

(Notes of an interesting address by the Rev. Dr. Herdman, of Melrose.)

APPOINTMENT OF A ZENANA MISSIONARY AT MADRAS,

IN CONNECTION WITH "THE SCOTTISH LADIES' ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA."

An interesting meeting was held in Edinburgh on Tuesday the 12th of October, at which Miss Drury, who has just been appointed to succeed Miss Johns, was present. It has been thought that a short account of the proceedings would be interesting to friends at a distance. Dr. Herdman has kindly supplied notes of his most interesting address, while we can give in full the few lines which Mrs. Drury asked Dr. Herdman to read for her.

We may mention here that Mrs. Drury is widow of the late Major Drury, Madras Staff Corps. She has spent eight years in the Madras Presidency, and is intimately acquainted with the natives and their ways. She has always taken a deep interest in Missions, and used, when in India, to spend her spare time in visiting the ladies in their zenanas and the children in their schools.

We think all who are interested in the women of India will rejoice that God has raised us up an agent who already possesses so many useful qualifications for the work. And we trust all our friends will accede to her earnest request to be remembered in their prayers and that thus we may all help to uphold her in her arduous duties which she has undertaken.

After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Herdman and the Rev. A. Clark, late of Madras, Dr. Herdman after some words of sympathy and encouragement, and after referring to the sad loss of the valued services of Miss Johns, who had been obliged to leave India from serious illness, dwelt on three things as most important to be sure of:—

First, That you are yourself saved—that you have experienced the great change, and know what it is to give thanks for personal redemption. You can sing, "He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many

waters." "He loved me and gave Himself for me." Jesus is mine and I am His." You go to tell of a salvation which has become yours, to tell of a Saviour who is precious to you above worlds.

Then, secondly, Be sure that you are sent on this errand—the voice of Providence uniting with the inward suggestion to satisfy you that you are not seeking your own ends, but "are thrust forth by the Lord of the harvest." For your choice of sphere if a noble one, will be found exacting, nor can it be fulfilled without much sacrifice and self-denial. You are likely to encounter discouragements which can only be overcome in the calm, courageous spirit of the Master's messenger, bearing a message from Him, and obedient to his bidding. Indeed, although in going to India you do not need to contemplate such forms of isolation from Christian society and open hindrances as are familiar with some parts of the mission field, you will do well in counting the cost to make up your mind that you take your life in your hand; you mean to work, to witness, unto blood; you expect, by God's help to be made all things to all men, that you may by all means be able to save some. Whatever the discomforts and disappointments, you will steadily pursue the end of pleasing Him that sends you. To teach the Gospel faithfully wisely, lovingly; more, to live the Gospel, to translate it into your ordinary walk, and in your words and ways to present Christ's will intelligibly and attractively to those who know him not, and increasingly to illustrate His revelation in the sight of converts, showing by your character lowly, hopeful and happy He makes His followers—"Who is sufficient for these things."

Thirdly, it is of supreme moment that you *save* of the Lord and his *servant*, should habitually sit at His feet; should, sitting at His feet, learn of Him, drink of His spirit, share His joy, grow up into his likeness, and secure His strength,

Yes—that is the secret of success; that is the place of peace and power—where Mary sat. "What is life? 'Tis sitting, Jesus at Thy feet! All things gladly quitting, for that favor'd seat, Where in sacred union, earth and heaven meet. What is death? 'Tis springing, Jesus to Thy breast!