild-goose chase;" or, the old story, that she was "throwing herself away;" or, for her it was "a descent in the social scale." But none of these things moved her. After her

decision was made she at once commenced her preparations—visited her old home, and traveled over the country visiting many points of interest. She entered the service not for worldly gain; her salary was only two hundred and fifty dollars, but she was willing to supplement the deficiency by drawing upon her own financial resources.

Arriving in Greece, she realized with great delight that her life was to be passed in a land full of stirring memories. She was to labor among a people to whom Paul preached the truth about the "unknown God" and declared salvation by Jesus Christ alone. The people of Greece had a wonderful history, with great genius and refinement, with a Church professedly Christian, but corrupt, and they needed a pure, practical, sound form of doctrine and an open Bible. The worship of the poorer and unlearned classes consisted mostly in the adoration of pictures, images, and sacred symbols, or in chanting prayers in the olden tongue. Many years of cruel oppression and taxation had impoverished them, so that the missionary had to minister to their bodily wants as well as to their soul needs, and Miss Baldwin, comprehending the situation, fulfilled her highest conception of duty in ministering to their every need.

Dr. and Mrs. Hill, American missionaries

who had established a school and found the project developing on their hands, sought the assistance of Miss Baldwin, who took the entire charge of the sewing department. She soon won the love of the girls and the esteem of the parents, who valued the art which enabled their girls to maintain themselves.

After the acknowledgment of Greek independence the court was removed to Athens. Milliners and dressmakers followed in the train, and wanted girls who could use their needles; and the only ones who knew anything of the womanly art of sewing were found to be those whom Miss Baldwin had taught. The great temporal blessings thus conferred on impoverished families were such that Miss Baldwin became known among the native population as "Good Lady Mary," and when she appeared on the streets the people were ready to do her homage. By this means a ready entrance was made for the Christian teaching. Her great object was to civilize and Christianize the daughters, and through them the homes of the people; and with three hundred and fifty children under her care she had ample opportunity to exert an influence. Not only did she train Greek girls to be good daughters, wives, and mothers, but she educated many of the better class for teachers, who in their turn labored

among the Greek and Turkish women, and thus perpetuated her influence. After laboring for eleven years it became necessary for her to seek relaxation, and, in company with friends, she took a trip through Italy. Not receiving the desired benefit, she made an excursion through Greece, then came to her home in America; but after a visit of a year returned to Greece, taking her sister, and established a boarding school in connection with the day school conducted by Mrs. Hill. This school was for the higher class of girls in Athens, and to this project Miss Baldwin devoted much of her own private fortune until it was a success, so that practically she became the founder of Christian female education in the country. She trained all pupils coming under her with a heart training of which the blessings and benefits were felt to the remotest corners of Greece.

During 1866, when the Christians of Crete revolted against the Turkish government, many impoverished and destitute Cretans fled to Athens. Among these refugees Miss Baldwin labored for two or more years with great success, establishing day schools and Sunday schools, feeding the hungry, providing the women and girls with material for work and teaching them to sew and knit, and thus giving employment to hundreds. As the Cretans

returned to their home Miss Baldwin felt that, having spent thirty-three years there, her work in Greece was done, and she requested the Missionary Committee to transfer her to Jaffa—the ancient Joppa—as her nephew had been appointed consul at that place. Her desire was gratified, and she went to live with her sister and nephew and to assist in the Protestant schools. She became associated with Miss Arnott, a Scotch woman, who for some time had been teaching a girls' school. Here was a great field among Jewesses, Greek Christians, and Moslems. She had often spoken of Palestine with eager longing, and it was an epoch when she commenced laboring in Joppa. For eight years she labored unremittingly, with the exception of one brief visit home.

On account of failure in sight she was compelled to sever her relations with Miss Arnott's school, but, after rest and medical treatment, she went to work in the boys' school established by her nephew. Funds being required to put up a bulding, she returned, after an absence of twenty-five years, to America and collected money for the purpose. While visiting one of the churches she fell, meeting with a serious injury, and from the time of her fall to her death she was seldom free from pain, day or night.

Miss Baldwin returned, however, to toil on,

and was supremely happy in her work. Writing to a friend, she said: "As to whether I am receiving the 'hundredfold' promised in the Gospel to those who forsake houses and brethren and lands for Christ's sake, I reply, 'Yes; I am enjoying the fulfillment of this promise, because I esteem the position of a missionary of the Gospel of Christ the very highest privilege which could be bestowed upon me while on earth.'"

The associations of Palestine had a charm for her. It was the Holy Land! the land full of memories connected with the great scheme of redemption. She delighted to be at work in the very city where Peter raised Dorcas from the dead, and where he had a vision that salvation was for the Gentiles as well as the Jews. But the long period of patient, unfaltering work, through dark and cloudy as well as through bright and sunny days, was telling upon her physically, and she struggled heroically, although vainly, against pain and weakness, and the weary wheels stood still June 21, 1877, after forty-two years of loving service.

She was buried on a bluff overlooking the Jordan Valley, and friends placed over her a tombstone of Greek marble with the appropriate and beautiful inscription:

"There is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him."

## MRS. BISHOP GOBAT

THE REV. SAMUEL GOBAT, D.D., was for many years the Anglican Missionary Bishop of Jerusalem. Maria Zeller, who became his wife, was born on the 9th of November, 1813, at Zofingen, in Switzerland. Her father, director of schools in that place, had eleven children, of whom Maria was the second. In 1819 he founded a home for destitute children, and soon after an institution for training schoolmasters in Bruggen. In this place, in an atmosphere of simple faith, love, and self-denying work, Maria spent her youth. Under the influence and guidance of their excellent mother she and her sisters learned to give a helping hand everywhere, so lightening the burdens of others. She received a part of her education away from home, returning after a few years to be her mother's right hand in every department of household duty. She had a deeply religious nature, and was beloved for her unselfishness and her happy, contented disposition. Her simple faith and her love to her Saviour remained unchanged to the close of her long life.

Toward the end of 1833 the Rev. Samuel Gobat, of the Church Missionary Society, became

MRS. BISHOP GOBAT.

acquainted with the Zellers. He was returning to Abyssinia, his field of labor, after a time spent at home, where he had been speaking of the work in Abyssinia and the great need for more laborers. He and Maria Zeller were mutually attracted to one another, and, the consent of her parents having been gained, the young couple were married in May, 1834. They left Switzerland soon after, and started on the difficult journey to Abyssinia.

They had a rough time in traveling on the Red Sea in an Arab sailing vessel and through the desert on camels. They could only take the most necessary articles with them, and had many hardships to endure, but they were strong in their trust in God and in their love to each other. Very soon after reaching Massowah Mr. Gobat fell very ill, but resolved, if possible, to push on into Abyssinia, in order to introduce a young brother missionary to the work. The latter had been appointed in consequence of Mr. Gobat's eloquent and earnest representation of the need for volunteers. With great difficulty they reached Adowa, where Mr. Gobat was confined for two years to his bed. Now began a time when the faith and devotion of this exceptional woman were tested to the utmost. When her first baby was born Mr. Gobat seemed almost dying. There was no possibility of get-

ting any suitable food, and they had but few medicines, so that the courage of the poor young mother almost failed. But God is a very present help in trouble; and here, too, he raised them up kind friends among the natives, who did much to make the remainder of their stay bearable.

It is strange that, notwithstanding all the trials they had to endure in that land, the recollections of Abyssinia were, to the end of their lives, dear and most helpful to them. In after years, when some poor Abyssinians visited Jerusalem, Mr. and Mrs. Gobat lavished love and kindnesses on them. Mr. Gobat's health continued precarious; a doctor who happened to be traveling in the country pronounced his case hopeless if he did not immediately return to Europe, and Mr. and Mrs. Gobat sorrowfully turned their backs on the country where they had hoped to labor for the Lord. The journey back was most trying, but its benefit to Mr. Gobat's health was little short of miraculous. They reached Massowah with great difficulty, and embarked in an Arab boat for the journey up the Red Sea. The boat was so small that the only cabin measured eight feet by four; they could not stand upright in it, and had scarcely room on deck to walk. The Arabs had laid in provisions for three weeks only, but they were thirty-eight days *en route*,

with no food save rice cooked in half-putrid water. The goat died which Mr. Gobat had taken on board to provide milk for the infant, and the child became seriously ill from want of nourishment.

After landing at Koseir the journey through the desert commenced. Mrs. Gobat could never speak of that journey without tears. It was little wonder that her brave heart sank and endurance failed, for they had to travel many days in the scorching sun, without a good hat or an umbrella, with very coarse food and with scarcely any water. Fortunately, Mr. Gobat was better, but poor Mrs. Gobat was completely worn out. The infant became worse, and moaned and cried night and day, so that rest was out of the question. At that time the brave heart of the young mother nearly despaired, faith was dim, and God seemed very far off; but such bitter hours were short, and her husband's meek, patient bearing of all these trials was a great help to her, and enabled her once more to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him."

In order to reach Cairo they had to travel a few days by boat on the Nile, and now hope revived that the baby might be saved. Alas! this was not to be, for a few hours before reaching Cairo the little one died. Mrs. Gobat sat

with the dead infant in her arms during the remainder of the journey, shedding bitter, unavailing tears over all that was left to her of her firstborn.

In Cairo they buried the child. Five weeks after their arrival a second baby was given them, whom they pathetically named Benoni. Not long after they reached Mrs. Gobat's beloved Switzerland, where, among her own people and her native mountains, she found health for body and mind.

Two years later they went to Malta, being sent to superintend there the translation of the Bible into Arabic, and to take charge of the printing press. In 1845 Mr. Gobat was appointed vice principal of the Malta Protestant College; but he had not been there a year before he was nominated by Frederick William IV of Prussia to the see of Jerusalem. This call he could not refuse, seeing in it a summons to work in a desirable part of the Lord's vineyard. Dr. Gobat was consecrated a bishop of the Church of England in July, 1846. He and Mrs. Gobat then proceeded to Jerusalem, where they entered upon the work with the greatest energy.

Mrs. Gobat, notwithstanding her large family and many duties, was indefatigable in her labors of love during those first years in Jerusalem.

She was her husband's helpmeet in everything, taking keen interest in all the schools and missions. These schools were all begun by Bishop Gobat, and so successfully carried on that a year before his death there were fourteen hundred children under instruction in them.

The rule that guided his wife in all things was love. She could not witness grief without weeping with those that wept; she could not see a case of distress without helping. Her hospitality was well known in Jerusalem, and many travelers to the Holy Land have testified to this.

All belonging to the mission were received by her with kindness; the poor and the stricken ones sought her out. For all the schools and mission institutions she cared with a mother's interest, but she specially loved the school and orphanage on Mount Zion. She knew every one of the children by name, and cared for their wants. This institution, with more than sixty pupils, was supported by voluntary contributions, the bishop and Mrs. Gobat making up all deficiencies out of their private purse.

When, in spring, 1878, they left for their last visit to Europe they were not quite decided about returning; but the bishop said to his wife, "Let us come back to Jerusalem to die." Both felt that Jerusalem was their only home, and

the place where they would like to end their days.

They went to Europe, but in the autumn the bishop had a stroke of paralysis, which alarmed Mrs. Gobat, and rendered the venerable man so feeble that it was with the greatest difficulty they accomplished the journey back. In spite of all the loving care lavished on him he sank, and early on a Sabbath morning, at the age of eighty, he entered into rest.

This blow was a crushing one; but Mrs. Gobat tried to say, "It is the Lord," and was most grateful for the loving ministrations of her children. But it was evident that the silver cord was well-nigh loosed; their lives had been so closely knit together in joy and sorrow for the long period of forty-five years. She said repeatedly, "I have no more work to do in Jerusalem; my task is finished." On Sunday, though not really ill, she asked to be prayed for in the public services—not that she might get well, but that she might be ready to die. On Monday she was feverish, and the doctor bade her stay in bed. She liked to have the children with her, but gradually became indifferent to all earthly things. On the Thursday night consciousness had quite fled. She was very restless for some hours, having acute inflammation of the brain; but God did not allow her to suffer long. On the

1st of August, 1879, she peacefully breathed her last. Her death occurred not quite twelve weeks after her husband's. Truly they were "lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

# MISS ALDERSEY

IT is a remarkable story, the way in which God puts into the hearts of women whom he has qualified to enter into doors which he has opened, and to lay the foundations of his Church among the women of the world. China, that vast and populous country, was not open to Protestant missionary effort until 1806, when Dr. Morrison and Dr. Milne with their wives attempted to enter; but they toiled on for years without sympathy or results. By the treaty of 1842 not only was Hongkong ceded to Great Britain, but other ports were thrown open, with permission to erect churches and establish schools. Mrs. Gutzlaff and some other women entered the open ports, scattered portions of the Scriptures, and offered to teach any who were willing to learn. A school was started in Macao with twenty-three children, when Mrs. Gutzlaff, in 1866, wrote home for help, saying: "Make haste and send us a helper, for there is so much to do. Thousands of children are here to be trained, and only one teacher."

While these doors were being opened God was preparing the heart of an English woman to devote her life to the elevation of Chinese women. It was an heroic undertaking for an

unmarried woman to leave home, and the associations dear to her, and enter upon a life of whose isolation and sacrifice we in these days can have little comprehension, but Miss Aldersey had long had a desire to go to China. As a friend of Dr. Morrison she had, under his instruction, when only nineteen years of age, applied herself to the study of the Chinese language. She belonged to a prominent and wealthy family, but knowing that the life of a missionary had its limitations, and privations, she studied in every way to prepare herself to meet and endure with Christian bravery what might come to her.

As early as 1832 she made preparations to accompany a missionary party to the Straits of Malacca to work among Chinese emigrants, but just as she was ready to sail a death in the family frustrated her plans. This was evidently a great trial to her, but she accepted what she saw to be her duty—devoted herself to the care of five motherless children—and for the time abandoned all thought of going to China. Five years afterward, in 1837, the way unexpectedly opened. She accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Medhurst to the East, and settled first in Java, where she opened an Indo-Chinese school and did some medical work, thus having an opportunity of giving religious instruction. Two of her

pupils in Java renounced heathenism, were baptized, and followed her to China, becoming efficient helpers. In 1844 Miss Aldersey, having overcome great, almost overwhelming, difficulties, went to Ningpo, and this place was the scene of successful labors for thirteen of the twenty-three years of her missionary career. She established work among girls and women. An elderly Chinese Christian in Shanghai, who was one of the two girls who were the first pupils in this first school for girls in China, after half a century spoke with reverent love of Miss Aldersey and her work.

As a pioneer Miss Aldersey had to face every form of prejudice and opposition. For some time she was regarded as a cannibal, and many were the stories circulated among the natives concerning her methods of taking out the eyes of children and of murdering all who went to her house. She was in the habit of rising early and taking a morning walk, and the Chinese said she went to hold intercourse with the evil spirits. Upon one occasion, when a poor blind woman who had heard the truths of the Gospel sought instruction from Miss Aldersey, her family were alarmed and a mob assembled around the "barbarian" white woman's house. They became so violent that Miss Aldersey was compelled to leave and seek safety in a boat.

