

Foreign Letters, issued November, 1885.

W. F. M. SOCIETY.

MISS RODGER'S LETTER.

INDORE, August 24th, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—

For many reasons I have not been able to answer your last two letters sooner. You have heard some months ago that the boarding school scheme has been approved of, and estimates have gone home for a building. The delay was rather trying, especially to those who knew all the circumstances. The estimates will not reach home before July, and will not be included in the money to be raised this year. Will that be the case or not? The present intention is to put up a two-story house, the upper story to be used for sleeping apartments, and the cooking will be done on the ground floor. There will be no need for a school-room, as they will attend my school, which is in the same compound. A dwelling house is also in course of erection and will soon be finished, as it is quite necessary to have the two buildings quite near to each other. The number of the girls has not increased, but this is wholly owing to want of accommodation. Dinah's mother pays 2 Rs. per month, and clothes her child besides. The mother of the other two girls gives a small sum, which is all she can afford with her large family. The girls' school is well attended for the season of the year. It is a month of holidays the month of August, and this year especially it seems to be a month of sickness. There are not many changes in the school; a few new girls have entered, and a few have left on account of their families going to other stations. The two brightest and most advanced Parsi

girls will leave shortly, as their father goes to Bombay. While in Indore he was in the employment of "His Highness," Maharajah Holkar. One of the girls that attended my school four years ago is now living in the city, but she says she will come to the camp for a time at least, so that she may be nearer. She cannot attend school now as she is married, but she wishes to be taught still. The teaching of the children to do something useful is much appreciated by the parents; it is of much more consequence in their eyes that they should learn to knit and sew than to read. One of the women I visit is learning very rapidly to do several kinds of work; her husband is a doctor in Government service. He has served twenty-seven years now, and has three years more before he takes his pension. He is much pleased with his wife's progress, and although he speaks English well, he sometimes uses a wrong word. He has said several times, "She is not at all dull, she is too cunning," meaning she was very clever. When she sees me coming she calls to him to bring the box which is used for a chair, if he is in the house. Last week I took Mrs. Wilson to the house, and when I asked her to show Mrs. Wilson her work, she took out the keys, threw them in the direction of her husband, and told him to bring the work. It is not possible for me to visit regularly all the houses that could be visited, and there is need for more laborers. We were sorry to hear that Miss Bell's health has not improved sufficiently to enable her to venture to India; surely some others will be found who may be willing to come.

Lately I have resumed the study of Marathi. Very few of the girls in my school belong to this class, and none of them are learning the language; but in case any should wish to do so, I would like to be able to teach them. Having studied it previously, I concluded to take it up again, as it is largely used in Indore. Thanks for the report. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson go to Nimuch; they have chosen that as their field. Mrs. Wilkie is preparing to go away for a change with the children, and Miss Beatty and I talk of joining her after the rains are over. October is a trying month in India. Mr. Wilkie feels he cannot get away at present, and leave the work without anyone in charge.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

MARGARET RODGER.

EXTRACT FROM MISS ROSS'S LETTER.

INDORE, July 16th, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—

I am glad to be home and at work again. I found the change to the hills very beneficial. There was quite a large number of missionaries at the same station, some being there to have their strength restored, others to preserve it, as the climate on the plains is very enervating during the hot season.

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MRS. MORTON'S LETTER.

TUNAPUNA, TACASIGUA,
TRINIDAD, B.W.I., Sept. 2nd, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I have nothing new or striking to tell you about our work, nor any marked progress to relate. The Master knew all about it when he said, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." The East Indian people in Trinidad are hearing the gospel; the instruction received by the children in our schools is working out a sure result, making it impossible for them to receive with the blind submission of their fathers the errors and absurdities of the Hindu religion; and thus a soil is being prepared in which the good seed of the word may be expected to spring up and bring forth fruit. It is almost eighteen years since we began this work; our experiences in it have been varied, not always happy, as you may easily judge. Personal trials and hardships were not withheld by Him who knew what was needed to make us fit vessels for the Master's use. But in looking back we feel that the most painful of these were precious; and looking forward, we hope and trust that, making a wise use of this treasury, each of our succeeding years, be they few or many, may be more wisely and entirely devoted to the one great end, that of winning souls for Christ. I would like to say, for the encouragement of young Christians who are only beginning their work for Jesus, that when they have once tasted the satisfaction, not to say happiness, of doing something that is to last, the taste will become a craving, but not an unsatisfied one. They will have the blessings pronounced upon those who hunger and thirst after imperishable things; "they shall be filled." The things

