

## ::The Work Abroad::

### FROM MR. LAFLAMME'S LETTER.

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COCANADA, INDIA, 19, 2, '02.

HAVING just unpacked the box of papers for the use of our reading room and general literature work, which father sent from friends in Ontario and parts of Quebec, I want to say a word to you about the value and appreciation of this branch of the work.

I have sent off this morning a lot of the Sunday School papers to Mrs. Norfar, the matron at the Timpany School, who is superintendent of the English Sunday School and deaconess of our little English Church, for use in that school, and have asked her to send them into all the homes. During the next few months these papers will be eagerly read by a large circle of the people in the community who will not know where they come from, but will appreciate them very much. The people have an appetite for reading, and if they cannot get good they will take the bad, and the devil and his emissaries will see that there is plenty of that for them. Among the Christians of America there are great stacks of papers and periodicals and other literature which is littering up their homes and for which they have no use, and yet which is too good to destroy. In India we have a population which, to learn English, spends all it has for good literature, and yet desires more. To such these papers and books are a great boon.

I would like to have half an hour and a free hand in the attics of many homes in Canada; I would come away with such a bundle of good reading as would make thousands of hearts in this land full of joy.

I do not know just what arm of the forces of Christ in this land the literature movement is, but I have sometimes thought it must be the sappers and miners. Then when I think of its quick movement and wide reach I have said it was the scouting force. There is no doubt whatever but that the village preacher is the infantry force, for so few of the people can read that he must bear for years yet the brunt of the fighting, but the wide spread of education, and of English education, is making this land very vulnerable to the attack of English religious, and other literature.

### LETTER FROM MISS McLEOD.

SAMALKOT, April 1st, 1902.

DEAR women and children of Canada, come with me and take a few glimpses at some of the women and children of India. No doubt many could give you pleasanter views, and some that might give you the impression that there is not much for you to do for Indian women; but there are things that I have seen and heard, and they lie like a heavy burden on me, and that burden I want you to share.

Then, first, a mother and her boy, a lad of upwards of ten years, I should think, sit before me listening for the first time to the story of the life of Him whose mother listened with such eager longing to the wondrous words of her son, and "hid them all and pondered them in her heart." Suddenly, the mother, prompted by something said, cried out: "Oh, Missamma! speak wisdom to my boy. He gets angry at me and uses bad words and strikes me." From past experience I felt that the mother needed teaching also, but in accordance with her wish I tried to show the lad how displeasing to God it was for him to disrespect the mother who had suffered and done so much for him. He seemed fond of his mother, for as I talked he leaned upon her in a caressing way, and she of him, for at some word or act of his, she called him a pet name. But in that name I discovered the truth of my suspicion, for the name she said, laughing, as she said it, was meant as a term of endearment, but is a favorite term of abuse when spoken in anger. Soon after, the little lad went out, and then I tried to show the mother that it was the seed she was sowing in her treatment of her boy that was bringing her even at so early a date a harvest of blows and abuse. She acknowledged the truth of what I said, but she, like many others, "is holden with the cords of her sins," and only One can set her free. Oh, mothers of children with clean lips, forget not this mother and the many like her who do not guard their own lips, and know it not till they see their sin repeated by the lips of their little ones!

Another scene! It is the same house on another day. A woman with dishevelled locks, and, oh! such a sad face, sat before us. Her sad face so impressed me that I enquired the cause and learned