

daughter of the Rev. Kenneth Bayne of Greenock, Scotland, and sister of the late Dr. Bayne, for twenty-five years a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church of Canada at Galt, Ontario. Mrs. Wilson, who ranked among the noblest heroines of British missionaries, died in Bombay in 1835. The following memoir is taken from the funeral sermon preached by her husband on the 7th of May in that year.—“It was,” he said, “the desire of her heart, when a union was formed between us, to cheer and encourage me, to take part with me according to her ability and the grace which God might give to her, in the great work of evangelizing the heathen, to which I had looked forward; and with a view to accomplish these objects, she presented herself as a living sacrifice on the altar of God, vowing in His sacred presence that she would devote to His cause, her person, her acquirements, her time, her strength and her substance. With a heart burning with zeal for the glory of God and compassion for the souls of men, she crossed with me the stormy ocean, and came to this country, which she did not view, like many, as a place of temporary and reluctant exile, but which she adopted as her home, in which she wished to live, to labour, and die. With the greatest ardour she entered on the study of the native languages and persevered in it amidst every distraction, till her acquirements in the two most important spoken in this quarter, Marathi and Hindostani, enabled her with ease and effect to communicate instruction respecting the true God and Jesus Christ. The difficulties arising from superstitious custom and corrupted feeling, she found to be numerous and formidable; but she resolved to encounter them. She instituted and organized no fewer than six female schools, containing an average of between 150 and 200 scholars. She trained the teachers, making the most unlikely instruments the most efficient in the mission. Principally at her own expense, and with a great expenditure of strength, she visited the scholars and parents at their homes, thus engaging their affections and securing their attendance; and she daily spent several hours in the schools, pressing home divine truth and praying with the scholars. She frequented the asylums for the poor, with the view of instructing their

destitute inmates, and was always ready and willing to assist in the Sunday schools. During the long journeys which I undertook throughout the country, she managed with fidelity and prudence the general concerns of the mission, and was a principal attraction to many of my native visitors, particularly to those distinguished for education and intelligence. She wrote several striking papers in native periodicals, and to her pen the “Oriental Christian Spectator” is indebted for its brightest pages. She has left Marathi translations and compositions, prepared during the last year and a half of her life, almost all in a state ready for the press, in a quantity almost as great, if we except translations from the sacred Scriptures, as were ever published by any missionary who has yet come to the west of India. The graces of the Christian character were conspicuous in her whole deportment. Her prayers for the nourishment of the divine life in her own soul, and for success in the propagation of the Gospel, prevented the rising sun, and engaged many of her midnight hours.”

Services such as Mrs. Wilson rendered to the cause of Christianity in Bombay could not fail to be highly appreciated, for few females ever did more. They were services which any man in the prime of life, and in the vigour of health might be proud of having rendered. During her last illness, her prayers for her children were most earnest and touching. “She agonized with God for their sanctification.” When she could no longer guide her own pen she dictated her last letter to her “beloved Andrew,” saying to him,—“In a few hours I hope to be with Jesus, and with all the glorious company of the redeemed. I am transported at the prospect of what awaits me. I have often commended you to Jesus; and I do so now in more solemn circumstances than ever, with nothing but eternity before me. I have prayed God to inspire you with zeal to become a missionary to the heathen in this land. No work at present seems to me so important and glorious as the work of a missionary. But my prayers will be of no avail, if the divine spirit does not put it into your heart. Pray then, my dear children that the Lord may put it into your heart to follow the footsteps of your beloved father. What I say to you, I say to