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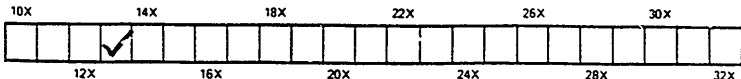
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“The World for Christ.”



Monthly Letter Leaflet.

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

VOL.-VII. TORONTO, AUGUST, 1890. No. 4.

SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

August.—NEW HEBRIDES.—Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, Efaté; Rev. Joseph Annand, M.A., Santo (Tangoa); Rev. H. A. Robertson, Erromanga. The wives of our missionaries. The native teachers.

Mission work in other islands of the sea.

The mission ship, *Dayspring*. “Master, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing, nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net. And when they had done this, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes.”—Luke v. 5, 6.

“Then I told them of the hand of my God, which was good upon me, . . . The God of heaven, he will prosper us.”
—Neh. ii. 18-20.

Special Notices.

It is *specially requested*, that if Secretaries of Auxiliaries or Mission Bands do not receive the MONTHLY LETTER LEAFLET by

the 30th of each month, they will at once communicate with Mrs. Telfer. The LEAFLET is *never mailed later than the 24th of the month.*

Secretaries of Auxiliaries are very *specially asked* to return any copies of the 14th Annual Report, if *not needed*, to the Home Secretary, as the supply is *very limited*. Also any copies of the 12th Annual Report will be *gladly received* by her, as the supply is exhausted.

No definite work has been assigned to the Presbyterial Societies of Winnipeg and Brandon, as we are aware that applications come to them from our reserves in cases of emergency. The Presbyterial Society of Toronto is to provide for the new school now being erected at Muscopetung.

MISSIONARY LETTERS.

· Sad Condition of Heathen Women in Santo.

SANTO, NEW HEBRIDES, *March 28, 1890.*

MRS. ANNAND.—Your kind letter reached here on the 17th of this month. We rejoice to learn that you have been restored to health and strength. May our loving Father long spare you to labour for Him.

It is something quite new to us receiving letters three months after they are written in Canada. You may know that there is a monthly mail to all the islands of this group. A steamship company put a small steamer in the island trade, which connects once a month at Assesityun, with the large steamers running to Fiji. The agreement is for this year only; if it pays, and otherwise proves satisfactory to all connected with it, it will be continued. It is truly a great boon to us. It seems to bring us nearer home and dear friends.

In regard to our work among the women, it is the day of small things with us among them. A number of them attend the Sabbath services now, but we cannot get any of them to attend school, though we have offered to teach them at any time of the day they can come. The men are unwilling that the women should

learn anything, saying they have no time to learn, which is partly true, as they are compelled to do much of the drudgery of the work. Their first work in the morning is to prepare and cook their lord's breakfast, this occupies some time. The wife has two fires and ovens to make. She dare not cook her food on the same fire as that on which she cooks his. This necessitates her getting a great deal of fire wood, the whole or greater part of which she has to cut and carry home on her back. Were you to see them, you would, I think, be surprised how they can carry such loads. After she gets her husband's breakfast she must go and work in their plantation on the mainland—put her canoe into the water and paddle over. If her husband goes she has usually to paddle him over; he sits doing nothing; or, it may be, if there is a baby he will hold it. They seldom return home much before sunset; then they must cook again.

We really have no little girls, as the poor things are sold to be wives when quite young. They go without any covering until they are nine or ten years old, when they put on three or four strings of small native beads about the waist and twine a few leaves around the body, this with a few beads about the neck and also some on the wrist or arm comprises our women's dress. It does not cost them much for dress and they are nice and cool; but, on the other hand, on rainy days they look very cold and wretched, even in this warm climate. We have given nearly all of them clothes at this village, and they all put something on when they come to church, and usually dress now when coming to our premises to barter, as we decline to buy from them when they come without clothes. I was amused this evening with one woman who came to sell yarn and oranges. She had not dressed, so I said, where are your clothes? She said, at my home. I said I would not buy from her, so she went off to our goat herder, who is a Santo lad, and asked him to lend her one of his shirts. He demurred. She said, misses will not buy from me unless I put some clothing on, and as he seemed unwilling to lend her a shirt, she went into his house and came out with one on; after that she came to me and sold her stuff, then went back to his house, took off the shirt and went home.

