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"The World



for Christ."

Monthly Letter Leaflet

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA
(WESTERN DIVISION)

VOL. X. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1893. No. 6.

Subjects for Prayer.

OCTOBER.—Special Thanksgiving for extension in the home work ; for personal, family and national mercies, and for the bounties of God's providence. Confession.

"Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness which causeth through us thanksgivings to God. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."—2 Cor. ix. 11. 15.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

The Thank-Offering Story.

"Mrs. Thurston's Repentance" is the title of our Thank-Offering Leaflet this year. It may be had on application to Mrs. Telfer, price eight cents per dozen. The lesson which the story seeks to bring home to those who join in the Thank-Offering meeting is one too often over-looked, namely, that of prepara-

tion. This Leaflet will be specially valuable for distribution before the meetings.

Life Members' Certificates.

Miss Bessie MacMurchy, 254 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, has been appointed by the Board to take charge of the certificates of Life-Membership. Applications for such certificates will, therefore, be sent to her address in future, instead of to Mrs. MacLennan, as formerly.

Foreign Mission Committee's Report.

Five hundred copies of the Foreign Mission Committee's Report have been placed at the disposal of our Board of Management. Presidents of Presbyterian Societies, Auxiliaries, or Mission Bands desiring a copy may have it by applying to the Home Secretary, Mrs. Shortreed, 224 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

September Increase.

Presbyterian Societies.

HAMILTON.. Kilbride Auxiliary.
BARRIE..... Midland "Paton" Mission Band.
OTTAWA Kinburn Auxiliary.
" Lowry Auxiliary.

Life Members Added in August and September.

Mrs. Robert Johnston, and Mrs. John Ross, St. Andrew's Auxiliary, Lindsay.

Mrs. James Stewart, Goderich Auxiliary.

Mrs. William Yonge and Miss Mary Yonge, Woodlands Auxiliary.

Miss Jessie Greir, Cheerful Givers M. B., Westminster Church, Toronto.

Mrs. A. L. Manson, Valetta Auxiliary.

Mrs. John K. Mitchell, Erskine Church Auxiliary, Toronto.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

CENTRAL INDIA.

The Return of Miss McWilliams.

From letters recently received from Dr. Margaret O'Hara and Miss McWilliams, we learn, with sincere sorrow, that the latter is now on her return voyage to Canada, on account of ill-health. Some months ago unfavourable symptoms manifested themselves, and evidences of failing health were apparent in the case of Miss McWilliams. Medical advice, outside the Mission staff, was sought, and after carefully considering her case, Dr. Keegan, civil surgeon at Indore, strongly advised her to take complete rest and change at the Hills for three months.

Miss McWilliams improved greatly at the Hills, but upon her return in July, the strength gained rapidly decreased, and the unfavourable symptoms reappeared. Dr. Keegan was again consulted, who reluctantly but decisively ordered our missionary to leave India *at once*. Arrangements were made immediately by Mr. Wilkie for the passage home, and Miss McWilliams was booked to sail on Saturday, August 5th, by the Scindia, of the Anchor Line. Dr. O'Hara writes :—“Miss McWilliams has from the first been earnest and devoted in the work in India, and although at times she was unable to work, she battled with her weakness, and seemed determined not to yield to disease, but to carry out the desire of her heart, to work for the Master in this land. I am very thankful that now, though reluctantly, she sees it her duty to go home. We all feel very keenly that her health requires this step, and none regret it half so much as she. It does seem strange to us, that one who has made such progress in the language and had taken up the work so heartily, should be laid aside from work here ; but we must submit, feeling that this work is not ours, and that the Master will lead His own by ways which we know not. The improvement at the

Hills leads me to believe that in Canada she may be able to work for the Master, perhaps for years, while if she remained in India she could only drag out a miserable existence."

In speaking of this, her sad home-coming, Miss McWilliams alludes gratefully to the kindly aid of the members of the Mission staff in facilitating her arrangements, planning for her comfort, and in sparing her unnecessary care and fatigue. In closing her letter, Miss McWilliams says :—"Remember, I am quite quite able to travel alone to Canada, and I know that He will give me strength and help as He has all the way. This is the hardest thing I have ever had to bear, and I hope I may never meet its equal again ; the giving up of the work and the parting from my friends here is indeed hard. Dr. O'Hara is to accompany me to Bombay. It seems so short, so very short a time since I landed there with her."

Every member of the Society will deeply sympathize with Miss McWilliams in this severe trial and disappointment, and earnest prayer will rise to God from many hearts, for her restoration to health. May she be comforted by *Him, who doeth all things well.*

At Bombay.

FROM DR. O'HARA.