But the hearts of many of the natives were won through the Christian spirit she manifested. She was very useful among the opium eaters and among the blind, and was permitted to see many positions of influence occupied by those she had trained. Her work was one of preparation and laying foundations for future results.

But the time came for her to abandon the work she loved so well, and, having resigned her school in 1857, she went to Australia, where, active to the last in the Lord's service, she passed on to her eternal reward. She was the forerunner of a great army of Christian women who have given their lives to save Chinese women.

# MRS. H. C. MULLENS

"Her work still lives; it blossoms from the dust,
And a glad future holds the fruit in trust."

IT was womanly tact that first penetrated the homes of India's women.

Zenana work has been a development of recent years. Of all the population in India women have most felt the wrongs and burdens of heathenism. Despised at their birth, subject to chances of infanticide in earliest years, or bartered to some unknown husband, condemned by custom to lifelong imprisonment, ignorance, and ill treatment, neglected in sickness, shut out from the enjoyment of nature, without education, without hope in Christ of a joyful hereafter—such is the condition of women in civilized heathendom.

It became an all-absorbing question among missionaries, "How shall we reach and help these women, thus shut away from all good influences?" For it was evident that until this could be done very little progress would be made in missionary work throughout the country. To meet and overcome the prejudice against the education of women was a gigantic task. All the inherited notions of Hindu social life were opposed to it, and, as a consequence, efforts

were often made in secrecy and prosecuted under great difficulties. The hope of gaining access to the homes of the rich and of the better classes seemed a dream, and the attempt to reach out and help the poor was ridiculed.

Some endeavors were made to establish purely secular schools for women and girls, but these proved unsuccessful, for the natives said, "We want religion taught in our families, although it be a false one."

Schools were established for girls as early as 1807, and again in 1819, and continued with more or less success all through the years, but it was given to Mrs. Mullens to inaugurate and make popular zenana work.

Hannah Catherine Lacroix was the daughter of the Rev. A. Lacroix, of the London Missionary Society, who was one of India's most gifted and devoted missionaries. He was intensely interested in the uplifting of India's daughters. He said, "In my opinion we ought to be anything but sanguine of success in our work till Christianity has imparted to the Hindus different ideas of the female sex from those which they now possess." The daughter drank in the spirit of the father. She became known as one of the most efficient and successful zenana workers in the country, and now bears the title of "The Apostle of the Zenanas."

She was born in the city of Calcutta in 1826. Her surroundings were all of a missionary character.

Amid the constant interruptions incident to the life of a missionary, and lacking proper schools, her education was somewhat limited, but of such a practical character that it proved a great preparation for the work God had in store for her. She was naturally very bright and intelligent, and had a loving, sympathetic nature, which reached out to help others. She spoke the Bengali language with great fluency, and when her mother started a day school in their own garden she was able to take a class and instruct the children, thus at the age of twelve years commencing her life work. When about fifteen years of age she yielded her heart to Christ and united with the Church. She sought every opportunity to do good, sometimes teaching a school of girls, at other times getting together the servants of the family and instructing them, and in this way spent her time until broader fields opened before her.

At the age of nineteen she was united in marriage to the Rev. Dr. Mullens, of the London Missionary Society. It was a very happy union. The husband and wife read and studied together, and, with her enthusiastic and deeply spiritual nature, she was ready for any work that opened.

So extensive and correct did her acquaintance with the language become that her father said that, although he might preach better than she could, her knowledge of words and idioms used in familiar conversation was much superior to his own. In later years she wrote a work for native Christian women, and so simple and beautiful was the style that it was sought for both by the missionaries and the natives; at the time of Mrs. Mullen's death it had been printed in twelve of the dialects of India. She wrote other works, *The Missionary on the Ganges*, *Missionary Pictures*, etc.

But how did she get access to the zenana? By her own handiwork. The story of the slippers is familiar to all missionary workers. She was skilled in needlework, and a native gentleman visiting the house was very much taken with the beautiful slippers she was working. In a conversation with her about it he said, "I should like my wife taught such things." Quickly she caught at the suggestion, and the wrought slipper helped her to enter behind the curtain and carry the Gospel of Christ. Then another opportunity was offered. A native physician with whom Mrs. Mullens was acquainted, and who had very liberal ideas of female education, was taken ill and died. His daughter had been taught by a native. Mrs. Mullens went to the

house to express her sympathy, saw the women, and was surprised at the intelligence of this daughter, who was a widow. She proposed to her to start a school for women, which she did, and in a short time had gathered over twenty; Mrs. Mullens had the supervision of it. In this way, by using good judgment and making various efforts, she soon had access to all the homes she could visit.

Mrs. Lacroix, the mother of Mrs. Mullens, visited the zenanas also, and the wonderful teaching of these two ladies was whispered from one to another. Many desired to see the missionaries and hear these "new words." Some of the women in the zenanas seemed content with their lot—dressing the hair, counting their jewels, or playing with dolls. But others pined for something better. They forgot their miserable surroundings in listening to the wonderful story and in examining the pictures, books, and fancy work. Many of them took great interest in learning to work. Mrs. Mullens was now the intimate and trusted friend of many a secluded Hindu wife, and a welcome visitor into the most carefully-guarded apartments of the Hindu women. She had conquered prejudice by her womanly tact, and had pointed many a weary, heavy-laden woman to the Saviour of the world.

In 1858 she visited England, and her enthusi-

asm gave a great stimulus to the interest in the work, which was then just beginning to attract general attention. She gave missionary addresses, and had wonderful power in telling her story. "Missions are a passion with me," she said, "and I bless God that I have learned to labor on so contentedly without much visible success."

Upon her return to Calcutta from this visit she found a great advance in public opinion concerning work among women. She took up her duties again, and the year of labor was marked by most cheering instances of those who sought and found the "true light."

But she had accomplished her work. She had turned the keys in zenana doors to admit Christian women bearing the light of Christ's truth to the sorrowful, where bondage and darkness, ignorance and idolatry, had wrought such sadness in the land.

In the midst of labors, and while preparing a book for the women, she was taken suddenly ill, and died in the midst of her family and friends in 1861, aged thirty-five years. There was sorrow in many an Indian household, and the women who had been won by her tenderness and love felt that they had lost their all. There was general mourning. It would seem to our mortal sight that she had only begun her work,

but she had finished it. Among the multitude who followed her remains to the grave were a hundred and fifty Hindu converts, with their families, and one of the sermons in her memory was preached by a Hindu minister.

Rev. Mr. Sherring, in his *History of Protestant Missions in India*, says of her: "She had at one time under her own personal direction zenanas and girls' schools containing eighty native ladies and seventy girls. But her day was short. She had tried to enter on a sphere so long desired, to draw attention to its capabilities, to give the cause of education a new and powerful impulse, to attract to it the regard of willing friends, to secure for it henceforth a fixed place among missionary agencies in India. At last ripened in character, most consecrated in labor, purified by recent suffering, she was called suddenly from the toils of earth to the joyous rest of the better country."

MRS. BOWEN THOMPSON.

# MRS. BOWEN THOMPSON

IN our Master's house there are vessels of gold and of silver, of wood and of clay, and some more honored than others. The clay ones are easily molded, but are only for common use; the wooden ones require the knife, but the gold and silver ones need the furnace to refine. Most of us are content with being any sort of vessel in the house, and are unwilling to submit to even the knife, let alone the refining furnace. The absolute surrender of one's life and plans into our Father's hands invariably results in our finding that he has done for us exceeding abundantly above all we had asked or thought.

We stay-at-home Christian women have little idea what the joy must be of looking back upon a life full of work for the Master—work that would not have been done had not our hands taken it up. Of this description were the life and the work of the young widow who is the subject of the present sketch. Frances Havergal's prayer, "Lord, prepare me for whatever thou art preparing for me," seems to have been the habit of soul of this lady from her girlhood, and marvelous were the providences by which she was led.

After her marriage to Dr. Bowen Thompson,

who had devoted his talents to the service of the Syrian Mission, the young couple settled at Antioch, in 1847, and both worked earnestly and well.

Mrs. Thompson soon mastered the language, and opened a school for women in her house. This work went on for eighteen months, and then, on leaving for the seat of war in the Crimea, to which Dr. Bowen Thompson seemed irresistibly drawn, the little school was left behind—they thought for a short time, but it proved to be forever.

It seemed a strange step to leave Antioch for the seat of war, but Dr. Thompson had gained much knowledge of Eastern epidemics, and felt eager to place his services at the disposal of the English government. Immediately upon their arrival at Balaklava Dr. Thompson himself was stricken down with the malignant fever which raged among the troops, and in a few days he died of the very epidemic from which he had been so eager to recover others. The poor young widow laid his dust to rest in the foreign land and returned to England to make her home with her sister.

As the physician's widow she entered upon the last term of her education, in God's school, for a work that none could do so well as a widow. The bloody massacre of the Maronites

by the Druses of Syria attracted her sympathy. All the males from seven to seventy years of age had been killed. Possessing ample private means, she gave generously for providing stores and clothing, but her own experience of widowhood made her long to be on the spot to try to make known to the widows in Syria the only balm for a broken heart. She lost no time in setting out for Beyrout, where she found crowds of distracted women and girls who had fled from their burning homes after having seen their husbands and brothers hacked to pieces.

Mrs. Thompson at once opened an industrial refuge. The gates were besieged by hundreds clamoring for admission, and saying, "Even if you cannot pay us for our work, let us sit and listen, for our hearts are sad." "At first," said Mrs. Thompson, "my heart almost died within me at the squalor, noise, and misery of these poor people. Ignorance and deeply-cherished revenge chiefly characterized them. When, however, their Christian teachers read to them from the Bible they would sit at their feet and exclaim: 'We never heard such words!' Does it mean for us women?"

Such was their avidity to learn that, although women as well as children had to begin with the alphabet, in a short time they could read the Bible.

Twenty thousand women were crowding the city eager to get work at even road-mending, so absolutely destitute had the cruel massacre left them. Mrs. Thompson had her hands full and her strength taxed to the utmost, yet she found time to visit the sick and dying in the hospitals. Besides all this she opened industrial schools, ragged schools, and evening schools. The magnitude of the work would have overwhelmed a weaker woman and appalled one with less faith. She also found it necessary to open a girls' school for the upper classes, who were willing to pay a good fee for the privilege of having their daughters educated by an English lady rather than by the French nuns.

She could not have set on foot so many branches of work had not her sister and brother-in-law from England joined her. Their home in England having been burned down, they resolved, rather than rebuild, to put their means and their lives to the best interest in work for the good of the Syrian people. A younger sister had already been helping her for some time, so that there were four members of one family all at work in Syria. Why should such an example be so rare?

Next a laundry was opened, and the schools grew and prospered until Mrs. Thompson was

amazed at the magnitude of them. Many villages and important centers applied to have a school opened, and the appeals were mostly responded to. Infant schools, orphanages, Sunday schools, schools for cripples, Moslem boarding schools, and schools for the blind were in fine working order in Beyrout and throughout the Lebanon, supported principally by her sister and herself.

In 1869 Mrs. Bowen Thompson suffered from illness induced by overwork and responsibility, but even in bed she occupied herself with reports and operations of the school work. She said, once, "Notwithstanding my great weakness, I have never one instant lost my peace of mind or the sense of the presence of Jesus."

She returned to England, but before many days the doctor pronounced her case hopeless. This did not disturb her nor stop her planning for her Syrian schools.

She peacefully passed from earth to heaven in November, 1869. Of the bitter lamentation of the Syrian widows and orphans we need say nothing. Of Mrs. Thompson it may truly be said that she shall be held "in everlasting remembrance."

# MISS SOPHIA COOKE

## Forty-two Years a Missionary

ANOTHER missionary heroine has fallen at her post. Across the page of her heroic, devoted, self-sacrificing life may well be written in illuminated letters the words "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

It was a real event in the history of woman's missionary work when Sophia Cooke left her English home and turned her face toward the Orient. Christian womanhood in its organized capacity had not come to the front in those days, and she had not the help and spiritual upholding of a loving sisterhood in the home land. With Abrahamic faith she set out for a land of which she literally knew nothing, and concerning which very little was known by the Church.

Singapore became her mount of observation, her working center, but her life touched many lands, and her elevated Christian character helped all classes of people with whom she came in contact. It is difficult to form an adequate estimate of the unique place she filled for so many long years or to give a proper record of her great life work.

Miss Cooke was identified with the Church of England and was ever loyal to its forms and

spirit, but she took into her warm heart all who loved the Lord; in that great cosmopolitan city in which she lived she had friends of all creeds and among all churches, and her comfortable and hospitable home on Government Hill was a common meeting place for Christians.

In the year 1843 a school for Chinese girls was opened in Singapore, as there was a large Chinese population in the city. This work was carried on under difficulties, the Chinese being greatly opposed to Christianity, and Miss Grant, who conducted the school, was often in actual danger of her life.

When Miss Cooke arrived she found a home established and a few native girls fitted to be teachers, but her activities were not confined to the school; and looking over the broad field she found the harvest ripe, but reapers few; so, taking some of her native girls as interpreters, she commenced a system of house-to-house visitation—reading the word and interesting the women in the story of the Gospel. Then noticing that on these visits the men would often stand outside and listen, her heart was stirred to consider what might be done for them.

Here was an unoccupied field, for two missionary societies had abandoned the work among the Chinese. She commenced to teach two men in her schoolroom, both of them walking twelve

miles every Sunday. The number was soon increased. A chapel was built on her own compound, and a goodly congregation very soon gathered. A simple service was held, but the interpreter was required to prepare his notes in English, that Miss Cooke might know what kind of spiritual food he administered to his fellow-countrymen. After a few years this work was given over to the English Church. This was, however, only one of the side issues, for all this time her school was progressing and becoming a power. The children received into the school were all of poor parents, and the chief source of income for their support was from the sale of clothing and needlework sent from England. Many a little waif, brought to the sheltering care of the school by the police, found a home, where she was tenderly cared for and developed into an earnest Christian worker.

A number of young girls were brought to her from China, some of them having been captured there by Malay sailors. Not a few of these were led out into a broad Christian experience, and are to-day centers of Christian homes, exerting in other lands an influence for the uplifting of womanhood. Five are now married and living in Foo-Chow, two in Korea, and others in the interior of China; one is the wife of a Chinese missionary in Melbourne, Australia,

while another is settled in Batavia, Java. Such have been some of the wonderful influences exerted by a school where the constant aim of the devoted leader was to bring all her pupils to a saving knowledge of Christ.

Miss Cooke had a marvelous influence in the army and the navy. For years she conducted a soldiers' Bible class at her home on Saturday evenings, and she was the originator of the "Sailors' Rest." All vessels sweeping round the Malay Peninsula, on their way to China, stop at this port, and every steamer which goes through the Suez Canal *en route* to China must also pass here; so that sailors from all lands stopped at Singapore, and great numbers of them came under her personal influence. She made no pretensions to great learning. She was only a plain woman, quick to see and to seize the opportunities. The inspiration of her life work was her entire devotion and consecration to the Master she loved. In all the years of her toils she only twice visited the home land.