In regard to the manner of training given the women and girls in this Mission, I will give you a brief outline. They are encouraged to come to both church services and week morning classes,

for reading, singing and scripture truth in company with the men and boys, although they generally sit apart by themselves. Additional classes are held for the women and girls alone, in which sewing and other useful work is taught. For writing and arithmetic, both boys and girls attend at some other hour of the day.

At all the stations, some of the women and girls are found living on the premises of the missionary, and being instructed in the arts and duties of house work.

On Asseityum, Mr. Annand used to have a Bible class especially for the women and girls in addition to the other classes.

At all the old stations some of the girls are taught by the missionaries' wives—taught almost everything that is at all likely to be practical to them in their own homes. The duty of cleanliness and neatness of person and dress is very hard to impress upon them, chastity in word and conduct is not easily enforced among them. Their degradation is so very deep that you can form but a very vague idea of the difficulties that obstruct our work. We cannot explain in writing one-half that is heard and seen here.

We trust that as we gain more influence over the men, to be able to induce them to let the women and girls come and learn. But at present we have to exercise patience. We can neither drive nor coax these people. It is slow plodding work until it please the Lord to open their hearts to the truth. Remember us and them in your prayers, that their hearts may be opened to the truth, and that we may have wisdom given to us to guide us aright.

Many thanks for the *Leaflets* which I receive every month, and I enjoy the reading of them very much. Now with our united kind regards and wishing you every blessing.

Distribution of Contents of Box sent to Demerara. (West Coast).

EDINBURGH HOUSE, *May 8, 1890.*

MRS. GIBSON.—I was very glad to learn from your kind letter received early this year that you were recovered from your recent

illness. Should have replied to your letter sooner but was waiting till I should receive the mission goods you mentioned. They reached me safely, (a large box and bale, late in March. The day after receipt of them I asked the Rev. Mr. Muir (acting minister of this parish), to arrange the earliest date possible for the distribution. He could not then fix any day, but afterwards decided upon April 15th. I send you the newspaper account, and need only add that since then I have given prizes to over one hundred of the working children who were unable to be present on the 15th, and who were amongst the best attendants at Sunday school. Some have still to get, but there is enough for all. The kind ladies of the Ottawa Presbyterial Society, who so kindly sent such a variety of pretty and useful things, have the sincere thanks of all interested in the West Coast Coolie Mission. If they could only have seen the beaming countenances of the little folk on the day of distribution, it would have rewarded them in some measure for their labour. The dolls as usual were in great demand, some of the tiny boys preferring them to any others of the numerous toys. The beautiful scrap book I gave to one of the teachers who kept excellent order during the day; it was much too pretty to give to any of the Coolie children to take to their homes where there would be neither shelf nor table to place it on.

Anna Catherina is a new school which was opened some months ago. It is intended for the Coolie children of the Leonera estate, but a few black and Chinese attend also. I am sorry to have to report that the fine building which we had at Nitblugt, as church and school, has been required for other purposes. The Coolies on that estate have no school of their own at present. They meet in the parish school at 8 o'clock, a. m., and remain till the black children arrive, they are then obliged to remove to the carriage shed in the church yard for the remainder of the time. In rainy weather, such as we have at present, it is hard on both teacher and taught.

The school at Hague was closed many months ago. Mr. Thorpe, the manager of the estate, told me he would re-open it as soon as a missionary was appointed, but I have learned since then with much regret that owing to financial difficulties we are not to have another Canadian missionary. The parish ministers, I

understand, are to do the work by the aid of catechists. I think, however, that in order to carry on the work efficiently it will be found necessary to have at least one European with a thorough knowledge of Hindi to train catechists, and superintend the work generally. Thanks very much for the LETTER LEAFLET. It is the only Canadian paper I now receive regularly. Some kind friend sends me *The Maritime* and *Children's Record*, which I am much pleased to get. Although I have never been to Canada nothing bearing the name is very dear to me.

