THE MINISTER'S WIFE AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

[A paper presented by Mrs. Delavan Dewolf at the Missionary Institute held at Freehold, N. J., Feb. 22, 1894.]

What is the relation between the two—what the dependence of the one on the other? How may we, as ministers' wives, help in securing the missionary enthusiasm so much needed? This is the problem propounded to us. Let us seek its solution by treading three steps, which seem to follow each other in natural order, each successive one depending on the one before. Let us consider the minister's wife: First, in her relation to her husband; second, in her relation to the church; third, in her relation to foreign missions.

First. What is the relation of the Minister's wife to the minister? On the right determination of this, we believe, hangs all the rest.

She is his wife! yes, but what can we mean by that? To different people that means widely different things. We read "David Copperfield," and are touched with the pathetic picture of his child-wife sitting by the hour at her husband's feet in worshipful silence, realizing that his thoughts are far beyond her comprehension; content if she can but sit there, and hold his pens. It is a pitiful picture, and perhaps too often real, but none of us would for a moment count "Little Blossom" our ideal for a minister's wife.

Step up higher and look around again on this level. Of many a wife can it be said here,

"And I know in her dominion
She's a veritable queen."

Yes, a queen, with most loyal homage from husband and children, and all within the home fare so lovingly and wisely ruled, we say, "can any one ask for more than this?" Ruskin, in "Queen's Garden," exclaims, "Oh—you queens—you queens," and in another place adds: "How far are they called to a true queenly power? Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere." And again the wife must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise. . . . Wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fall from his side." Our old saxon word is wondrously expressive, *help meet*. Not simply a companion, nor yet even simply a helper, but a *help meet*—measured to fit the need.

Each station in life has its own measured need, but in not one of them all should the true helpmeet be more closely identified with her husband, in thought, in feeling, and in purpose, than the pastor's wife. His care for the souls of men is continuous, and in a peculiar way the pastor's wife should carry this daily burden with him. This does not mean that she should study the sermon with him, or always make calls with him, any more than that he should make the children's clothes and bake the bread. Not thus literally, always side by side, but with a deep heart-to-heart sympathy in their life work, they should be as one in thought and plan, although the details of execution be different.

There are ministers' wives who stand conspicuous among women. We all pay homage to them, because of the noble way they have stood by their husbands and supplemented their work, making it more effective. It is the privilege of all to follow their example. But does some one say, "I cannot be a Mrs. Judson, or a Mrs. Spurgeon, or a Mrs. Gordon. I am not a genius, and there is no use in my trying to be an ideal minister's wife." Wait a moment. Very likely your husband is not a Judson, or a Spurgeon, or a Gordon. Most likely he is a good, earnest Christian man, called of God to fill a humbler sphere of life, and your work is to stand beside him, helping him to carry his burdens, and to make his work in that sphere a success.

The heavens have their Venus, their Jupiter, their Sirius, their Arcturus and their Aldebaran, but if all the rest of the blue were a blank, where would be the beauty, the brilliancy, of the star-spangled sky? We glory in the achievements of our foremost women, but if the will of God is to be made known to the world, it needs more than these first-magnitude stars. The darkness of the world must be spangled with the smaller lights; smaller, but not dimmer; each one in its place as bright and clear and true as the sun itself.

My sisters, it is ours to emulate, not the noted housekeepers, not the leaders of fashionable society, not even those who have won fame with their pens; but rather those who have been foremost by their husbands' sides, as true helpmeets in winning the world to Christ. When we have apprehended this, our true relation to our husbands—that we are not simply *wives*, but *ministers' wives*, with all of responsibility as well as privilege that belongs to the station—then only are we prepared to consider our second point,—

The ministers' wife in her relation to the church.