Mission Hospital, Indore, August 8, 1893.

I have just returned from Bombay after seeing Miss McWilliams on board the Scindia, which is expected to arrive in Liverpool about a month from now. Words fail to express my sorrow that one who came to India strong in body and much stronger in her desire to serve the Master in India, should so soon have to return on account of ill-health. It is very discouraging that so many have had to give up, and we who remain cannot help asking, "Who will be the next to break down?"

Misses Jameson, Calder and Duncan, all came to say good-bye. Miss Ross and Mrs. Wilkie also came a few miles down to help cheer Miss McWilliams, who was feeling the going home so keenly. We cannot but see the hand of "Our Father" in guiding her to take the step, as everything, since she received the order to leave the country, has opened for her. She was the only lady passenger on board. There were besides, four English officers. The stewardess was a very nice appearing person, her stateroom was quite near Miss McWilliams, and there were no other passengers on that side of the vessel. I feel that she will have the best of care. The ship's officers also seemed pleasant and kind.

It will be an anxious time until we hear of her safe arrival in England. Were it not for the sadness of parting from Miss McWilliams, my little trip to Bombay would have been pleasant. India is looking her best. Grass, trees and shrubs are of the most beautiful green. The scenery of the Ghauts is fine. Then Bombay itself is such a change from Indore. We arrived on Saturday at 6 a.m. Went to the Great Western hotel, took "chotu Hugari." As no business places open until nine, we went for a drive by the seashore, back to breakfast—then saw about changing of money, buying ticket, and then on board. At 1.30 p.m. the vessel sailed away.

On Sunday, at six o'clock, I went to the Church of Scotland. Such a treat! It was Communion service. The psalms and even the 35th paraphrase were sung, which we always had in St. Andrew's Church, Smith's Falls, then the 103rd Psalm after communion. The English faces, or perhaps more Scotch ones, the sermon in our own dear mother tongue, are such helpful and sweet memories. I left that night and arrived at midnight, Monday. It has taken away much of my loneliness to write all this.

Medical work is going on as usual. Our matron is such a help, and the girls, Janebai and Rebecca, are doing nicely.

Dr. Turnbull joins me in sending love to all the ladies. Remember us and our dear friend, Miss McWilliams, in your prayers.

Children's Work Full of Encouragement.

FROM MISS DUNCAN.

Neemuch, July 10, 1893.

Your second kind letter reminded me of my long-delayed duty of writing for the Leaflet, and I am determined to do so to-night.

I have now been settled in my home in Neemuch for over seven months, and the experience that I have gained in that time of Indian life and climate makes me begin to feel quite an old inhabitant of the land. Everything that was at first so strange and bewildering, has now almost ceased to be so, and even this strange language, which at first seemed only a jumble of unintelligible sounds, has, to my delight, begun to resolve into intelligible ones.

These months have been very busy ones to me, for I feel, as all our missionaries do, that there is no time for delay when so many around us are in ignorance of the blessed news of salvation, and when so many who do know it are careless, and need the loving compulsion spoken of by Christ.

I have gone frequently with Dr. McKellar and others into the homes of these people, and have learnt with sadness the carelessness and indifference of the people towards the Gospel. Although they appear to listen earnestly, and even frequently respond "sach bat," "sach bat," (true word), yet it may be said of the majority of them, "They care for none of these things."

If I had come to India with bright idealistic visions of the easiness of mission work, of work amongst a people eager for the

light, they would long since have been dissipated, for we all learn too soon that it is only by patient, persevering, prayerful work that even a true and intelligent knowledge of God can be instilled into these people's minds. That is our work, the rest we can safely leave with our loving Saviour.

I spent one whole morning not long ago, going round with a Bible woman from house to house, and enjoyed it very much, but as this work always seems tantalizing to me on account of not knowing the language, I have kept pretty close to my studies. I am having two pundits this month. One comes to give me help and practice in talking Hindi, and with the other I take up the book-work, reading, translating, dictation, etc. The former lessons are being especially helpful to me. We talk over the Bible stories and parables, sometimes diving into their deeper meanings and teaching, or turning from these to other matters, perhaps to talk of the religious beliefs of the heathen and the improbable stories concerning their deities, and I not unfrequently try to speak of the comforts and beauties of the dear Canadian home-land.

But I must tell you now about my school-work, for since the holidays I have taken charge of the Camp Bazaar Girls' School, Miss Jamieson having already too much work on her hands in the city. I am glad to have this work, for it is near at hand and affords me a good opportunity of putting into practice the Hindi I am studying.

