

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the image: in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il
lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet
exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue
bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image
reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification
dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués
ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	
	12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

Monthly Letter Leaflet.

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

VOL. IV. TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1888. No. 10.

FOREIGN LETTERS.

Hospital for Women in Central India.

INDORE, October 29, 1887.

MISS OLIVER, M. D. — You will ere this have heard the sad, sad tidings of Mrs. Murray's sudden illness and death. It fell upon us all with a shock, that even yet it is hard to realize that she will never again be with us. Only three days before her death she was here to ask for me (I was laid up with diphtheria at the time). The next day, Friday, she was seized with what the doctor at first thought to be only slight jaundice. Not till Saturday night did any one apprehend anything serious, as she was able that forenoon to attend to her household duties as usual. Late that night Mr. Murray noticed that she seemed to be becoming delirious, and before the doctor could be summoned severe vomiting had set in, and in a few hours she was unconscious, and continued in that state till near midnight of Sabbath, when she quietly passed away. The youngest of our mission band, yet the first taken, hers was a lovely Christian character, and needed not years to ripen it for heaven. Though so hastily summoned by the messenger of death, he found her ready and waiting. Her Lord's last message from His word to her was that royal welcome to the heavenly home given in Rom. xiv. 8. Saturday morning in her usual Bible reading that verse filled her with such an ecstasy of joy that going to her husband with her face beaming she told him of what a precious message the Master had sent her, though never thinking how literally real it was to be in a very few hours.

Though Mrs. Murray had suffered from occasional fever almost from the time of our landing in India, yet there had never been anything to arouse anxiety in our minds, and only a week before her death she remarked to me that during the past month she had been better than any time during the year. She died from acute yellow atrophy of the liver, a rare but much more fatal disease

than cholera. We all shall miss much, very much, her bright self-forgetting spirit among us.

The rains are over, and though the days are warm we are now having cool nights, and as in our bungalow the sleeping rooms are all on the upper story, we are able to leave doors and windows open, and thus get the full benefit of the night air. The rainy season—I enjoyed even being caught in a shower, of course without one's best bonnet on—is a luxury after months of dry weather. August was a busy month in the dispensaries, besides many house patients, and September was proving no less busy. When in the middle of it I caught diphtheria from a patient, and was for five weeks a prisoner in my room. Am now quite recovered, except from a very pronounced nasal twang in my speech, which however I am glad to say is wearing off.

Miss Beatty returned from Kashmir two weeks ago, and if one could always judge correctly from appearances I would be able to tell you that she is in excellent health. She is certainly much improved, but still requires to be very careful. The hospital to which we are anxiously looking forward to having will be a great boon to her, in that it will save us many rough rides. With even a small hospital we would be able to do a great deal more work—and do it better—at a less expenditure of our strength than our present methods of working demand from us. Some time ago we were afraid that the site promised us by the Dowager Maharanee might not be granted by Holkar, but now the matter is all but settled. It takes a long time for an Indian Government to untie all the red tape with which even the giving away of a few acres of land seems to be bound up.

Miss Beatty and myself think of working together till we can train a number of native women for assistants. The want of a hospital wherein to carry on this work is our greatest difficulty. We will be obliged to take others besides native Christian girls. The lack is not of capable women, but of capable Christian women, a serious difficulty which in a few years would be removed had we a girls' boarding school in our mission. If the women of India are to be helped out of degradation who are better able to do this than their own Christian fellow country-women? If we but do our duty in fitting them for the right performance of this mighty task, we need not fear for the future of the women of India.

The foreign mail ought to have been in to-day, but is twenty-four hours late : a long time when one is waiting for home letters, which are none the less welcome because they come late.

We are rejoiced to see that the W.F.M.S. still keep on expanding her wings.

Extract from a Private Letter from Dr. Elizabeth Beatty.

INDORE, November 9, 1887.

Miss Oliver is now something like her old self, and is at work again. But the work to be done is no index to one's fitness for work here. Any one with a heart in the right place, or a foot to stand on, or a chair to sit on, must work when she sees the suffering of some of the poor women who come to us. That they bear it all so patiently is only one more incentive to exert oneself in their behalf. To know the lives many of them have to lead, and the trials other than physical suffering they have to endure when ill for any length of time, is to know enough, not only to keep one in the dispensary early and late, but also to wake the dullest up to the need there is for spreading the light of Gospel truth into the very last of their dark homes.