When a Baptist minister is ordained, a council considers his qualifications, and among these prominently, his call of God to become a minister. If ministers' wives were to be subjected to the same ordeal, there is many a one who would tell of the irresistible power that led her to take up certain lines of work against inclination, and with inward questioning, "Why is it my duty to do this, more than any one else's?" The Power led on until the lesson was learned. Then, and not till then, perhaps, she saw that she had been obeying God's call to fit herself for the special duties of the minister's wife; truly called of God. Others, however, may not be able to trace a clearly defined line of providential leading, but still the leading has brought them to the station, and this must be accepted as the evidence of God's call, and His commission to the duties of the place.

What are these duties? In common with others the pastor's wife has the duties which belong to all Christian women, but this broader sphere brings added responsibility. Sometimes churches are told that they have called only the pastor—that they have no right to make greater demands on the pastor's wife than on any other women in the church. This may be true—the church may, have have no right to demand any more of her; but there is another standpoint from which to look at the question. Can the wife afford to let her husband slip beyond her, and carry his burdens and responsibilities along? Can she willingly let him do it? We believe she is not simply to count *one* as a member in the church. She should be *one plus*. Her relation to her husband determines the meaning of the *plus*. As helpmeet, her thought and care and helpful touch are to be felt all through the church, in developing its life and stimulating its activities. *This is her relation to the church.*

By this we do not mean that she is to be the president of every woman's society in the church, any more than that her husband is to be senior deacon, and president of the trustees, and chairman of every committee. This is often an uncalled for tax on her strength. In every church there should be women who can and will fill these offices faithfully, and carry on their hearts the details of the work. But still, the pastor's wife is a potent factor in the spiritual life of the church. Naturally, the women of the church look to her, and very often are found to live on her level of a Christian life; be it high or low. Great indeed are her possibilities for good if she have rightly apprehended her relation to the church. While she seeks the same ends as her husband, her methods are different. She touches another side of the church and touches it as he cannot. More than half the members of the church are women, and this means much. She can go where he has no entrance and give womanly sympathy and help. Springs of action respond to her touch which are hidden away from him. It is hers to study how the social life and the home life and wifely love and the mother's instincts can be brought into the service of Him who gave Himself for us. It is hers to gather up the threads, often stray threads, of human interest, and twine them into a strong bond, to bind her sisters and the church to Christ.

Do you remember this in God's Word? "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make an helpmeet for him." And is not this God's arithmetic? "One shall chase a thousand to flight." When the minister's wife has apprehended her relation to her husband and to the church she has already determined

Her relation to foreign missions. It is because we have not rightly heard our God given work that the interest in missions in too many churches is but a feeble spark, or even no spark at all.

We, as Baptists, pride ourselves upon our obedience to God's Word; but some seem to think when they have obeyed in baptism, their obedience is complete. This is not so. Just as emphatic is the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" and it is you duty to be in the foremost ranks in obedience to the latter as much as to the former.

So much of the missionary interest now is spasmodic—an offering once a year, given perhaps heartily, perhaps grudgingly; perhaps understanding the needs, and graded accordingly, perhaps, as in one known instance, following a set rule for benevolence—a dollar to every special collection taken in the church, no matter what the object may be; perhaps nothing at all, because of regular recurring illness on missionary collection day.

The pastor has had hard work with an occasional sermon to change this habit. cannot be accomplished by one effort, nor even by a year of efforts perhaps. It must be by pull after pull, over and over again, until the old habit is overcome, and new purposes are formed. It is in this steady educational work in missions that the pastor's wife can, if she will, supplement his efforts most effectively.

But suppose the minister himself is not interested in missions. Such cases are rare, but they are nevertheless real. Shall his wife stand beside him, alike indifferent? Indeed, no! She is to be his help-meet. If he be in this condition he needs her help more than ever. If he had typhoid fever she would toil night and day to nurse him out of it. If he have fatal apathy, she must nurse him out of that, too. If, heart and soul, she try to obey her Lord in this world-wide work for others, her husband will soon stand by her side.

