



"Whatsoever He saith unto you do it."

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# MONTHLY LEAFLET

OF THE

Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1900.

Price 10c  
a year.

## SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

Be Persecuted for Righteousness Sake, that whether Living or they may Glorify the Lord Jesus Christ." -2 Cor. 4:9 11.

## TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS IN "LIFE AND LIGHT."

SEPTEMBER. - The Transformation of the Sandwich Islands.

OCTOBER. - From Darkness to Dawn in Africa."

## Notices.

All communications and letters intended for publication in LEAFLET should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. Mary M. Page, 22 Seymour Avenue, Montreal, P. Q., and should be sent before the 18th of the month to insure insertion in the following

Please forward all money, and make all money orders payable Miss Rhoda James, Treasurer C. C. W. B. M., 3 St. Edward Street, Montreal, P. Q.

The Annual Report of the C. C. W. B. M. is now ready for distribution, and can be had on application to the Secretary. Please forward postage, one cent for every three copies required.

The Secretary will be very grateful if anyone can furnish her a copy of the LEAFLET for February, 1896, also one for April, 1898, these being needed to complete the volumes.

(MRS.) C. C. NASMITH,  
207 Bloor Street East,  
Toronto, Ont.

Any of our readers who have books belonging to the Minne- sota Library are requested to return them as promptly as possible to the Librarian, Miss Edith Cochran, 294 Drummond Street, Montreal.

UNITED CHURCH  
ARCHIVES

## *To the Auxiliaries of the C. C. W. B. M.*

DEAR SISTERS,—By the time this issue of the LEAFLET reaches you, we shall all be gathering home from our summer vacation, and making ready to take up again the work of the Missionary Society. Will you permit me to offer a few suggestions as we thus re-assemble in our different auxiliaries?

1. Let us come back to our work with fresh interest, and determination to put forth every effort in our power to make our meetings this year the most interesting we have ever had. This cannot be done unless each member determines to make some sacrifice for the good of the Society. But if each determines to keep faithfully the afternoon or evening set apart for her meeting, and to come there prepared to do her best to help her leader, our winter's work will be a success.

2. Let us remember that we have in the Board this year new officers, namely, Treasurer and LEAFLET Editor, and let us show them that we appreciate their work. The Editor will be pleased to receive short, bright communications relating to any branch of the work, and the Treasurer will be delighted to receive and acknowledge our gifts.

3. Let us, either individually or in reading circles, definitely determine to read at least two missionary biographies this winter. Miss Cochrane will gladly send us the books, if not otherwise obtainable—see notice of Circulating Library.

4. Let every one of us write at least one letter to one of our missionaries this winter. Let it be bright and interesting, short, just such a letter as you would like to receive if you were a missionary, and don't expect an answer, missionaries are busy to write many personal letters.

5. Most important of all—without which our best efforts will be a failure—let us begin and continue our work with prayer—prayer for our missionaries, for our nurse and patient in Ceylon, for Galene, for our Home Work, for our officers, for one another, and for all missionaries and mission work in these troublous times.

With all hearty greetings and best wishes for the coming season.

Yours in the Master's work,

C. C. NASMITH,

*Secretary C. C. W. B. M.*

*Letter from Dr. Massey.*

CISAMBA, ANGOLIA, WEST AFRICA,  
300 miles from the West Coast,  
April 30th, 1900.

DEAR FRIENDS,—The last letter left us about half way on our journey inward from the Coast. We had reached the oxen, the carriers now had an easier time. Our little stock of provisions, obtained at the Coast, was getting small. We were passing through a more thickly populated country, and chances of buying some provisions. There are no whites between the Coast and Bailundu, a distance of nearly 200 miles. Miss Melville, of course, did the buying, as neither Moffatt nor myself could manage the language. The currency of the country, instead of being gold, silver and copper, is rubber, cloth and salt. Every caravan must be supplied with these things if they wish to make purchases on the road. Rubber, which is in the crude state, is in strips about six inches long by two wide and one thick. This is called "ten of a ten," because each strip is divided off into ten parts, each being called "a ball of rubber." A ten of rubber is equal to ten cents in Canadian money. The rubber used is brought from the far interior, where it is obtained from a vine, also from the rubber tree. The trade cloth consists of various kinds—factory cloth, prints, shirtings, etc. Handkerchiefs of the bandanna style are also used. These handkerchiefs are not used for other purposes than those of head and neck protection for the women and children. A very stylish young man may have his whole dress of handkerchief stuff, which is a very pronounced display. Cloth is worth about ten cents a yard, and a handkerchief is equal to a yard of cloth. Salt is a much used trade article. It is a very coarse quality, obtained at the Coast from the evaporation of sea water. It contains much of mother earth. However, dirty as it is, a teacupful is worth ten cents, and a tablespoonful will buy a hen's egg. You will think there has been a drop in pork prices. I tell you that Miss Melville bought a whole live pig for ten cents for the above-mentioned red bandanna handkerchiefs. But we have not seen the pig. The biggest part of him was his head. But he made us a fine meal, nevertheless. We occasionally had a chicken, which cost us four yards. We also had a few limes, bananas and oranges. It soon became no uncommon thing for an antelope to be killed up by our presence on the path, which would bound away very rapidly. They were mostly what the English hunters call the Reed Buck. I understand that there are no

