Twenty-first Anniversary

OF

THE WOMAN'S

UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Of America for Heathen Lands

March, 1882

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For 1882.

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TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY

(REPORTED BY E. H.-S.)

ON the beautiful morning of the eighth of February, 1882, balmy and bright as if April had stepped out of her wonted place in the succession of months to welcome us, the earnest friends of our Society met together from distant homes in the Chapel of the Bible House, New York, to celebrate its

TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

The large assemblage of the first day met our most sanguine hopes, and yet more encouraging was the presence of undiminished numbers through the deep, melting snow and rain-storm of the second day. We had come together to review what the Lord had done for us in all the years past; to offer our united, loving thanks to Him; to seek His continued presence and blessing; and to have our hearts warmed in communion with Him and with each other: and the love that led so many to seek these good gifts through all obstacles felt itself richly requited.

In the opening exercises of the first morning, Mrs. Samuel Pruyn, the President of this Convention, as of the memorable one of October, '76, read selections from the Song of Solomon, as illustrating the confidence, free-
dom, fellowship, and delight that result from true communion between Christ and His chosen ones.

"In anticipating this gathering," said Mrs. Pruyn, "I have deeply felt the importance of rising above the mere rehearsal of statistical information, or historical reminiscences, and that we should strive above all things to enter into and realize the spirit of this precious 'Book of Communion,' for just in proportion as this Convention is pervaded by the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of holiness and love, will it be a power. Just in the measure that our communion is with the Father and His Son, shall we go from it nerved to do His work, to 'hope all things,' and to 'bear all things.' And just in that measure also will its influence be felt; not only in our home circles, but in those centres of Christian work toward which our prayers, expectations, and sympathies are directed, far across the sea. India will feel it; China will feel it; Japan will know that we have not met in vain.

"'Prayer in the Holy Ghost' can never be a selfish thing; 'communion with Christ' can never end in mere personal pleasure. The full tide of Christian love can never be pent in by narrow limitations.

"And if our ears, during this season of sweet fellowship, hear the voice of the Beloved, and our eyes gaze upon 'the King in His beauty,' we will go forth to look more lovingly upon the King's children, and to listen more tenderly to His call when He says, 'Come, my beloved, let us go up early to the vineyard, let us see if the vine flourish and the pomegranates bring forth.' Let 'holiness to the Lord' and 'fellowship with Christ,' then, be our motto during all the hours we spend together, for this is not only our preparation for glory when our earthly days are over, but our most effectual preparation for life and service here."
Mrs. Jacob LeRoy, President of the Society, led the assemblage in prayer.

After the hymn "The Church's One Foundation," the annual election of officers took place.

**Opening Address by Mrs. Pruyn:**

Five years ago we sent out invitations for a Convention. As the first Woman's Society in the field of foreign missions, we desired to assemble not only all those who were in active participation in this work with us, but we wished to bring together representatives of all the societies which were the legitimate outgrowths of this, the earliest.

We are met to-day, on the invitation of the Society, under different circumstances. A sadness comes over our hearts as we miss those whose presence gave such an unspeakable grace and charm to our first Convention, and especially as we miss that dear face with its halo of white hair and its light of mother-love that was everywhere and always an inspiration of cheer and strength. Grieving over many who are no longer with us, we can only cherish for consolation the precious assurance that they are lifted up into the higher service and are joining in songs of praise far beyond ours on this occasion.

"Faith can hear the raptured chorus
When her ear is upward turned.
Is it not the same, perfected,
Which they here on earth had learned?"

But we may, we will, have the presence of our Lord, and we shall rejoice in communion with Him, if we set that before us as the chief thing to be desired. And let us ever remember that "the true inspiration of service is to know the grandeur of our Leader" and the certainty of His victory. Not alone His spiritual supremacy in the hearts of His saints, but an assured confidence that He is to reign "King of Nations," and that the whole earth is to be filled with His glory.

We meet to celebrate a memorable event—the 21st birthday...
Twenty-first Anniversary.

of our Society—to understand the significance of which we must take a retrospective view, and try to realize what was the actual state of things in reference to woman’s work in the Church and among the heathen twenty-one years ago.

In the respect and liberty now accorded her, in the wide scope afforded in this day for all her consecrated abilities, it is very difficult to believe that every movement toward enlarged spheres of usefulness, and every demonstration of practical sympathy for the oppressed and degraded of her own sex, especially in the lands of heathen bondage, were met with chilling indifference, with actual opposition, with incredulous suspicion, and even with sarcasm and contempt. Yet this was really the case, and it becomes us to-day, gathered as we are to recount the wonderful way in which the Lord has led and prospered us, to endeavor to appreciate the holy courage, the patient endurance, the loving sympathy, and, above all, the mighty faith that inspired the purpose and nerved the will to organize this Society.

Their hearts burned within them to tell of the wrongs and cruelties to their sisters across the sea; yet for a time their earnest desires were repelled and checked, and they were told “Let women keep silence.” “I suffer not a woman to speak,” and much else of the Word of God was wrested out of its meaning and connection to repress the outflow of their Christ-like sympathy for the sorrowful and perishing.

To know what are some of the results of that undertaking, we have only to look at the woman’s boards now existing in every denomination in the land, and the estimation in which woman’s cooperation and agency are held in all the churches. To this Society is given the privilege and honor, first to demonstrate to the Christian world the practicability of woman’s independent organizations, and her competency to conduct and control wide and efficient instrumentalities. Yet this was but part of the work begun and accomplished. To supply the “missing link” in the foreign missionary work, to open the century-barred doors of heathen homes, and gain access to our sisters in their hopeless prisons, was our blessed
mission, and to this part of our Society's work you will have most glad and grateful testimony, as you listen to the papers to be read concerning our missions during these meetings.

Especially may we draw from this brief retrospect a sanctified and elevated courage in the face of every future enterprise. In proportion as we are pervaded by the Spirit of Christ, we shall be enabled to do all things, to bear all things, to triumph in all things; and just in that measure our influence will be felt, not only in our own homes, but in the far-off centres in India, China, and Japan, and wherever a cry of human misery is lifted in its extremity. The full measure of Christian love can never be pent up within a narrow compass. If our eyes are opened to behold the beauty of our King, we shall be the more ready to look upon the King's children in their low estate with tender interest and sympathy.

The Treasurer's report was given and a review of the Origin of the Society* was read by Mrs. Henry Johnson. A lunch given by some ladies in New York was served at the close of the morning session in Room 41, while two other rooms were kindly placed at the disposal of the Society, and opportunity was given for happy communings between old friends, and accessions of fresh ties, as those became acquainted who had long been united in interest but had never before exchanged greetings face to face. Many a one went home enriched for life in thoughts and aims and friendships; aye, and for the blessed life beyond.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

After singing, "How firm a Foundation," and prayer by Mrs. Isaac Williams, President of the Philadelphia Branch, a paper by MISS HOOK on our CALCUTTA work* was read by Mrs. William Ransom.

*See 21st Annual Report.
Before we went abroad—driven to leave our native land by my husband's failing health—my rallying cry for years had been 'home-work,' and all beyond that range seemed labor lost.* I had never been inside a missionary meeting, nor had I ever given a dollar to the cause. One day we sailed out of the harbor of San Francisco, and there were on board with us ten or twelve missionaries. They seemed somehow far removed from me. A sort of halo of purity and holiness encircled them, but the silent impression of those many days together on the broad Pacific laid a foundation deep and strong for what God had in store for me.