Early in the morning the two calling-women have been at their work in the bazaar, collecting their little bands of children, wakening the sleepy ones and escorting them to school, and so by half-past seven most of them are in their places. The school is quite unlike a Canadian one I assure you, and would amuse many of our home teachers if they could look in for a moment to see the little dark-skinned, strangely-dressed children. It is

in a dwelling-house, and the children sit on six benches, two of which are usually placed in a verandah room, for the accommodation of the first book scholars, so that the noise they make repeating their letters may not disturb the older classes. Inside we have children in the second, third and fourth books, and two Eurasian girls who read English. There were in all thirty-four present this morning, so the hands of the native teacher and her twelve-year-old daughter who assists, are kept pretty busy, as we try to instruct them in all the subjects.

On my entrance the scholars rise (being bidden to do so by the teacher) and make their salaams to me, and then all are soon busy at work again. It is pleasant to see the smiling faces of the children and to know that they look for my coming. I spend at least an hour and a-half here each morning, usually working amongst the little ones and the English students. The Bible lessons are given prominence to each day, and most of the children are able to repeat glibly the ten commandments and many Bible verses. They also can sing many hymns, and are delighted with learning new ones.

On Sunday mornings I teach a class, having carefully prepared my lesson through the week, and am delighted that I can in this way tell these little ones about the loving Saviour, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

We have great hopes for the children, for surely the truth of God so early instilled into these minds must, by God's grace, bear fruit. Of course we cannot limit the power of God, but humanly speaking, it is very hard for the older people to give up their idols, the superstitions in which they have been trained from infancy, their friends, their earthly all, and come out on the Lord's side. One calling woman, who has been engaged in school work for years, and who knows the Gospel story perfectly, hearing it almost every day, went lately on foot to a village near

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to do "puja" before a goddess of small-pox. But although we may meet with many discouragements, yet we have great faith in our God that He will, according to His promise, not let His Word return unto Him void.

Miss McKellar has told you about the little work we are doing amongst the people of our compound, so, although it takes up an hour of my time each day, and is watered by many prayers, I will not now dwell on it.

We are both well. Dr. McKellar joins me in sending love to all the ladies of the Board.

HONAN.

The Sad Death of an Aged Woman.

FROM MRS. GOFORTH.

Chu Wang, Honan, June 9, 1893.

Last Saturday a man came to the hospital to get medicine for his wife who was very ill. As she was too weak to be brought here the man asked that we should go and see her. His home was not far away so we followed him on foot, he leading us outside the walls of Chu Wang across some fields to a small village about half a mile distant. As we were nearing the village we were attracted by a large patch of beautiful poppies. They were indeed beautiful, with the most delicate colors in combination with the deepest shades of crimson and purple. As we were looking at the beauty of the flowers, I could not but wish I had the power to destroy them before they could ruin the bodies and souls of the poor Chinese we had come to save. Here and there men were bending over the flowers with small bowls and knives in their hands; with the knives they made an incision in the bulb of the poppy, out of which oozed a liquid which they caught in the bowls; from this liquid the opium is prepared.

As we passed through the village there were but few to gaze at us, for it was the time of the wheat harvest, and all who

could go were out in the fields, even women and children. Those whom we did meet were quite friendly with the exception of a few children in "nature's garb" (the only dress the children wear here during the hot weather) who amused themselves by calling out lustily after us, "Foreign devil." We soon reached the old man's home and were at once led through the main gateway into the inner court, the gate being fastened after us to prevent curious neighbors from coming in. If this had not been done we would certainly have had a crowd of men and women to watch with suspicion our every movement. Dr. Malcolm waited in the court-yard while Mrs. Malcolm and I went into the sick woman's room. At first we could see but little because of the darkness of the room, this was no doubt partly caused by the blackness of the walls and ceiling, which looked as if the soot of ages had collected there. The floor was mud and the furniture of the room consisted of an old broken table, so dirty that we dared not lay anything upon it, two broken chairs, and an old settee. To the right of the door as we entered was a little narrow stand, upon this was a bowl of burnt incense, and beside it a bundle of unburnt incense; just over this stand, pasted upon the wall, was the universally worshipped kitchen god, or god of the cooking. Taking up the whole of one end of the room was the usual Chinese mud brick kenny or bed, which is built about three feet higher than the floor. Upon this brick bed we saw the saddest sight either of us had ever seen. An old woman of sixty lay there, too ill to even attempt to drive off the big green flies which swarmed about her. For a mattress she had nothing but an unspeakably filthy wadded coverlet folded, her head rested on a straw pillow and over her was a wadded coverlet so torn and dirty and full of vermin that it required not a little grace to touch it. As Mrs. Malcolm at the time said, the woman looked as if she had not been washed since her child-

hood, her face, hands and body, were literally thick with dirt, but what shocked us most was the way that the flies had been allowed to actually eat the old woman.

