The Philadelphia Methodist,

Lights and Shades of Missionary Life.

In a private note of Rev. N. G. Cheney, of Nynee Tal, India, addressed to Mr. John Bently, of New York, under date of Aug. 2nd, 1878, he says:

"I am very busy all day and evening, having a service every evening (save one) each week, and sometimes two services in distant places the same evening. The work is hard because we have no suitable accommodation for English work. God has blessed our work abundantly. My wife works in the zenana in the bazars here, and is, as busy as she is in perfect health, and I never was in better condition for best work. The famine ought to give place before the rains that have now been falling these three weeks, but so far prices have not fallen; indeed, have been increased. It makes close work for many of us, and involves a great deal of hardship and sacrifice. Thank God, so far, in this place we have had health, and no one that I know of has died of want. I give a lecture in one of the schools here once a week on natural science. The school is a flourishing private school for ladies. I lecture free, but get chances for prayer and pastoral relations with the pupils, of whom about a dozen have, I trust, been soundly converted. Instruments for experiment and illustration are entirely wanting in this corner of the earth."

This gives the bright side in the case of our brother, N. G. Cheney; alas! that we should be obliged so soon to look upon the dark side, as portrayed in the following touching note, written by one of his fellow-missionaries:

"We sit in sorrow, and with bated breath we say, "Surely it cannot be; we need her." And yet it is true. On Saturday before daybreak cholera came—that most dreadful scourge—and after forty-eight hours she was not, for God took her. Only forty-eight short hours to her of pain and weariness, of physical restlessness, but of spirit calm; to us hours of anxious watching, of varying hope and fear, yet hours of calm confidence that it would be well, for she was the Lord's own loved child. Two years and a half since she reached Bombay. Memory recalls the evening we met in Lucknow; she seemed the same fresh, simple-hearted girl we had known in bygone years at home, and we thought with some anxiety of the heavy responsibilities she must soon assume. But the days rolled into months, and the anxiety gave place to calm assurance that she was equal to her task. As each month fell into the past we watched with loving hearts the increase of womanly poise, the calm confidence of faith with which responsibilities were met. Once we saw, in referring to the weighty cares of her position in Bareilly, (of which she was keenly appreciative,) that the thought that the Church at home had chosen her for that work gave her power to meet care with calmness. Many a lesson was learned through catching something of the simplicities of her trust in God. Indeed, the prominent characteristic of her life was her wonderfully simple faith; it included every thing which entered into her daily life, and found nothing too small to refer to her all-loving Father.

In her work in Bareilly she showed great adaptability. In shorter time than any one would have believed it possible, she gained a practical knowledge of the language; her winsome, un Moffed manner won the hearts of all about her, and her skill in her profession was such as to command the admiration of all who looked on. Many a one inclined to despise her youth has been obliged to confess that she had wisdom beyond her years.

Then came the time when she was to leave Bareilly for a new field of labor, in which there was a prospect of wider usefulness before her. In January she was married, and by the 1st of March was settled at work in her husband's large parish in Nynee Tal. Only eight months of happy, consecrated work were to be hers. Had she known the shortness of the time she could hardly have used them better. Here, as everywhere, her winsomeness made all her friends—as the long procession winding up the hill-side attested. Not only those were there who were known as her friends, but many a native from the bazaar followed close, feeling that one who had lovingly helped his loved ones was gone from his sight and reach. In that long line was many a sad face, to whose heart had come her true and tender words like the gentle dew from heaven.

It has been Mrs. Cheney's practice since coming to Nynee Tal to spend two days in the week in zenana work, a department of Missionary labor in which she manifested the very keenest interest. Although the season of her activity has been so short, the results were already manifesting themselves. The testimony of her Hindustani teacher (she was prosecuting the regular course of study in the vernacular, extending through four years) is, that the grief in the bazaar is almost universal. In all his parish-visiting she was his husband's constant companion. Often, after a visit together she would go back again alone, and, before she left, the lonely would be cheered, the weak-hearted strengthened, and the sorrowing com-
Dr. Berry, the enthusiastic and devoted missionary physician, has kindled a bright flame in Japan, which shows all the more brilliantly for the surrounding darkness. With his medical schools, hospitals, dispensatories, and prison reforms, he has done a noble work, of which a pleasant account has been written by Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia. Japan was fortunate in having so able and efficient a missionary sent to her shores, and Dr. Berry was fortunate in having Japan assigned as his field of labor, at the very time when its people were experiencing a great awakening. The work of the missionary physician offers vast opportunities to one who has the rare qualifications to improve them. There are many men scattered here and there in various parts of the world who are doing humanity good service in this direction.

But in the midst of her work and her domestic felicity, she has been stricken down by death, the Mission has been robbed of one of its brightest jewels, and hearts both there and here have been made sad and desolate. How strange are the ways of Divine Providence! How dark and mysterious that special visitation! We can but quietly submit and in hope await the revelations of the future which, we doubt not, will, in this, as well as in every other case, vindicate both the wisdom and the goodness of God.

We extend to the bereaved ones our sincere condolence, and pray that our merciful Father in heaven will pour into their stricken hearts the rich consolations of his grace.

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Women Physicians in Asia.

BY BELLA C. BARROWS

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