Let this educational spirit be broad and generous. "All the world" means our church, our state, our country, and all the lands beyond the seas. If we would fulfil the command we must remember the meaning of "all." We must recognize that the Missionary Union is the foreign missionary society of the whole church, and as members of the church, we are responsible for our share in the work of that society. To this we must add the distinct work undertaken by our Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. What! must we give double offerings to foreign missions? Aye. Are we not as women ready to give double times double as a thank offering to the Lord for what His gospel has done for us?

The woman's department of this foreign mission work has developed very complete plans for organizations. First, the Woman's Circle. Then, because women had missions at heart, the children were trained to care for the work, and there sprung up everywhere the Children's Bands. To these were then added a third, the young women's circles, adopting recently the name "Farther Lights." But experience proves that these organizations will be but short lived, if they are left to take care of themselves—bare meetings, to which the sisters are invited to come and pray for the conversion of the heathen, or to which the children come but find nothing to make them want to come again. Here are open doors, which the pastor's wife may enter, and by exerting her influence, help greatly in training the whole church with regard to mission spirit.

To do this she must keep in the front ranks of intelligence; must know which missionaries are in which fields; who are just starting out; who are coming home, wearied and broken-down; where the gospel is being gladly received, and where the native Christians are laying down their lives rather than renounce the name of Jesus. She should know of methods of work tried by others, and study to adapt such methods to her own field. The way for all this is made quite possible by the *Missionary Magazine The Helping Hand, The King's Messengers*, the beautiful and complete Hand Book, and the various other books and leaflets published by our missionary societies, some of all of which may be used as circumstances permit.

Of all devised plans for study we know of none other so complete as Mrs. Waterbury's "Trip Round the World." We wish that in every church the women, as well as the girls, might be rallied together to follow the thousands who have already started. This trip is a set of lessons, prepared for the Farther Lights, but is too delightful to be restricted to them alone. They will surely extend a welcome to all who will join them in their tour. It costs but a dollar for an entire circle to take the round trip, and a guide leaf comes to each member for each stopping place. The very first of these, at Japan, is fascinating.

A lady said, the other day, "I don't think we ought to call the Japanese 'heathen.' They are so refined in manner, so delightful to meet." Are you study this first lesson, with its methodically arranged questions and answers, you are moved to almost hearty admiration of the sturdy little people, and are almost ready to wonder why we do need to send missionaries to them. But read on through some of the little leaflets bring them into trouble. To others will take responsibility they will be glad of it, and when everything turns in the right way, they will endeavor to "keep up with the procession," and be found on the strongest side. Nothing can be done in their view until a majority or a multitude can be secured. "I will sign that paper if *others will do it*," said one man when it was proposed to give expression to a prevailing sense of indignation concerning certain atrocities which had been committed; but power, and office and money were on one side, and nothing but right was on the other, and wrong seemed stronger than right, and so he kept with the crowd.

There are few people who really believe it is safe to do right and stand for God alone amid a thousand foes. There are more who praise the dead and buried reformers and heroes of bygone days; who talk boldly of principle, and duty and devotion, but who take good care never to endanger their own positions or salaries; they are careful never to make enemies, or in any way compromise or involve themselves. They talk boldly where there is no risk and no danger, but when the time for action comes they are not to be depended upon.

The Lord has need of a different class of men. He calls them forth, He leads them into the wilderness, He talks with them there. Moses among the wild rocks of Horeb; Gideon by his threshing-floor; Elijah by the brook Cherith; Daniel in the midst of an idolatrous multitude; John the Baptist in the desert, eating locusts and wild honey, and communing with God—these are the men whose words shake nations, and whose testimonies move the world. The Lord does not send such men in regiments or in crowds; they are too precious; He is sparing of them; their words are not the words of majorities, nor are they lost in the clamour of the babbling throng. It is "the voice of *one* crying in the wilderness," that summons men to "prepare the way of the Lord." Perhaps only one man has eyes to see the hindrances that lie along the path; one heart has courage to cry out and arouse the careless and the indifferent, to make straight in the desert a highway for our God; but one voice, calm, strong, steady, constant, persistent, and energetic, accomplishes more than the confused murmur of a hundred who babble and whisper, but who have no message, and who speak with no authority. One man striding along the streets of Nineveh and crying destruction in the ears of the astonished people, produces more effect than scores of men who guess, and fancy, and imagine, and surmise, but have no message from the Lord of Hosts to utter in the ears of men.