When we found the condition she was in, I at once told her two daughters-in-law, who were with us, that Mrs. Malcolm and I could do nothing for the sick woman upon our own responsibility, but that if they wished us to do anything for her they must allow me to lead the doctor in. After some demur they consented. When the doctor had made an examination of the woman and found out as much as possible about her previous history, he told us it was evidently a very serious, if not fatal case of intestinal obstruction. While carrying out the doctor's orders, Mrs. Malcolm and I more than once had to take turns in attending to the poor creature, we were so overcome by the state we found her in, caused only by the utter and heartless neglect of those who should have attended to her. We remained with her till dinner-time, then left, promising to return later. As we were going out of the door, I noticed a strip of red cloth tied to the door. This is used by the Chinese to keep out devils, but, as Dr. Malcolm remarked, "If it kept out the native devils it did not succeed in keeping away the *foreign devils*."

We returned again in the early evening and were surprised to find that no women could be found to remain in the room with us while we attended to the patient. We felt it was out of the question for us to stay with her alone, for if she died the Chinese would certainly say we had killed her, and, to say the least, it would do a great deal of harm to our work. We waited in the court-yard for a long time in vain and finally returned home. Surely the Bible is right when it says, "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." The next day, Sunday, the sick woman's husband came again, saying if we would only come, his daughter would be there to stay with us and attend to her mother. We

accordingly followed the old man again, and when we arrived there we found the daughter had made things look a trifle better. She told me the reason she had to leave the nursing of her mother to her brothers and their wives was because she had four little children and her husband to cook for and attend to. But I am sorry to say, though she made many protestations of affection for her old mother, she showed very little in her actions. We remained again with the woman until dinner-time, but although Dr. Malcolm had done everything in his power, thus far every means had been unsuccessful. When we left we said we would return again in the evening. When we did so we found the poor woman in almost as bad a condition as when we first saw her, showing she had been left alone and neglected since our morning visit. The doctor saw the case was hopeless, so told the husband that we would probably not return, but that he could let us know how his wife was the next morning.

Our walk home that Sabbath evening was such a pleasant one. The weather was delightful and the wheat looked so nice. Everything seemed to speak of the loving Creator, such a contrast to the home we had just left. As we were passing through the fields of wheat Mrs. Wang, the teacher who was baptized last year, said, "We are like Jesus and His disciples walking through the fields of wheat on the Sabbath-day."

On the Monday evening the man returned to say that his wife was the same. We asked him why he had not come in the morning. He replied he had been away harvesting all day. After some consultation together, we decided it was our plain duty to go and do what we could for the poor woman, even if she died on our hands. When we reached the place we saw almost at once that she was past any human aid. We stayed a short time to do what we could. I made the daughter help me to get her poor mother a little more comfortable, and we were so shocked to find

that again the woman had been left utterly neglected since our last visit. As I watched the daughter's rough, almost cruel treatment of her poor dying mother, I could not but contrast it with the months of tender nursing my dear mother received from her daughters before her death. The woman died that evening. During our visits I had tried to draw the dark heathen mind up to the loving Father, but she was too far gone into the awful Eternity.

Oh, friends, should this not make us more earnest, more faithful in preaching and living the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, for it is only through Christ that light can be brought to dispel the dense darkness of heathenism. Oh, *pray* more for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon this needy people. He alone can open the hearts to receive the light. May God make us more earnest in working for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. *It may not be long before we, too, shall be called to give an account before the judgment-seat of Christ. May none of us be found guilty of hoarding in our own heart the treasures of the Gospel which might have saved many a dying sinner.*

NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

Alone in the Field.

FROM MISS JOHNSTON.

Alberni, B.C., July 11, 1898.

Your letter pleased me very much, indeed. If you remember, you were to write me to Gibson P. O. before I left. I was a little disappointed, but knew you were very busy just before the Annual Meeting, and I am so glad your letter came now, so full of the assurance that we are not forgotten by the Board. When I think of so many devout women, a few of whom I have the pleasure of knowing well, praying earnestly to God that our

faith fail not, it gives us renewed vigour, and we feel strong in the Lord of Hosts.

Your letter reached me ten days after Miss Minnes left for her home at Kingston, Ont.* The girls are not very willing to speak English, although they read it very nicely, and I cannot speak Indian, so it makes it very hard to get on. All are so sorry to do anything, if they know what I want. All are so sorry that Mr. McDonald is not coming back, but we hope another man will be sent soon. The fields are truly white to harvest, but so little can be done until one gets some knowledge of the language. I can understand a good deal of what they say, and even a few words are helpful.

