

heart that he had received the assurance for which he had been pleading, namely, that all his children would be brought into the fold of Christ. His assurance has been gloriously fulfilled.

Says Bishop Thoburn: "All the children, nearly all the grandchildren, and all those of the fourth generation, who are old enough, are now within the Church on earth or the heavenly fold, and nearly all the living are active Christian workers."

In her childhood Isabella showed no especial cleverness, a good, nice little girl, from whom no one expected anything wonderful in the future. The district school happened to be one of the very best of its day, and as she matured she showed a great liking and aptitude for teaching. In her early girlhood she became a student in Wheeling Seminary, an institution affording what was then termed the "higher education" of women.

Succeeding years were spent in teaching, and the conviction seemed impressed upon her throughout life that her special work was that of a teacher. From a rural school she had climbed in a few years to the position of preceptress in the Western Reserve Seminary, and later to more advanced work in West Farmington. Wherever she taught she seems to have left, for long years, the impress of her strong personality.

It was quite early, however—in fact, when she was only nineteen—that the event had place which was to pave the way for her life-work. It was the departure of her brother, now Bishop Thoburn, for India. The missionary of those early days, with his long five months' journey before him, looked forward very doubtfully to ever seeing his native land again. Upon Isabella Thoburn the family parting made a deep impression, but

even for years to follow she seems to have had no thought of a call to mission work.

But this is not remarkable when we turn back the hands on the dial of time and place ourselves in the age in which she lived. Forty years ago the great missionary movement that has aroused the women of Christendom was scarcely felt. There was no Woman's Missionary Society, no women missionaries in the foreign field, with the exception of the missionaries' wives, who were trying here and there to help their husbands. The Church had sent forth no call for young women. It had even disapproved of the suggestion.

There is a touch of romance in the incident that led to the awakening of American womanhood to missions, and of the Church to woman's place in missionary effort. The missionaries of India had for some time realized the obstacle against which they had to contend in the ignorance of the women of the land. But a large proportion of the women could be reached only by women. Still the call was not sounded.

One day Bishop Thoburn was walking alone in a mango orchard where he was tenting. He had but recently returned from his first furlough to America, during which his sister had been greatly interested in India and his work. He was thinking of the benighted state of the wives and mothers of that land, and of the need of a well-equipped Christian boarding-school for girls. Passing under a tree he picked up a quill from the wing of a vulture, nestling in the branches above. He amused himself by whittling it into a big pen, then decided to go into the tent and see if he could write with it. The pen worked so well that he wrote a letter to his sister describing their work among the vil-