But her great activities came to a close, and while her sufferings for a few weeks were great, yet her room was a veritable gate of heaven. The girls she had loved and taught were about her, singing her favorite hymns and ministering to her bodily wants. Just before her home-going she said, "Chinese girls' school all for

Jesus," and again was this repeated. The last sounds intelligible to her were the voices of her pupils singing:

"Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

She died September 14, 1895. Her funeral was said to be the most representative ever seen in Singapore, and with almost regal honors this devoted woman was laid to rest. The girls of the school, with mothers and grandmothers from among her old girls, with their husbands and sons, and Chinese Christians of the various missions, followed the bier, while nearly every member of the missionary community was present. Chinese preachers carried her body down stairs, and European policemen bore it to the grave, while sailors from an English steamer were present to represent the many thousands to whom Miss Cooke's name is a household word. Thus passed away another whose life was a link connecting us with the past. Her influence will live and her name be lovingly remembered.

# MISS CHARLOTTE MARIA TUCKER

## (A. L. O. E.)

A "PRINCESS IN ISRAEL" was Charlotte Maria Tucker, who died in the city of Amritsir, Northern India, December 2, 1893. Some souls are developed by watching and waiting, and abiding God's time. Miss Tucker demonstrated what great things God will do for a woman and with a woman who is wholly given up to his service.

She was born in England, in the year 1821, and came of the best English blood. Her father was Mr. Henry St. George Tucker, who for a period of more than fifty years filled important positions under the English government, and was at one time a director of the East India Company. Her early life was spent in the quiet and retirement of her home, which was one of elegance and refinement, surrounded by all that wealth and social position could give. From childhood she breathed a religious and missionary atmosphere.

Her spirit was vivacious, buoyant, sympathetic; her features fine, her face attractive in its winning smile, her intellect brilliant. As years advanced she developed a life of ceaseless Christian activity. To study such a life, to

catch some of its music, to understand its heart-throbs, and to comprehend its record of love, patience, and hope, is to get great inspiration.

Miss Tucker's life covered three distinct periods—her home life, her literary life, and her missionary life—while her spiritual life enveloped the whole. She early developed literary powers, and speedily won distinction as a writer for young people. Her books are found in Sunday school libraries and on drawing-room tables, not only in England, but over the whole English-speaking world, and so helpful were her stories, so charming her style, that the *nom de plume* of A. L. O. E. (A Lady of England) became as familiar in the households of this country as in her native land. It seems marvelous that she could write so much and write it all so well. I have before me a list of one hundred of her books, with quaint and suggestive titles, all issued by one firm in London. She wrote because she loved to write and had an intense desire to do good, while sweet and holy lessons filled every page. In addition to her books Miss Tucker edited *The Christian Juvenile Instructor* for many years, and contributed to many magazines. She delighted in metaphor and parable, and her writings in these particular characteristics are unique, while her allegories are perhaps unequaled.

In the year 1857 she met with a great sorrow in the death of a beloved brother, Robert Tudor Tucker, who was murdered in the dreadful Indian mutiny that brought sorrow and desolation to so many English homes. She took to her home and heart the children of this brother. Then came the death of her beloved mother, the breaking up of the dear old home, so full of blessed associations, the lingering illness of a sister, and a combination of trials which put to test her Christian confidence.

Notwithstanding the pressure thus put upon her, she continued to write for the press with unabated vigor, and every year several new volumes were added to the list of publications. But she never was too much engrossed with her own duties to attend to any who needed help, and was ever ready to lay down her pen and turn her thoughts from her manuscript to amuse or profit others and give loving counsel and sympathy.

Miss Tucker from a child had been interested in missionary work in India, and possibly because of the official relations several members of the family held to the government she had longed for the opportunity to engage in it herself; but she accepted with true loyalty the duties pressed upon her at home. In 1875, when she was fifty-four years old, an age when

most persons are thinking of retiring from work altogether, she was permitted to carry out the cherished plans of a lifetime and become a missionary to the heathen.

She went out as an honorary missionary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society at her own expense, and gave her fortune to carry on the work. So bravely and persistently did she fill out the days and years that she never had time to return home; during the eighteen years no inducements of relatives or friends sufficed to take her back to England even for a short visit. She had a realizing sense that her time was short and she must crowd into it all that was possible.

When England gave Miss Tucker to India it gave the very best it had. Her field of labor at first was Amritsir, in the Punjab, where she lived for nearly two years, when a new station was opened at Batala, twenty-four miles distant. There she settled down and remained during the rest of her life. When she first arrived one who welcomed her wrote: "She came to us early one bright morning, and instantly our hearts went out to her. Her soft gray hair drawn smoothly away from a fine brow, her clear eyes, so full of intelligence, and the frank, sweet smile playing over her features made hers a very attractive face. How thoughtful she was

for the comfort of others; how keenly she appreciated what was beautiful and good around her. On the day after her arrival she took her place among the native Christians in the mission chapel." Thus commenced her missionary life of ceaseless activity and usefulness. Even before going to India she studied the language of the Punjab. It was no easy task at her age to learn and become familiar with a foreign tongue; but this effort was small in comparison with that of going into the homes, among bigoted and ignorant women, which took her not only into the zenanas of Batala, but to the women of the surrounding towns and villages. She was identified with the high school for boys at Batala, but preeminently her gifts of mind, her strength, her means, and her love were consecrated to the service of India's women.

She had marvelous tact in winning her way, and was fertile in expedients for getting the attention of the women to her story. She would seat herself on the floor with true oriental ease and grace and gather the women around her, who were curious for any variety in their monotonous lives. But the welcome extended her was not always of the warmest character. Often her heart was saddened by the stupidity and indifference of those whom she longed to help, and she was in heaviness

often through manifold disappointments. While pursuing her Christlike work this devoted woman was frequently turned away from the houses by insolent men, spat upon, pelted with broken crockery, and received much discourteous treatment. "It was a pathetic sight," says one, "to see this cultured woman, no longer young, standing in some lane or street singing some Christian song in sweetest tones, that some word might be heard or some echo awakened in the hearts of those to whom she was refused admittance." It was her custom, after returning from her morning visits among the women, to make a record in her diary (a large book of foolscap) of her success or her discouragements. Upon one occasion she wrote: "Thrice this week I, an aged servant of Christ, have been turned away from zenanas to which I went in all gentleness and kindness." Her courage never failed, for, meeting a rebuff at one house, she would go to another, where possibly she would find an entrance. She spoke of her work as an ice-bound vessel laboring to cut a passage through hard, cold ice, with the chilly bergs of Mohammedanism and Hinduism towering on either side, but she added: "The crew are by no means downhearted. We have cheering signs of the warm breath of heaven, and the ice is melting in some of the zenanas."

Notwithstanding her abundant missionary labors, she found time to write. On winter mornings it was her habit to rise long before light, make her cup of cocoa, and devote that time to her literary work and personal correspondence. She sent home each year a new volume to add to her list of stories. But the greatest and crowning work of her life was to prepare a popular Christian literature for the women of India. She was probably the first Christian writer to issue religious story books in the languages of India. With wonderful ease she adopted the native modes of thought and language. Her books, tracts, and leaflets—of which she wrote over one hundred while in the country—were translated and circulated, and have become very popular—sought after by native women and by young girls in mission schools. These books were for native Christians and for those not Christians, for she made a study of the native character.

At the special request of the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India she wrote a beautiful volume of explanations of the parables of our Lord, called *Pearls of Wisdom*, which for variety of subjects and depth of thought surpasses all her other writings. It was published also in separate tracts, to enable even the very poorest native to purchase them. These have

had an enormous circulation, as have had the English version of them also.

While millions of pages of the writings of this wonderfully-gifted woman have been issued, the demand for them has only begun. India is without a Christian literature for women, and anyone who in an attractive form breathes forth the truth on printed page and scatters it abroad in the homes of India is doing missionary work indeed. The Christian literature of this woman was the greatest legacy she could leave to India's daughters, and many will rise up and call her "blessed."

Of her work Bishop French wrote: "She is an example of an apostolic woman—one who, besides translations of her own works into the vernacular, for a whole year, in the absence of the missionary in charge, presided over a Christian native boarding school of forty boys, and with incessant visits and hard and patient instructions ministered to the women of many Indian homes."

But the sunset of this beautiful life came. In October, 1893, while attending the opening of a church, she contracted a severe cold, from which she never recovered. Just at this time one of her associates fell ill, and, not feeling well herself, Miss Tucker ministered to her, read aloud to her, watched her with tender solicitude, then

passed from the warm sick room out into the night air to her own "sunset" chamber. Worn and exhausted, she too fell ill, and then was conveyed to Amritsir, where she was lovingly nursed and cared for by friends. But her work was done. So delighted was she at the prospect of "going home" that, when told she could not recover, the physician said, "It raised her spirits and lowered her temperature."

"I long to go," and, "Come quickly!" were the last words that fell from her lips. Thus she passed away as she wished, among the people she loved so well.

They carried her back to Batala and laid her to rest December 5. The little village cemetery was nearly two miles from her home, and thither she was conveyed. She had made the request to be buried in native style, without coffin. Wrapped in a sheet and laid upon a *charpai* (native bed), she was borne by the boys from the high school, to whom she had been such a friend. The day was beautiful, the road had been watered, and a great procession, consisting of missionaries, teachers, pupils, a large number of prominent natives, and last of all the women also followed with mournful step. The bier was literally covered with flowers. Hymns were sung—hymns of her own composition—in which the whole procession joined.

And how touching the scene! After the visitors had left the cemetery the women from the city—heathen women, women she had visited and helped, women who would miss her visits and kind words, and into whose life some joy had come through Miss Tucker's ministrations—came to wail and weep in true oriental manner. India's women never lost a truer friend, and in all its history we fail to find such a record. This beautiful woman of high birth, this cultivated Christian scholar, this celebrated English authoress, was carried to her last resting place in Christian triumph.

A movement is agitated on the part of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society to perpetuate her memory by some suitable memorial at the scene of her labors in India. Miss Tucker was greatly interested in a new dispensary, in Batala, for women, and it is proposed to add a nursing ward, to be called the A. L. O. E. Ward, and to provide an annual endowment for the beds, for which about ten thousand dollars will be appropriated. The Christian Literature Society for India has also determined to raise a special fund to republish her eighty-seven books, and to translate them into a much larger number of languages of India, with illustrations. A. L. O. E. will live in her books. Her Christian literature is her best memorial.

# MISS MARY REED

THE little town of Crooked Tree, Noble County, O., was the birthplace and childhood home of a young girl who at sixteen years of age was brought to feel her need of the Saviour. By the light of the Holy Spirit her sinful and lost condition out of Christ was revealed to her, and she was enabled to give him her heart.

With this new-found joy and peace which thrilled her soul there came a longing to bring others into the same experience, and earnestly and zealously did this young Christian throw herself into the various departments of church work. Two years later she took up public teaching in her own State, and for ten years followed this profession, meeting with more than ordinary success. Nor did she lose an opportunity to point to Christ the young who came under her care.

There often came to her heart a desire to devote her entire time and strength to foreign mission work. There has never been a worker in the Master's vineyard who has felt herself more weak, unworthy, or inefficient than this dear young woman, and not until the conviction was brought home to her heart by the Holy Spirit with clear, unmistakable, irresistible force

could she believe the Master really meant her to become a missionary. But the call finally came with no uncertain sound. There was no longer a doubt of the Master's will; and while she could not understand how it was that he could use her, the least of his children, yet she obeyed his voice, obtaining the consent of her parents. With broken, bleeding hearts they put their will concerning her, with hers, upon the altar, and bade her Godspeed. Resigning her position as a teacher, she offered herself to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was accepted, and appointed to India by the Cincinnati Branch.

She was one of eight children, all living, the eldest of four daughters, with three brothers older and one younger. The tender good-bye was said to each of these and to the dear father and mother, and she started out on her long journey with glad anticipations, reaching the country in November, 1884. At the annual session of the North India Conference, in January following, she was appointed by the bishop to the zenana work in Cawnpore. Just at this time she was taken very ill, and as soon as able to travel was hurried off to Pithoragarh, in the Himalaya Mountains, where she was obliged to remain for weeks before taking up her work. But they were not idle days. She engaged ear-

nestly in the study of the language, studied the great opportunity for extending the Master's kingdom in this mountain region, and looked into our mission work there under the able supervision of Miss Budden. Three miles from Miss Budden's school and "Home for Homeless Women" she saw the asylum into which were gathered numbers of those who in olden times were to "dwell alone," for "without the camp shall his habitation be," and he shall cry, "Unclean, unclean," and learned that in this district, which is less than twenty miles square, there were five hundred of these poor afflicted ones in all stages of the dreadful malady—leprosy.

She hailed with joy the day when she was permitted to return to the plains and take up the duties to which she had been appointed. These she performed with great success, throwing her whole heart, soul, and strength into the work, and toiling many a long day when scarcely able to leave her room. These were good days and years for her soul. In them she learned very precious lessons, and was being wonderfully prepared spiritually for the greater work the Father was planning for her in the future, when she would be led to retrace her steps up into that magnificent mountain region and take up her abode at that asylum, her own body bearing upon it the marks of the leper!

After four years of successful labor in Cawnpore she was sent to the girls' boarding school in Gonda, remaining one year. In January of 1890 she returned to the home land completely broken down in health.

She thought in a few months to be able to go back to her work; yet time passed on with but little improvement in her health. She spent some time in the Methodist Episcopal Hospital connected with the Deaconess Home in Cincinnati, passing through a serious surgical operation in order to be able to return to her beloved India. For months there had been constant pain and a peculiar tingling sensation in the forefinger of her right hand, and while convalescing in this hospital a peculiar spot appeared on her cheek, low down, near the ear.

"One day the heavenly Father *himself* revealed to her, as in a flash, the nature of her disease, and also his purpose concerning her." To her stricken heart came the remembrance of that spot in the Himalaya Mountains where, amid surpassing loveliness of surroundings, that company of suffering men and women pass their sorrowful days, and she heard the Father's voice whispering that he designed her to glorify him in the fires by being their minister and comforter in his name. She called for a medical book, and, without telling her nurse why she

wished it, read up her case, and then told her physician her fears. The physician asked for a consultation, and was convinced she was right; but, as they had book knowledge only, as soon as she was able to take the journey he sent her to New York to consult a physician who had spent some time in the Sandwich Islands, making a specialty of leprosy, and he confirmed the verdict. This was in April, 1891.

She confided in one sister, who, with her physician, nurse, and one special friend, together held her secret. She said, "My mother must not know why I go back to India." She said to her friends, "If you will let me go without a special good-bye, as though I was to return to-morrow, it will be so much easier for me;" and thus, without a good-bye kiss from any, she went out from her home and hastened on to the place of her exile. Her mother wrote, "I knew nothing of the sad affliction until she reached India. I am glad I did not know." Poor mother! One says, "The Lord knew he could trust the parents with this trial as well as Mary."