Mr. McKee, the outdoor assistant, is superintendent of the Sabbath Schools *pro tem*. Nearly an hour before the appointed hour for opening the school, which is 10.30 a.m., he goes down to the ranch and invites every one to come to the "church house," as they call it; he goes from door to door, and reminding them that it is the Sabbath. Very soon they begin to come. We have had six or seven young women, with strong healthy looking babies. A number of very old men and women come, and children of all ages and degrees of cleanliness. The men who were away returned last week, so that we have a number of them too.

Jack, of whom you have heard, interpreted for us last Sabbath, and he has promised to be with us next Sabbath, too. There were only seven children, four girls and three boys, in the Mission when I came. Since then I have taken two little girls, dear little things; they are learning their letters, but they do not attempt to speak English. I think it would do you all good if you could hear the two, when alone upstairs, singing: "I have a Father in the Promised Land." *Hi-alth, the youngest, is five or six, Susie must be two years older.*

*Miss Minnes has now returned, strengthened for work by a pleasant holiday.

Harry, our oldest boy, and the future chief of the "Sish-aht's," is wishing school would begin again, he is tired of holidays.

At 1.30 p.m. we cross the river to the other ranch, the "Opitche-aht's." We have to go through the same process of beating up there, and a good many children come, but not many of the older ones. Still we are greatly encouraged. Our part is to sow the seed as well as we can, and we know His word will not return unto Him void. We have His promise, "Lo, I am with you always."

Esther, the oldest of our girls, teaches a class of little girls. She feels shy, but I think she likes to do it.

I thank you all very much for your sympathy and prayers.

P. S.—You may be wondering how I am getting on, having been left alone so soon after my arrival, but everything is all right. I keep up some of their lessons, besides worship morning and evening. We take up the S. S. lesson every day, and I give them a singing lesson, instead of sewing all the time. I gave them some crocheting to do, and I was surprised to see how quickly they learn; they sew very nicely, indeed. They give me a lesson in Indian, and I am getting on very well. I have to write it down as nearly as I can get the sound, and then refer to it again. This week they taught me to manage the canoe, I can cross the river any time now. I wish I could give you an idea of how beautifully we are situated on a high ridge at a bend in the river, so that we can look down a mile or more to Alberni. It is a very quiet place, but so green and pretty everywhere.

The New Building Completed.

FROM MISS M'LAREN.

Birtle, July 3, 1893.

It is really too bad that you have to make a special request when you want any word from the Birtle school, and even now

I fear I have exceeded the limit of the time allotted me. We are busy certainly, but I am not going to plead lack of time, I often fritter away more than I spend in letter writing. It is just a want of inclination, unless on a few special occasions when "the spirit moves me," I do dislike writing. Sometimes it is the want of a subject, but I cannot plead that either, with this new building, thanks to the great kindness of the W. F. M. S., springing up before our door. This I know will interest you, size, material, architecture, anything connected with it. In the first place, then, it is "beautiful for situation."

Built on the right bank of the Bird's Tail, facing the south, with pretty little bluffs of trees at the back, and the ground gradually sloping to the river. We could not have got a prettier site in Manitoba. The walls, which are of stone, are finished. They have just been six weeks in building, and now that the rafters are up it is beginning to take on quite an imposing appearance. The building is finished and will probably be opened some time this month. The plan is of course already in your hands so I need say nothing of the inside of the house, excepting that I am to have a bath-room, store-room and closets for the children's clothing. When I think of all the conveniences and luxuries I fall to planning how I shall spend my leisure time when we get into our new school.

We expect to move about Sept. 1st, and in view of this have changed the time of holidays. Instead of letting the children go home on July 1st we keep on classes until some time in August and then bring them back to the new building. I cannot picture their delight and interest in everything about it, even the parents love to stand about and admire, and with their "good good" express approval.

The attendance has not been very large, twenty-eight being the most at one time, but it is so much more regular that we feel

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very much encouraged. In the spring, immediately after the snow disappeared, we had the usual number of attempted runs, but they were invariably captured and brought back. This great annoyance could be remedied, I think, by giving them a week's play or outdoor work after the long confinement indoors. They are making marked progress both in the school-room and their household duties. Three of the larger girls are to go to Chicago sometime during the Exhibition, the date is not fixed. I thank you very sincerely for the prayers and good wishes, for the deep interest and the timely help, and pray that God will bless all the efforts put forth by the W. F. M. S. for the spread of His glorious gospel.

A Hopeful Beginning.

FROM MISS LAIDLAW.

Portage la Prairie Indian School, Aug. 24, 1893.