I have heard it said that Mahomedanism prepares the way for Christianity—perhaps it does. It certainly gives the blackest of backgrounds against which the life of even a very poor Christian shines like pure gold. I saw lately in one of Mr. Robertson's letters that the New Hebrideans are not capable of attaining to a very high state of civilization, but I am glad to think *that* is not true of the people of India. The ground here is good, but it needs cultivation.

You will have heard probably that I have asked the Foreign Mission Committee to have the wherewithal ready to take me home in case I have to go in the spring. I know that I am an unprofitable servant at best, pain and weakness make me humble—and I hope more sympathetic with other sufferers—but I have a great deal to learn in the way of patience yet; perhaps that is why I have to be laid aside for a while. Though I have asked to be taken home, in case I do not get stronger, I have by no means given up hopes of staying here, and if I have to go home I pray that it may be only for a season, and that I may be better prepared, more "thoroughly furnished" for a life-work in India. *Much*—I might perhaps say, *all*—the romance has been roughly rubbed off my ideas of mission life, but I am none the less in love with it, and I pray earnestly that it may not be that "I have been weighed and found wanting" that I have to be removed from the field.

A letter came from Mrs. Harvie to night with a happy bit of news in it. "Money will be ready soon for the hospital;" I might say *is ready*, for what the Woman's Foreign Mission Society puts its hand to is done; the site too is almost ours. . . . Miss Oliver wrote about the hospital to Mrs. Harvie last week.

I wish I could tell you just how much it is needed ; then every woman in Canada would give half of her last dollar for it. The amount you are giving this year will give us a fine start, and I hope that in a few months we may be so far on with it as to be able to tell you what our first patients are like, and that they are cured in it. Last week a poor Brahmin woman who will have to undergo the Cæsarean section operation in a few weeks would fain have come to us, but we had no place in which to take care of her, and no trained nurse to take charge of her. I have not heard yet whether she chose death or the General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Builder at the Hills.

BODRÓKONAL, October 21, 1887.

MRS. BUILDER.—Do you think me very negligent and unfaithful? I hope that you have not thought so, and I am almost sure I have reproached myself far more than you have reproached me. I have often been at the point of writing and something has turned me off again. My hands have been full for some time. Before coming here our baby was very ill for three weeks. The doctor was kind and attentive—visited him three times a day—and said that we must take him to the hills as soon as he could be moved. We were glad to act upon this advice as we all felt the need of a rest and change. Two years is as long as any one ought to remain on the plains at a time.

We have been here six weeks, and purpose returning next week (on the 27th). Mr. Builder is anxious to get back. Two weeks usually satisfies him away from his work. Miss Annie Stockbridge is with us, and Miss Minnie is with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell at Mussoorie. They too were very much in need of a change; they are enthusiastic workers, and we sometimes think go beyond their strength. Baby has improved very much since coming here—and Katie is *rosy* and *fat*.

The climate is perfect, it quite reminds us of autumn weather in Canada. We all enjoy the long walks over the hills. The scenery is fine in every direction—though not grand when compared with the snowy ranges of Switzerland or the towering peaks of the Himalayas. There is a blue tinge which keeps continually changing in the lights and shadows of the hills and valleys, throwing a softness over the landscape, which is very pleasing to the eye and restful to the thoughts. On our way home we expect to visit some of the more important places where

mission work has been carried on for about fifty years. We are close to the districts where thousands were converted in 1877 and 1878. Mr. Builder expects to spend a day in Tinnevely, where 32,000 were baptized in eighteen months; while we remain in Madura, a place which is famous for its *ancient temples*, and for a thriving mission under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. On our way here we remained in Madras a few days, and visited the Free Church school and college, which are said to be the finest in India. The average number on the roll for last year in the Boys, High School department was 1,052, and in the College 556—and the attendance is higher this year. At one girls' school they have 330 regular pupils.

Its history is very interesting. It was started by Dr. Anderson (the founder of the Free Church Mission) in 1841, and he had for years to pay the girls to come. He began with two pice each per day, and gradually reduced the amount until 1860, when the order of things was reversed; and they after a while were able to impose fees. They have seven other schools for Hindu girls, which we had not time to visit. The Christian Girls' Boarding School, and the Christian Girls' Normal School were well attended, and very interesting. They have also a thriving medical mission, where six were kept busy attending to the patients from 7 to 10 a.m., the average daily attendance being 128. How it encourages and refreshes one to visit these old missions, and see what the work of years has accomplished.