My little Sabbath school kept up fairly well during the year. Lydia, the most clever of the girls, left the Coast a few weeks ago, I was sorry to lose her, she was so bright and intelligent. She looks about eight years old and can read both English and Hindi very nicely. She is the daughter of Christian parents, and I hope she may yet be a worker in the Master's service. I sent to Wakenaum Island where she now resides, with her parents, her well deserved share of the Canadian gifts.

My little daughter, I am thankful to say, is enjoying good health now. She had a very severe illness some time ago. I feared I should lose her, but she was mercifully spared to me, without her my loneliness would be almost intolerable. Very sincere thanks for your kind sympathy in my very sore bereavement, and much love to you.

West Coast Mission—East Indians.

THE ARGOSY, DEMERARA, *Saturday, May 3, 1890.*

ON Tuesday the 15th ultimo, the annual distribution of gifts sent by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church of Canada took place at the residence of Dr. Shannon, on the West Coast. Fortunately the rain which had fallen heavily during the night time ceased as the morning advanced, giving ample opportunity for the children to march from their schools to Edinburgh House with their clothes dry. The contingents came from Uitvlugt and Anna Catherina, all meeting as nearly as possible at the time appointed.

The coolies and creole children from the latter place were marched to the strains of a flute and the usual accompaniments of a village band in Demerara. Alternate with the instruments the children sang hymns and songs, all of which were heartily enjoyed by the crowds of followers. On their arrival at the Doctor's house, Mr. Collins, their teacher, and Wehalsingh, the catechist, arranged the children for their walking up stairs to have a view of the articles artistically laid out for distribution. If one can judge from their surprised looks many will not forget the sight soon.

Mrs. Gibson to whom the goods were consigned showed by her arrangement of the great quantity of articles laid out that she would be an acquisition as a bazaar stall-holder. She had gifts for over four hundred children, but owing to a good number of boys and girls having to work on the estates, not many over two hundred coolie boys and girls attended. But she did not neglect the creoles who had shown good attendances upon the Sabbath schools, and so all got gifts without respect of persons; and those absent had their articles laid aside for them.

It was a task tiresome enough calling their names, and how best to accomplish that, that all might answer when named, was a query. The difficulty was got over by arranging the little ones in rows along the gallery, and as the child heard his or her name there was a march to the table, where Mrs. Gibson quickly and gracefully placed in their hands articles of clothing and toys which gave satisfaction to all. On receipt of these they were passed down stairs, but, when the clothing, toys, etc. were all distributed, they were again marched back to receive buns and gingerbeer, the generous gift of Mrs. Shannon. In this the moving spirit of the work so ably carried through, she was assisted by Mrs. Davson, Mrs. Thorpe, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Smartt, Mrs. Herriot, Miss Batson and Mrs. Shannon, who were indefatigable in making every one feel at home.

A very pleasing feature was that of a Chinese boy, who at the close stepped forward, read and presented an address to Mrs. Gibson, which he read in a very pleasing voice, while his articulation showed he had the artlessness of a child, and he wanted the art of his seniors that mars their orations. The Rev. Mr. Muir, acting minister of St Luke's Parish, replied in the absence of Dr. Shannon, and expressed his regret that the doctor was absent on duty, who would have fittingly spoken on behalf of his sister Mrs.

Gibson. It gave Mr. Muir much pleasure to be present to take part on the interesting occasion and to observe for himself that Mrs. Gibson had lost none of her interest and enthusiasm for the work of teaching the East Indians' children. She was truly a Mother in Israel. After thanking the boy who had presented the address, the interest of the day terminated with three cheers, by way of votes of thanks.—MRS. MORTON.