I have grown to be very fond of all the children. We have seventeen, and with very few exceptions they have been here every day all summer. The school has not been closed at all as formerly, but instead I have taught almost every day. Next week we are not to have any school, making ready for September 1st. All the children are well, and willing to remain in school. I was very much afraid I might not be able to get along with the children, but I have not had any trouble; they have obeyed from the first, both in and out of school.

I find the tepee work a little hard, but only practice will help on in that. The making of the Sunday School lessons simple and practical for David to give to them, requires much time and thought. However, as I like it all very much, I have no doubt whatever it will become easy through time.

Mr. McKay goes every Sunday and helps in all the work. I think the church owes to him their deepest gratitude. Many

others help in other ways. Prof. Hart visited the school and reported himself very well pleased. Rev. Dr. McDonald, Principal Grant, and Mr. and Mrs. Frost, of Smith's Falls, have also been here and seem exceedingly well pleased.

We are doing what we can to have a woodshed put up this fall; there has never been one here, all the wood lies out in all kinds of weather, making it very hard to keep warm enough in the winter. I spoke to Prof. Baird about it. I also mentioned it in a letter I wrote for the Record.

Mr. and Mrs. McKay and I are going up to Birtle to be present at the opening of the new school, which takes place some time in September.

We have been trying to get some of the larger boys from the tepees to go to Regina, but there is great opposition to it, and we fear to press it too much, else we may lose some we have here.

There is some thought of starting a Temperance Society at the tepees. Four of the Indians have signed the pledge, while nearly all attend worship on Sunday. I think the fruit of all the labours of former years is beginning to show itself. Even if David were the only one won over he speaks for the white man's religion.

Comfortably Settled in Her New House.

FROM MISS M'INTOSH.

Okanase Reserve, August 29, 1893.

I cannot tell you how I welcomed your letter and the kind wishes it contained. Last winter while at the Crowstand I often felt like writing you, but for a while I had such poor health I thought perhaps it would be better to give up the work. I am very thankful to say it was not necessary and now am in the best of health and enjoy work among the Indians very much more than I can tell.

The church has provided a very comfortable little house near the school for the teacher, so I have been busy getting settled. It seems to be a longer process out here than in the east, where everything is convenient. However, I have enjoyed it and am beginning to feel quite at home.

Everything has been going very smoothly at school. The children are interested in their work and the attendance has been good excepting when the raspberries were ripe and then I gave a week's holidays. That was quite sufficient to satisfy them. On Friday I gave them a "treat." They generally want taffy. Such a sweet and sticky lot of little folks you cannot imagine after one of these little parties. I have been taking up some of the kindergarten occupations and these please and interest the little ones immensely.

Now I must tell you about the Sunday School. You know that is my charge also. It is really very encouraging the way the children attend. The first two or three Sabbaths there were only two or three present, but now all the children come. It is held in the school-house. I take the larger children and Miss Jackson takes the little folks. After Sunday School we all go up to the Indian church for morning service.

Mrs. Forsythe (Miss Cameron) closed the school in March. When I came Mrs. Forsythe had disposed of all the supplies excepting a few yards of cotton and print. This is all made up now and I do need material to go on with very badly. I understand the material is generally sent out by the ladies, at least it was at Crowstand, and the supply was abundant. I often wonder what we workers in the mission field would really do if there were no W. F. M. S. It is not only the material help they give us, but the prayers and sympathy of so many women cannot but be greatly blessed.

Mr. and Mrs. Flett have been exceedingly kind. Both have

done and are doing a good work among the Indians. I would like to hear again from you, even if only a few lines. You know it makes the east seem very much nearer to hear from the workers down there.

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Disposal of the Clothing.

FROM MR. LEWIS.

Mistawasis I. R., P. O. Aldina, July 14, 1893.

Your kind note came to hand some time ago. It ought to have been answered before; but I have been so busy, and there seemed nothing of interest to write. Now we have a new post office, 18 miles nearer than Carlton. It is Aldina, via Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, N.W.T., this is now only 10 miles from the Mission. As heretofore a native of this Reserve is hired by the agent and myself to take and bring back our mail-bags. We have a weekly mail.