We are not discouraged with our work in Mhow, it is improving. The congregation numbers between thirty and forty. The schools are growing, particularly the girls' school. The two Sabbath Schools are well attended. We have the friendship of all classes—among the natives, especially the more intelligent classes. To the latter class Mr. Builder gave a lecture some time ago, and is constantly asked for more, but his time has been too much occupied to give much attention to this kind of work. We gave a service of song ("Little Joy"). It was in English, and for the natives only. The Presbyterian Chaplain (Rev. Mr. Scott) had it repeated in his church, and charged a small fee for the benefit of our work. The natives expressed themselves as very much pleased. We hope to have entertainments of this kind every three months. I have not had the health to give as much attention to my poor women as I would like. I have more calls for work than I can supply. Some of the women are homeless and want us to care for them. I am trying to get up a row of houses with local funds. One lady sent me voluntarily a sum of Rs. 50. I do not anticipate much trouble in raising the small sum required, as all the ladies who know of the scheme are

favourable to it. But nothing can be done until we get some property on which to build.

Our hearts were very much saddened by the death of Mrs. Murray. Her quiet, unobtrusive manner, her beautiful Christian spirit, her enthusiasm in the work, endeared her to us all. And we are pained by the thought that we will see her among us no more.

A Visit to the Tekchham District, Formosa.

TAMSUI, 26th Oct., 1887.

MRS. JAMIESON.—I have not sent you a letter for some time, not because I have forgotten your repeated request for letters, but because I had no mission news to write. I think it would be waste of time to write about what I see or hear outside of the mission, for there are books published in America telling more about China and Chinese customs than I will know from personal observation for years to come.

As I have referred to this subject, please let me say a little more about letter writing, as it appears to me after nearly four years in the mission field. At first everything we saw was new to us: substantial college buildings, clean tidy chapels, bright-looking students and girls, lively singing, and crowds of people to hear Dr. Mackay preach, native preachers, whose attitude on the platform and command of their audience one could but admire. Everything was so much beyond what we had expected to see, that we really wished you could share with us in knowing something about it. I had promised to write, and the little of all this that could be put in letters I did write and send to you, and up to this time I notice that you have not left out my letters in the number from mission fields in all directions that are called "interesting letters." Now, I have written to you at least a little about Tamsui, and about the colleges, and the students and girls, about the chapels and preachers, and about Dr. Mackay and Mrs. Mackay's work; and I foresee that my subjects for interesting letters may come to an end some day, and then I will begin to ask, What shall I write about now? Doctor or Mrs. Mackay, or the native pastors, might write much if they had time, but of necessity most of my time is passed within our own house, and I do not meet with either converts or heathen. Now from all this I conclude that in future there may be months at a time when I may not have anything to tell you. You would soon grow tired of letters, and call them uninteresting if I tried to write when I had nothing to write about. I thought I would like to mention this in time, so that you may not be looking for

letters and be disappointed. Just here I can't help saying, I do think the "mission letters" to stir us all up are the ones Paul wrote to his stations. When in Canada I used to think more about the *doctrines* he taught, but now when I read his letters I can't help often thinking of the people in Galatia, like those in Kap-tsu-lân, the city of Ephesus, like Bangkok, of how hard Paul was working, how stern he sometimes had to be with his converts, how easily bad feeling could be aroused among the church members down in Corinth, and how much concerned Paul was about all his converts. I want to send just a few lines about a trip I took with Mr. Jamieson to the Tekchham district this month.

On the table-land many women were picking tea, much as we used to pick berries with the baskets tied to our waists, and both hands free. From the hill top, just before descending the table-land to reach Thô-á-hûg, we could see miles to the west. Down the hill-side at our feet, thickets of fir trees, then a wide level country of rice and potato fields and farm houses, nearly hidden by banyan trees or bamboo, and we could see away far out over the sea. "No more sea." What does that mean? I would like to stand there and gaze and learn a little more from that always open lesson-book. But my chair-bearers have no such idea of spending the time.

On Saturday evening, just at dark, we entered the narrow streets of Tekchham city. I was watching to see what more I could learn about the Chinese. This is what I learned: As my bearers carried me through street after street, past the open doors, I saw into the houses sometimes quite near, sometimes far back through a hall or beyond a store, but always just opposite the door, a high narrow table; behind it on the wall idolatrous pictures were hung, and on the table there might be burning incense sticks, a tablet or idol or other things connected with idolatry, but always lights of some kind—generally candles. Be the houses large or small, the lights, grand bright ones or insignificant little tapers, in every house with an open door there stood the table and the lights. I don't know the meaning of them, only that all these things are idolatrous, and to me it was impressive reading of the sentence, "The city wholly given to idolatry." One sees idolatry and superstition wherever you go, but never had I seen such an exhibition of it in twenty minutes' walk. To you how easy it may seem to tell them the truth. Could you but try it and see! Do you think they would believe you, or even listen to you? They might come in crowds to stare at the "hoan-a" (barbarian), if you would let them. No, it is hard, hard work to get one single man or woman in that crowded

city to accept the (to them) foreign religion. I know that from what we have seen of mission work, yet the wedge is in. Over one door at least, distinguished from all others by its clean blue and red and white imitation of stone, was inscribed, "Jesus' Holy Church."