In London she consulted two eminent physicians, to whom she had letters of introduction. One was Sir Joseph Fayrer, the most eminent authority in the world on Indian diseases. The great physician admired the heroism she exhib-

ited, but was compelled to add to the testimony of her American physician regarding the nature of her malady.

On her return trip Miss Reed crossed the Atlantic in the steamer which carried the Epworth League pilgrims to England. While in London she met a young lady school-teacher from New England, whose companionship she greatly enjoyed, and with whom she traveled in Europe. This friend says:

" Late in the afternoon we arrived in London and drove directly to a desirable house under the shadow of the British Museum. With much interest I looked into the faces of the strangers and listened to the table-talk that is always so lively when traveling Americans dine. One face alone had any power over me—that of a woman who sat on the opposite side of the table, and who smiled in a friendly way through the ferns and blossoming plants. Her abundant brown hair was brushed smoothly back from her placid brow, and her gentle eyes revealed the true soul of the owner. I wondered instinctively at the ivory pallor of that sweet face and at the cruel spot that disfigured it, so different from anything I had ever seen. I wondered, too, as the days went by, why the forefinger, always covered with a white cot, refused to yield to healing remedies.

"I was not surprised when she asked permission to accompany us on our journey southward, which, for the Master's sake, was readily granted, although we did not think she was able to travel rapidly from place to place. Tears were in her eyes when she came to my room for her answer, and she said, 'I think God has sent you here in answer to my prayers.' Then she told me how, with unwavering faith, she prayed and waited many days for some one to come with whom she could travel a part of her long overland journey to Brindisi, where she was to meet the steamer for India. Sympathy grew between us, and though the signs of some dread disease were ever present to my eyes, my lips were silent.

"Here and there we held sweet hours of communion, and I, who had been accustomed to see missionaries seeking America in her feeble condition, could not refrain from asking if it was right for her to return to India at an unfavorable season, before her health was established. Her lips quivered, but her gentle, pleading voice grew steady as she replied, 'My Father knows the way I go, and I am sure it is the right way;' and at another time she said, 'I am returning to India under conditions in which no other missionary ever returned.'

"It was in Paris that she sang to me the

hymns she loved so well, those song-prayers that must have ascended like incense to the ear of her Father. It was in Paris that she said one evening, 'If I thought it was right, and you would promise never to speak of it until you heard it in some other way, I should tell you my story.' I told her if aught in me inspired her confidence, that was the surest safeguard of her secret.

"On memory's walls there will hang, while time lasts for me, the picture of that scene. A wax taper burned dimly on the table beside her open Bible, that book of all books from whose pages she received daily consolation, and while without, Paris was turning night to day with light and music and wine, within, Mary Reed's gentle voice, faltering only at her mother's name and coming sorrow, told the secret of her affliction.

"I come with sorrow to my last evening with Miss Reed. I sat in the shadow, and she where the full moon, rising over the snowy mountains, just touched, with a glory that loved to linger, her pale, sweet face. Again I hear her voice in song:

"'Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.'

"On the shores of lovely Lake Lucerne hand clasped hand for the last time on earth, and,

with eyes blinded by gathering tears, our farewell was whispered, 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

In Bombay she was examined by experts, all of whom confirmed the decision of the physicians in America, and she realized as she had not before that her dear ones, whom she hoped to shield and spare the pain which this news must bring, must surely learn it sooner or later, and that it would much better be told them by herself. So she wrote before leaving Bombay: "After prayerful consideration I find it wisest and kindest to tell you, or allow dear, brave-hearted sister Rena, with whom I intrusted this mystery of God's providence, to tell you what she pledged to keep from you. She will tell you how our loving heavenly Father, who is 'too wise to err,' has in his infinite love and wisdom chosen, called, and prepared your daughter to teach lessons of patience, endurance, and submission, while I shall have the joy of ministering to a class of people who but for the preparation which has been mine for this special work would have no helper at all; and while I am called apart among these needy creatures, who hunger and thirst for salvation and for comfort and cheer, He who has called and prepared me promises that he himself will be to me as a little sanctuary where I am to abide,

and abiding in him I shall have a supply of all my need."

Although assured by the physician that at this stage of the disease there was no possible danger of contagion, yet she did not know what day there might be; and so hastened on as rapidly as her strength would permit to Pithoragarh, never to retrace her steps unless she should go a healed woman—healed of God *direct*, for leprosy has baffled the skill of the most eminent specialist. A Scottish society, called "Mission to Lepers in India and the East," carries on work among lepers in thirty-four centers, in India, Burma, Ceylon, and China, establishing and maintaining leper asylums. One of these asylums is at Chandag, Pithoragarh, Kumaon District, where there are said to be more lepers than in any other section of India. Arrangements were made to give Miss Reed supervision there, while she should receive her support from the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of her Church. In the report of the Scottish society the following paragraph appeared:

"Most deeply pathetic is the story of how our staff of workers among the lepers has been so strangely reinforced by the addition of a lady missionary of one of the American societies who has contracted the disease in the course of

her work in India. The committee has appointed her as an agent in one of our asylums, as it is her earnest wish to spend her remaining strength in this special work to which she has been so mysteriously consecrated. . . . No clew as to how she became thus afflicted has suggested itself, for she was not even working among lepers."

There, while receiving treatment herself, she ministers both to the temporal and spiritual wants of her fellow-sufferers. Her work is not confined exclusively to the inmates of the asylum. Among the mountain fastnesses there are many cases of the dread disease, and nothing gives the sufferer more pleasure than to receive a visit from Miss Reed, whom they all regard as the leper's friend. The beautiful life she lives among them emphasizes the sweet Gospel she teaches.

NOTE.—Since writing the above, word has been received that the disease from which Miss Reed has been suffering seems to have been entirely arrested.

# MISS FANNY JANE BUTLER, M.D.

## First Medical Woman to Kashmir

DR. FANNY BUTLER had the distinction of being the first fully-equipped medical missionary woman sent to India from England. She entered upon her work in 1880, and her first destination was Jabalpur, in the Central Provinces; but owing to a series of complications she remained only a short time, then removed to Bhagalpur. Here she spent four and a half years, throwing her whole heart into the work. She had charge of two dispensaries, and attended to several thousand patients annually. In 1887 she returned home for a short furlough, when she accepted the appointment to Kashmir, opening the way to specific work among the women of that beautiful valley.

> "Beautiful valley! garden of God!
> Thy wealth is the grain beneath the sod;
> A corn of wheat, 'tis fallen and dead;
> The sheaves will come, as the Master said."

It is interesting to note the leadings in this direction. Dr. William Elmslie entered the valley as the first medical missionary. It was his appeal for women missionaries that determined Miss Butler's missionary longings in the direction of a thorough medical equipment.

MISS FANNY JANE BUTLER.

They were both in an eminent degree fitted to be pioneers, gifted with the cool judgment, the clear decision, the pertinacious insistence, the indomitable energy of true leaders. Better still, they were both of them little children in the simplicity of their faith and in the reality of their spiritual life.

We turn now from the field of labor that we may sketch something of her early life and her preparation for work. Miss Butler was born October 5, 1850, in Chelsea, England. She was one of a large home circle in which mutual affection was peculiarly developed. With the exception of a year, when she was six, and a few months a little later, Fanny Butler had to be content with the instructions of her elder sisters till she was fourteen and a half years old. Then she had one good year at the West London College, and at its close was first in every one of the eight subjects for which marks were given. The stoppage of her school life at this period was the heaviest trouble she had known. An intense thirst for knowledge was always upon her. Religious subjects always interested her, though little was known of her personal feelings till she was just thirteen. A sermon at this time, "Son, go work in my vineyard," came home with power. Her reserve broke down, and those who loved her

best and watched her most closely had no doubt that at this period she had intelligently received Christ and given herself to his service.

At fourteen she became a Sunday school teacher, and the following year she was confirmed. The time seems to have been one of much blessing, and all doubts as to her relations with God were removed.

Her attention was early directed to missions through the influence of her pastor, whose enthusiasm was infectious. In 1872 Miss Butler went to live with a married sister. At her home she met with missionaries from China, who recognized in her the true missionary spirit, and urged on her the claims of that country. Then it was that for the first time she broke the silence and wrote to her parents, about becoming a missionary. Their answer was a disapproval of the proposed particular step, accompanied by an expression of their willingness that at some future time her missionary desire should be fulfilled. Shortly afterward Dr. Elmslie's appeal for women's medical missions came into the hands of her sister, who passed it to Miss Butler with the remark, "This is the work for you." She looked it over and said: "I could not do it. I do not care for the medical women's movement." Soon, however, she came back to the bedside and said, in a very different tone,

"This may be the work that is meant for me. I will send the paper to A., and see what she says." Characteristically enough, she did this without a word from herself. Promptly the answer came, "This seems the very work for you; the training for it would develop the abilities God has given you and would enable you to become the very best kind of missionary." A second application to her parents, this time for permission to take up medical missionary work, was met with an unqualified "Yes."

She was accepted by the Indian Female Normal Society, and at once went to work and passed second, in an examination, out of one hundred and twenty-three candidates, one hundred and nineteen of whom were men, and was entered at the opening of the Women's School of Medicine in October, 1874, as the first enrolled student of the school.

She was a student of the first order, and she received from her examiners very flattering testimonials of the high character of her work. She went to Dublin for her final examination, and was told by one of the professors that her paper was the best he had ever had from any candidate.

Thus equipped she started for India, as we have noted, and remained seven years. Then accepting the appointment to Kashmir, and

returning in August, 1888, from her furlough, she rented a little house in the center of Srinagar, the chief city of the valley, and opened a dispensary. The work pressed upon her from every direction. The first year five thousand attended and at least two thousand heard the Gospel. Then another house was taken for a hospital. The missionaries might visit the city, but residence was forbidden, and she was four miles from her work. Finally, through Miss Butler's efforts, the resistance of the native government was overcome and as much ground in an excellent position was obtained as was necessary for dispensary, hospital, and mission house. About the same time, also, a lady warmly interested in all medical mission work, Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, was visiting Kashmir, and gave a sum of money to be used for the purpose of building a woman's hospital. Miss Butler was missionary and physician. She dressed wounds, dispensed medicine, performed surgical operations, read, prayed, talked to the suffering, pointed all to the great Healer of souls. She finally took her patients one by one into an upper room. One of the helpers writes: "I make my way with difficulty up stairs to receive my instructions from the brave presiding genius of the place, the doctor, Miss Sahib. Here she is, sitting at her table, with a little

collection of poor sufferers at her feet. They will look up in her face, with clasped hands, and say, 'We heard your fame, and have come far, far;' and again the words come back, 'I have compassion on the multitudes, . . . for divers of them came from far.'"

The strain, however, was too great, and Miss Butler's health began to give way. In the summer she was ill, and unable to do her work, and as soon as she recovered she took an itinerating trip, but not for rest. She writes, "When we encamped crowds of wretched women and children collected, begging for medicine, and I do not think anyone could imagine the dirt and disease which we found everywhere." When the fall came she was suffering, and was prevented from being present when the foundation stone of the new hospital building was laid. She continued to grow worse, and it became evident she must relinquish the work so dear to her. Mrs. Bishop, who visited her in her isolated home, wrote: "Just before the death of Dr. Fanny Butler it was a terrible sight to see the way in which the women pressed upon her at the dispensary door, which was kept by two men outside and another inside. The crush was so great as sometimes to overpower the men and precipitate the women bodily into the consulting room. The evil odors, the heat, the unsanitary

conditions in which Miss Butler did her noble work of healing and telling of the Healer of souls were, I believe, the cause of the sacrifice of her life."

Her mind remained clear, and her cheerful interest in everything never ceased. Her last thought was for the work she loved, and her dying wish was that her post might be speedily filled. It was October 26, 1889, when the end came. One associated with her wrote: "We laid her dear remains to rest in the little cemetery on Monday morning, in a quiet corner under the shade of a large chenar tree. The same little boat and boatmen which had so often carried her to work in her hospital bore her quietly down the river to her resting place. Our native servants begged the honor of bearing her from the boat to the grave. 'They had eaten her salt, and no other arms must bear her.' Every resident and visitor was present to show true and heartfelt respect."

"She rests from her labors; and her works do follow her."

# MRS. EMMA V. DAY

## Twenty-one Years a Missionary to Africa

WHILE Mrs. Day's name may not be widely known, it is worthy to be enrolled among the best and truest of the women who have sacrificed their lives for the sake of Africa. She was one of the noblest and best of the good and useful women the Church has sent into the foreign field, thoroughly consecrated to that work, so that she had no thought of anything else than giving her whole life to it.

Mrs. Day was born June 10, 1853, in Philadelphia, and died August 10, 1894, near Lewisburg, Pa. Her mother died when she was an infant, and she was adopted by an aunt. When quite young she became a consistent Christian and an earnest, active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Those who knew her in her girlhood say that her disposition was of that bright, sunny type which carried with it a halo of holy light and a fervor of sacred joy, and there was a magnetism about her which none could resist. Her thorough consecration, her entire devotion, left their impress upon all who came in contact with her, and while quite young she felt that God had called her to the mission field.

In the spring of 1874 she was married to the Rev. D. A. Day, of the Lutheran Mission to Africa, and then transferred her membership to the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Immediately after their marriage they sailed from New York for the Dark Continent on the bark *Liberia*, and her life thenceforth was associated with the development of the Muhlenberg Mission connected with the Lutheran Church. Mrs. Day had not a specially rugged constitution, but she shared in all the arduous work of her husband and the dangers of the climate, having a woman's and mother's part in caring for the children at the mission, and so training the girls that, after a few years, the naked children of the bush were transformed into young women wearing neat dresses of their own making and able to do the duties of the civilized and refined Christian home. So fully did she at once identify herself with the African people, and so wholly did she give herself to their elevation and salvation, that she habitually spoke of them as her people, expecting to give her life to their welfare. This devotion distinguished her entire life in Africa, and enabled her to wield an influence which has been felt alike in heathen and Christian lands.

Mrs. Day was cheerful and bright in the midst of depressing influences surrounding her

in her missionary work, for she felt that a cheerful and hopeful spirit was even more important than a robust body in the contest to be waged against the ignorance and superstition of the people as well as with the climate of that country. For twenty-one years she worked by the side of her husband, pouring the energies of her life into the work which had been committed to her hands, transforming, as it were, a very wilderness of mission life into a garden of beauty, and the sacrifices, the sorrows, and trials of this noble woman will never be fully known because borne so uncomplainingly.

Three children were born to Mrs. Day. Two of them were born at the mission, died, and were buried there. The third was born in America while Mrs. Day was on a vacation, but at eight years of age accompanied her on a return trip to Africa, and within a year succumbed to the rigors of the African climate, died, and was buried beside the other two children. During her missionary career she crossed the ocean five times.