We landed in Japan, and I was there convicted to foreign missions though converted in China. Our travels began. Then I saw what nations were—what man could become without the Gospel. To know the meaning of the word heathen you have to make acquaintance with the reality on the other side of the ocean. Yet they were seeking, seeking in painful pilgrimages and self-tortures, to find some rest for the soul.

In India I saw a man in a cell who had held his right hand raised above his head for twenty years, under a vow. What hunger and thirst and gasping of the soul that revealed! I felt as if that hand, stretched out for twenty years, would fall on me if I failed to do something to give the Gospel to India. How little I thought when, as a young girl, I devoured the stories and poetry of Eastern romance, that I should ever look upon the reality of Oriental life! Then the poetry died out—the music became a wail. I saw the millions of India's daughters crushed under a degrading, blighting tyranny. Woman's home was revealed to me as woman's hell. Never again could I speak lightly of the sacred cause of missions.

One day in Calcutta I was invited to go with one of your missionaries to a very high-caste zenana just opened to them—the home of a Rajah's widow and her daughter. The higher a woman's rank in India the more severe is her seclusion. The daughter—scarcely over twenty years of age—was richly
dressed and covered with jewels. Not one, but six pairs of earrings glittered in her ears. She wore a number of anklets, and bracelets covered her arms from the wrist to the shoulder. Yet life was a gilded slavery. Not one ray of light for this world or the next relieved her gloom. Her husband had lately left her, sent her back to her mother's house, and had taken others in her place.

The widowed mother had a most majestic presence. In her bereavement no jewels were suffered to break the severe simplicity of her dress. Yet painter nor sculptor could have chosen a finer model. Deeply touched, I spoke to her of the Saviour's meeting with a widow in her fresh sorrow over the death of her only son—of His tender compassion, and of her anguish turned into joy. Tears rained down her cheeks as she spoke of her desolate estate and her intense wish to have been burned with her husband's body, and she rocked at my feet in her agony of spirit, yet listened, as if for her life. The young girl touched her, and, as I turned, she lifted her dark eyes gleaming with tears to me and exclaimed, "O, ask her if the message she brings my mother will help me, too, to bear my burden of sorrow?" My sisters, have we any right to deny to them the answer, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He loves you just as much as He loves me, and asks you to trust Him, that He may make you blessed now and forever.

"Now," said Miss Kimball, "do you not want to go into a low-caste zenana and see the other side of East Indian life?" I went, and the other side, indeed, it was! Sad as the best is of heathen life, you can have little conception of the misery of its worst side. In one little narrow room we found a goat, some chickens, an aged grandmother, and two lovely children. On one of their faces was the hateful marriage mark. I have seen it on little ones of eight years—so soon are they sold into lifelong slavery. When the Bible-reading began throngs gathered around the door to hear. Ah! this Woman's Union Society is, indeed, our Phoebe. She has been, and is "a succorer of many." The need is there, the response is here.
Into these depths your Union Missionaries go, and carry with them the only cooling, healing balm that visits them. It was on the other side of the world I learned to love the name of your Society. There, too, I learned to love Mrs. Doremus, whose name I did not know, so ignorant was I of foreign missions and her great interest in them. Ah! sisters, never let our "mother" die! Once I saw an aged mother cast out in her last illness by her own children, to perish. There, near the banks of the Ganges, she lay gasping her life away. Shall we, as Christians, take a lesson like this from the heathen? Never let us deal so by our mother Society. She has gathered around her magnificent children. The Presbyterian Woman's Board brought in last year $140,000; the Methodist Woman's Board, $120,000; the Baptist Woman's Board as much. Their united gifts in all the denominations were over $800,000. But ah! it was our dear, precious mother that taught me my lesson, and no matter what Board I may belong to, I will never forget what I owe to her. I will never be too poor to contribute some offering to her who gave us birth.

Not long since a lady wanted to purchase a watch. Just when the sum to be reserved for it was completed she heard for the first time an earnest presentation of the needs of her heathen sisters. She sent the money laid aside for her watch, across the sea. After awhile her watch ticked back again. The young girl whom it served to support became a Christian indeed, and sent word to her generous friend. "Tell the lady I am trying to walk close in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus," and what that means of blessing to her people will be known when the Lord makes up His jewels.

A paper by Miss Lathrop, on our mission in ALLAHABAD, INDIA,* was read by Mrs. A. Van Santvoord.

After singing "Blest be the Tie that binds," Mrs. Pruyn said, "Listen to the wail of a weary heart in India, who has not yet learned to love Jesus," and read

*See 21st Annual Report.
A HEATHEN WOMAN'S PRAYER.

"O Lord, hear my prayer! No one has turned an eye on the oppression that we poor women suffer, though with weeping and crying and desire we have turned to all sides, hoping that some would save us. No one has lifted up his eyelids to look upon us, or inquire into our case. We have searched above and below, but Thou art the only one who will hear our complaint; Thou knowest our impotence, our degradation, our dishonor.

"O Lord, inquire into our case! For ages dark ignorance has brooded over our minds and spirits; like a cloud of dust it rises and wraps us round, and we are like prisoners in an old and mouldering house, choked and buried in the dust of custom, and we have no strength to go out. Bruised and beaten, we are like the dry husks of the sugar-cane when the sweet juice has been extracted. All-knowing God, hear our prayer, forgive our sins, and give us power of escape, that we may see something of Thy world. O Father, when shall we be set free from this jail? For what sin have we been born to live in this prison? From Thy throne of judgment justice flows, but it does not reach us; in this our life-long misery only injustice comes near us. O Thou Hearer of Prayer, if we have sinned against Thee, forgive; but we are too ignorant to know what sin is. Must the punishment of sin fall on those who are too ignorant to know what it is? O great Lord, our name is written with drunkards, with lunatics, with imbeciles, with the very animals; as they are not responsible, we are not. Criminals confined in the jails for life are happier than we, for they know something of Thy world. They were not born in prison, but we have not for one day, no, not even in our dreams, seen Thy world; to us it is nothing but a name; and not having seen the world, we cannot know Thee, its Maker. Those who have seen Thy works may learn to understand Thee, but for us, who are shut in, it is not possible to learn to know Thee. We see only the four walls of the house. Shall we call them the world or India? We have been born in this jail, we have died here, and are dying.

O Father of the world, hast Thou not created us? Or has, perchance, some other god made us? Dost Thou care only for men? Hast Thou no thought for us women? Why hast Thou created us male and female? O Almighty, hast Thou not power to make us other than we are, that we too might have some share in the comforts of this life? The cry of the oppressed is heard even in the world. Then canst Thou look
upon our victim hosts, and shut Thy doors of justice? O God Almighty and Unapproachable, think upon Thy mercy, which is like a vast sea, and remember us. O Lord, save us, for we cannot bear our hard lot; many of us have killed ourselves, and we are still killing ourselves. O God of mercy, our prayer to Thee is this, that the curse may be removed from the women of India. Create in the hearts of the men some sympathy, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing; that, saved by Thy mercy, we may taste something of the joys of life."