Instead of the high table, the desk ; instead of the candles, the Bible ; instead of the pictures, the blackboard ; and there the next day were gathered more than a hundred people, some, of course, sight-seers, but I should think over half the number had attended more or less regularly. There, in that heathen city, praises ascended to the unseen God. We sang part of the hundred and third Psalm :

"Frail man, his days are like the grass,
As flower in field he grows."

"O Thou, my soul, bless God the Lord!"

Clothing Received.—North-West.

BALGONIE, Dec. 8, 1887.

REV. W. S. MOORE.—I have just received the clothing sent for the Indians of these Reserves. Two bales were from Winterbourne ; the others had no tickets. All were in good condition. We are now well.

Letter Received by Rev. Geo. Flett.

CROWSTAND, Nov. 15, 1887.

CHIEF JOS. COLE.—I am very thankful to you that you still remember me to write to me. I regard it as if I had seen you when I read your letter. I am very well at present and all my children. And I am very thankful—thankful to God for His mercy in looking kindly on me and mine. I am following the law of God as He has given to us, trying to follow it right. As much as I know myself, as much as I am able, I am going to try and follow His law, as I promised when I was baptized. This is all I have to say on this. And another thing in which my thanks go far into, for which I am very thankful, is, I have a minister here now of my own and as schoolmaster. I am very thankful that my people can hear the Word of God three times a week. As far as I am able to speak to my people to follow me in my example, that is in the way of religion, the cause has taken quite a forward step since I had myself baptized. As much as I am able I try

to help the cause in my Reserve, as I know that my salvation is only in religion, that all my salvation rests on Christ alone.

I thank God that He has put it into my heart to do all this that I have told you. This is all I have to say to you. I bid you good health. I hope God will grant us that we should see each other once more. I cannot find another man whom I like better than Mr. McVicar with Mr. Laird. Remember me to your wife and to all your Indians there. I hope to hear from you soon again.

Increase in Number Attending School.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Dec. 6, 1887.

MISS WIGHT.—We have been for a time and are still just as busy in our school as it is possible for us to be. I do not like confusion, and yet it seems to me that there must be confusion where the Indians are being gathered in—I mean gathered in to be taught the things pertaining to the kingdom—whether they will hear and give heed or whether they will not. But no weariness that I have ever experienced is equal to that caused by unsuccessful efforts to bring them in and keep them. Often in preference to studying they run away. Sometimes taking an offence they run, and sometimes they go when their joy seems to be greatest, and the town has great attractions for them. So with gladness we welcome the noisy evenings, for their wildness is not diminished by three regular hearty meals daily. They must be restrained and tamed, but that gradually, and with much consideration and patience. I wish I were much more patient than I am.

The ladies of Brandon have sent one boy to our school, and are trying to get more, and we hope they will succeed. This boy seems quite promising, and I feel confident he will improve steadily, if not rapidly. We do not want him ever to go to the tepees here, but some of the day pupils are trying to induce him to go.

Two lively boys thought that our nights are too long, and got the fires made a little after midnight this morning, and after waiting a reasonable time, as they thought, for preparations for breakfast, began to shout and whistle as Indian boys can do. We have an organ in the school, and it seems to attract them greatly; they are very fond of music. They think it is too bad that they cannot all play at once, and often say to each other, "Me play now, you play no good." Of course, they think they make good music. But I do wish that we could get the children when they are quite young. We thank Old St. Andrew's Mission

Band, Toronto, for the Christmas gift which they sent for the children.

One feature of the work which is very unsatisfactory is that one day we may have a good attendance and the next very few. But such is work amongst the Indians, and I wish for more wisdom so that I might know the best ways of dealing with them. But no doubt the eye of the Lord is upon us all, and He is not a God far off, but very near. And all who labour amongst those in spiritual darkness need much of His grace, which He will give in answer to your many earnest prayers. Remember us at the Throne of grace.

NOTE.—The Indian boy sent by the Brandon ladies, and referred to, is about fourteen years of age, and bright and intelligent.

REPORT OF SUPPLY COMMITTEE

(Continued.)