of time will be seen in a truer light, and all their occupations will be sanctified. They will not be found frittering away their time, nor lingering on the borderland between worldliness and self-consecration, as though they would enjoy all they could of this world without losing the other. They will not only give Jesus their best, but will gather up the crumbs for Him. They will endeavor to have nothing lost out of their life, to leave nothing undone that they can do for God. And should some one say, "Ah! the best that I can offer is but a gathering up of crumbs," we would answer, that may be quite true as to the time you can spare or the amount of money you can give, but your loaf of prayer may be as large as any, and your privilege of self-denial may be even greater. It may be an additional incentive to work for Christ if we remember the benefit it reflects upon ourselves. Were there nothing to do for Jesus we would have a very stunted kind of religion. Were there no praying work, no self-denial, no effort for others required, how slowly would our own graces develop. Does not our love for souls grow as we toil for them? What but God's answers encourages our prayers? How is faith strengthened when to it is added experience of the power and love and loveliness of our Divine Master. But this will not come to the idle Christian, who with folded hands congratulates himself that he has escaped punishment by believing on Jesus. Surely this is not all. Ah! no. This is only the first step in the Christian life; this is but the implanting of the life of Christ in us, which is to grow and increase until we become like Him. Let us try to be more like Him now; grieved at abounding sin, longing and laboring for the glory of God and the salvation of the lost.

Are we not all glad of the countenance given to women's work by the Revised Bible in Ps. lxxviii. 11? It comes to us as a direct sanction from heaven; let us all publish the word by holy lives in our home spheres, and with renewed zeal let each do what she can to send it abroad among the heathen. I have written this letter for the Mission Bands of your society at the request of my friend Mrs. Harvie. When I began it I did not know what shape it might take. Such as it is it comes from my heart, and I offer it lovingly to my fellow-workers in the far north.

SARAH E. MORTON.

MISS MCKAY'S LETTER.

ARMADALE MISSION, Aug. 29th, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—

Please accept my many thanks for your kind and interesting letter. We are pleased to know the boxes are on the way. Father is going to Prince Albert next week, and will see about getting them here as soon as possible. I hope the boxes will be here before the cold weather; the poor children that are coming to school are in great want. I have thirty-nine pupils, and they are almost all girls; five boys. They are getting on nicely now; they had forgotten almost all during the rebellion.

We have one very poor family on the reserve. They are from Carlton. They came here last week; one blind man, two deformed women, another old man that can hardly walk. Their brother tries to work for them. We do our best to give them food when he comes. There is another blind woman, a widow, with three children. They come to school. The boy is very smart; also the girls learn very fast. There are a great many widows on this reserve.

We have not got a church yet, and that is something we are in need of. Last Sunday the school-house was crowded to suffocation; some had to stand outdoors, others sat on the floor. Pa has tried to get a church built. They held a meeting last winter. Most of the people are going to help.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the parcel and dresses; it is very kind of you to send them. Mother sends her best wishes and kind regards.

I will write to you again when we receive boxes. May God bless you for all the good you have done for us.

With kind regards to the ladies, I remain, dear Mrs. Harvie,

Your ever faithful friend,

CHRISTIE B. MCKAY,

Mistawasis' Reserve.

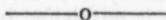
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Through the kindness of a friend, we are able to present the following extract from a private letter:

BROADVIEW, 4th Sept., 1885.

I have been working hard to pay for my holiday, or I should have written before now; but I feel so much better, that

