

The Woman's Missionary Society.

[This Department is in the interests of the Society. All communications for it should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT.—Miss Augusta Slipp, Hampstead, Queen's County.
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MISS JANE WEYMAN.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
 And with his sickle keen
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath."

This reaper has entered our ranks during the past year, and taken a loved and important member. While we deeply feel our loss and think we could ill afford to lose her help, it is a pleasure to pay a tribute to the sacred and sweet memory of Miss Jane Weyman, whose strong and beautiful soul has passed on into the heavenly life.

Only those intimately associated with her knew of the many excellences of her character. In the almost marvellous vicissitudes of her life, her courage and heroisms were equal to the greatest emergencies; her judgment was excellent, her loyalty true, and her fidelity to every trust most worthy of imitation.

All our denominational interests were dear to her heart, and no sacrifice was too great to be made in their behalf.

The Women's Missionary Society has lost a faithful member. She was present at all our meetings, especially our Board and business meetings, evincing the greatest interest in every detail of the work, always in the front ranks; no motion or appropriations of funds ever escaped her watchful eye. Her first question was, "Is it best for the work?" After careful thought her yeas and nays could be depended on.

Very dear to her heart was the literary department of our work in India, the Book Room established by Bro. Boyer. The good news from that department must have cheered her last days.

The temperance movement has lost a true friend and advocate. Daily she prayed for the uplifting of humanity and the down-fall of sin. The little white bow was her badge; its motto was hers—"For God and Home and Native Land"—every land. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is poorer today for her death.

Miss Weyman was born at Millstream, Kings County, in 1828. She was the eldest daughter of the late Rev. Edward Weyman, whose memory is so dear to all Free Baptists. Brought up in an atmosphere of Christian piety, of the most spiritual nature, she could not remember the time when she gave her heart to the Saviour, so young was she, but we have often heard her tell of her call

to the Foreign Mission work. The Sabbath, left at home to care for her younger brothers and sisters while her parents attended the place of worship some miles away, she took from the book shelf a tract, and read the story of the sad life of a poor little Hindoo girl. Such were the impressions received that, with tears, she knelt before God and cried, "What wilt thou have me to do?" She said, "I knew I could not go to India. Education and ways and means were not as they are now, but I promised Him there, that if he would show me the way I would do all I could to bring these benighted ones to the light."



MISS JANE WEYMAN.
 BORN 1828; DIED 1902.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

That pledge, made by the little girl in the lonely farm-house, was sacredly kept during a long and faithful life. She said, "I never came in close touch with the work until the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Phillips," twenty-seven years ago. With joy she was enrolled as a charter member of the parent society organized during that session of Conference which was held at Millstream.

We cannot pass on without mentioning the trials and afflictions of this faithful servant of God. During the years of her young womanhood she was very attractive in appearance; never very strong, yet ambitious, full of life, and possessed of such powers of endurance that she was a marvel of industry. Proud was she to help to surround those she loved with comforts and to make the home attractive, with neatness and skill and full of hospitality. Early and late the busy hands and willing feet toiled on until they grew weary, and disease, peculiar and painful, claimed her as its victim, and for seven long years she was a

complete invalid, never able to rise from her bed and don the attire she knew so well how to fashion. She who ministered so cheerfully to others had to be ministered to by loving hands. Careful nursing and medical skill were blessed, and she arose and resumed her loved work, but only for a short time. In two or three years once more the little white bed in the corner of the roomy, cheerful sitting room had its patient, beautiful occupant, and for five long years more, during winter snows and lovely spring and summer days, the sufferer lay. The only glimpse of the outside world came to her through the windows; the song of birds, and the perfume of flowers came through the ever open doors; green fields and waving trees that surrounded the lovely country home, she saw from afar.

It was during these last days of her affliction we best knew her. I never shall forget the impression I received as I entered that warm sunny room. It seemed to me that rest, and peace were written there, so bright were the dark eyes, the hair without a sprinkle of gray, the bright smile, and the warm grasp of the hand, with greetings of welcome. It seemed impossible that so much intense pain could enter there, yet days and nights of intense agony were hers to endure. Every one went to see her who could. It came to be to us a monthly pilgrimage. To spend a day or two in that home meant strength and cheer, an increase of faith and hope, and to go forth stronger to work for the Master. The little toddlers came to see "Auntie," the young people came for sympathy and confidence, the Christian workers came for help and cheer; all went from that room stronger and better.

She had her dark days; it was not always sunshine, the active spirit chafed in its bonds, and there would

be darkness and struggle; but after the storm came a great peace. One day there arose from that soul a great cry of agony; the dear old mother was failing, the steps were slower, and she so easily grew weary. God heard that cry, and some simple remedy was blessed for her restoration, and once more she arose and took up the cares and burdens so long borne by others. She was permitted to care for the aged mother, who soon went home. A few years later the dear father, too, joined the blessed throng above. Then for years she devoted her life to caring for an invalid brother, who only a few years ago went home.

Her last days were days of rest. But the Heavenly Father wanted her now for work in a new sphere; and swiftly, suddenly the call came; even before her only sister and friends could get to her side, in the arms of her brother with whom she lived, ministered so tenderly by our sister, Mrs. C. W. Weyman, she went home. One beautiful day last spring, a large company of relatives, friends and acquaintances gathered at that home to pay the last tribute of love and respect to the memory of this dear one. Borne by the hands of her nephews, who hastened from the distant cities, one a university student, others from the counting room and store, of all of whom she had been so fond and proud; tenderly they carried Aunt Jane from that home. Up the beautiful Millstream valley this long procession slowly wound its way, into the little church they took her where she had worshipped so many years. That voice that was ever ready to give a loving testimony for her Saviour was silent now. Words of love and memory were spoken to the weeping assembly, the last long look was taken by scores of the dear familiar features, so beautiful now in death. Up to the little cemetery on the hillside, beside the dear parents and among the friends of her youth and whole life, they laid her.

One year ago she was with us. How dear to us each is the memory of those days and hours; how glad we are it was her privilege that she had a beautiful, comfortable home, and host and hostess with friends cared for her so faithfully, and made it to her as she said, "One whole session of comfort and satisfaction." We miss her now. We shall long miss her wise counsel, her helping hand and courageous heart. But we trust the benediction of her life may be passed on to others by all of us who have received its greatest legacy. Could she but send us a message today, we think it would be, "Think not of me, but work on; for the harvest is great, and the laborers are few."

MRS. WILLIAM PETERS,
 MRS. A. C. SMITH,
 MRS. G. A. HARTLEY,
 MRS. J. S. SMITH,
 MRS. C. T. PHILLIPS,

Committee.