Mrs. George Wilcox, the daughter of Rev. W. I. Budington, D.D., then read a paper by Miss Ward on our work in Cawnpore, India.* On closing it she said:

I was asked to say a few words to you this afternoon, and I answered I had nothing to say; but since hearing the touching prayer of a heathen woman I feel that I have much to say. I too, like Mrs. Chandler, once did not care for foreign missions, feeling that so much was needed to be done at home. But some words Mrs. Pruyn once said changed my views. It was this, that the last wishes of a friend from whom we were to be parted by death were always the most sacred to us. Even so the last command of our Lord and Saviour to "go and teach all nations" should be the most precious thing to us who love Him. I might speak to you of your sweet missionary, Miss Norris, who was impelled by the needs of India's daughters to leave home and friends in her beautiful, bright youth to carry to them the light of life; and you know how soon her work there was ended, and she was called to the better home. I will tell you of one who still lives to do noble service there, Miss Caddy. Not long since a member of a Mission Band, who has been contributing to her work, wrote to ask her to report to them "the results." She replied: "It is a good deal of money for you to send in view of such small present results as I have to offer you, but if you cannot give the money, do give us your prayers." And so she went on through the scorching days of summer, patiently teaching in the close little homes,

* See 21st Annual Report.
till the time came when she was forced to seek a short respite from her labors. Little can we estimate in our cool, well-ordered, pleasant homes—which we think must be quitted for the seaside or the mountain as the season rolls round—how depressing and wearing is the influence of India's steady heat on our missionaries. Miss Caddy had longed and longed for a breath of God's fresh, pure air outside of city limits, and like a bird set free she fluttered joyfully over the slopes and shades of the hill country. Her heart seemed to fail her at the thought of going back to the sultry little dens where her accustomed path of duty lay; but God sent her a vision of those little heathen faces for whom there was actually no respite from the foul, hot atmosphere, into whose life the teacher's coming was the only touch of brightness in the weary days, and she rose up gladly content to go back to them.

Then she told how among her scholars was a poor idiot boy, who was beside himself with joy when they resumed their teaching after vacation. He begged to be allowed to attend school; and the children who used to think that he was made expressly to be tormented, and who did their full share in making him miserable, were brought to see that it would be better to bring some light and gladness into his poor, darkened life by being gentle to him, and they agreed cheerfully to his being admitted into the school, and treated him with kindness. The gratitude and love of the poor little fellow were most touching to behold. One day he rushed up to her while she was teaching a class, and taking hold of her hand, tried to force a brass ring on her finger; his disappointment was great because the ring was too small. It was all, he said, that he had to give. His mother was unkind to him and did not give him enough to eat; he was looked upon as a disgrace, and even strangers mocked at and beat him. How different where the love of Christ constrains to deeds of love and kindness to all that are afflicted!

One day I saw a white-haired farmer sowing the seed. "Why are you doing such toilsome work?" I said. "Let others do it for you." "No," he said; "sowing is difficult and
important work. It must be well done, so I do it myself. When it is harvest time, others may come in. Any one can reap.”

Our missionaries are sowing the precious seed. It is difficult and important work. Let us see to it that we sustain them. Let us take home the question to our hearts: “Am I doing what I ought to cheer and support those faithful toilers, who are ready to go through the broiling sunshine, and, standing in tropic heats, to sing patiently for Jesus, and point hungry hearts to Him.”

A minister once said that Christ’s work was finished on earth, and that it remained for His followers to take it up and spread its knowledge until all the world knew of salvation. Cannot we carry the message to some souls? “Christ died for you and for me.” Surely it is time for us women to rouse up out of sleep. God in these last times is using the more subtle elements, as the telephone, the phonograph, and the electric light, to do His bidding in material agencies, and He is using the more delicate influences of woman's mind and heart to carry out His purposes of mercy. It has been an inspiration to me to hear the deep tone of thankfulness in a minister's voice as he said, at the close of a full Sabbath’s work, “One more day to give the message!” We are personally responsible each for our own share of the work as much as are our missionaries.

Vain seems the attempt to garner up and reflect the freshness and sparkle as of morning dew that gave to the words and tones of this speaker their peculiar charm, but the slight sketch may at least aid the memory of those who listened to them so gratefully.

Mrs. J. Lorimer Graham presented the greetings of the Presbyterian Woman's Board with the assurance of her own earnest sympathy in our work, and gave a few warm words of encouragement, with striking incidents. After singing Mrs. Pruyn said: “I gave you a note of sadness from India this afternoon; now I would like to add a
note of gladness, by reading a letter from a little pupil in India, nine years old":

I to you many salams and kisses send. I am very happy about the play-things you sent to me, and I send to you very many thanks for them. I have become a Christian. I have placed faith in Jesus, and He has come into my heart to live, and I am very happy. I have been baptized in His name and have become Christ's disciple, and His love has filled my heart. My first name, Shemis, was after an idol named to whom was no ears or mouth; but my Christian name, Preethee, means Love. I wish Preethee to become. For this you prayer for me do.

I have come into God's family and am His child. I feel much pleasure. Jesus in me great, great mercy has done and in me great love does in my mind such bring. I to sin dead am, but to God alive am, and if I trust He all conquers for me. He much every day conquers for me. My prayer is "O God in me a clean heart do," and my faith is He clean heart makes.

By His blood me He has bought; I sin's servant should not be. I to my people God's story of love wish to tell, and that all my people in such darkness sitting may see light in Jesus' face.

You for me prayer do and I for you will pray. And I you one day in God's beautiful house will see, and in your face will look. In much love, Preethee salams.

Mrs. L. S. Bainbridge, of Rhode Island, said to us:

There is a custom among the Karens of presenting, after a rich repast, a little dry rice-ball, and such, I fear, you will find my offering after all you have heard to-day, but such as I have, give I unto you.

The Spirit of God is one in His teachings, whether in a heathen heart or in ours. We are not under His influence if we would concentrate His grace upon ourselves. No more is it consistent with selfishness in hearts across the sea. A little girl in Yokohama having learned to love the Lord said, "We can't keep this beautiful religion all to ourselves. We must send it to China." So they began to work and to save, and after a time a lady wrote me that she had received ten dollars, the united offering of little girls in the missionary school—the expression of their gratitude for what God had given to them.

I am sorry to say that ignorance on this important subject is not confined to heathen lands. Speaking one day in
the cars to a lady of the zenana work, she said, "I have heard of that before. What is it? Is it any thing like the Kensington work?" I am sorry, too, to say the lady lives not far from Boston. Very different, indeed, from the dainty, self-indulgent work she was disposed to confound it with is that of our faithful missionaries.

Well do I remember going with Miss Caddy into a zenana one broiling day. We entered the stately house through close and narrow and winding stairways, and Miss Caddy remarked: "My young pupil is deeply interested, but every time I seek to press upon her the subject of personal religion some interruption is thrust upon us." "Let me secure you from that to-day," I said. So when the fitting time came I asked the mother-in-law to show me the household wardrobe and jewels, to which she gladly assented, and led me to a distant apartment. Meanwhile the precious opportunity was given to point the young daughter to the Saviour as her Saviour and her God, and when, after more than an hour's absence, we came back, I saw in a minute the effects of the mighty transforming grace of God in the new, sweet light of joy and peace on the face of the young pupil, and the transfiguring loveliness that shone out from the grateful heart of the teacher, making her plain face beautiful in its radiant expression.

