

That \$850.00 be the minimum aid in aided congregations for year ending 1st August 1880.

MRS. ANNA HINDERER.

Few names on the long line of Missionary toilers are better known or more loved than the name Hinderer. For more than one year the name has been associated with the great work of Church Missionary Society in Western Africa, and of the labourers in that trying part of the vast Mission field, none have had more cause for rejoicing at success than she who is the subject of the present narrative.

Anna Martin was born at the village of Small, in Norfolk, on the 19th of March 1827. The joys of childhood were overshadowed when she was only three years old by the death of her mother, whom however she had so vividly preserved a recollection that thirty-six years afterwards, she was able to write these touching words:—

"My dear mother when I was five years old. I have just the remembrance of a form in bed, as white as snow, with rather large bright blue eyes, and know she taught me to sew, when I was not by her bedside I used to sit on a low broad window-seat when I had done ten stitches I was rewarded with a strawberry and I used to read little texts to her in the morning. I was only allowed to be in her room once a day. But though I knew so much of her on earth if God who is rich in mercy will have mercy on me and admit me into His blest abode I shall see her again for she rejoiced in her God's favour and I have been told that my first breath was spent in singing a hymn —

"I want, oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu."
I can estimate the value of such a

When years after her mother's death Anna was removed through failing

health to reside with some relations at Lowestoft and here she lived first with her grandtather and aunt and subsequently until her marriage with the Rev David Hinderer in 1852 with the Rev Francis and Mrs. Cunningham whose devout evengelic Christianity was so well known.

We have said that life at the Vicarage was by no means an idle one. Anna, after she had taken up her residence with her friends, found plenty of genial and profitable work, and into this she threw the whole energy of her ardent and self-denying nature. Teaching in the Sunday School, teaching in the Ragged School, which, in conjunction with Mrs Cunningham, she started when only fourteen years of age, and which before she left Lowestoft had grown into a school of upwards of 200; instructing a class of lads at the workhouse; visiting the sick and indigent; helping to roll the burden of years off the aged by bringing the sunshine of her face and voice into their homes, where she would sit for hours talking of the eternal rest and glory; then by the side of the Vicar's wife, reading, and talking of the merits of some good book, or planning or maturing some new scheme for the welfare of the surrounding poor: now seated by the clergyman in his study, searching for quotations in old volumes, copying letters, journals, and extracts, keeping the parish registers, and now again in numerous other ways seeking "to lighten in some measure the labors of his busy life."

Ever cheerful, ready, and willing, never so happy as when serving, in however so small a way, she endeared herself to all around. She was the Vicar's "right-hand," the faithful companion of his wife, and an angel of light wherever she went. Many a mother, now aged, can remember some gentle word of remonstrance which she used to lead some wayward son into the right path; and many an industrious and sober artisan could point to her admonition as the beacon-light which warned the dangers that beset his frail bark on the sea of life.

And thus the years rolled on, years of joyful, unflagging service, till 1852, the year that was to witness the consummation of her youthful aspirations to go