In 1894 Mrs. Day returned to America alone to recuperate her health. Dr. Day remained at his post. He accompanied his wife to the shore, and as the steamer departed each had the conviction at heart that they would never meet again on earth. Still, the brave and hopeful woman

would not give up without a struggle, and nothing was left undone by her or her devoted friends here that might effect a restoration to health. Her self-sacrifice and devotion were manifest in her last sickness. Her thought was still of her dear people in Africa, so much needing the light and help of Christianity. Her last letter to her husband, shortly before her death, expressed a fear that he might desire to come home on her account. In the completeness of her devotion and clear view of the needs of the mission she wrote to him, saying, "Do not come home; stay where you are; Africa needs you more than I do." These were brave and heroic words, and show a royal spirit, a spirit that had sounded the depths of self-sacrifice and heroic devotion to the Master's cause. But consecration was the keynote of her life of Christian love and loyalty, and she did not lack this element when she came face to face with death. The cause of her death was consumption, brought on by African fever.

On the 14th of August, in the presence of a large assembly of Lutherans, her body was lovingly borne to the cemetery at Mifflinburg, Pa., but later was exhumed, and on the 25th of November, 1896, a beautiful fall day, she was taken to Selin's Grove, Pa., and her remains were tenderly consigned to their final resting place.

Of Mrs. Day it may be said that in girlhood she was consecrated and in womanhood dedicated her all to the service of her Lord, for from a sense of duty she offered her own and the lives of her children upon the altar of self-sacrifice in order that she might by carrying the Gospel into heathendom save souls for the Master.

# MADAME COILLARD

ON January 10, 1887, unusual excitement reigned in the rich and beautiful valley of the Sefoula, near the Zambezi River. Men wrapped in long strips of calico tied round the waist by belts of serpent-skins, and with white and downy rabbit-tails in their hair; women in still larger numbers, with their short petticoats of antelope hides, and copper or ivory bracelets dangling on their wrists and knees, all were hastening to see that extraordinary phenomenon —a white lady. The air resounded with the clapping of hands and shouts of "Hail, hail, lord; good day, O, our mother."

The "lord" thus loudly cheered was no other than Monsieur Coillard, the dauntless French missionary, and the "mother" was his wife, Christina Coillard, a sweet middle-aged lady.

Christina Mackintosh, or Madame Coillard, was born at Greenock, Scotland, November 29, 1829. She lived one of those harmonious lives whose mature age is the realization of their youthful dreams. She already loved missions when a little girl in her quiet Scotch parsonage. She had subscribed out of her own pocket money to a missionary paper for children, and her heart had beaten with indigna-

tion at the sight of little Sarah Roby, a poor child who had been buried alive by her heathen parents, but fortunately rescued by a missionary, and who was taken all over England and Scotland as a living proof of the horrors of paganism. But when Christina's interest in evangelization developed into a decided missionary vocation it caused great surprise among her friends; for missions were far from being popular forty years ago.

In 1855 Miss Mackintosh gave French lessons in Paris with her sister, becoming acquainted with a rich and pious lady, Madame André Walther, whose drawing room was the rendezvous of all Protestants of note. There it was Miss Mackintosh made the acquaintance of a young theological student, François Coillard.

Monsieur Coillard had already been for three years in Basuto Land when his betrothed joined him at the Cape. They were married there November 23, 1861. "Never," said Madame Coillard to her husband on her wedding day, "never will you find me between you and your duty; wherever you have to go, be it to the end of the world, I shall follow you." This was more than a beautiful saying, it was the ruling principle of all her life.

Immediately after the wedding the young couple settled at Leribe, a secluded spot of Ba-

suto Land, where French Protestants have a large mission. In spite of many difficulties, and even of a cruel war, which obliged them to leave the country for a while, they spent there a few happy and comparatively peaceful years. They built a cottage and had a beautiful garden with flowers. Madame Coillard hoped never to leave it, but the churches of Basuto Land had decided to found a mission field where native evangelists might find some scope for their activity, and for that purpose Monsieur Coillard was requested to explore the land of the Banays. When the Coillards heard of the proposal they were just about to start on a long-wished-for journey to Europe, which they had not seen for sixteen years; but after ten days' thought and prayer they accepted, unhesitatingly sacrificing all their cherished plans.

Now began for Madame Coillard a life of adventures, perils, and sufferings of all kinds. No reward crowned her endeavors but that which she found in her growing power of making ever greater sacrifices. After an unsuccessful expedition to the land of the Banays Monsieur and Madame Coillard visited the regions of the Zambezi, where the language of the Basutos was still spoken. This fact would greatly facilitate work in that country, many missionaries being already acquainted with that language. After

a trip to Europe Monsieur Coillard returned with his wife to the Zambezi, this time to settle there.

We will not follow Madame Coillard in all those wearisome journeys, but rather would show the important part the lady missionary has to play, for, as Monsieur Coillard says, "The missionary is only a missionary in so far as his wife is one and helps him." She is not merely a housewife, but a lady, a nurse, a teacher, a mother, and often, alas! a martyr.

The strange scenery in which Madame Coillard now found herself might seem at first most fascinating. Untrodden forests; vast plains as white as snow; mighty rivers like that beautiful blue Zambezi flowing slowly between tall and prickly rushes, or darting suddenly into an abyss, roaring and sending up clouds of smoke into the air. But this fair picture has a dark, a very dark, side to it. Famine may at every turn knock at your door; in the most intense heat you may have to walk forty miles to get a cup of water; troops of armed savages may attack your peaceful wagon, foaming with rage and yelling menaces. "We cannot but congratulate ourselves," writes M. Coillard, "upon having my wife and niece with us. The complications which their presence involves are nothing compared to the comfort they are to us. My wife

has taken her place as mother and sister of mercy. She is often a providence to us."

The missionary's life, far from being a contemplative one, is too often made up of very humble duties which consume all his time and patience. Fortunately Madame Coillard was a superior house wife. She knew how to cut out dresses, knead bread, and could even make her own soap and candles. Besides the ability shown in such little details, which can hardly be called little when we remember that the lady missionary is the chief agent of civilization among women, she had remarkable aptitudes for superintending.

Madame Coillard's favorite work was teaching. She had unconsciously prepared herself for it, as a girl, when giving French lessons in Paris, and she taught to the very last. A few days before her death she was sitting among the prattling wives of the king, cutting out dresses for them and telling them in her own sweet way the parable of the prodigal son. But the education of those coarse women proved a most arduous task, and Madame Coillard far preferred the children's school—that captivating school, as she called it—which was founded as soon as they had definitely settled at Sefoula. They hoped it might be a means of drawing the natives to the Gospel through their children.

The school room was formed by the shadows of the trees, and instead of using slates and copy-books the children wrote upon the sand. Children came in large numbers. King Lewanika held instruction in high reverence, and he had little huts built for his sons near the mission station so that they should lose no opportunity in learning, What seems more wonderful still, the girls themselves would join their brothers. Fond of her home as she was, Madame Coillard decided to sacrifice it, in some measure, in order to admit the daughters of the king and the little slaves into her family.

"This numerous household," writes she, "has been a cause of much occupation to me, but also of deep interest. I cannot but thank God with a grateful heart for the privilege of having all those dear boys and girls under our roof. Our four little princesses are very obedient, clever, and industrious. The two daughters of the king read quite fluently now, and the two other girls, already engaged, though so young, to the king's son and to his nephew, are also improving. This is a wide field open to us, and if we had more help and means, the number of children who would come to be taught would be almost unlimited."

Intellect is more easily developed than conscience, and the little Barotsis were soon learned

enough to pass a public examination in reading, singing, and reciting. That school festival must have been no common spectacle, honored, as it was, by the presence of the black king himself, who alternately encouraged or blamed the candidates, following the reading with a book in his hand. But, alas! she who had given to her black daughters all this motherly love was repaid by ingratitude. Moral corruption is something dreadful in the regions of the Zambezi. Two of those girls scaled the palisades at night and fled into the forest for most shameful purposes, and had to be sent away at once. This was a terrible blow for Madame Coillard. She tried to master her sorrow, and adopted other little girls, but she had lost the mainspring of energy—faith in her work. Surely this bitter grief was one of the causes which hastened her end. Madame Coillard had been sickly for years, and she and her husband often allude to fatigues, to fever, ophthalmia, or other illnesses from which she suffered; but a vigorous mind dwelt in the frail body and ruled it unmercifully, as a strong-willed pilot governs a disabled ship. The ship was bound for the port; she might be wrecked, but she must not wander from her route. Christina Coillard had consecrated her life to African missions, and nothing could have deterred her from her vocation.

Once Monsieur Coillard proposed to her to travel for her health. "No," she replied; "life is too short and our work here too extensive. Let us remain faithfully at our post. The Master knows that I want my health; and should it be his wish, he might give it to me here, without my going to find it elsewhere."

One day, when returning from a missionary journey with her husband and a devoted young Swiss lady whom she considered as her daughter, fever laid her low. After a day of great mental agony she became calm and serene, "talking of invisible things as one who is already on the threshold of heaven." The day before her death she said to her husband, "Dying is not so difficult as I feared. It is not painful; and then the passage is so very short! Underneath are the everlasting arms." A few hours later she went quietly to sleep, in the peace of the Lord, at Sefoula, Zambezi, October 28, 1891.

# MRS. HANNAH MARSHMAN

## First Woman Missionary to India

THE first missionary to the women of India, and, indeed, the first of all women missionaries in modern times, was Hannah Marshman. Born in England in 1767, a hundred and thirty years ago, she spent forty-seven years of a happy married life and a short widowhood in the Baptist brotherhood formed by her husband, Joshua Marshman, D.D., with Carey and Ward, at Serampore, Bengal. There she died, at the ripe age of eighty years, on March 1, 1847. Though the mother of twelve children, Mrs. Marshman trained the six who survived for the positions of usefulness and dignity which most of them filled. She spent almost every day of her long life after she landed in India in educating the girls and the women of Bengal to know and to serve Jesus Christ. She supplied to the brotherhood all the domestic comfort and much of the loving harmony without which her husband and Carey and their associates could not have accomplished half of what the Holy Spirit enabled them to do. We follow the *Missionary Review of the World* in our sketch.

Hannah Shepherd was married in the year 1791 to Joshua Marshman, then twenty-three

years of age, and soon after he resolved to join the mission in Bengal. His young wife's prudence and care for their two young children made her hesitate for a little, but soon she too "cordially" surrendered herself to the divine call. On October 13, 1799, the missionary party landed at the Danish settlement of Serampore. Falling on their knees, Mr. Marshman led them in blessing God for the safe voyage and the beginning of their mission to the millions of India.

In the division of labor among that remarkable trio of missionaries Carey had the translation of the Scriptures, Ward had the press, and the schools fell to Marshman; to his wife far more than to him, as events proved. The pecuniary result of this splendid organization, as it extended during the next forty years, was unique in the history not only of all Christian missions, but of all philanthropy. The one woman and the three men, with the children and assistants, were the means of earning nearly half a million dollars for the work of God from the Persian Gulf to the Pacific Ocean. Of this enormous contribution, besides the self-support of the workers, Carey gave half, and the woman, Hannah Marshman, gave at least one fourth, or more than one hundred thousand dollars.

How was this done? All under the direct

guidance and help of the good providence of God. An advertisement made it known all over North India that girls and boys would be received, as boarders, to be educated as Christians with the Serampore missionaries' children. The girls' school especially became so famous that we find the three missionaries reporting to the Baptist society in England at the end of the year 1801: "Last year Mrs. Marshman opened a school for young ladies, which much increases, so that we have been under the further necessity of enlarging our habitation." It may easily be imagined how her own household affairs affected her amid the threefold toil of her own school, her work among the native women, and her domestic care of all the brotherhood for a time.

Four years later, in January, 1805, Hannah Marshman reviews her five years' experience in a letter to a friend in England. Never was there such a Martha and Mary in one as these documents prove her to have been, always listening to the voice of the Master, yet always doing the many things he intrusted to her without feeling cumbered or irritable or envious. To this friend she recounts instances of God's goodness only, noticeably when the roof of an addition to the school fell in without harming the girls. She adds this unconscious picture of

the happy life of the brotherhood, of which she, in truth, formed the pervasive bond:

"On Friday evenings, after worship, we generally meet to sup and chat and hear the Calcutta news—this being the evening that Brother Carey comes home. As I was returning across to our own house I trod on a serpent, which twisted round my leg and gave my heel a hard smack. I shook it off and felt no harm. I had hold of Mr. Marshman's arm, or probably I might have fallen down. Having a lantern, I saw it make its way into the grass and went home a little terrified, but much more surprised.

"'Unhurt, on serpents you shall tread,
When found in duty's way.'

Will any one say the Lord is not among us? . . . We are enlarging our coast on every side by repairing and building, in expectation of more boarders and of visitors from America. We are nearly sixty in number, yet we scarcely ever sit more than twenty minutes at breakfast or tea. A chest of tea at eighty rupees [forty-five dollars] lasts three months and a fortnight. We use nine quarts of milk in a day; we have twenty quarts for a rupee. . . . At seven o'clock school begins; at nine at night the children are in bed, after which time is my holiday to read, write, or work. But I am often so overcome with fatigue and the scorching heat of the day

that I feel neither will nor power to do anything at all, and when I sit down to converse with you it is with a weary body, a stupid soul, and dim eyes; but I am sure of having all my faults lightly passed over and all covered with love."

Hannah Marshman's "ladies' school" was an evangelizing agency of the most direct kind apart from the large sum which it contributed to the extension of native missions. Its pupils were chiefly Eurasians, or East Indians of the then fast-increasing and utterly-neglected community who had sprung originally from white fathers and native mothers. She was the first to care for the daughters, so far as these were not the orphans of military officers or soldiers. From her famous school in a generation there passed out relays of truly Christian young women trained and ready to become missionaries to their native sisters. Until such agents were educated and converted, and until the instruction of native youths had made headway in the boys' schools and in the Serampore College, female education among the Hindus and Mohammedans was impossible.

In the famous periodical, the *Friend of India*, which flourished from 1817 to 1875, the Serampore Brotherhood essays were of such value that the earlier series were reprinted in London. One of these, which appeared in 1882, on "Fe-

male Education in India," gave an impulse to the movement in which Hannah Marshman was the first to toil, and for which she had provided the cultured teachers.

All through her later life Hannah Marshman was working for the women of the lower classes, who could at once be reached. In 1824 her Serampore Native Female Education Society, formed to make the movement permanent and continuous when she should be removed, conducted fourteen native girls' schools with two hundred and sixty pupils. Since the administrative reforms and the queen's proclamation of toleration, and personal encouragement of native female education and medical aid, which followed the mutiny, Hannah Marshman's pioneering self-sacrifice and wisdom have borne richer and more plentiful fruit than even her faith dared to hope. Since 1847 her dust has lain in the sacred inclosure of the mission cemetery at Serampore beside that of her husband and Carey and Ward and a child of the Judsons. But the India she knew is being changed, and will be transformed, by the principles she was the first to set in motion for the redemption of its daughters, without whose evangelization the East can be neither civilized nor Christian. As she was the first, was not Hannah Marshman also one of the greatest of women missionaries?