THE NORTH-WEST.

April 15, 1890.

REV. HUGH MCKAY.—I am glad to notice that you have had so good a meeting. May the Lord prosper the W. F. M. S. more and more, and may every member of that society feel the joy and the peace which belongs to the heart consecrated to the service of our blessed Redeemer.

We are all well at the school. The weather is fine but dry, no sign of rain. Some of the farmers are sowing in hope. Many have been much pressed on account of the failure in crop last year.

Our school is keeping up. Mr. Ferry our teacher is busy in the school room.

We are surrounded by the beauties of nature. The lake, the rivers, the hills and the beautiful valley. Why should it not be beautiful about our school.

The planting of trees and shrubbery, the laying out of flower plots, cultivating in the garden and in the field will afford employment for our boys.

History of a Day at Round Lake.

ROUND LAKE, WHITEWOOD P.O., ASSA., *Jan. 31, 1890.*

REV. HUGH MCKAY.—I sent you a letter a few days ago and promised to write again. I have an hour at my disposal. It is now two o'clock p.m., and school is over. The boys are gone out

with Jacob ; Henry and Benjamin are gone for a load of hay ; Willie is after a barrel of water ; John and Alex are at the stable ; and the rest of the boys are sawing wood. The girls are here in the school room where I am writing ; they are all busy with the needle making up shirts for the boys. Sarah is teaching them how to do it. They are all busy with the needle and with the tongue. Mr. Ferry, our teacher, is gone to his room, he is busy at his work preparing for a second class certificate.

I am now to give you a short account of the work yesterday, perhaps it may be of some interest and enable you to have a glimpse at what we are doing.

Jan. 30, 1890.—The big bell rings at seven and all are expected to get up at that hour ; went into the dining room at a quarter past seven, found everything all right ; Peter had the fires kindled at six ; Eliza was in the kitchen at seven ; Hatty was in the dinning room at seven-twenty, five minutes late. Breakfast bell at seven-thirty. Alex. came in with a dirty face and Roy with hair uncombed—sent them out. Fannie came in with no moccasin strings and Ann Amelia no collar and a button wanted on her dress—sent them out. Why was not Maggie at breakfast ? Oh, she does not like porridge and milk, she never eats it. Why did you not come and tell me ? I did not like to come.

One of the boys said, Can you not give us something more than porridge and milk and sugar for breakfast ? No, my boy ; that is all you are to get. Can you not give us a little bread ? No, my son ; you will get all the bread and butter and coffee you want for your lunch. Do you think I am hard on you ? I think a little. What would you get in your home if you were there ? I don't know ; perhaps bread and something with it, and perhaps nothing ; porridge is better than nothing. At worship read 65th Psalm ; had perfect order during worship.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones still not able to leave their rooms. Mr. Jones has not left his room during the past two months.

Hatty ! Five poor Indians slept here last night, see that they all get something to eat when they come in.

The sun is bright and the day seems fine, I shall go and see S. Geddes, poor fellow is ill and will not live long ; he has been asking for me. An old woman came to the door asking for a little flour.

Kasewasemat is here and asks me to write a letter for him.