Has God sent you to be a voice? Has He called you, and quickened you, and anointed you for such a work? Cry then in the wilderness. Let your voice sound out the Word of the Lord, and far and near let men be taught the message which God has given, until the way of the Lord is prepared, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

"THE ROSEBUD."

Within a happy sheltered home
A little rosebud bloomed
Its leaves, unfolding one by one,
The air around perfumed.

It in the sunlight raised its head,
And grew from hour to hour:
The parents smiled, it seemed so fair,
Their modest little flower.

But when the blasts of winter came,
The little rosebud sighed,
And shivered when it heard the wind
That roared so fierce and wild,

"Earth is too cold for me," it said;
"Its storms will surely come
And beat on my defenceless head
E'en in this sheltered home."

The Master looked from heaven above,
'Sweet rose' he whispered low,
Earth's storms are cruel, and its stains
Will soil thy leaves of snow.

Then quickly to his garden fair
He took the pretty flower,
Where no dark stains of earth appear,
Or stormy skies to lower.

'O give us back our snow-white rose,'
The weeping parents cried,
'Our home is dark, we cannot live
Since our fair rosebud died.'

'Peace, peace beloved,' the Master said;
Your rose is safe with Me.
Within My Paradise it lives
And blooms eternally.'

'Far, far above all earthly stains,
Above all earthly care,
Look up, and with the eye of faith
Behold your rosebud there!'

It is only of late years that rheumatism has been treated as a blood disease. But that this is a correct theory is proved by the extraordinary success attending the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in this painful and very prevalent malady. Is seldom fails of radical cure.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

On the shores of the Bay of Bengal is a town named Bimlipatam. If you walk south-west down along the beach, sixteen miles, you come to another little city, by the sea which is neither Halifax, St. John nor Charlottetown, but Vizagapatam.

After Somalingam was baptized, he came to his own house in Polepilly. Then his brothers-in-law came from Vizagapatam and tore away from his home, his wife, and two children. After they had been carried off, Somalingam received his share of his deceased father's property, and was able to sit under his own vine and fig-tree. But what was home without his wife and children? He had been robbed of his loved ones. He pined for them, and wept.

Tuesday evening, Feb. 6th, when K. Appalaswaney and I were on our way to Polepilly, we met Somalingam in an ox-car, bound for far Vizagapatam to try to recover his lost Sunyasamma and Sundaramma and their mother. We were afraid that his wife's relatives, there, might beat him or poison him. So we turned around and came back home as fast as we could. Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Gray, Appalaswamy and I met in a room of the mission Vungalow, and prayed God to keep Somalingam from harm, and help him get his dear ones back again. We decided, too, that Appalaswamy would better follow him to Vizagapatam. So off he started in an ox-cart at midnight, and we prayed without ceasing.

When Somalingam reached the home of his mother-in-law, his relations-in-law wanted to burn his tongue and thus make a hinder of him again and take him back into caste. There is a great deal of germ-my about this tongue-burning, and you have to give big fees to the Brahmans. Consequently it is a somewhat expensive picnic. Somalingam said to them, "Go ahead with all the trouble and expense." Take me back into caste and the first chance I get I will break it again. You can burn my tongue, but you cannot change my heart. You may tie me to a post, put the Hindue paint on my forehead and the Hindu string over my shoulder; but you cannot take Jesus Christ out of my heart: I shall still be a Christian and eat with the Christians and serve Christ." His relatives did not care to invest on such terms and gave him up for a bad bargain. We had trembled greatly lest in some way, he should be overcome of the devil, and we laughed and praised God when we heard of his firmness.