# MISS HARRIET G. BRITTAN

## Fifty Years a Missionary

SEVENTY-FIVE years of life, fifty of them devoted to foreign missions! What a record of devotion, self-abnegation, and heroism! These years were spent in Africa, India, and Japan.

It falls to few women to have such an experience as had Miss Brittan. She was a pioneer, and as such stands out prominently in connection with the modern movement for the elevation of heathen women.

Miss Brittan was born in England, June, 1822, and died at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, Cal., April 30, 1897. Miss Brittan in her early years removed with her parents to this country and settled in Brooklyn, where she obtained a good education. A terrible fall in childhood, from the third to the first floor, so injured her spine that, until she was eighteen, she could not leave her bed, except as she was carried. From that time she gradually regained her health, but was never able to walk well. The strength of conviction that enabled her to go to Africa forty-four years ago, in spite of physical weakness and the fact that she might have lived in luxury at home, as she had a

MISS HARRIET G. BRITTAN.

comfortable fortune in her own right, must have been irresistible. She was sent out by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church to Africa, but she could not live there, being constantly attacked by fever, which compelled her return. It was a terrible trial to her to leave, the more so because she had promised to become the wife of a missionary there. He could live in Africa, she could not. To his proposal to leave that field for one in which she could live her high ideal of duty would not allow her to listen for a moment. No; she would not take him from his work. She endured the climate as long as she could, and was finally carried on board a sailing ship, with little expectation that she would live to reach home. The fact that the voyage proved to be just the thing needed to restore her is, probably, one reason for her eagerness to undertake the last voyage of her life. During the year or two of convalescence, it must have been, that she wrote her very interesting little book on Africa, which she gave to the society that sent her out.

The Woman's Union Missionary Society, organized in 1860, selected Miss Brittan as one of its first missionaries to India. She went to Calcutta, and was one of the first American missionaries to enter the secluded homes of the

women. Well does the writer remember, upon arriving in Calcutta in 1861, visiting Miss Brittan in her home, just established, and visiting with her several of the zenanas. She inaugurated and carried on most successfully this branch of work for twenty years.

While in India her feelings of sorrow for the Indian women found expression in a work called *Kardoo*, and a second called *Shushone*, which revealed how badly women were treated, and aroused the religious world to great efforts to send missionaries to their assistance.

She was an accomplished needlewoman, and by teaching her art she obtained entrance to many places not before accessible to foreigners.

We may not be able to properly characterize Miss Brittan's work or its influence. She went to India at a time when prejudices against woman's education and elevation were giving way. Her tact, spiritual insight, and judgment were all taxed to meet the new conditions, but she did it, and established a work that has grown to great proportions. She was one of the first to perceive the enormous advantage possessed by women with a good medical training, and was a strong advocate of the education of female missionaries in the leading training schools for nurses or in the women's medical schools of the country.

After her service in India she returned for a year to America, and for a time was at the head of a ward in St. Luke's Hospital, in the city of New York. She was an indefatigable worker, and was the promoter of many concerts in New York and vicinity, by means of which thousands of dollars were gathered for missionary work.

After her resignation from the Union Missionary Society Japan was the scene of her efforts—her last as a missionary. Under the auspices of the Protestant Methodist Missionary Society she went to Yokohama in 1880 and took charge of a large mission established for the benefit of Eurasian children, who were often left in destitute circumstances. Until 1893 she was identified with this mission, and more recently established, and had charge of a home for missionaries, by whom she was greatly beloved.

At the age of sixty-three she gave up regular mission work. In the meantime business reverses had swept away her fortune and, having been very liberal, she found herself at this age with very limited means.

Miss Brittan in the early spring of 1897 disposed of her property in Yokohama and started for America. She had been in poor health for several months, but hoped the sea air would build her up so that she could make the over-

land journey. She sailed from Japan April 13, but gradually grew weaker. When carried from the steamer to the carriage she fainted. Upon arriving at the hotel everything was done for her comfort, but she passed away the next day. She had hoped to reach New York to see an adopted daughter, who was ill at St. Luke's Hospital, but this was denied her. Knowing this would be impossible, she said, "Just as He wills; just as He wills." The funeral services were held at an Episcopal church in San Francisco, as she was a member of that body, and she was laid to rest in a cemetery there overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

# MRS. JOHN GEDDIE AND MRS. JOHN INGLIS

WOMEN, in their devotion to God's cause over the world, have never been deterred by any form of heathenism. With cultured intellects, womanly tenderness, and spiritual devotion they have gone into unhealthy climates, suffered privations, isolation, and even death at the hands of those for whom they labored.

The history of woman's work in the New Hebrides islands has been one of singular devotion and sacrifice, and no missionary field has had more heroic women. To Mrs. Dr. Geddie was given the herculean task of laying the foundations of Christian education among the debased women of these far-away islands in the southern seas. In the year 1848 she and her husband reached the New Hebrides, where they had a trying experience in dealing with a low and savage people. Hurricane, disease, and death were traced to the missionary; the natives stole their property and threatened to burn their houses and to take their lives. This she endured for twenty-five years. Mrs. Geddie came in contact with polygamy, with all its

accompanying cruelties, the horrors of infanticide, the sacrifice of human lives, and every form of evil and degrading superstition. Again and again was her life threatened, but quietly she labored on, establishing schools for women and children, and teaching them the very first rudiments of civilized life. Apart from her own distinctive work she aided her husband in literary work, especially in the translation of the Scriptures. Her use of the language was so extraordinary that the natives said she spoke it "just like a native, and her words were all the same as theirs," which was the very highest encomium they could pronounce. For four years she was without the sympathy or presence or support of a sister missionary, until the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Inglis in 1852.

Mrs. John Inglis was a Scotch woman of rare natural ability, and her life is interwoven with the history of this mission. She received her education in one of the best schools in Scotland and she became an expert in domestic training in a large family; which experience fitted her for the position she was to fill as a missionary's wife. Her first work after arriving on the islands was to gather the girls in a school, and while she taught them she acquired the language. Then followed the industrial school, so essential in all missions. Then she selected

seven young and promising women and cared for them on her own premises, instructing them in every phase of household work. Every young woman on the side of the island occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Inglis was thus trained, and the results were most remarkable.

These women excelled in committing the Scriptures to memory. On one occasion a lady in Scotland sent out a piece of cloth for a dress to the one who should lead in this department. The task for competition was the first six chapters of Acts. Instead of one, there were six who repeated every chapter without missing a word, and as a consequence six dresses, instead of one, had to be provided.

Mrs. Inglis never waited for some great opportunity; she cheerfully accepted the day of small things, and toiled patiently and unobtrusively with the work that lay nearest her hand. During all the long and weary years she lived on the islands, often not seeing a white face for five or six months, except her husband's, she never repined and never gave way to any feeling of homesickness. Her influence over the women was wonderful. They came to her with all their ailments, and told her all their griefs and sorrows. At the end of eight years' work eighteen hundred people had renounced heathenism and accepted Christianity. Every one

of them was clothed in garments that Mrs. Ingis had cut and had assisted in making.

She aided her husband in translating and revising the Scriptures, and was an accurate critic. Dr. Inglis said: "I read her every chapter I translated. She listened attentively to the last revision, and made suggestions which I always heeded. Every final proof she attested twice at least. After I had corrected the proofs till I thought them perfect she took the authorized English Bible and read it over slowly word by word, naming also every stop, while I watched the translation to see that no word was omitted, no word added. Owing to the different idioms of the two languages the points are not always inserted in the same places in sentences, and one can scarcely comprehend the labor required." In twenty-nine years the entire Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress* abridged, a hymnal, grammar, dictionary, and some other books were printed.

Again her husband says: "I never wrote anything for publication which I did not submit to her for criticism. Many a line she made me score out, and many a one she made me alter. 'I think,' she said, 'you would better leave that out; it is very good, and I suppose all true, but there is rather too much about yourself in it.'"

Mrs. Inglis introduced the making of arrow-

root on the island. The root grew there, but the natives did not understand preparing it for use. A woman from Raratonga understood the method, and taught Mrs. Inglis, who then offered to buy all that the natives would bring to her. Three hundred pounds was the result of her first effort; this was taken to New Zealand and sold, and orders were received for half a ton the following year. In this way the natives paid the expense incident to publishing the entire Aneityunese Bible, and in this way was the industry established by a woman's perseverance; not originally as an article of commerce, but as a contribution to the mission.

Mrs. Inglis possessed wonderful executive and administrative power. She was never hurried, and everything in her house and in her schools moved with the regularity of clockwork. Frequently they entertained, in their isolated home, officers from the ships in harbor, and the captain of one, who had shared her hospitality, said, "She could have conducted the commissariat department of a man-of-war."

So punctual was she in all matters that a gentleman from Australia visiting there said of her, "I have lived on board a man-of-war, and in many places where order reigned, but I never saw punctuality like hers."

Her intense individuality and power were

felt in every direction. On one occasion a woman near the mission house gave birth to a daughter, the third born to her in succession. She was greatly disappointed that it was not a son, and cried out to the nurse, "O, kill it, kill it!" The request was refused, but the utterance showed how little value was placed upon the life of a girl. Mrs. Inglis, hearing of this, said she must save the girls. She did not denounce the mothers, for they knew nothing better, but with consummate tact she drew them into her plan. She told them of her love for girls, and promised to give a nice dress to every little girl whose mother would bring it to her as soon as she was able. She prepared garments, and when the mother brought a newly-born girl she dressed it and caressed it, and spoke kindly and lovingly to the mother. The desired effect was produced, and since then not a girl has been killed or seriously injured on the island. By her knowledge of medicine she gained great influence. A man and his young wife brought their sick and apparently dying child to the mission house. Mrs. Inglis took the child, bathed it carefully, wrapped it in a soft blanket, gave it a little simple remedy, and the child eventually recovered. The father, a most forbidding-looking savage, was greatly touched, abandoned heathenism, and became

an earnest Christian. On another occasion a man and his wife went to the mission house to borrow a spade, but were questioned as to what they wanted it for. The father replied he was going to dig a grave for his child. "When did the child die?" asked Mrs. Inglis. "O, it is not dead, but dying," said the man. "Bring it at once to me," said Mrs. Inglis. She cared for this as she had for others, and it soon revived. The father was in an ecstasy of delight, and seemed to forget about the grave and the spade. By such acts repeated daily, not only saving lives, but alleviating suffering, she exerted an amazing influence over the people. She had no children of her own, but her heart went out for others, and her spiritual children were numerous. She had a remarkable constitution, which enabled her to endure. "For more than half a century," said Dr. Inglis, "or from her fourteenth to her sixty-fifth year, every day she had done a full woman's work, and yet with all her varied duties and responsibilities she never thought of herself but as an ordinary woman, doing an ordinary woman's work; doing nothing but what some other woman might do."

After thirty-three years of service in the foreign field she returned to her Scotland home, and for four years assisted her husband in car-

rying the Old Testament through the press, and in various ways promoting the interests of the mission which she loved and to which she had given her life. Suddenly the messenger summoned her home—so suddenly that it seemed more a translation than dying. "She was not, for God took her."

# MISS LOUISA H. ANSTEY

THE name of Miss Anstey will ever be identified with the organization of the Kolar Mission, southern India.

Kolar is a town in the province of Mysore, with a population of about twenty thousand. To that village some time in the "sixties" came Miss Anstey. She had formerly belonged to the London Missionary Society, but was compelled to leave India on account of her health. After her restoration, having her own means, she decided to return to India as an independent missionary, and select some spot where the need was great. This spot was Kolar. No other Christians lived within forty miles of her —a sea of heathenism forty miles deep rolled around this lonely missionary outpost.

She hired a native house, and making this her headquarters, went from house to house in the village, endeavoring to reach the hearts of the women and the girls in such homes as would admit her. Her progress was very slow. Kolar was a high-caste Brahman village. The prejudices of the people against foreigners and Christians were intense. While she was making but small headway, in spite of diligent attention to her work, there swept over southern India a

terrible famine. For three long years there was no rain. The poverty of India is such that one season's rain failure means starvation to a majority of the inhabitants. Two seasons' failure means abject poverty, and in many cases death. A third season's failure meant the most dreadful famine with which southern India had been afflicted in recent times. Miss Anstey visited from home to home, and was deeply touched by the pathetic scenes around her. Unwilling to witness the destitution and bitter sufferings of the people without doing what she could to help them, she purchased such stores of grain as her means would allow, and cooking portions of food, carried them in baskets from house to house, ministering to the bodies as well as to the souls of the perishing.

When the villagers learned of her practical kindness they began to put in her way scores of little children whom their parents had abandoned. Miss Anstey did not question long what her duty might be. She took the little waifs into her home as fast as she could carry them. Presently there were sixty-four tiny emaciated mortals demanding her care. She did the best she could with them. They were washed, fed with rice gruel, clothed in calico, and laid in rows on extemporized beds. But scarcely was the first batch cared for when Asi-

atic cholera, that dreadful disease which follows in the wake of famine, broke out among the babies, and the ministering lady went from one to the other, using such simple remedies as were at hand. Notwithstanding all her efforts a great many children died, but the natives around her would not allow her to suffer for lack of babies. It literally rained babies around the mission house. Little bundles of dirty rags with emaciated babies in the midst of them were found on her doorsteps, in her yard, on the street, everywhere in her vicinity. As fast as they came she did what she could to care for them. They were to her God's charge. So long as he sent them she would care for them. If her means gave out, he would send more. It was his work; she was his servant. Her reputation spread far and wide. "What makes you care for these deserted children?" said the people. "Why should you, a woman of another race, educated, cultivated, care for these poverty-stricken little ones? What makes you so interested in them?"

This was her opportunity to talk to them and tell them of God's loving interest in mankind. Her orphanage grew; help flowed in from all quarters; friends in India, Europe, and even in America sent her relief. Although disease spread among the children and one half of them

were taken away by death, a year and a half after the famine Miss Anstey found herself with over six hundred little boys and girls looking to her for protection and loving care. For twenty years Miss Anstey heroically carried these responsibilities, throwing her whole life into the enterprise.

In the neighborhood of her school stood a Christian village. There was a Christian community, with a Christian pastor and evangelists, who went out through the neighborhood preaching Christ.

In 1890 Miss Anstey made the entire work over to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and its village, its ophanage, its mission farms, its pastors and evangelists are now a great mission center among the Canarese of southern India.

# MISS ELIZA AGNEW

TO go half way round the world is now the voyage of a holiday. It was very different when, in 1839, Miss Eliza Agnew sailed from Boston to Ceylon. She went never intending to come back. For forty-three years she labored, but she never returned to America. "I gave it all up when I left America," she said. Her decision was no sentimental idea of duty. She was not a sentimentalist. It was no stern conception of missionary denial. With her hearty concurrence others took needed home furloughs, but as for herself, she stayed; and somehow she did not seem to miss the inspiration or the bodily health which others received from the journeys home. Born in New York city, Miss Agnew did not enter foreign missionary work until she was over thirty years of age. She was sent by the board to Ceylon to work in the Oodooville Boarding School. No single lady had been sent before to Ceylon, and the people could not at first understand that a woman actually unmarried should come so far. Miss Agnew was fond of relating how, the day she arrived, while busy in her room, two bright black eyes peered up at her through a convenient hole in the hedge, and a small voice anxiously asked, "Please, where is Mr. Agnew?"