Two telegrams of Christian greeting came, wrapped in the eloquence of Bible phrase, more rich and condensed, more strong and tender than any mere human utterance. One was from the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Presbyterian Church, Canada, the other from the Woman's Board of Congregational Church, Boston.

On February 9th, Mrs. Pruyn opened the services of the MORNING SESSION by reading the 72d Psalm, with earnest comments.
Nothing so nerves our spirits in any undertaking, she remarked, as confidence in its successful results. This grand prophecy of the ultimate reign and supremacy of our Leader, uttered with unfltering certainty by His inspired servant, may well stir every heart as with a trumpet tone.

The royal singer was looking forward and anticipating the indications of the approach of Christ's reign upon earth, and when in vision he sees that consummated, he has nothing more to add. He says, "The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended." That is far from being a mere division of a portion of Scripture, the meaning lies deeper. He expected the full glory of His Redeemer's reign upon earth, and beyond that human imagination could not soar, but folded its wings and sank down to rest with happiness. That it is to be a reign upon earth there is no question, if we take these words of God. Of what use would "the gold of Sheba" prove beyond the limits of our globe? How could "all nations serve Him" except in this world? How could all "kings," as such, "fall down before Him" in another world than this? It is a most glorious anticipation and precious comfort.

When we look at the startling fact that there are no more Christians now, in proportion to the rest of the world than in the time of Constantine, we may well look into the Word of God for an explanation. The work of the missionary, as of all Christians, is to hasten the time when the Lord will take to Himself His great power and reign on the earth. I do not find in my Bible that the world is to be converted by the preaching of the Gospel, but that it must be preached as a witness to all nations. My Bible does teach that the Church is to be taken out of the world and completed and made ready, and then shall the Lord come.

The subject I would press upon you this morning as most of all needful to the success of our Society's work, is the duty of prayer, and prayer with confidence of the answer. What we pray for with all our heart, expecting to receive, we do not forget. We are not ready to give up. I want to urge upon every heart this great privilege and bounden duty of
constant, stated, believing prayer for our Society as one of the most important agencies in it. Some have said this is a critical time in the history of the world. I feel it to be a critical time in the history of our Society, a time when we are to take hold with fresh enthusiasm and stronger grasp on the great responsibilities that God has devolved upon us. I have thought one reason why so many have turned away from us into denominational work may have been the loosening of our clasp on God's promises in faithful prayer. I have the fullest sympathy with all missionary work, but while the Lord has opened for this Society special channels of usefulness, I feel we cannot be true to Him if we forsake this grand opportunity and sacred trust for any other work, just because it is church-work.

Prayer was offered by Mrs. Bartlett, of Albany.

A paper on JAPAN* was then read by Mrs. Ransom. Mrs. Pruyn remarked:

You can hardly conceive how that little history touches my very heart, and what a glorious privilege I feel it to be to have had any share in the early stages of our work in that country. It is wonderful to trace the influences that have spread from that Home over the community. There women and girls were converted from heathen ignorance to the knowledge and love and service of their Saviour, and each one became a missionary in her own sphere. As we had girls from the highest as well as the lowest classes among those brought to us in the providence of God, the influence spread the more rapidly, and the status of women in Japan is wondrously changed in these few years, through the healing and elevating Christian principles embodied in Christian lives.

Miss Youngman, from Japan, gave a sketch of her work and said:

She counted it a pleasure and privilege to be with the other friends of the Society to-day, as she had special reasons for

* See 21st Annual Report.
loving it. Twenty-five years ago, four years before this Society was formed, she was a member of Mrs. Pruyn's Bible-class, and under her faithful teaching the Bible first took a new, deep meaning. So she could not refuse, at her request, to speak to the friends who loved her and her work.

Mrs. Bainbridge added these words:

This is called a family gathering, so you will not take it amiss if I say a few words again. We do not count how often the children speak in the home circle. I, too, would linger on our blessed key-note of prayer. A lady wrote to me: "We have all the wheels, all the machinery, all the appliances for work, but it seems as if the power were shut off." I would entreat you to take the dear missionaries, one by one, to your Saviour, and seek His blessing upon them and upon their work. I am reminded in this connection of an aged woman in China who was well known as a great pray-er. If you will pray as earnestly as she for your missionaries individually by name, you will surely bring down a blessing upon them. I said to her when we first met: "I have heard of you, Kay-lee, and am so glad to meet you." "Yes," she said, "you have come over a thousand hills and ten thousand waters to greet me in the Gospel." "When I am gone, Kay-lee, won't you pray for me?" She looked doubtful. She had so many Presbyterians to pray for, she could not promise, she thought, for any one else. "It takes me all the afternoon, from the time I am through my work till I hear the sunset gun, to pray for each one of the Presbyterian missionaries separately, and the wife and the children of each, and the work and interests of each one individually." But at length she consented to pray for me while I was on the ten thousand waters. Beyond my arrival on my own shore she could not promise.

The fidelity of your missionaries to their trust is well worth more than a passing notice. Let me give as an instance the thoroughness of the training in a sound, clear, symmetrical knowledge of the Bible imparted to the pupils in your Home in Japan. I candidly assure you I have heard them pass exam-
inatations in different books of the Bible that I could not begin
to meet without special preparation, and I a minister’s wife.
Even for a dictation and punctuation lesson, the passage
chosen was from the chapter describing the dedication of
Solomon’s temple. The gold dust of the minutes as well as
the weightier treasures of the hours are sacredly guarded and
used for the Master in that Home. The spirit of prayer per-
vades it thoroughly. I noticed the young girls would kneel
down and ask help of God on the lesson about to begin—
specific help for need realized,—and we see proof of the
answering blessing in their rapid progress in all that is good
and useful. These young girls, as soon as they are qualified,
go forth with a teacher or a companion in some heathen
homes, and as they tell the story of the Cross to the mother
and daughters, the father or the uncle comes in to listen, and
so the good seed is scattered far and wide.

Mrs. Robert Harris then presented the greetings of the
Baptist Woman’s Board of Missions, and said:

The name of your Society and of your honored first presi-
dent has long been as a “household word” with us. We
count it cause of rejoicing that our Mrs. Mason was the means
of awakening the specific interest that blossomed into the
Woman’s Union Missionary Society. Your first missionary,
Miss Marston, was a Baptist; the Judsons and the Wades and
a host of other honored names were Baptists. They are the
heritage of the Christian church, not of one portion only. We
were the latest of the sister churches to form a separate organi-
ization for woman’s missionary work, and to you we are indebted
for its most valued facilities through which God has blessed us
in rich results. We need to pray much for our missionaries, but
oh, we need to pray and labor for our Church at home till
every woman and child recognizes the responsibility resting on
her soul for this work of missions; that having named the
name of Christ she fail not to come up to the grand require-
ments of loyalty to Him in this specific work of missions to
woman.
Woman's Union Missionary Society.

After prayer and singing, Mrs. Stephen R. Smith said:

I feel that the Baptists of this city hardly realize how greatly all Baptists are indebted to Mrs. Doremus. The treasurer of the Boston Board was visiting me some years ago, and said: "I suppose you know Mrs. Doremus. I never have seen so wonderful a woman." That led me to seek her and to win for myself the great privilege of her acquaintance. I called early one morning for this honored friend, with Mrs. Rose Bailey, on her way to the ship in which she was to embark for India. We saw Mr. Doremus too, who kindly placed us in the carriage, saying: "Mrs. Bailey, we always remember the missionaries in our family prayers."