His wife and child are with him ; they are very poor and would like to stay a day with us. I will write the letter when I come back. Redge says, Can I go with you to see my mother ? Yes ; if you are not afraid of the cold. When we are ready we find the ponies at the door and we start, but before we go half a mile we thought of going back. The wind is up and the snow drifting. Redge says, no, let us go. We go up the hill and the wind is more boisterous, but we push on. At five miles we shall come to the chief's house and get warmed. We push on ; the blinding snow cuts like ice. When we get to the chief's house we find it shut and all away from home. Redge said we shall freeze. Saw a little Indian hut with an open door. Empty ; went in, kindled a fire and got ourselves warmed. Drove on, and after going five miles more are very cold. There are Indian houses a mile further on, there we will call and get warmed. We hurry up, but again come to empty houses. We find the door of one open, we enter and make a fire. Where are the two old wives I saw here a short-time ago ? The little window is still here. In a little we leave and drive on two miles more ; come to the house of Mr. Nicol, a farm instructor. We stop for a few minutes, and then a drive of four or five miles more. Before we reach, Redge is again getting cold. Are you cold, Redge ? My feet are cold. The house still a mile away ; half a mile. Are you very cold ? My feet are very cold, but I don't think they are freezing yet ; oh ! they are very cold. Hurry up ! hurry up ! they are freezing. Now, this is where your mother lives, Redge. Mrs. Sutherland was glad to see her little boy. We are just in time for dinner. It is one o'clock and we were four hours on the way. At dinner met Mr. McKenzie. He keeps a store here belonging to the H.B.C. He has been a steady friend of our Mission since I came to Round Lake. Last Christmas some of our children sent him a few Christmas cards. He sent them such a nice letter and a quarter of beef as a Christmas box. After dinner I called on the Indian agent, Col. McDonald. He asked for the address of the secretary of the W.F.M.S. He promised to show me at some future time his opinions (about the clothing sent by the W.F.M.S.), as expressed in his report to the Government. Went over to see S. Geddes. Found him standing by the stove warming himself. He asked, How did you venture out in such a blizzard ?

He is still able to walk about a little, but all hope of recovery

is gone. What is to become of his family? He belongs to the Touch Wood Hills Reserve, but has been here for the past five years as interpreter for the Indian agent. He would like if his family could remain in this agency on account of the school. After a little talk about the family, he said, "I am wishing that you would take my body down to your Mission and bury me in your graveyard. It is hard to say good bye to my family; it is not easy to face death; the dark night is before me."

"Is there no light?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "a little light, there is the hope of a better life beyond. I am trusting in Christ and I hope he will have mercy upon me; but I am only a poor, ignorant Indian, and I don't understand it as I would like." I illustrated the truth by the rich man paying the poor man's debt. I dwelt on the thought of substitution, reading the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and the little hymn, "Oh why was He there as the bearer of sin, if on Jesus thy sins were not laid." Ah, he said, "that is easy—there is light and liberty then. What a burden that takes from me."

I can't write the whole of our conversation, but I trust he is a humble and loving follower of the Lord Jesus; and whether we meet again here or not, we shall meet at the Father's house, at home. Ah they are gathering home, to the Father's house, from the east and from the west, from the north and south, from the tribes of Africa and from the bands of Indians, from India and from the isles of the sea. "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

Got back to Round Lake at 8 p m; had a cup of tea and then wrote that letter for the Indian. Here is a copy of the letter:

My Dear Brother-in-law :—I have bad news to tell you. Five days after the New Year one of my little girls died, and six days after that my youngest child died, and ten days after that my little boy died, and now there are only two left. My son, who is married, also met with a loss. He got a splinter in his foot and it caused him so much pain for two nights that he did not sleep. The doctor took it out and on the following night their little baby, aged six months, was smothered in bed, the mother slept on it. Our mothers are still alive; they have one pony. My son also has a pony and that is all we have. No cattle, no grain, no potatoes. My heart is sad and I weep much for my children. My wife is also poorly. She kept her children so

long on her knee that she is now helpless, and she is crying all the time. Come and see me when the snow is gone. I am your brother-in-law.

We had a talk after writing the letter. He seemed so thankful for any kindness shown to themselves or to their children when they were ill. He wished me to allow them to stay with us for a few days, as they have no home to go to and the world is cold and dreary. We asked him to stay for three days. We trust God may overrule this dispensation for his good, and that it may be the means of bringing these poor people to the light and liberty of God's people. At nine I went into the boys' sleeping room. Henry read part of the 4th chapter of John's gospel, then we prayed together. Then a little talk over the work of the day, the good and the bad, the work done and the work left undone. Then a shower of good nights and we close the door. Spent an hour with Mr. Ferry reviewing some geometry and algebra. Lights out at 11.