The present Oodooville School is in a large structure built of the white coral stone of the country, with wide verandas gracefully arched, and tiled floors and roofs—a building whose beauty is a feature that is properly emphasized by all who love the school. The school in Miss Agnew's day was not so housed. It was in a long, low stucco building, whitewashed without and within, its floors of country cement and its roof thatched with palm leaves, in which the little squirrels nested and from which a snake now and then dropped. One of the rooms, long and low, was the bedroom. Here each girl spread her mat at night and slept wrapped in her cloth. Another was the dining room, where the girls sat around on the long palm-leaf mat at meal time and ate rice and curry with their fingers.

Much of the growth had already taken place when Miss Agnew came. She died an old lady in 1883, but the first stages of the mission had already passed before she came to the field. That belongs to the story of a still earlier generation. The education of girls had been going on for twenty years. The idea had lost its association of degradation, and girls were often brought by heathen parents who were strangers to the missionaries to be placed in the school. Miss Agnew found ninety-five girls at Oodoo-

ville, and every year more were brought than could be accommodated.

For forty years she was the efficient principal of the school. She was an excellent example of what we do not think enough of in America —the power of long-continued missionary service. The oriental honors age and appreciates combined labor, while things there move so slowly that a short period of work accomplishes less than here. Miss Agnew saw three and four generations of pupils. All the province came to know and love her. To thirteen hundred women she was the one embodiment really known of education and Christianity. Her power was in geometrical ratio to her length of service. Wherein lay her power? First, in her justice. One must live in an Eastern country, and see how universally the people distrust each other, to realize what a power this quality may be. The girls learned that she was to be trusted to do what was right. Coupled with that was her personal sympathy and care. Nothing shows her whole character better than the way in which the vacations of her later life were spent. One vacation she reserved for rest for herself, at a little thatched bungalow on the north coast of Ceylon, where the coral rocks dip down into the warm Eastern sea; the other vacation she gave to her girls of former years.

She visited each station in the mission, and it was understood by all that she had come to see the former Oodooville scholars. "*Chennamma* [little lady] writes that she is coming this week," a missionary lady would say to the Christian women at her station. Their bright black eyes would light up, and then they would look at each other shyly and laugh, and one more bold than the others would say: "We are glad. Now we must go home and see that the children's clothes are mended, and the yard swept, and everything made neat." During the week she would go to see some woman married and settled years before. She would praise the yard, the fruit trees, the neatness of the cooking utensils, and the clean faces of the children. But perhaps the cloth of one little one had an unsightly rent. "O, my Anarche!" she would say, "is this the way you learned to take care of clothes? You have not lost your needles and thread down the well, have you? Now, the next time I come you must have the clothes all as nice and neat as are the pretty little ones that wear them." So, with loving praise and kindly reproof, all the little matters of the household were noted. The women grew old and their grandchildren took the place of their children, but they were still her girls to Miss Agnew, and she still kept the same loving watch over them

as in the first years when they went from the school to their own homes. Do you wonder that her name is, in the most literal sense, a household word in all that part of Ceylon?

It seems almost like intruding to enter Miss Agnew's private religious life, but here lay the strength of her long, useful career. Her religious life was the—shall I say old-fashioned, outspoken kind? If anything went very wrong and was very exasperating, a little sigh, and "I'll tell the Master" was all she said. Her pupils used to say that no morning bell was needed to rouse them, for at the same time each morning, before daylight, they heard her, in her adjoining room, rise and pray for the school and for them individually. There was no doubt about the guiding power of her life. It was Christ. But she did not "hold down the Gospel" in selfishness. Methods changed and new things came up after she left America, and later missionaries brought out "newfangled notions," but she took an interest in them all.

In 1879 Miss Agnew resigned her position as principal of Oodooville School. At this time it was suggested by the mission that she might like to return to America to visit her friends in her native land. Her characteristic reply was: "My work for the women of Jaffna is not yet finished. 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!'

is my daily prayer. In that hope will I rest." After a brief visit to the Pulney Hills she moved to Manepy, expressing a desire to spend her declining years among the native Christians. Her days were spent in making calls upon old graduates and seeing women in her room. The old pupils who had yielded to temptation and strayed from the fold were not forgotten, but visited and revisited, prayed with, and earnestly exhorted to return to the Lord.

In June, 1883, Miss Agnew received a partial paralytic shock, and after that was, more or less, confined to her room until the end came. The native women considered it a privilege to care for her, but in her half-unconscious state she longed for her own countrywomen, and the missionary ladies were glad to be with her who had been so much to them. On the 14th of June, 1883, she peacefully passed away. The funeral was held the next day, and many Christian families attended. She was buried at Oodooville, in the "Campo Sancto" of Jaffna, where many of the missionaries lie, and only a few steps from her home of so many years.

More than one thousand girls studied under her, and she taught the children and grandchildren of her first pupils. They called her "The mother of a thousand daughters."

More than six hundred girls came out of the

school Christians. No girl having taken the whole course ever graduated as a heathen. When she was dying the house, every room of it, was filled with native Christian women who had been her pupils, engaged in prayer for her. When she was buried in her island home native pastors, catechists, lawyers, teachers, government officials, leading men of the Jaffna Peninsula, who had married her pupils, attended her funeral, and the influence of this American woman has been felt all over that island.—*Katharine Hastings Wood, in Life and Light for Woman.*

## GERTRUDE EGEDE

GERTRUDE RAST, wife of Hans Egede, was the first missionary to Greenland; for, though many are familiar with the story of Egede's life, one is apt to remember of his wife only, that, like Christiana, she opposed her husband at the outset with tears and entreaties, and to forget that for fifteen years she shared his labors and trials in Greenland, and that she never lost faith, even when her husband was tempted to give up the mission in despair.

The story of the Greenland Mission, like the story of the Reformation, begins with a book. In the library of a young minister settled at Vaagen, on the coast of Norway, was an old chronicle which told how a Christian church and colonies had been founded in Greenland as early as the tenth century; how three hundred villages had sprung up in the land, and fourteen bishops in succession had ruled over the church, when the heathen of the north beset the colony by land and sea, and such of the Christians as remained were driven back from the coast. The church had been lost and forgotten, till now for long centuries they had been left as sheep without a shepherd.

The minister of Vaagen had been so happy

GERTRUDE EGEDE

in his home and in the love and respect of his people that when he proposed to leave all and go on a mission to the lost church of Greenland his friends looked upon him as one demented. His wife "resolutely opposed the idea," and her mother "added her voice to the general outcry." "The elders of his church came in solemn order as a deputation to the parsonage" to tell what trouble the pastor's new ideas were bringing among the people. At the end of the conference an old white-headed man stepped up and said: "Wait and see what the will of the Lord is. If it is his will for you to go, he will give you a sign that none of us shall be able to gainsay." So they waited and prayed, and the answer came—but not such as they had either expected or desired. Many divisions and troubles arose in the congregation, and the minister and his wife, so much loved hitherto, were made on all sides the objects of slanders and misrepresentations. Gertrude Egede saw in this the rebuke of God for her unbelief, and, confessing her fault to her husband, solemnly gave herself to be his helper in the mission field.

Having given themselves to the work, Mr. and Mrs. Egede thought that the way was now clear, but delay after delay was sent seemingly to try their faith.

In May, 1721, three ships with colonists and

stores left Bergen for Greenland, Mr. and Mrs. Egede and their four children standing on the deck of one, waving farewells to their friends on shore, "she with a cheerful countenance," says an old chronicler. After a month's voyage they came in sight of land, but found the coast of Greenland so much blocked with ice that for three weeks they sailed round it without finding an opening. In endeavoring to land they were almost shipwrecked, but at last, in July, effected a landing at a place which they called (not in irony, but in faith) Hope Island.

Alas! they found no green land and no remnant of a Christian church left. The country was bare and desolate; not a tree or shrub, not even a blade of grass, though it was the middle of the northern summer. The people of Greenland were diminutive savages, clothed in skins and smeared with seal oil, whose minds and bodies had alike been dwarfed by an ages-long battle for life against cold and hunger, and whose dwellings were more like enormous ant-hills than the homes of human beings. At first they seemed friendly, but when they found that the strangers meant to remain they refused them all help. Indeed, as time passed, they seemed to harden their hearts more and more against the intruders; scoffing at the men who came to teach other people and did not themselves know

how to catch a seal, and bringing their wizards to kill off the colony by magic.

But what the wizards could not do by magic seemed only too likely to come to pass by natural means. The ship which carried their fishing tackle had been lost on the voyage. When they thawed the soil by fire and planted grain the corn perished in the ear; sickness broke out among the colonists; hunger stared them in the face; they were ready to stone the Moses who had brought them into this wilderness, and at last Egede himself, losing hope, consented to embark for home in the ship which had remained with them for the winter. The history of the mission would have ended then but that Mrs. Egede stood firm. She turned to her husband and said: "Wait a little. It may be that, while we are giving way to doubt and fear, God's providence is working out some good for us." For three weeks they waited, Mrs. Egede comforting her children by promises of help at hand. Then a ship arrived bringing ample stores, with letters of encouragement from the merchants and the king, and colonists and missionaries took heart once more.

Then Mrs. Egede did wondrously; she cheerfully consented that her husband and her two boys should spend the winter in the huts of the Greenlanders, that they might learn their lan-

guage and, if possible, find a way to win their friendship. When we remember that the hut of a Greenlander is like a great beehive, without ventilation, heated by seal oil, shared in common by two or more families with their dogs, and altogether inferior to a pigsty, we may imagine what it cost her to let them go on such an errand.

In the summer, when the natives were scattered over their hunting and fishing grounds, Egede from time to time organized exploring parties, and Mrs. Egede was left alone with her children in sole charge of the colony. We cannot but think that it was owing to her careful husbanding of their uncertain supplies that the colony did not perish in that region of ice and snow, where so many brave men have perished since.

It was not till 1723 that Egede came across any relics of the lost church of which he had read in the old chronicle. Sailing up Ameraglik Bay he found in a beautiful valley the ruins of an ancient church with the graves of the worshipers about it; but no living representatives of that church remained in Greenland.

As the years passed they brought to the mission household many sore straits, but also many wonderful providences, which came warm to the hearts of these poor people, who, forgotten

often by the merchants of Bergen and the King of Denmark, were yet held in remembrance by the King of heaven. In 1726, when Egede and his companions were like to perish with hunger, the natives, who had refused to trade with them or help them before, came, like Elijah's ravens, and brought them sufficient food to keep them alive till the pinch had passed. Again, when the ship which carried their supplies was lost on the voyage, and for a time "eight men had to live on the portion of bread that would have sufficed for one," though Egede had to take a voyage of two hundred miles to procure food from the Dutch whaling vessels, and Mrs. Egede and her children were at the mercy of the natives and starving people, "not one had power to lift a finger against her."

In 1730 the new King of Denmark, Christian VI, being advised that the trading colony in Greenland was a failure, sent ships with orders for the colonists to return to Denmark forthwith, and warned Egede that if he remained, he would be left for the future without supplies. Providentially there was not room in the ships for all, so a few (let us hope the best) remained for a time, and for three years Egede and his wife worked in Greenland almost unsupported, till his health failed and it seemed as if he were doomed to lay his bones in that barren land.

Then, all unexpectedly, a vessel arrived bringing stores and money and, best of all, three Moravian missionaries, who, knowing nothing of Egede or his work, had followed the call of God and come to his help in Greenland. This was in 1733.

It warms one's heart to read how these strangers were received by Egede and his brave wife. They helped the unlearned men to master the language, they shared their stores with them, and they joined with them in prayer that God would soften the hard hearts of the Greenlanders; for, far above all their own trials and disappointments, the missionaries had mourned that but one soul had been given them in all these years. As at first, so at last, the answers came in a way which they had not expected nor desired.

A few months after the arrival of the Moravians smallpox broke out among the natives, and as they would take no precautions, it spread with frightful rapidity. Soon the houses of the missionaries were filled with orphans and smallpox patients, and the missionaries themselves went from hut to hut to nurse the sick and bury the dead. What it was to do this in the stench of a Greenland hut we can hardly imagine. For a year the scourge lasted. When it had passed the country was left almost depopulated.

Then the faithful wife, who had shared her husband's labors and trials for fifteen years, sickened and died. She did not live to see the dawn of Gospel light in Greenland.

Two or three years after her death, and after Hans Egede had left the country, his health quite broken down, a famine broke out through the failure of the seal fishing. The starving people came begging food of the Moravian missionaries. Among these came one who asked permission to live with the missionaries, and in payment offered to give them all the fish he caught. This man, Mangek, proved an earnest inquirer. God's work of grace was wrought in his heart, and the missionaries with joy and gratitude heard him speak of the love of Jesus until the tears rolled down his cheeks. Much faithful teaching and many earnest prayers on the part of the missionaries were followed by other conversions. The work went forward. Christian settlements sprang up here and there through the country, and at the present day, a century and a half after the death of Hans Egede and his faithful wife, "Christianity is everywhere in evidence, the old barbarities of heathenism abolished, and in their place the sweeter manners and happier spirit of the kingdom of God are seen."

## MRS. MURILLA BAKER INGALLS

MRS. INGALLS met her husband for the first time at a missionary meeting at Racine, and was married at her home in Eastport, Wis., in December, 1850, and sailed with him for Burma July 10, 1851.

She was at that time a young, vivacious, and enthusiastic woman, whose hair still hung in long dark curls all around her head. Some people were surprised that Mr. Ingalls should select such a lively and brilliant girl to return with him to his mission field, in Arakan, as his wife.

But this buoyant disposition which paints everything in the brightest colors, this heart all full of hope and joy, has been of incalculable service in the arduous life of the missionary. She herself says: "This cheerfulness has been the only thing which has made me of use in the missionary service. The truth is, I cannot be discouraged. I never knew what it was to be disappointed in my missionary life. There have often been varying delays, but no real disappointment."

In this spirit she began to assist her husband at Akyab in 1852; from there they went to Rangoon in 1854, and in less than two years

she stood beside the grave of the husband, who with his dying breath intreated her not to give up missionary work, but to do what she could for "the poor Burmans."

She came to America in 1857 to bring her husband's daughter home to be educated, and returned to Burma in 1859 in the same ship which carried Dr. and Mrs. Tolman to Assam, and commenced work at the Thongzai Station.

Since that time she has made her home in Thongzai. She at once took charge of the mission. The little church and its native pastor depended upon her for everything except preaching. She visited districts where no white woman had ever been seen, and with her native assistants made long evangelizing tours into the jungle. She superintended the building of the little church, and later saw that the pastor had a comfortable parsonage. This church Mrs. Ingalls has used as seed from which to plant the Gospel in all the surrounding country. Through her labors other churches were formed in neighboring villages, colporteurs were sent out into the jungle, Sunday schools were formed, and modest chapels were built in the jungle hamlets. At one time she wrote: "I have ten preachers under my care. All send or bring me a monthly report of their work. I have a meeting each Saturday morning for workers in the vicinity.