I was greatly impressed with Mrs. Doremus' method. Arriving on deck, she went to the captain and said: "I want to introduce you to a lady of remarkable powers. She will be able to give great interest to your circle of passengers, and I want you to show her kind attention." We all know what a passport to favor was an introduction by Mrs. Doremus, and no wonder Mrs. Bailey's first letter home was full of enthusiasm over the great kindness of the captain—propitiating favor for her from all on board. When afterward it proved that a great door of usefulness had been opened to her among her fellow-passengers, it was sweet to trace it all to the little word dropped by Mrs. Doremus as the instrument.

How our own souls are warmed and lifted by the cheering retrospect of those twenty-one years! How easy it seems to take courage from the inspiring review of what God has done in the past, for all that lies before us in the future! The "hitherto" and the "henceforth" are so closely connected in our lives. The "Ebenezer" and the "Jehovah Jireh" should never be separated. Confidently we may say, as the good old Scotchman said: "I never expect to keep a coachman, but I am sure of two footmen, for I have my Lord's security for it. 'Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.'"

The beneficence of Mrs. Doremus, her toil, her love, her
prayers were freely given, without regard to name or mode of worship, and all denominations have a responsibility laid upon them to care for the Society she founded and nurtured and loved with a love unto death.

No matter what great necessities may urge us, nor what promises of great results invite us, let us never forget our grave indebtedness to the Woman's Union Missionary Society. Let us "love, honor, and cherish it till death us do part."

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At the opening Mrs. Pruyn remarked:

At the opening of every service, as foremost in all our life, we crave a message from our Leader and acknowledge Him as our King. Turning to His words in Rev. iii, we read: "He that hath the key of David, He that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth; I know thy works; behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength and hast not denied My name."

Is it not inspiring to take this word to our hearts to-day and to realize that it is He who has given us our work to do for Him; that He knows all our weakness, yet acknowledges our work.

If we will open the barred doors of our hearts to Him, He will enter in and take full possession, and make the place of His feet glorious. We are not called to forsake riches and friends, but a great deal more. We must forsake our sinful self-will and whatever rebels against His gracious dominion. He pleased not Himself, and if we are His disciples we will yield ourselves unreservedly to His control, not seeking self-gratification even in our work for Him.

After prayer by Miss Maria E. West, of Smyrna, Mrs. Ransom read a paper from our missionaries on the WORK IN CHINA * by our missionaries.

*See 21st Annual Report.
Address of Mrs. Baldwin, from China:

It falls to me to give you some account of that land that first awakened the enthusiasm of Mrs. Doremus in the cause of missions, and was her first love.

The Chinese, as you all know, are the oldest nation on the globe. It could not be otherwise, for the promise of long life is given in God's sure Word to them who honor their father and their mother. To nations as well as to individuals the law applies. I need not say to you no nation in the world so honors its parents as the Chinese. This reverence is so conspicuous a national trait that every time I come home I am shocked by the want of it in my young countrymen. Then the Chinese are an industrious people, and such are worth working for. Also, they are an intelligent people. Clear, strong intellects are not uncommon, and they who go out from our shores to teach them must be well equipped to meet sharp questions. Besides this, they have a great respect for learning. No one without literary qualifications can receive an official appointment. Their country is supposed by many of our own citizens to be only a dreary stretch of level, sandy soil, a libel on God's creation, with a people to match. If you have such a picture in your mind of China, tear it down and put this in its place. Never have I seen skies in Italy more exquisite, nor mountains in Switzerland more glorious. Taking Foo-Choo, my late home, as a centre, there may be found within a radius of a few hundred miles some of the grandest, most beautiful, and varied scenery that I have ever seen. It has vast plains, lofty mountains, rushing rivers flowing for many hundreds of miles. When we take China for Christ, we take a noble country, sheltering in its bosom one third of the whole human race. People constantly say to me: "They are a homely, impassive race, with no heart." Did you ever go up to one of them and speak kindly to him and invite him to share your privileges as Christians? Did you ever speak to him of your Saviour? They are our guests. We are their hosts. Is it not our part to extend the hand of welcome? Such a loving welcome as dear
Mrs. Doremus extended to every one whom she could help in the Master's name. Be sure they have a heart warm and grateful, and never forget a kindness. My little baby boy came home one day with his tiny hands full of stones, thrown at his Chinese nurse who carried him. Is that the way to commend our Christian country to a heathen?

My first journey to China consumed four months; my second, thirty days. What does it mean? Was it only to fill the coffers of our merchants with treasure and our houses with luxuries that such wonderful facilities are now given? No; that highway was made for the King's messengers to carry His Word to dark-browed children. God gives grand wages, too, to the carriers of His message. It is a blessed thing to be called to this service.

The noblest human teacher ever given to a people was given to the Chinese in their Confucius. No wonder they say, "If you want me to give up our sage's teachings, you must give me something better"; and it is something, indeed, better than the best of all human teaching that we offer them in the Gospel of the Son of God. And so we come to this blessed union work, whose whole expression is love to the Lord Jesus Christ and love to the souls He died for. There is here no exponent of church pride. You do not ask, are you a Presbyterian? or a Baptist? or an Episcopalian? before you consent to send out your missionaries. So that their hearts were full of love and they had full equipment for the mission work, you sent them all out, and at least in this case it may be said: "See how these Christians love one another."

The reception of "this foreign Jesus-word," as they call it, costs much to the heathen. I could tell you of some of them who have lost every cent they possessed because they embraced the Gospel, of others cut savagely by the lash, of others pining in prison, yet holding fast to their faith. As I saw the working of your missions in various cities, and especially in Allahabad and Calcutta, I rejoiced over the good in progress and heartily bade you "God-speed."

I stood before the most superb and majestic temple that
human hands have ever reared, the Taj-mahal. I saw it under the enchantment of a veil of mist, again in the clear sunlight, once more in the magic of moonlight, and last and loveliest of all, in a glorious flush at sunset. What was it that carried my heart straight up to God as the wondrous airy tracery of every shaft and pillar rose clear against the sky, pure and beautiful as if just alighted from heaven? It was this thought: If a human heart could rear the Taj-mahal as the expression of its love for a woman, what must that Divine love be which has prepared the city not made with hands, whose glorious beauty no human mind can conceive.

Mrs. Pruyn added:

It may seem a difficult task to win China for God, but it will surely be done, for China is a part of the pledged possessions of our Lord Jesus Christ. "All nations shall serve Him." China is not excepted. Among the pleasant features of our gathering we had the great pleasure of welcoming Miss D. M. Douw, of Albany, once a member of the first band of missionaries sent by the Union Society to China.

Mrs. Ransom read a paper from Mrs. Fluhart on Cyprus.*

The greetings of our auxiliary in Philadelphia were presented by Mrs. Isaac Williams, who spoke of her joy in fulfilling this commission, and offered her tender thanks for the warmth and hospitality of her reception and for the privileges of this meeting. In the name of the Philadelphia Branch she asked to assume the entire support of one of the new missionaries whom we propose to send to mark our Memorial Year, and pledged also a thank-offering, on this era of our existence, of an additional $500.