The other day the thought struck me, "Perhaps those who send out clothing would be interested to know how it is disposed of." Of course it is given to the aged and the sick. The shivering, palsied form is made comfortable; and decrepit age kept warm. The able-bodied must buy. In the presence of this cruel law laziness stirs itself when stung by want. "What can we get them to do?" is often a puzzling question. Last January the store-house was nearly filled, the Indians nearly naked, the missionary nearly distracted. Fire-wood is wanted. Bring wood; bring plenty. In a short time 60 cords, cut into stove-lengths were piled before the mission, *nayo someas* for bringing a cord; *kutwossik someas* for cutting it up—in all \$2.50. This disposed of \$150 of clothing. About \$100 was paid out for work done, or lumber bought for the mission the summer before. 60 or 70 bushels of wheat were bought at 75c. a bushel, trade. Some of it ground

into flour, was partly sold back to the Indians. Potatoes, oats, etc., also were brought. Women came in crowds to do house-work, and children flocked from school to do something very small to get something as large as possible. Live hens came. A boy was hired for weeks to get little poplars to make a picket fence around the hen-yard. This spring men were hired to make hen-house and fence ; but a desire to have them completed before fall, and myself did most of the work. The old barn stood in front of the house. The roof had heard the cry "Go West;" and had obeyed to a distressing degree. I gave orders for it to be pulled down. A new barn is now rising away from the side of the house to the north. After I had dug up a new flower and vegetable garden from the sod I began to clear up a lovely grove of poplars and willows which extends from the Mission House to a lake that sparkles far below. The cattle of the neighborhood seemed to appreciate the absence of wild roses and dead branches. The Mission Park must be fenced. That work is done. This autumn (D.V.) I expect to have a carriage-road made around and through the grove. Hay must be bought and grain. 1,000 poles or more may be utilized in fencing a field for a cow or a horse. Thus not only is the clothing disposed of, but the Mission Hill is being beautified and made more comfortable and the missionary kept busy.

MISSION STUDIES.

(Third Paper.)

BY MISS FERRIER, CALEDONIA.

BEGINNING OF MISSION WORK AMONG THE EAST INDIANS IN TRINIDAD.

Mr. Morton chose San Fernando, which is the chief town on the south side of the island, as the centre for his Mission, but he

first settled in Tere, a village six miles from it because a church and dwelling-house had been built there, shortly after the abolition of slavery, for Mission work among the negroes, but this work had been given up, the buildings had fallen into bad repair, and were transferred to Mr. Morton for the use of the new mission on condition that he should hold a weekly service in English there.

For three years Mr. Morton labored alone, acquiring the languages, Hindi and Urdu, establishing schools, and in other ways laying the foundations of what has proved a most successful Mission, wisely and well, but he soon realized the impossibility of working efficiently single-handed, and began to plead with the Church at home for another missionary. The Church responded by sending out the Rev. K. J. Grant, who in 1871 settled in San Fernando, and has ever since been Dr. Morton's able coadjutor in all the important work of the Mission.

They had at the outset little to encourage them, and it took time and patience to overcome the opposition and prejudice of those they sought to benefit. Of this Mr. Morton wrote thus: "It is not easy for us to understand how strong these prejudices are, but perhaps their force may be seen by considering what a Christian would think of the proposal that he should throw away the Bible which his parents venerated and loved, forsake the faith in which they lived and died, and deny the Saviour in whom they trusted. And yet this is what Christianity asks the Hindu to do, and it would be strange indeed if he had nothing to say against the proposal."

The first school was opened with only three scholars, and it was three years and a half before any convert made a profession of faith in Christ, but before that time opposition had been so far overcome that a place of worship being needed in San Fernando, the Coolies themselves contributed nearly \$800 to-

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wards paying for its erection, and shortly after it was opened the Lord's Supper was dispensed in it, and twelve converted East Indians sat down with the missionaries at the Lord's table. Of this occasion Mr. Grant thus wrote : " A small company undoubtedly compared with the gatherings we had often seen, but ours was the joy of the first fruits. It will not soon be forgotten our first communion in the first Coolie Church, and our first Coolie disciples."

Four of these twelve deserve special mention, Charles Soodeen became the first Coolie teacher on the island, and is still doing valuable service in the Mission. Benjamin Balaram, after acting as a catechist for some time, returned to India and joined our Mission in Indore, his native state, where he has ever since been doing Mission work. Joseph Annagee and Lal Bahari both became catechists and are still part of the mission staff ; the latter, after studying under Mr. Grant for some years, having been licensed and ordained as the first native minister to his countrymen, is now associated with Mr. Grant in the work at San Fernando.

In 1874 the work had so extended that it was thought best to divide the field into two districts, the one to include San Fernando, and the estates lying north and south along the coast extending inland about three miles. Of this district Mr. Grant remained in charge. The other, the Savana Grande district, consists of a group of estates and villages lying east of these with Princetown, or Mission Village, as it was then called, for its centre. Of this district Mr. Morton took charge, removing thither in 1876.