I have four colporteurs, whom I send on trips or to work among the heathen. They attend funerals, give books, and discuss doctrine, but are not able to perform pulpit duties. The laymen and their families do much colportage work. Each man and woman free from disease and care of infants is expected to make some trips for special teaching among the heathen. There are also Bible women and school-teachers who come to the "mamma" for direction. This Thongzai church has a home mission which has sent at least one of its members to the regions beyond."

The superintending of all these operations of the church is but the beginning of Mrs. Ingalls's labors. The needs of the heathen around demand all her powers. Her field lies among the Burmans, who are much more difficult of access than the Karens. She attempts to draw them to hear the Gospel. At the very outset she erected a shed in the market-place, hung it round with Bible pictures, and, with her native helpers, talked to all whose curiosity led them to visit her. In her house the most prominent room is called "The Burman Room." Its doors are open from dawn to bedtime to all respectable people. The walls are hung with maps and pictures; books and all kinds of useful curiosities abound. Her little study opens

into this room, so she can step in at any time to help her assistants, to explain, argue, or instruct. Here come the Bible women and preachers to teach new converts in Bible doctrine. Hither all day long come people to ask questions or to listen. In fact, the Burman Room is the center of far-reaching influence.

Mrs. Ingalls has had a wonderful power in convincing Buddhist priests of the truth of Christianity. Her article in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* for November, 1893, and also one in May, 1894, will tell the story of this work in her own words. She says that she has been permitted to see nearly a hundred priests come out on the side of Christianity, of whom many have become earnest Christian men, some of them faithful preachers.

In 1877 the railroad from Rangoon reached Thongzai. It ruined for a time the beauty of the umbrageous village, cut up the gardens, and established Hindus and Chinese in the Burman houses. But it had its compensations. Mrs. Ingalls saw here an opportunity to begin a new line of work in giving books and tracts at the depots and in the railway carriages. Her preacher gave out sixty to eighty tracts each morning. The Bible Society sent English Bibles, and she distributed tracts in their own language to the English, French, Burmans,

Shans, Hindus, and Karens. Soon she had a library of one hundred and twenty volumes and a reading room in the depot at Thongzai. These were for the use of the employees of the railroad. In the depots at other places on the line she has established "branch libraries," and placed tract distributors. On her occasional visits of inspection to these libraries she takes with her a staff of native workers, and makes her stay the occasion of missionary work among the heathen. At times she has had socials and lectures in the libraries for the railway men.

In reading the published letters from her graphic pen one is amazed to see how everyone with whom she comes in contact contributes toward her work. Now a Buddhist priest gives her a garden in which to hold schools. Again, she wants a "zayat," just outside the mission grounds, for a preaching place, and its owner promptly turns it over to her. From America friends send money to support her preachers and Bible women, besides books, and even spectacles, that her aged Christians may still read the word of God. The English government and the railway officials help on her libraries, and even the heathen contribute toward her tract distribution. She seems irresistible when she needs anything to further her Master's work.

This is but an imperfect sketch of the work of one woman who in a thousand ways has proved herself worthy of the great responsibilities that have been laid upon her. Her enthusiasm, her faith, her active zeal, have been daunted by no difficulties; and now, after more than forty years of work in Burma, she is still unwearied in labors for the heathen and the stay and the counselor of the band of believers, who regard her as their mother in Christ.—*Life and Light.*

Dr. J. N. Murdock said of her: "Yet so delicate is this woman's sense of the proprieties of her sex that you could scarcely induce her to stand on a public platform and face a mixed audience, even though she might not be called upon to speak. A real overseer and leader of a numerous Christian flocks she does her work mostly in private, satisfied if she can only see her teachings reproduced in the public sermons and lectures of her native helpers, and bearing fruit in the lives of her people."

## MISS BEULAH WOOLSTON

MISS BEULAH WOOLSTON was born near Vincentown, N. J., August 3, 1828, and died at Mt. Holly, N. J., October 24, 1886. She was nurtured in a Christian home, and was converted and united with the church when about fifteen years old. After receiving preliminary education in her native place she went with Miss Sarah H. Woolston, her sister and her life associate in home and work, to the Wesleyan Female College, at Wilmington, Del., where she was graduated with honor from both English and classical departments. She afterward taught for some years in the college, and while thus engaged responded to the call for missionary teachers in our China Mission. The sisters sailed for China, with other missionaries, October 4, 1858. After a voyage of one hundred and forty-seven days around the Cape of Good Hope they landed at Shanghai February 27, 1859, and reached Foo-Chow March 19.

Their special work was to organize and superintend a boarding school for Chinese girls under the auspices of the China Female Missionary Society of Baltimore. The sisters were sent out by the parent board of our Church, but their school was supported by the Baltimore

Society. After the organization of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society their work was connected with it. During their twenty-five years' faithful service they returned to this country twice for rest and to recruit. In December, 1883, much broken in health, both returned for the last time. At times Miss Beulah seemed to improve, but she proved to be in a very precarious state, though no immediate fatal result was anticipated. On Monday evening, October 24, she grew much worse, and ere her loving and devoted sister had time to realize the danger, she had, with scarcely a struggle, fallen asleep in Jesus.

And now what can I say of Miss Beulah Woolston's work for humanity and Christ? Those who have entered into the labors of their sister workers can never know all it cost, in those early days of '59, to overcome the natural prejudices of the people, emphasized by the wrongs done them by foreign traders, and the lack of books, maps, charts—even a home—for the now well-established school. But Miss Beulah's faith never wavered; patiently, quietly, and determinedly one obstacle after another was overcome, until these sisters could rejoice in a well-organized, thoroughly-conducted Christian school as the result of their labors. When Bishop Burdon, of the Church of England, vis-

ited the school some years ago he only echoed the words of others when he declared it to be the best-conducted girls' school in China. And well we know its effect upon the lives of those trained in it. It was literally true, as one said, "Wherever in our work we find one of the Misses Woolston's scholars, either as teacher or wife and mother, she is a marked character for good in the place." Hü King Eng is a graduate of that school, and in her beautiful character is exemplifying the teachings she received for years from these sisters.

Their great aim was to fill the few years the girls could remain with them with just such instruction as would make them useful Christian women in their own homes and in the spheres they must occupy in life, feeling that they could not conscientiously give time to teach anything that could be of no possible use to them in the future, and that might be an occasion of temptation and sin. In addition to the care of this school, hundreds of women visited them at their home and were always received with Christian courtesy and teaching; every effort being made to utilize their visits to sow seeds of divine truth in dark souls. The care of the school was not only that which is usually demanded at home, but also the providing of many of the girls with clothing; teaching them

to make their own, to cook, wash, and all the details for the education of good housewives.

Even vacation days were not free from care, as they had to provide homes for many of the girls during the time. They also established a number of day schools at different and often distant points in our work, which they visited regularly, and often at great inconvenience and exposure to themselves. With all of this work they found time for literary work—preparation and translation of schoolbooks and the editing of the *Child's Illustrated Paper* in Chinese—and also to observe the apostle's injunction, not failing in hospitality, their delightful home being opened to all; and those of us to whom sickness and death came can truly testify to their loving ministrations and helpful sympathy in our times of need. Only loving hearts, willing hands, and consecrated lives could have accomplished the work of these dear sisters, and in writing of this work I am utterly unable to separate them. It was such a united work, pursued in such perfect love and harmony, that it was as if one mind, one heart, one pair of hands were doing it. That there were marked traits of character in Miss Beulah Woolston all will concede who knew her: A steady faith in God and the final success of his work, love for humanity, pity for the needy, sympathy for the

suffering, an ever-ready bounty for those in want; no hut too mean for her to enter, no soul too degraded for her to attempt to save; charity for all, criticism for none; always crediting her associates in the work with conscientious endeavor to do their best, feeling that each had his or her work with which she had no right to interfere—traits especially valuable in a missionary; fidelity to all good, a shrinking from all evil, and through all her life that quiet dignity that seemed to be the outcome of an abiding peace within.

A dear friend of the American Board, at Foo-Chow, a missionary of thirty years' service, an able, clear-headed, devoted woman, said to me years ago, "I have known Miss Beulah Woolston eleven years and I have never known her to speak a word or perform an act that was not just right." I have known her for over twenty years, and my testimony must be the same. Her charity was unbounded; in all my long acquaintance with her I never heard her speak an uncharitable or detracting word of another. She did blessed work for the suffering poor, but we only knew of it as we might follow her and hear it incidentally. I shall never forget a scene that occurred in our Tieng ang Tong (Heavenly Rest Church) at Foo-Chow one Sunday morning. The services had com-

menced, when an aged woman, walking with bound two-inch feet and leaning on a cane, advanced slowly up the aisle, looking eagerly for some one. Miss Beulah was on a front side seat. The moment the woman caught sight of her the worn, aged face grew glad and bright, and stooping hastily forward, she dropped on her knees before Miss Beulah as if in worship. Miss Woolston, greatly embarrassed, hastened to assist her to rise and take a seat beside her. Some of us knew the reason of this love and devotion. And so I might multiply but not exhaust the record of Christian devotion and kindness to the needy, as well as wise and loving instruction of the young. Who can measure the results of such a life? Its influence goes on and on in multiplying powers through time and into eternity.

Neither our parent board nor our Woman's Missionary Society ever had a more faithful, devoted, or successful worker than Miss Beulah Woolston. Leading the van of Methodist women in the East, her work was well done, and the call to her heavenly home found her ready. Some of us mourn for her as a beloved friend, and those of us who were intimately associated with her in the early days of work and trial feel her departure with special sorrow. Others of our early workers have pre-

ceded her, and ere long the rest will follow, and there will be a glad reunion of the workers abroad and at home; methinks that then it will indeed be an exceeding joy to have had even the smallest part in the blessed work of giving the Gospel to the neediest of earth.

This imperfect but sincere tribute of love I offer to the memory of one who, to me, was as near perfection in life and in beauty of character as is possible to humanity.—*Mrs. Dr. S. L. Baldwin, in Woman's Missionary Friend.*

MISS CLARA A. SWAIN, M.D.

# CLARA A. SWAIN, M.D.

## First Medical Woman in Asia—An Epoch

DR. CLARA A. SWAIN enjoys the honorable distinction of being not only the pioneer woman physician in India, but the first fully accredited woman physician ever sent out by any missionary society into any part of the non-Christian world.

Miss Swain was born in the city of Elmira, N. Y., in 1834, but at an early age her parents removed to the pretty village of Castile, Wyoming County, N. Y., which has ever since been her home. She was self-educated, and devoted several years to the work of teaching in the town of Canandaigua, N. Y. It was during her residence here that she decided to be a physician. This was at a time when the medical profession for women was not considered very desirable. Her preparatory study was with Dr. Cornelia Green, of the well-known sanitarium in Castile. From there she went to Philadelphia and completed her course at the Woman's Medical College in that city in the spring of 1869. From early childhood she had a desire to become a missionary, and speedily after her graduation this desire was fulfilled.

Mrs. D. W. Thomas, who had for some time

been at the head of the girls' orphanage in Bareilly, North India, in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, saw and felt the great need of a woman physician, and made an urgent plea that if such a person could be found, she be sent out for the orphanage. This plea was presented to the Woman's Union Missionary Society by the writer, who opened a correspondence with Miss Swain concerning this new and important opening.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the meantime had been organized, and Miss Swain preferred going out under the auspices of this society. She fully considered the proposition, and after three months of thought and prayer she decided on going to India. She made her preparations and sailed November 3, 1869, arriving in Bareilly January 20, 1870. She received from the missionaries a very warm welcome, and every possible facility was afforded her for opening and developing her new and responsible work. Those who were watching the movement at home wondered if the doors so long barred would open to the touch of a stranger, and the prejudice of ages give way to the ministrations of a woman of another nationality. She commenced her work by establishing a dispensary and forming a medical

class of fourteen girls, and she was called at once to visit women and children of all classes of society, treating in her first six weeks one hundred and eight patients.

Next came the necessity for a hospital, which was met by the gift from a native Mohammedan prince of a property worth some fifteen thousand dollars. Repairs were made on the house, and on January 1, 1874, the first hospital for the women of the Orient was open and ready to receive patients. Auspicious day! Like "doves to their windows" flocked the women to hospital and dispensary—Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians. Cards were printed in three different languages, each bearing a verse of the blessed Bible, so that every patient received with her prescription some word about the great Healer of souls. The women were captured. "May I not come here and stay a while every year, even if I am not sick?" said one of the patients. "Let me stay," said another, "for I would like to walk out in this beautiful garden. I cannot walk out at home, for if I do, my friends say I am very bad." The work so auspiciously inaugurated commanded the attention of other missionary societies, and the trained woman physician has become a necessity in every fully-equipped mission in India.

In addition to her great medical work Miss Swain held meetings on the Sabbath with the women, and embraced every opportunity to be a bearer of good tidings. But this great pressure told upon her health. The work had passed the experimental stage, and in 1875, after six years of increasing toil, she returned home for a much-needed rest. After more than three years in the homeland she returned to her chosen field and took up again the work she had reluctantly laid down. She soon had all she could do, and in 1883 over eight thousand patients were treated. After fifteen years of loving and devoted service in the society Miss Swain received a call from a native prince, the Rajah of Khetri, which after careful consideration she accepted. Taking with her a Christian teacher, she remained for some time professionally treating the wife of the Mohammedan prince, and then was invited to become physician to the women of the palace and to open a dispensary for women and children of the city and surrounding country. She was permitted to open a school for girls, and the friend who accompanied her was allowed to teach the prince's wife and some of the court women. Of her experiences at this time Miss Swain wrote: "We brought a quantity of religious books, parts of the Bible, and our hymn books, all in the Hindustani lan-

guage, and as we have opportunity we distribute them. I suppose there are more than thirty persons singing our hymns here already, for we have taught them to every one who would learn. Some of them take wonderfully, and the singing women in the palace sing them to her highness every evening.

"The rajah and his wife have only one child, a little girl two years and a half old, and she has learned to sing parts of several hymns, and sings them sweetly. Her highness says our songs are much purer than theirs and she likes them better. What an opportunity for good this is! for some of their songs are very vulgar, and we would not think of listening to them. Our hymns reach every woman in the palace, and they are sometimes sung to his highness. We often find that we can sing Christianity to these people when we cannot preach it. This is an opportunity such as no one of our missionaries has had before, of carrying the Gospel into the very heart of native royalty."

In 1896 Miss Swain was compelled to abandon the work she loved so well, and at this writing (1898) is quietly settled in a home of her own in the town of Castile, N. Y.

Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries
1 1012 01290 3466

## Date Due

F 17 '47
FE 22 '52
MAR 14 1995
JUN. 15 1997
JUN. 15 1998