Appulaswamy's going did a great deal of good. He met Somalingam often and helped to keep his courage up. He went to the home of his relatives and talked to them until they consented to give up the wife and children. But Mrs. Somalingam's mother kept coaxing her to wait another day. For after she left and went away with her Christian husband, she never could come back to eat with them. So the mother wept, and for many days kept putting her off till tomorrow.

But an ugly brother-in-law refused his consent to the bitter end. Plans were all laid to start for Polepilly on Saturday, Feb. 17th, but this brother-in-law stole their little girl Sanyasamma, and hid her in his house. He gave her candy and toys to keep her contented. Thus he kept her a prisoner all day Saturday and Sunday and Monday, and hindered her father and mother from starting for home. For they would not go without their daughter.

The wicked uncle said to her, 'That man is not your father. Your father is dead." Monday night the sorrowing parents came over to demand their child. While they were disputing about it, little Sanyasamma stole out of her prison and seeing mother she cried out: "Mamma! My mamma!" and ran to her arms. The mother took her up and bare her off in triumph, while the uncle looked on in helpless rage. That night a happy family got aboard an ox-cart and started for home by moonlight. Almost everybody here travels at night, because the sun is so hot.

Tuesday morning, Feb. 20, I was writing a letter to Appalaswamy when word came that he had arrived. I left the half finished epistle and ran out doors and there, coming in at the gate, was the happiest Telugu face that I had seen for many a day. There was great joy in Bimli mission compound, when he told the news. He said that a cart with Somalingam and all his family aboard accompanied him until they came to the road that turns off to Polepilly. He came on to Bimli. They turned off and went home.

Somalingam is twenty-five years old. He was baptized Sunday morning, Jan. 21, and on Tuesday morning, Feb. 20, he was safe in own house with his wife and children. Thus inside of a month the broken family was again reunited. It is seldom that we hear of such a quick and complete victory anywhere in India. That afternoon in the chapel we held a service to praise God, and took for our text: "This is the Lord's doings." "It is marvellous in our eyes."

On Wednesday evening after a journey of seven and a half miles I was sitting on Somalingam's platform talking to a very happy brother. He had been expecting me and had a chair all ready to receive me. Safe in the house were Sunyasamma and Sundaramma with their mother.

The next day he came over to my tent, bringing Sanyasamma in his arms. We sat down together on the mat, and he told me the story of his adventures in trying to recover his lost wife and children. God had indeed delivered him from a fiery furnace and a den of lions. While we talked, Sanyasamma ate an apple—a guava.

Very truly yours,
L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, Feb. 23.

Alex. Stephen, Senr., Esq., of Halifax, says: "I suffered some time with Asthma and Bronchitis, accompanied with great nervous exhaustion; and after using three bottles of Puttner's Emulsion was completely revived, and am today perfectly free from either Asthma or Bronchitis, and my nervous system much invigorated.

A Man With a Message.

[The Bombay Guardian.]

When the question was raised as to the character and standing of John the Baptist, he said, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." It was not the voice of a crowd, of a dozen, or of a hundred; it was not the voice of the people which some have asserted was the voice of God, it was the voice of *one man*, of no reputation or standing in the eyes of the world—a dweller in the wilderness—a man whom the world had never honored, acknowledged, or praised; and yet, that solitary voice uttered not from kings' palaces or from thrones of earthly power and dignity, but crying in the wilderness and the deserts aroused the multitudes, awoke the careless, reached the ear of royalty, stirred priests and princes, Scribes and Pharisees, and prepared the way and won the approval of the Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

One of the greatest mistakes of the present age is in supposing that no great work can be accomplished without favoring circumstances, the action of a multitude, and the consent of the majority. Men are afraid to stand for God if they are required to stand alone. They will go with the crowd, they will follow the multitude, they will take no position which is likely to bring them

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