Ormsdown, Que., Auxiliary forwarded a valuable box, clothing for Indians—145 pounds, to Mr. Burgess, Birtle.

Cornwall Mission Bands—Christmas present, dolls and scrap-books to the children attending Miss Rose and Miss Wight's schools.

The large bale forwarded from Uxbridge contained valuable contributions from *St. Andrew's, Scott and Greenlank Auxiliaries* for Mr. McLean's Indians, Assiniboine Reserve.

From *Guelph Presbytery—Campbellville Auxiliary* sent 350 pounds; *Berlin Auxiliary* a large assortment. Galt and Winterbourne, four large bales addressed Rev. W. S. Moore, Balgonie.

One of the bales from *Durham Auxiliary* was new clothing.

Woodstock, Knox Church Mission Band—A variety of holiday presents for a Christmas Tree—50 pounds, to the Indian children near Brandon.

The Toronto Societies contributing were *Agincourt Auxiliary and Mission Band, Aurora, Limehouse congregation, Parkdale, West Toronto Junction, St. Andrew's S. S., Old St. Andrew's, Knox, Cooke's, Central, Charles St., St. James Sq., Chalmers, Erskine, Boys' Own Band, Erskine Church, etc.*

Items of business which will be brought up for consideration at the Annual Meeting in April:—

1. Shall the Envelopes be free?
2. Shall the Annual Reports be free?
3. Shall we limit the number of Delegates from each Auxiliary or Mission Band?

INCREASE.

Organized. On December 22, *Maxville Auxiliary*, by Rev. Dr. Macleod; and on 28th, *Gravel Hill Auxiliary*, by Mrs. D. MacEwen, in Glengarry Presbyterial Society.

December 21, *Morewood Auxiliary*, Brockville Presbyterial Society, by Rev. William Shearer.

December 23, "*The Rideau*" *Mission Band*, Oliver's Ferry, Lanark and Renfrew Presbyterial Society, by Rev. Neil Campbell.

December 26, *York Townline Auxiliary*, by Mrs. Robinson, Toronto Presbyterial Society.

December 20, *Florence Auxiliary*, by Mrs. Webster, Chatham Presbyterial Society.

Innertkip Auxiliary, by Mrs. Dickenson, Paris Presbyterial Society.

NOTICES.

The Board of Management meets on the first Tuesday of every month, at 3 o'clock p.m., in the Managers' Room, Knox Church, Toronto. Members of Auxiliary Societies, or other ladies interested in the work and desiring information, being introduced by a member of the Board, are cordially invited to attend.

Letters concerning the organization of Societies, and all matters pertaining to Home work, are to be addressed to Mrs. Hugh Campbell, 194 Richmond Street West, 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, Wilcocks Street, Toronto.

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

All requests for literature may be sent to Mrs. Telfer, 72 St. Albans Street, Toronto.

Certificates of life membership can be issued at any time, if the Home Secretary be notified.

LITERATURE.

<i>No.</i>		<i>Price.</i>
1.	Self-Questioning (leaflet)	Free.
2.	Giving, and Giving Up; or, the Test of Love. per doz.	8 cents.
3.	The Voices of the Women	1 cent.
4.	The Importance of Prayer in regard to Mission Work	per doz. 8 cents.
5.	"Why and How?" Missionary Questions for Women	per doz. 8 "
6.	Two Cents a Week	Free.
7.	Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box	1 cent.
8.	Some Facts in the Life of Kashibai, a Brahmin Woman	1 "
9.	Pitchers and Lamps	1 "
10.	For His Sake	1 "
11.	Preparation for the Master's Work .. per doz.	8 cents.
12.	What is in thine Hand..... per doz.	8 "
13.	Thanksgiving Ann	1 cent.
14.	Suggestions for holding Missionary Meetings	Free.
17.	Why we Should keep up our Auxiliaries... per doz.	8 cents.
18.	Five Cents in a Tea-cup	1 cent.
	Presbyterial Organization	Free.
	How to Organize and Manage a Missionary Society or Band	"
	Mite Boxes	each. 1 cent.
	Envelopes	Free.
	Prayer Cards.....	"

Orders for the above Leaflets received by Mrs. Telfer, 72 St. Albans Street, Toronto.

Applications for "The Monthly Letter Leaflet" (extra copies one cent each), and Annual Reports, to be made to the Home Secretary, Mrs. Campbell.

Every member of the Society is entitled to a copy of the Report free, extra copies are sold at 10 cents each.

NOTE.—The reprinting of the Missionary Letters is reserved by the Board of Management.