I fear you will say that I am cruel in giving you so long a letter to read.

There is one thing I forgot to tell you. It was a conversation we had at dinner. Why can we not have a little church built at the agency? We hold meetings sometimes in an Indian house, and at other times in Col. McDonald's parlour. We had as many as seventy Indians at our meetings in the summer. The agent and his family, the instructor, Mr. Sutherland and his family, the agent's clerk and his family, and Mr. McKenzie, besides the Indians of the Reserve. Several of them are members of our Church. Mr. Sutherland said we might build a little log church. It would not cost us much and all could attend. I was of the opinion that we should try to put up a little frame church, finish it nicely and make it attractive and comfortable. I have it in my mind to get a church built at that place. I have it also in my mind to write you another letter after a few days. You will pardon my scribbling, I have been writing for more than an hour.

THE following encouraging facts, connected with Mission work on the Sioux, or Bird Tail Creek Reserve (Beulah), and the

boarding school at Birtle, are gathered from an interesting communication received some time ago from Rev. John McArthur:

The clothing sent was all suitable. The yarn especially is spoken of as very helpful in inducing the women and girls to learn to knit. Even Indian women visiting from other reserves have learned to knit during their stay. Stockings, socks, quilts and other articles have been given to the aged, infirm and needy. Many opportunities for preaching the Gospel and teaching the people arise through the distribution of the clothing. Mr. McArthur speaks of visiting a newly married couple, carrying with him, as a wedding present, a quilt and some yarn, and finding a large number of men, women and children assembled, celebrating the wedding feast. After presenting the gifts he carried with him (from the W. F. M. S.), he spoke to them earnestly of the Lord Jesus, and salvation through His name.

The supply of clothing sent was about equal to the demand. More was required on account of the failure of crops during past year. His great aim, Mr. McArthur says, is to teach the Indians self-reliance, and, in view of this, clothing was only asked for children of school age. This was, perhaps, a mistake, as some under school age, and a few feeble and sickly people, would have suffered, but that the ladies of the Home Mission congregation at Beulah met once a week, through the winter season, and made garments for those who were unsupplied.

Patterns for plain and fancy bead work are asked for, for the use, specially, of the members of the Indian Women's Foreign Missionary Society, who raise the money contributed principally by the sale of bead work.

The unwillingness is commented upon of Indian parents to send their sickly children to the boarding schools, from the mistaken idea that *they* can do better for them. Instances are mentioned where these weakly ones would have been infinitely more comfortable under the care of the kind teachers of the Mission school. Two-thirds of the deaths on the Reserve are from consumption, the result, probably, of exposure, lack of wholesome food, warm clothing, etc. Mr. McArthur says: "When I think of these poor people, many of them Christians, who were comforted during their sickness and last hours by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, I am sure there awaits these ladies, in a special manner, the consoling words of the

Saviour: 'I was sick and ye visited me (visited me through the W. F. M. S.), naked and ye clothed me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

One young man has joined the Church since the last report, and one member has been removed by death. The church on the Reserve was sided last summer, and a chimney built by the Indians themselves, at a cost of seven dollars for material, and eight days' time. The Indians sent a delegation to the last meeting of Presbytery, asking for services every Lord's Day, instead of once a fortnight, and offering to pay the sum of thirty dollars towards the extra expense.

Mr. McArthur writes as follows of his recent visit to the Birtle boarding school: "I found twenty-nine children in the school, and nearly all of this number had been attending regularly since the new year. They appear to be making good progress in their studies, and all look comfortable and happy. This, however, is not without a great deal of work on the part of Miss McLaren, who often sits up until midnight making and mending clothing. The girls wear flannel dresses, but are without changes, the increased number attending the school having exhausted the supply. It is a pleasure to see so many children, gathered from their miserable homes, and surrounded by the comforts and influences of a Christian home, and under the care of wise and sympathetic guardians. Last fall, while attending a meeting of Presbytery, Mrs McArthur and I stayed at the school two nights. Little Tommy (Blackbird) was then on his death-bed. The feeling and love manifested by Miss McLaren for that Indian boy was more like that of a mother for her suffering, dying child than anything else we can think of. One morning, just about the break of day, I heard a faint voice somewhere in the building singing 'Nothing but the blood of Jesus.' This was the dying boy, singing, we trust, not only on account of the beautiful air, but because he realized in his own experience something of the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus."