About the same time some owners of estates in what is known as the Couva district, lying on the west coast of the island, between Port of Spain and San Fernando, and one of the best sugar-making districts, requested that a missionary should be

sent to labor among their employees, offering to pay his salary and house rent. Consequently the Church in Nova Scotia sent as its third missionary the Rev. T. Christie, who settled in Couva in 1874. Mr. Christie labored faithfully for about nine years when on account of the loss of health of both himself and his wife—Couva being a very unhealthy district—he was obliged to resign his charge. He returned to Nova Scotia, but as his health did not improve he went to California, where he died in 1885.

He was succeeded in Couva, in 1881, by the Rev. J. K. Wright of London, Ont., but after four years' labor he also retired on account of Mrs. Wright's failing health—Couva is now in charge of the Rev. F. J. Coffin, who entered upon his work there at the close of 1889.

In 1881 the work was still further extended by taking up the Caroni district, consisting of twenty-five estates and five villages, lying nearer Port of Spain than any of the others. Tunapuna, a village of about a thousand inhabitants, was chosen as a centre for the work, and this new field being considered a very important one, Mr. Morton, the senior missionary took charge of it, being succeeded in Princetown by the Rev. J. W. McLeod, who was sent from Nova Scotia in 1881.

Each of these four stations, San Fernando, Princetown, Couva and Tunapuna, are now the centres of very extensive work, both educational and evangelistic, which must be more fully described later on.

Notes of Praise.

We do not praise God for what He is to us with the same intensity that we pray to Him for what He can do for us. Let the thought of our selfishness make us ashamed, and arouse us to put earnestness and deep feeling into our praises and thanks to God.

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There doth not live

Any so poor, but they may give,
Any so rich but may receive.
Withhold the very smallest dole
Hands can bestow, in part or whole,
And we may stint a starving soul.

Wherefore doth the Lord make your cup to run over, but that
other men's lips might taste its sweetness? The showers that
fall upon the highest mountains should glide into the lowest
valleys.

All the stores of earth are Thine,
Thine the fulness of the sea ;
Thine alike in mart and mine,
Lent, but owned eternally.
Thine the silver and the gold
Lavished upon glittering toys ;
Thine the wealth the saints withhold
From Thy cause for carnal joys.
From Thy stewards, careless grown,
Earth's Possessor, claim Thine own !

Gifts.

What shall I give to thee, O Lord ?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on Thy cradle rude
Thy myrrh and gems of gold.
Thy Martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood,
Their ashes strewed Thy way ;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust
To speed Thy coming day.
Thou knowest of sweet and precious things
My store is scant and small ;

Yet wert Thou here in want and woe,
Lord, I would give thee all.

Show me Thyself in flesh once more ;
Thy feast I long to spread ;
To bring the water for Thy feet,
The ointment for Thy head.

There came a voice from heavenly heights ;
“Unclose thine eyes and see,
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto Me.”

NOTICES.

THE Board of Management meets on the *first Tuesday* of every month, at 3 o'clock p.m., and on the remaining Tuesdays of each month at 10 a.m., in the Board Room of the Bible and Tract Societies, 104 Yonge Street, Toronto. Members of Auxiliary Societies, or other ladies interested in the work and desiring information may attend a meeting if introduced by a member of the Board.

Letters concerning the organization of Societies, and all matters pertaining to Home work, are to be addressed to Mrs. Shortreed, 224 Jarvis Street, Toronto. The Home Secretary should be notified *at once* when an Auxiliary or Mission Band is formed.

Letters asking information about missionaries, or any questions concerning the Foreign Field, as to Bible-readers, teachers or children in the various Mission Schools, should be addressed to Mrs. Harvie, 80 Bedford Road, Toronto.

Letters containing remittances of money for the W.F.M.S. may be addressed to Mrs. MacLennan, Treasurer, 10 Murray Street, Toronto.

All requests for life-membership certificates should be sent to Miss Bessie MacMurchy, 254 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, to be accompanied in every case by a certificate that the fee has been paid.

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All correspondence relating to the sending of goods to the North-West, or other Mission fields, will be conducted through the Secretary of Supplies, Mrs. A. Jeffrey, 142 Bloor Street West, Toronto.

All letters to the Board not directly bearing upon work specified in the above departments should be addressed to Miss Haight, Corresponding Secretary, Morvyn House, Jarvis St., Toronto:

The President's address is, Mrs. Ewart, Wellesley Street Toronto.

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1. The year begins with the *May* number. 2. Subscription, 12 cents a year, *payable in advance*. 3. Subscriptions may begin at any time (one cent a copy), but must end with the *April* number. All orders and money to be sent through the Presbyterial Secretary to Mrs. (Agnes) Telfer, 72 St. Albans Street, Toronto.