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MRS. H. B. CROSS.

Mrs. Cross went as a bride to India eight years and five months ago. She was very young—not out of her teens—but very womanly and very brave to meet the future in the service out in India. Up to that time she had lived the sheltered life of a younger daughter in her parents' home in Goodlands, Manitoba. To one who met her on the eve of her departure for India, the calm and dignity of her bearing and the sweetness and purity of her face impressed the beholder as indications of a character singularly rich in the Christian virtues and true to everything noble and pure. A spirit of "other-worldliness" dwelt within her and hers was in very deed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Her mind dwelt more lovingly and naturally than with most of us, on things that are above—the things that are "lovely" and "of good report." She must be thoroughly at home in Emmanuel's Land. Her mind was in harmony with heavenly melody and one of her great delights was to pour out her heart in hymns of praise and prayer in a voice unusually sympathetic, clear, melodious.

The work in Vuyyuru, India, where her husband was stationed, she carried in her heart. She was for some time in charge of the boarding school

there and besides teaching the Bible classes, superintending in person the Sunday School, she personally attended to every detail of their many material needs and, above all, worked and prayed earnestly for the conversion of the children and rejoiced exceedingly over each one as they came to the Saviour. She entered most heartily into the spirit of the great Revival of 1906 and shared in the spiritual struggles and consequent triumphs of those blessed therein.

Her death came as a sudden shock to all, for she was considered convalescent after a severe attack of typhoid fever. Four days before the end she took a turn for the worse. The day before her last she seemed to have a presentiment of the end and when tossing wearily, unable to find rest, said she would rest well "on the morrow." Her mind was true to its heavenly bent to the last. She asked for and rejoiced greatly in the precious, familiar words of Scripture.

One bonnie little daughter, Kathleen, less than two years old, is left with the bereaved husband. Only one term of active service, glorified by her spirit of fervent devotion, was allotted to her here. Now she serves Him in the light of His countenance.

K. S. McL.