Mrs. Pruyn stated that we had well begun our Memorial Fund in remembrance of God's goodness to us all these twenty-one years, having received in large and small

* See 21st Annual Report.
sums about $7,000, but we wish it not to fall short of $10,000. When shall we complete it? We may not forget that the Lord says to us in His providence as well as in His Word: "I have set before thee an open door." We want to go forth from this convention more self-denying, more energetic, and with nobler enthusiasm in this work for our Master than ever before.

Mrs. Ralph Emerson, our vice-president from Rockford, Ill., read a paper by Mrs. A. S. Page on the

CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE,*

and added a few earnest words on the importance of interesting the children, when all life's impressions were fresh and less engrossed with cares. She also warmly commended the organ of the Society, the Missionary Link, which was the great means in her home of sustaining interest in our fields.

After a solo by Mrs. Dodd, of Summit, N. J., a paper was presented by Mrs. S. E. Warner, of Brooklyn.

OUR MISSION BANDS.

Very early after the formation of this Society in 1861, a few little girls knocked to be admitted to share its fortunes. They had of their own prompting gone about among their companions, and by membership fees of "twenty-five cents" had formed what they called a "Children's Band," and now came to the Society, money in hand, saying in their first statement: "We have heard our mothers speak of their Society for sending teachers and Bible-readers to heathen women and little children, and we thought it a good plan to have one of our own to assist them." Who can say, looking back, that it was not a "good plan," springing from a safe and strong motive?

From this time on, little notes began to come to our officers asking, "Will you be so kind as to tell me what the

* See 21st Annual Report.
Mission Band does; how it is formed, and what is necessary to become a member of it?" Thus the Society was compelled to stop and think of the future aspect of the whole subject, and the result was that a few general directions or "Rules" were framed to help young persons who felt an interest in our new work to go forward and start "Mission Bands." This was the origin of our Mission-Band system, which seemed to spring into existence and compel a recognized place in the constitution of this newly-formed Woman's Society.

Our rules for bands were exceedingly simple, and they have never been materially changed. From the extent to which they have been copied and adopted by other Boards, we conclude they were considered by others as well as by ourselves, practical and efficient.

The first condition laid upon our Mission Bands was this: that a band of children or young people wishing to work together under the leadership of some older person in behalf of this "Woman's Society," should be held equal in responsibility to one collector; that is, they must raise not less than twenty dollars a year for five successive years.

Another requisite was, that each Band should choose and be designated by some appropriate name not already in use, and to hear even the names of our hundreds of Bands is enough to touch the heart and strengthen courage and faith in the future of this cause! The two Bands first enrolled upon our list were the "Pioneer Band," of Clinton Avenue Church, and the "Light-Bearers," of Pilgrim Church, both of Brooklyn, N. Y.; and we believe that both bands still have their representatives in the same churches and Sabbath-schools, if not holding to the original name, yet uniting year after year to raise an offering for our cause. Not a few have been Memorial Bands to embalm the name and character of a loved teacher, friend, or class-mate. One of our first, the "B. C. Cutler," was in memory of a godly and sainted pastor; and one of our latest Bands, "Memorial of Two Shining Lights" bears hidden in its title the sweet memory of our first beloved President, Mrs. T. C. Doremus, and a dear brother whose death occurred near her own.

We find our Bands have hailed from nearly every

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State in the Union; there is even a "Sunset Band," of California, a "Little Star," of Texas, and "Busy Bees" from the beflowered fields of Colorado.

"For what special purpose shall the Mission Bands labor?" This question was speedily forced upon our officers. Most naturally there was something very attractive to the young in the thought that through the simple machinery of this Society they could come into such close relation to little children in heathen lands, as to exchange messages or letters, and it became almost a necessity that the privilege should be accorded to each Band (if so disposed) of saying where they would wish their money to be spent. This was the origin of "specific donations for the support of children" in the foreign schools,—a feature of our work that has been of exceeding interest and also of great care and labor to our teachers abroad and our officers at home. By means of these special pledges many little ones have been adopted, often named, supported, educated, and then employed as assistant teachers or interpreters. One of the classes of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, years ago, thus chose a little girl in our Calcutta Orphanage and named her after their teacher, Miss Smith. "Lizzie Smith" is now a faithful Christian teacher in one of our own schools in India.

This Society has never dictated how the Bands should raise their annual gift of money, although it has always tried to lend a helping hand, if possible, by furnishing information, letters, pictures, or securing for them personal visits from our own missionaries when they came to this country. Hence the methods of work adopted by our Bands have been as varied and original as the titles they bore, and, like those titles, often impressed by local surroundings. Winter is the harvest-time for good work in cities, and the young people of our cities could easily raise their money by efforts put forth in their own immediate social or church circles; but in the country, under the law of nature, Summer has proved the best time for our rural Bands to make their yearly offering, and we have received reports of garden and lawn parties, festivals of flowers and fruit, where, under smiling skies, God's own sweet, pure gifts have been transmuted into
thoughtful remembrance and help for adopted little ones "over the sea."

We recall how at different and special eras in the history of this Society, through united efforts of our Bands, large and successful fairs have been held, which resulted in adding thousands of dollars to the treasury, and besides relieving immediate need, enabled us to hold a "reserve fund," which has been of inestimable value.

We would here speak of the plan of the "Brighton Heights Band" of Rev. Wm. Walton Clark's church, Staten Island—one of our youngest bands, but very carefully and intelligently organized. A certain part of each monthly meeting is devoted to one missionary topic, sometimes a country, as India, Japan, China, and each member, even the youngest, is expected to come prepared to add interest to the occasion by giving a fact, description, anecdote, poetical selection, or illustrative view bearing on the topic. In this way the members are educated and taught, as well as entertained.

The Missionary Link, the organ of our Society published once in two months, always contains a Mission-Band Department, and under the heading, "Ways and Means," are given the veritable experience of our own Bands, as reported from time to time by themselves. We would mention our Mission-Band Leaflets as having given impulse and force to the work of the young. Two of these leaflets, "Prairie Gleaners" and "The Lifted Stone," contain encouraging facts in the story of two Bands.

"Our Japan Home" is the title given to a single issue of a little paper, containing three good views of the beautiful school-house and children's house of our American Home in Yokohama, Japan, while the series of three stories, prettily bound in card, called "Daughters of Japan," has proved most welcome to our Bands, and been widely sold and circulated.

As we look back over the past twenty-one years and think of the many missions bands that have been enrolled under the banner of this Union Society, we desire to express our appreciation of this noble circle of our young friends and workers, and also the hope that future years may see that circle still wider, stronger, and more efficient,
It is so simple a matter to form a Mission Band that we feel sure there is hardly one person, or even one child, who could not do it by making the effort. A young ladies' seminary, a home or neighborhood circle, a Bible-class or infant Sabbath-school, a sewing class or poor mothers' meeting, with penny collections, an invalid's chamber, a summer resort or sanitarium,—these circumstances have all actually furnished to our Society efficient Bands. And we name them over, that perhaps they may prove "hints" to some one who would fain try to help us by forming a new Band.

The hearts of the young are quick to feel for children in heathen lands, and their hands hold gifts of time, talent, and even money that they would lovingly bestow under wise and encouraging direction.