Mr. McArthur closes his remarkably full and interesting letter with words of hope and encouragement for the future, and assures the members of the W. F. M. S. that the Indians are sincerely thankful for *all* that is being done for them.

MISSION STUDIES.

(FOURTH PAPER).

Missionary Work in the Islands of the Pacific Ocean.

BY MISS FERRIER, CALEDONIA.

TO-DAY I must tell you a little of the interesting story of the introduction of the Gospel into the Samoan or Navigator Islands. In the year 1830 Mr. Williams, Mr. Barf, another missionary and seven native teachers with their wives sailed from Raitea in *The Messenger of Peace*. First visiting the Hervey group, he proceeded from thence to the Friendly Islands, on the largest of which, Tonga, Methodist missionaries had been labouring for some years. It was Mr. Williams' intention to have gone on from thence to the New Hebrides and Fiji groups, where the darkness of heathenism was yet unbroken, but the missionaries on Tonga assured him that the inhabitants of these islands were, at that time, so incensed against European traders that it would be simply to throw his life away to venture among them, so he resolved to sail for the Samoas, taking with him a Samoan chief, who had been for some time at Tonga, and wished to return home. This man said he was sure the chiefs and people would be glad to receive teachers, and that the only person likely to oppose them was a very wicked man in whom it was supposed the spirit of the gods dwelt, and whom the people so feared that if he forbade them to receive the missionaries they would not dare to do so. When they reached Savaii, a large, beautiful island, some natives came on board, of whom the chief asked in a trembling, frightened way, "Where is Tamafainga"—the man he was afraid of—"Oh," said the people, as if delighted, "he is dead, he was killed about ten days ago." When the chief heard this he jumped for joy and ran about the vessel shouting "The devil is dead, our work is done, the devil is dead." On landing, the missionaries received a hearty welcome both from the chiefs and people, and they gladly consented to allow the teachers to settle among them. The Samoans were more intelligent and less savage than most of the people Mr. Williams had previously visited, they worshipped living creatures, but had no idols of wood or stone and offered no human sacrifices. Mr. Williams remained for some days and saw the

teachers comfortably settled with every prospect of usefulness. On his next visit, eighteen months after, he first stopped at an island 250 miles from Savaii. As soon as the vessel cast anchor a number of canoes, full of people, came out to meet it, shouting, "We are Christians,"—literally, sons of the Word; we are waiting for a religion ship to bring us teachers; is yours it?" Some of the people of this island had been at Savaii when he was there and so had heard of the new religion. Mr. Williams had only one teacher with him this time, so he could only tell them a little about Jesus, leave them some books, and promise them a teacher as soon as possible. At another island a native came out in a canoe and introduced himself as "a son of the Word," and here a little chapel had been built, and about fifty people had become Christians. When Mr. Williams inquired who taught them, a man stepped forward and said, "I do, I take my canoe and go to the Savaii, stay a little while with the teachers, and then come back and tell the people what I have learned, and when I can teach them no more I go again, and now where is our teacher; give me a man full of religion." Mr. Williams was truly grieved to be obliged to tell him that he had no missionary, and the poor man could hardly believe him, for he thought the vessel was full of them. When they reached Savaii he found everything prosperous. The teachers had been kindly treated, had been very faithful and laborious; there were a good many professing Christians, and the chief begged Mr. Williams to bring his family and settle among them. He replied that he thought it would be better to return first to England and tell the Christians there how much the Samoans wanted missionaries. Well, said the chief, go with speed and get all you can to come; but oh we shall be dead, many of us will be dead before you can return." As soon as possible after this, in 1834, Mr. Williams and his wife, after eighteen years of hard work, went on a visit to England. There he had a busy time, speaking in all parts of the country, getting the Rarotongan New Testament, the Pilgrim's Progress and some other books printed, and writing and publishing a very interesting book, describing his labours and voyages. All this kept him in England till 1838, when he and his family and nine other missionaries—six had been sent to the Samoa's two years before—set sail in a fine mission ship provided by the good people of England, and to be entirely at his own disposal. Upon reaching the South Sea