the work comes easier. I think I wrote you that I had a two weeks' visit in Winnipeg; well, after coming home we paid a long-promised visit to Mr. McKay in his bachelor establishment. It is about twenty miles from here, and in one of the loveliest spots I have seen in the North-West. Besides ourselves and a little girl whom we took with us, and Jim, there were Mr. McKay and his "Man Friday" (a young Indian interpreter), and Mr. and Mrs. Flett, a half-breed missionary and his wife, who have done a world of good among the Indians north of Brandon. As Mr. McKay has only three rooms in his house, we had to pack in at nights, but there was no difficulty in the day-time, as there was plenty of room outside, and we availed ourselves of it in preference to the house. I don't think I ever enjoyed anything so much. I could fill a letter with our adventures, but will leave them until I see you. I must tell you about a Sunday service, however, as some of the ladies who have been working for the Indians may like to hear about it. Mr. McKay and Mr. Flett intended holding service in the house of a half-breed named Geddie, but as it was a lovely day, they concluded to hold an open-air meeting. So a place was chosen in the centre of a little grove of poplar (bluffs they are called here), and the Indians began to assemble. In the centre of the space there was a box covered with a white cloth, which answered the purpose of a communion table, and seated round on the grass was the congregation—about fifty, I think—Indians, squaws and half-breeds, with three farm instructors, Mr. McKay, Stratton and myself, representing the white population. Stratton offered a prayer in English, and we sang the hundredth psalm; then Donald, the young Indian interpreter, read the account of the birth of Christ in English, and Mr. McKay followed with prayer. Then they sang "There is a fountain filled with blood," in Cree, Mrs. Flett leading. Then Mr. Flett preached in Cree, French and English, a most eloquent sermon. He did not give us much English, but one had only to watch the dusky faces light up, as he spoke in their native Cree, to know how eloquent he was. After the sermon they sang "When I survey the wondrous cross," in Cree, and then we partook of the Communion together, fifteen in all; eight Indians, four half-breeds and

three whites. It was a solemn and yet a joyful service; I shall never forget it, or the impression it made upon me. After it was over we drove home, in order to be in time for our own evening service, Mr. McKay and Mr. Flett holding a prayer-meeting in Geddie's house the same evening. After this meeting, "Little Child," one of the most influential chiefs on the reserve, sent for them and asked them to baptize him and his children. They were very much pleased with his professions of faith, and we all hope great things from his influence. Mr. McKay's work is certainly being blessed, and those clothes first gave him his hold on the Indians. I noticed one very pretty little Indian girl, who had on a neat black velveteen suit which Mr. McKay had given her. She had washed her face and combed her long black hair to match the dress, and she was really a handsome child. I could not help wishing that the little white girl who had once worn the "suit" could have seen her little dusky sister in it; I am sure she would not have regretted sending it to her.



INCREASE DURING THE MONTH.

The TOPP AUXILIARY OF KNOX CHURCH, in Toronto Presbyterian Society, organized by Mrs. Harvie.

CLAYTON AUXILIARY, in Lanark and Renfrew Presbyterian Society, by Mrs. McKenzie and Miss Wylie.

GLENCOE AUXILIARY, in London Presbyterian Society, by Mrs. Roger.

BURNS' CHURCH AUXILIARY, Erin.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AUXILIARY, Belwood, and BELWOOD MISSION BAND, all in Guelph Presbyterian Society, by Mrs. Smellie and Mrs. D. McCrae.

FLAMBORO' AUXILIARY, in Hamilton Presbyterian Society, by Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Grant.

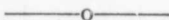
CANNINGTON AUXILIARY, in Lindsay Presbyterian Society, by Miss Robinson.

COMBER AUXILIARY, in Chatham Presbyterian Society, organized by Mrs. Walker.

TO TREASURERS.

It is very desirable that the Treasurers of Auxiliaries and Mission Bands should place their money in a bank, that it may accumulate, with interest, till the close of the year ; or in cases where there is no bank convenient, the money *may* be sent to the Presbyterian Treasurer *quarterly*.

Where there is neither Presbyterian Society nor bank, the money can be sent quarterly to the General Treasurer, Mrs. MacLennan, 10 Murray Street, Toronto.



NOTE.—Secretaries of Presbyterian Societies can receive a full supply of Leaflets, Envelopes and Mite Boxes for their Auxiliaries and Mission Bands on application to the Home Secretary. All Auxiliaries and Mission Bands, where there is no Presbyterian Society, can receive them direct from the Home Secretary. In order to keep our working expenses as low as possible, it will be necessary *to pay for the parcel when it is ordered*. A list of prices is published in the Monthly Leaflet.



NOTICE.

The following Leaflets, etc., can be had on application to the Home Secretary, or the Secretaries of Presbyterian Societies:

“*Mrs. Picket’s Missionary Box*,” one cent each.

“*Pitchers and Lamps*,” one cent each.

“*Kashabai*,” fifteen cents per dozen.

Mite Boxes, one cent each.

Our extra W. F. M. Monthly Leaflets, one cent each.

Monthly Envelopes, free.

Leaflet on Presbyterian Organization, free.

Leaflet on “How to Organize and Manage a Missionary Society or Band”, free.

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