We read in early English history of the young mother of Thomas à Becket who remained at home in solitude, while her husband, a grim knight, went to the Holy Land to fulfil a pilgrim vow. She gave herself up to the care of her son's infancy and boyhood, very early instilling into his mind the duty of giving of what he himself had, to the poor and needy. The way, however, she led him to decide how much to give was very original! She weighed him at different times, and put into the opposite scale, bread, meat, and clothing in proportion to his own increasing weight. This store was to be given by himself to the poor. Judged by this standard of the Middle Ages, how large and generous must be the debt which the favored households of America owe to those little ones in heathen lands, who have no knowledge of God's Word, and no share in the boundless love of Jesus Christ, save as it is carried to them as a gift from Christian children.

A pleasant feature of the meeting followed this paper, when Mrs. George Allen, of Summit, N. J., one of the original members of "Pioneer Band," sang Mendelssohn's "Oh! Rest in the Lord," from the oratorio of "Elijah."

Mrs. Pruyn said:

I have been asked by one mother, "Are you not going to say something for the children? My little boy prayed over
all I told him of the meeting yesterday." Surely it is well to take our children into our confidence and sympathy, and impart to them our own enthusiasm in the good cause. Soon those warm young hearts and tender hands will be carrying life's burdens, and upon them must devolve the support of the work we have loved so well. But we regret that this and many other earnest requests and greetings from Branch Societies must pass unheeded for want of time.

The hymn "Who are they whose little feet" was sung, when our President, Mrs. Jacob Le Roy presented the thanks of the Society, with her own, for the large and cheering attendance on this occasion of friends from distant homes, for all the aid they had furnished, and the precious prayers they had offered, and asked a continued place in their intercessions for herself and for the work so dear to us all.

Closing Address by Mrs. Bainbridge.

In my travels with my husband there were many places which I was debarred from entering, as the unholy foot of woman could never be permitted there. But when I reached Calcutta I said to him, "Now I can go to the zenanas, where the unholy foot of man cannot tread." One morning I told Miss Hook I would like to go with the missionaries as they went on their daily rounds, taking the work as it came, that I might better judge of its peculiar features. First I had the privilege of going with Miss Marston into some of the zenanas. We passed through winding alleys and over heaps of offal till we came to the house, and passed through into a cheerless room containing one stool, which being the only seat, was given to me, the stranger. During our visit, one little wife had ventured to run in from the opposite side of the court-yard to gratify her curiosity, and I heard the heavy blows resounding upon her back, inflicted by the mother-in-law for her venture without leave. I went into another house where the wife was too ill to
receive her usual lesson, and begged Miss Marston to read to her and to sing that little song she loved so well, "Art Thou Weary?" That touching scene, her deep, pathetic interest, and the melody of that little song will never leave my memory. That weary one found rest, I believe, in her Saviour's compassion, and soon after exchanged her prison-like home for the glorious dwelling-place prepared for His redeemed.

It is well for you to know, from those who have had eye-witness of the facts, with what thoroughness and efficiency your work is conducted by your missionaries. These qualities give their sterling imprint not only to the most important of all, the spiritual teaching of the pupils, both young and old, but mark also their daily routine of work. I was greatly impressed with this in the case of Miss Hook, whose routine embraces every variety of cares that can enter into a busy woman's life at the head of a large household, and as superintendent of the mission in Calcutta. I saw her encounter a skulking contractor once who was delaying and neglecting the completion of the building for the teacher at Rajpore, and was I intensely interested in her successful assertion of rightful authority, ending in the speedy and thorough finishing of the house.

Afterward I went with your teachers to the school, and saw the brimming happiness of those joyous little hearts over the distribution of dolls. If you could have witnessed the glad wonder in their eyes, and the loving little hug with which the dolly was taken to the heart, I am sure you who prepared and sent them would have felt amply requited for all your trouble, remembering how few are the rays of sunshine that penetrate their gloomy homes. At Allahabad and Cawnpore yet another department of your work has been opened. I refer to that of carrying the Gospel message to the women at the ghauts, or bathing-places. These are high enclosures fenced off, with steps leading down to the river side, in whose holy waters, thus screened from view, women now are allowed to bathe, believing thus to wash away all their sins. Meeting those women there with the message from God is truly encountering the enemy in his stronghold, and the success of the work is
greatly encouraging. Once, while looking at a crowd of deluded worshippers bathing in the Ganges to wash away their sins, we were so impressed that involuntarily rose to our lips the precious hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and although we knew it would not be understood, we could not refrain from giving it utterance.

Woman, even in Asia, though held in bitter slavery, though bought and sold as a beast, yet has an influence that goes forth far beyond herself. The very slaves in our South had an influence over the dialect, the customs, the social habits of the community, and caused one of the saddest and greatest wars that the world has ever seen. Woman in many parts of Asia is denied the possession of a soul, yet "the arm that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Who form the crowds that press up the the steps of the idols' temples in Japan and China? Chiefly they are women, with little children held by the hand, whom they are training into adoration of their national idols. The government in Japan is now supplying a thorough university education to its young men, but with it comes the poison of infidelity. How are you going to neutralize that poison? We know of no shorter, simpler, more effective plan than that of Christianizing the women. Let the arm of the wife and mother that rocks the cradle be a Christian arm, and the little ones will not be trained to climb temple-steps and bow down before senseless idols.

In China female infants have been carried about the streets for sale at forty cents apiece! You may sell, degrade, and cripple woman, yet, even thus, and in China, she has power. In one family of seventy members in that land, a woman held the reins of authority, and sons and daughters-in-law and grand-children bowed to her sway. A keen-eyed Chinaman once remarked to one of our missionaries: "The doctrines of Buddhism are eating up the principles of my people, as the moth devours our garments." We must win the women of China for the Lord, and then we shall soon have the whole land.
Scarcely less in India is the power of woman felt—for evil, too sadly often,—but already a purifying and elevating influence has begun to work through the arm that rocks the cradle, and it is woman alone who can reach those women. I long to see more efficient and abundant support given to this noble Union Society, that every such open door may be entered in the Master's name.

Before I close I must add my reasons for not allowing this Union work to be crippled, much less to die out. First, the extent of heathenism is so great, and its powerful influence so subtle, that we cannot afford to lose one organization which has so persistently labored to present Christianity in its purity. Second, this Society is the only one in this country which presents to the heathen one unbroken front of the unity of the Church of Christ, and this alone carries unbounded weight in heathen Asia, as before an unbelieving world. Your Society is so organized, and has so fine a vantage-ground in heathen lands, that no other can, without great injury, take it out of her hands. It is not the Society of any church or any person, but of the united Christian army of believers; it is God's Society—a precious vine of His planting, and it deserves the most careful fostering and cultivation because it is so flourishing. Do you say as Methodists, as Baptists, as Presbyterians, as Episcopalians, we are already doing what we can? I answer there are powerful reasons why you should not fail warmly to sustain this parent Society. When a young man attains his majority, it is thought fitting and wise to provide him with capital, and establish him in business, and your Society having numbered its twenty-one years should surely be entrusted with a goodly capital to use in the Master's service. Has she not proved her fitness for the trust in all this past history? Unless your religion teaches you to go and tell it to some one else, you have reason to doubt whether you have any. Unless this honored Society has means of expansion and growth beyond its present borders, it must die. Such is the rule of life. Will you not see to it that a fresh tide of strength shall sweep through every channel of its being?
Mrs. Pruyn reminded the friends present of the prayer-meeting at Room 41 on the first Thursday of every month, from 3 to 4, and urged all to attend who could do so, and those who could not, might remember it at their own homes. She then quoted, from I Cor. xv, 58, the verse that closes that magnificent chapter: “Therefore, my beloved brethren,” etc., and the beginning of the next chapter: “Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye.” “What a singular transition!” some would say, but if it was not beneath the use of an inspired apostle, we may be assured the connection is lawful and wise. And it is right for us to transmute our feelings into action before this memorable meeting shall come to its close.