Islands Mr. Williams and his party went first to the Samoas. He was delighted with the progress that had been made since his last visit; great numbers had professed Christianity. Fifty thousand people were receiving instruction in the schools, and he was surprised at the number who could read. Mr. Williams decided to settle himself on Upolo, on which had already been built eight or ten large churches, but first he visited Rarotonga, taking to the people the 5,000 Testaments he had had printed in their own language, and also the Society Islands, the scene of his first labours. Then he returned to Upolo for a time, but he had made up his mind to carry the gospel to the wild cannibals of the New Hebrides, which lie about 1,500 miles farther west, and after having made the necessary preparations he and two other missionaries set out on the 4th of November, 1839, on this long voyage. On the 18th they landed on the island of Tana and were so well received that they left two native teachers. Next day they anchored off Erromanga, and on the following morning some of the natives came out in a canoe to the vessel. Mr. Williams gave them some presents, and shortly after went on shore accompanied by the two young missionaries and the captain. At first the people seemed friendly, so the boat and its crew anchored a little way out at sea, leaving the four gentlemen on the island, but almost immediately the savages attacked them, they rushed to the sea, and the captain and one of the others reached the boat, but Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris were cruelly killed before it was possible for those in the boat to try to save them and even their bodies could not be recovered. This does seem to us a very sad end to such a noble and useful life as Mr. Williams' had been, but though we cannot understand why God permitted it, we know there must have been some wise reason, and we must not forget that to these good men to die was to depart to be with Christ, which is far better. Poor Mrs. Williams, his family, and the thousands of converted heathen, to whom he had been a spiritual father, all mourned his loss with great grief, and in England too there was great sadness when the news of his death was received. It has been stated that during the twenty-two years of his missionary life he was the means, under God, of conveying the Gospel message to about 300,000 souls. Thus his labours, if not long prolonged, were wonderfully blessed. As this great and good missionary lost his life in the attempt to

carry the Gospel to the New Hebrides, I have thought it right before telling you of our own Mission work, thus to give you a short sketch of his life and work and labours in the lovely isles of the Pacific.

QUESTIONS.

In what year did Mr. Williams set out on a long missionary voyage in his own ship, and who went with him? What two groups were first visited? To what other groups did he intend to proceed? What prevented him from carrying out this plan? Where did he then resolve to go and who went with him from Tonga? Who did this chief say was the only person likely to be unwilling to allow the Samoans to receive teachers? What news did they hear when they reached the islands? Tell the story. How were the missionaries received? What did Mr. Williams think of the Samoans? Did he leave the native teachers among them? Tell some of the results of their work as seen by Mr. Williams on his next visit, eighteen months after, scenes on the different islands, etc.? What were the chiefs anxious for Mr. Williams to do, and where did he think it best to go first? What did a chief reply when he heard this? In what year did he go to England, how long did he stay and how was he employed there? Who accompanied him when he again set sail, and in what vessel did he go? How many missionaries had previously been sent to the Samoas? Tell what you can of the progress that had been made during Mr. Williams' absence? On what island did he resolve to settle? What other islands did he visit first, and what did he take with him? To what group had he resolved to carry the Gospel? How far were they distant from Upolo? When and with whom did he set out? How were they received at Tana? What was the sad result of their landing on Erromanga? Describe the circumstances and give the date. How long was Mr. Williams engaged in Mission work, and to how many was he the means of conveying the news of salvation?

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