

breeze the awakening began to be felt everywhere. A Woman's Union Missionary Society had already been organized in the east. Miss Thoburn was spending this year quietly in St. Clairsville, Ohio. Bishop Parker and his good wife were home on furlough. It was Mrs. Parker who began to make it known in Boston that there was a young woman away in Ohio, well qualified for missionary work, ready to go, if only she could be sent. It was from this little quiet talking that the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church originated.

A little merry-making in the columns of some of the great dailies followed: "It will be next in order to organize a little boys' missionary society," commented one editor.

Thus the work began. A mistake in the appointment of a missionary at this stage would, no doubt, have been fatal. But such a mistake was not made. The first appointment was that of Isabella Thoburn.

She organized a local branch of the Society in her home before leaving, the first ever organized west of the Alleghanies.

Another wise choice on the part of the Society was the appointment of Miss Clara A. Swain, M.D., of Castile, New York, to accompany Miss Thoburn.

No time was lost. The two ladies immediately began to prepare for their departure. Something of the tenor of Miss Thoburn's mind may be gleaned from her description of London, where they tarried a few days:

"Nothing it [London] contains is more worth seeing than the great city itself—so full of life and work, of records of great efforts and successes, of wealth and security, and yet bearing many sad witness to the fact that it has the poor always with it,—the wretched and suffer-

ing poor. The streets and squares scarcely seem new to us, bearing as they do names made familiar by English literature. The stones still rattle on Cheapside as when John Gilpin rode so famously, and 'that part of Holborn christened High' looks like a street we have walked before, while Dickens' odd places and odd people meet us at every turn. We recognize the country no less quickly as that of Mrs. Browning and Jean Ingelow. The lanes and hedgerows, the green fields which the spring will cover with buttercups and daisies, the ivy which creeps lovingly over every waste and ruined spot, and the 'happy homes of England,' all impress us as pictures that have been faithfully described by eloquent witnesses."

A few weeks later they arrived in India, where Dr. Swain became the pioneer of medical work among women, and Miss Thoburn was destined to lay the foundation of the first Christian college for women ever established on Asiatic soil, and to become the chief founder of higher education for the Christian women of India.

Thus in the year 1870, at about thirty years of age, Miss Thoburn entered the city of Lucknow, henceforth to be her home. And strange to say, her arrival in India seemed almost like a going home. India was her country. She spoke always of its delights, its glories, never of its discomforts. Nothing grated on her heart more than to hear the life of a missionary portrayed as one of self-sacrifice. Of the seasons of excessive heat and blinding dust, or of long rain, she seldom wrote, but she spoke almost always of India in her fairest seasons. Under the heading, "A Night Hour in Lucknow," she writes:

"The moon here does not seem, as in colder countries, a flat disk against a surface of sky; but a perfect sphere floating in the high, far dome, and shedding down a mellow, golden light like the reflected shining of an Indian summer sun. Its image floats below in the placid Goomtee, before it a shining path, and beyond, winding hither and thither between its green banks, the river wanders away into