Pledges were then taken from the friends present, and resolutions of grateful thanks to the officers of the Bible Society and others for the use of the chapel and rooms were offered.

The meeting impressively closed by the whole audience rising and repeating audibly the Apostles’ Creed and the Lord’s Prayer, thereby testifying the unity of faith amid all who bear Christ’s banner.

As limited time prevented the reading of the following REPORT from the Chicago Branch, sent by Mrs. O. F. Avery, its Secretary and Treasurer, we give it a warm welcome now:

As the representative of the Woman’s Union Missionary Society in Chicago, I desire to present to the ladies of New York my sincere regrets that circumstances forbid my attendance upon so interesting an occasion as that of our twenty-first anniversary. It will, I trust, prove a blessed meeting of the faithful and true; of many who have borne the burden and heat of the day in this glorious cause; also of sad memories of precious, glorified ones who share our earthly labors no longer, having obeyed the Master’s call to “come up higher.”

Our Chicago Branch was first organized in March, 1870, though the initiatory steps were taken somewhat earlier, in the spring of 1866, by a lady
appointed by the Society in New York for that purpose. Interest was aroused, and some ten or twelve ladies pledged themselves donors or collectors for five years.

It was previous to the formation of our Branch in 1869 that the daughter of the writer took charge of the "Olivet Mission Band," and chiefly through her efforts our Mission-Band fair was held. A year following two beautiful tableaux entertainments were given under her management. The fair and two entertainments brought to the treasury of our Society not less than four hundred dollars. This care and labor was too heavy a tax upon one whose work on earth, it seems, was done all too soon.

When our missionaries have visited us, we have usually had some public meetings. Mrs. Pruyn's visits aroused an interest in Japan. Other missionaries have presented India and China. Miss Ward, in 1879, was the last who visited us, and made an impression upon those whose acquaintance she formed. In addition to the visits of the missionaries of our own Society, we had the testimony of others who have visited our missions at our public meetings, giving them their most cordial endorsement, and the most hearty approval of the Union element in our Society as best adapted to work among the heathen. Among these was Rev. Edward Warren Clark, who gave a series of illustrated lectures on Japan and India in December, 1879. Rev. Messrs. Parkhurst and Spencer, in returning from their tour around the world in 1876, gave the missions of our Society much praise and appreciation. At our annual meeting in 1876 the Rev. Dr. Phillips gave a thrilling address, spoke of his visits to our missions in Calcutta and Allahabad, of the great good they were accomplishing, and commended the spirit of Christian union in which our missions were conducted.

When no one from abroad has been with us, parlor meetings are called as often as once in three months at the residence of the secretary. Thus our work is kept in mind, subscriptions as far as practicable secured, and plans for the interests of our cause suggested. Four parlor meetings of this kind were held during the past year.

By the circulation of the appeal in the leaflet, "The Memorial Year," an effort was made for an increase of our funds; also, encouraged by the example of our Cincinnati friends, a "Missionary Lunch" was given, and with gratitude I record the kind and generous responses of many friends to those invitations, and thus an addition of about $150 came to our treasury for the Memorial Year.

A part of the funds of the Chicago Branch are given by our auxiliaries in Rockford and Byron, Ill. Mrs. Ralph Emerson, of Rockford, was chosen an honorary vice-president of our Branch. The contributions of the Argonaut Club, over which she presides, are credited to our Branch. The "Byron Band" sends from twenty to thirty dollars annually, and the "Little Snowflake Band" sends a gift that indicates more of warmth and love than the name they have chosen.
The wide circulation that has been given to our leaflets for many years, also the large sales of the publications of our Society, have, I believe, given quite an impulse to the spirit of missions in the North-west, and the results appear in the work of various denominational Boards. Much good seed has long since been scattered broadcast by our Society, and we may anticipate the blessed time when the “sowers and reapers” shall rejoice together. The amount of receipts reported by me as treasurer of the Chicago Branch, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1881, was $1,163 81. In looking over the receipts of our Branch since 1870, I find the amount to be $12,586 32. Since 1866, or four years previous to 1870, the collections and gifts of Bands were from five to six hundred dollars annually. I think we may safely say that since our work for the Society commenced in 1866 our contributions have amounted to about $15,000. Though a small sum for so many years, when compared with the needs and vast importance of the work, yet when we consider how few have adhered to this good cause and persevered in labor for it, we have reason “to thank God and take courage.”

At the present time we are educating three girls in the Calcutta Orphanage, aiding three pupils in the school at Yokohama, and supporting a “Memorial School” under Miss Ward’s care at Cawnpore, India. From both the pupils and the memorial school we have during the past year received favorable reports, and a number of Bible-readers in years past have received their support from our Branch. We have the satisfaction of knowing that among our former protégés are girls who are now Christian teachers, wives, and mothers in India, Japan, and China; that by God’s blessing upon the Christian education our Society has furnished them, they have been thus lifted from the degradation and superstitions of heathenism to be happy and useful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord! Should not such facts as these be our inspiration and reward?

What zeal and enthusiasm are now given to the arts of sculpture and painting! what worship almost to the works of the old masters,—those who in their imitations of nature have produced a Venus, a Medici, or an exquisite Madonna! It is sad to think that in ancient Greece and Rome, where art made its highest achievements, woman was for the most part degraded and enslaved. But what are the best imitations of physical nature compared with imparting those influences that renew, beautify, and save the undying spirit that God has given? Far more glorious than the work of the greatest painter and sculptor is the transforming power of our holy religion in raising the degraded daughters of heathenism to become cornerstones in the spiritual temple of our God. Many a fresh inspiration comes to all of us who have tried to be helpers in this work of the Lord, and when ere long we go to join the blessed loved ones on the immortal shores, may many heathen sisters, saved through our instrumentality, be stars in our crowns of rejoicing for evermore.
STATEMENT OF THE TREASURY.

The Total Receipts of the Society for 1881, were $29,000 60
Disbursements, of which more than one half was expended in
three stations in India; one fifth in Japan; one twelfth
in China; and one fifteenth in Cyprus. One fifteenth was
divided among nineteen stations of the denominational
boards, and one fifteenth was paid for printing the "Link"
and all other expenses. Total, $28,972 49
Balance $28 11

The response to our appeal for special Memorial gifts, in this our 21st
year, amounts to $7,000, and $500 more are pledged. We asked for
$10,000, and we believe it will be given, as the opportunity continues
through the year.

This Society has, during these 21 years, sustained 101
Missionaries in 12 different stations. It has sustained or
aided 84 schools, has supported 174 Bible Readers and
278 children. It has received and disbursed in 21 years,
$664,107 55.
The "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands" was organized in Nov., 1860, and incorporated in New York, Feb. 1, 1861.

Seal of Office:
An American Lady giving the Bible to a Heathen Woman and the Saviour addressing her.

Form of Bequest.
I give and bequeath to the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands," incorporated in the city of New York, Feb. 1, 1861, the sum of ________________ to be applied to the missionary purposes of said Society.