true deer south of the Equator. All the horned game but the deer form have hollow horns, while those of the deer are solid. After many endeavors Mr. Moffatt succeeded in shooting one. The natives could not thank him enough for the meat. We kept a hindquarter for ourselves, and the rest was equally divided among the carriers. They did not wait to cook it, but began eating it raw. There is little wonder that they were meat hungry, when we remember that for over two weeks they had been carrying heavy loads under a tropical sun, and only mush for a stomach satisfier. You may rest assured that not a bit of that animal was wasted; they ate every organ of the body. They were very saving of the meat, and for several days we could see a piece tied to each man's load, and until the sense of sight was unnecessary to indicate its presence.

I had heard of travellers losing track of the day of the week, and rather laughed at the idea, but one Saturday night the boys asked if they would travel next day and they accepted the word to go on. They contended that the next day would be Sunday, but nothing could convince me but that it was Saturday, so we did go on; but we afterwards learned that the natives were right. It seemed a little singular that all the white folk thought the same and were wrong.

We soon came to a river too large for a native bridge, probably sixty feet wide, and quite deep. The only means of transit was by two very rudimentary boats. Each boat could hold a man and his load. A large caravan was waiting on the opposite side to get across. It took several hours to get the caravan over, and we paid the men eight yards of cloth for the whole party. The oxen swim the streams, led by a native who swims ahead.

All along the path were many reminders of the uncertain life. A grave is indicated usually by a pole about ten feet high to the top of which is attached a yard of cloth, torn in such a manner as to render it valueless, that it may not be stolen. This indicates the grave of a common native. A prominent black would have his grave surrounded by cloth, and lying on top of the mound would be his water jug, pot, bow and arrow and whatever other earthly possessions he had with him at death. A white traveller's grave is indicated by the presence on the mound of his travelling trunk, his umbrella, hat, coat, whiskey bottles, and various other articles he may have had. Many of the mounds are much torn up by hyenas. At the village boundaries the mound is cemented over with dried mud, and a small, low, grass-roofed hut is built over it, with a small opening about eight inches square in the side for the spirit to get out and understand. It is said that specially cruel slave dealers

graves decorated with slave shackles. By the way, slave  
 shackles for both hands and feet were quite commonly seen by  
 the path-side. In this very path thousands of slaves have  
 perished to the hardships and cruelty of the slave dealer.  
 More than twenty years ago the slave business was nominally  
 abolished, but it still exists with its old time horrors. Even yet,  
 we are told, dealers continue the custom of killing a slave occa-  
 sionally in order to intimidate the rest.

Seventeen days from the Coast, we reached Bailundu, a sta-  
 tion of the American Board. Here we were welcomed by Mr.  
 and Mrs. Fay, Mr. and Mrs. Stover, Mrs. Webster and Miss  
 Melville. People in this country do not often have the pleasure of  
 entertaining visitors. Yet I do not know that they were any  
 more glad to see us than we were to see them. How we did  
 appreciate sitting down again to a table for our meals and hav-  
 ing a good bed to sleep on. This was the first station opened by  
 the American Board in W. C. Africa. The first missionaries  
 were here in 1881, and three years later were driven out, but  
 were allowed to return inside of a year, and have continued the  
 work ever since. It has been the centre from which the other  
 stations, Kamundongo, Cisamba and Sakanjimba, have  
 been started. There is a Portuguese fort near by. Martial  
 law obtains here as in all parts of Angola. After one day at  
 Bailundu we passed on in three days to Sakanjimba, where we  
 met Mr. and Mrs. Read, Mr. and Mrs. Woodside and Dr.  
 Bower. Just before reaching here we had our first good  
 shower in Africa. It poured down, coming right through our  
 thatched-roofed hut. As fever had found me again, it was not a  
 welcome visitor, and glad I was to get to Sakanjimba. They  
 put me to bed at once. Next day, Sunday, I felt much better,  
 and got out to see the station. We were now nearly 6,000 feet  
 above the level of the sea. This station was opened six years  
 ago and seems to be in a healthy condition. We were now  
 in three days of Cisamba. Monday we were off, and Tues-  
 day night we camped two hours from our destination. Next  
 morning the boys wanted to start at two o'clock, it being moon-  
 light, they were so anxious to get home again to their wives and  
 children, and Miss Melville was as anxious as any of them.  
 Wednesday morning, October 25th, 1899, we entered Cisamba,  
 with firing of guns and blowing of horns, and were very, very  
 thankful that our safe journey of exactly three months was at  
 an end.

