

forth as the bearer of the Gospel's light to the dark places of the earth. The Rev. David Hinderer, who for eighteen years was to be the partner of her joys and sorrows in her Missionary life, was a native of Schorndorf, in the kingdom of Württemberg, and had been labouring in the Church Missionary Society's Yoruba Mission from 1848. In 1852, he paid a hurried visit to England, on business connected with his Mission which could not be adjusted by correspondence, and while in this country he met Anna Martin at the house of his friends, the Cunninghams, at Lowestoft. On the 14th of October of the same year they were married.

Thus the happy days at Lowestoft came to an end. The 6th of December of the same year found her and her husband embarking at Plymouth on board the "Propontis" for Africa.

In the spring of 1857 Mr and Mrs Hinderer visited England for medical treatment, but returned to their post in the following year. Their joy at returning was not unalloyed. Some of whom much had been hoped had gone back, others were lukewarm. One of the heaviest crosses a Missionary has to bear is to see those who seemed "not far from the Kingdom of God" returning to their superstitions. We may well imagine how earnest were her prayers for the true second birth of these backsliders and how fervent her thanksgivings as a few were ultimately reclaimed.

As before leaving for England, so after her return to Ibadan, she made the children her chief care. She had at this time thirty under her charge. One instance out of many may be mentioned to show the encouragements given from time to time. There had been a prayer-meeting. On the way home the little ones were talking of what they had heard. One thought So-and-so's prayer too long, another too short, and another did not like this man to pray at all, when one little girl who had been silent suddenly said, "all prayer is sweet to me, no matter who prays, and I never think any

prayer too long or too short."

In 1860 the Mission was greatly tried by a war waged against Ibadan by the Dahomians. It must indeed have been a cup of sorrow to them. On the one hand warlike sounds on every side, one after another of their flock called away to conflict the uncertainty of the result; on the other, ingress and egress to and from town impossible, provisions at famine prices, their store gradually diminishing with no apparent possibility of replenishing it. Yet the hearts of these brave labourers were cheered by the knowledge that God was beholding them and that he would certainly bring good out of seeming evil. To such extremities were they at one time reduced that she related how on one morning she came down to find nothing to eat, and nothing to purchase and that in the evening they confined themselves to sleep like children. During this trying time many were touching instances of kindness received from the natives, Christian and heathen. One woman a heathen supplied the Mission House with milk every morning for a year and would not receive payment.

For five years were they called to suffer privations and enforced imprisonment and then deliverance came in the most unexpected way. Several attempts had been made for their rescue but all had failed. The new attempt was made by an expedition sent by the Government of Lagos under the command of Captain Maxwell. It arrived at Ibadan one day at ten o'clock and to elude the enemy started again after a few hours' rest, and reached Lagos on the fourth day with hearts grateful to God for His mercy. Shortly after she embarked for England where a few months later she was met by Mr Hinderer who had remained at Ibadan to arrange for the mission. Their society was much sought after and the story of their Ibadan experience to be told and re-told again and