I am very faithfully yours,

A. YALE MASSEY.

*Extracts from Mrs. Moffatt's Letter to  
Rev. E. M. Hill, Montreal.*

In a letter to Rev. E. M. Hill, Montreal, Mrs. Moffatt writes:—

S. THANE, 16th June, 18

The steamer is anchored some distance from shore, but we do not think it prudent to go ashore, though it is quite close. We can scarcely imagine that we are but ten miles from the Equator. The time has not seemed long in waiting, for it has afforded us an opportunity to write, which we have not been able to do while the steamer was going. The last two days have been feast days in the Roman Catholic Church. This has greatly hindered the unloading, for though the lighters were loaded, the authorities would not pass the goods through Customs. On the whole our voyage has been rather rough, but not seriously so, but enough to make one feel miserable. The smoothest part was from Southampton to Lisbon. I know I will wonder whether I was sea sick, and I frankly confess I was.

I enjoyed our stay in England immensely. We arrived on the 12th of May, and left on the 25th. Mr. Arnot and Mr. Lane met us in Liverpool, where Mrs. Currie remained, while I went on to visit relatives in Cambridge. My visit there was very pleasant, both because I received such a cordial welcome, and because of the historical associations of the place. Here I enjoyed those old college buildings, of which I had so often read. On Sunday we attended service in King's College Chapel. Before going to London, I spent a few days at Fordham, my father's early home. The same old church has stood there for several hundred years. We were taken through "The Abbey," as it is called, first built in the time of William the Conqueror. There have been many alterations, for the Squire now lives in it. I enjoyed the grounds and garden most of all, being very different from anything I had ever seen in America. There was one large green-house for grapes only. The head-gardener told me, that when nearly ripe, each bunch would be tied up in a paper bag to prevent the wasps stinging them.

Another green-house was for melons, and some were already quite large.

I spent almost a week in London, where I re-joined Mrs. Currie.

We visited many places of interest, amongst them were the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, The National Gallery, Regent's Park and The Tower of London. Through the courtesy of the U.S. Consulate, we were shown through the Queen's stables at Buckingham Palace.

We usually took an omnibus in preference to the underground way. At first it seemed strange to ride on top of them, and I always felt as if starting for a country picnic, but one can see a great deal of the city in this way. I greatly admired the massive stone buildings.

When we reached Lisbon, Mr. Hall met us with a boat. The pier has been washed away, and the steamer anchored at a distance out. Mr. Hall was exceedingly courteous during our four days' stay. Most of all we enjoyed our visit to Cintra. It was such a treat to see the country we passed through. In many places the fields were brilliant with wild poppies and gay flowers. The fragrance from trees and flowers was refreshing. We saw the women washing by the side of running streams and spreading the garments on the grass to dry. It was noon when we reached the mountain, and after lunch we began the ascent. On the top, which we reached by a winding path up one side, stand the ruins of a Moorish castle and the palace of the present king. I know I shall better understand the stories of ancient history after climbing those rugged rocks and battlements. The palace too, was interesting and fine. We had only time to pass through the corridors and the private chapel.

I am taking four fowls with me from England, and Mrs. Hall has three geese and a pig. We have considerable fun in our farm yard, and hope we shall get them all safely to Umba. I am so glad I have been in your home, and shall always remember with pleasure the time spent in Montreal.

My travelling rug has been in constant service. Even the day we arrived here the wind was so strong and cool that we covered our rugs on deck.

I regret that I did not know of the Union meetings at Montreal in time to send greetings. My mind was so filled with other things that I had forgotten them. But I do not mean to do this as an excuse. It is my duty now to be thoughtful about those things.

Yours in Christ's service,

MARY HILL MOFFATT.

### *The Hostility of the Chinese.*

It has frequently been said that the recent troubles in China have arisen entirely because of the missionaries, and that the presence and intervention in Chinese affairs is due all the way to the complications. This is far from true. A correspondent



in the province of Shantung reported that in April last was constant trouble with Germans over the building of a railroad. Land was being purchased as rapidly as possible, but the people were determined not to allow the work to proceed. In a certain valley about thirty miles long, through which the engineers had planned to raise an embankment, the villages of the valley were in terror lest the embankment would prevent the proper flow of summer waters and cause the inundation of their fields. This fear led them to attack the working force they could get at. The simple truth is that because held in the bonds of ignorance and numberless superstitions, the Chinese are suspicious of everything to which they are unaccustomed. Whatever is strange is feared and reported. *The Missionary Herald.*

### *Home Missionary News.*

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM REV. WM. MUNROE

NELSON, B.C., July 24, 1901

The excavation for our church is now complete, and we expect to start building at once. Our structure will cost over \$4,000, but we must have it, if we are to do what ought to be done in this city.

Since we started, two months ago, our evening attendance has averaged about 400, ranging from 300 up to about 600. Our new building is to seat 450, besides giving accommodation for a Young Men's Club Room and Ladies' Parlor. We should be holding services in this building by December.

We are raising money here steadily, but we need about \$2,000 to enable us to pay for our labor as we proceed with our building. Interest here is about 12 per cent. I have written to Dr. George and to Mr. Black, asking them to see if they can secure us this loan. We can, I think, give security as good as any bank.

Our work is growing, and by the time our building is completed we should be a fairly strong body. Our Ladies' Aid has raised over \$100, and this fall will hold a bazaar, for which we are now preparing.

DIRECTIONS FOR MONTHLY LEAFLET Subscriptions, 10 cents a year in advance, all orders and money to be sent to the Secretaries of the Auxiliaries.

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