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"Whatsoever he saith unto you do it."

# MONTHLY LEAFLET

OF THE

## Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions.

Vol. II.  
No. 7.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1896.

Price 10c  
a year.

### SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.—August.

"I, even I, am He that comforteth you."—Is. 51 : 12; 2 Cor. 1 : 8-4;  
Is. 66 : 18; Rev. 21 : 2-4.

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

August—Kindergartens; in Turkey; in Japan; in Other Countries.  
September—Foochow, China; Chinese Characteristics; Native Christians; Our Workers in Foochow.

### THE MONTHLY LEAFLET.

All communications and letters from the missionaries intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. Sanders, 125 Mackay street, Montreal, P.Q.

### Editorial Paragraphs.

During the past year one new Auxiliary, "Kincardine," was added to the "Listowel Branch," and we begin the new year with another, "Kingston Bethel Church" Auxiliary, Ottawa Branch.

The name of the Circulating Library has been changed to "The Minnehaha," in memory of Miss Clarke, and the terms "one cent a day after the first week and return postage." Book post throughout the Dominion is one cent per four ounces. We hope our readers will avail themselves of this opportunity and privilege of reading the thrilling stories of the Mission Fields, inany told by famous missionaries themselves!

We are glad to be able to report to the "Women's Missionary Society of N.S. and N.B." that Mrs. (Rev.) W. H. Watson, an old friend and worker, will (D.V) be in Sheffield on the 14th of August, Keswick Ridge the 17th, St. Johns the 19th, Economy the 21st; but the different societies will hear direct from Mrs.

UNITED CHURCH  
ARCHIVES

Watson. We want by this visit to be drawn nearer together. We long to know more of the good work you have been doing long before we in the West were banded together. Mrs. Watson will tell you of our work, and we pray that the visit will be of mutual benefit.

*From Mrs. Moodie, 185 Mance Street,  
Montreal, Que.*

Mrs. Moodie, Literature Superintendent, would like to call attention to the leaflet "What you owe and how to pay it; 50c per hundred. If well circulated it cannot fail of doing good. A few years ago it was distributed in one church with the result of a large increase in the offerings to the Lord and a light-hearted treasurer. Try it, friends.

*From Miss Helen J. Melville.*

CISAMBA, W.C. Africa, April 1st, 1896.

MY DEAR LOVED ONES,—You say that you get our letter about the 23rd of the month—that is the day we so often get yours. Is it not nice to think that we are getting news of each other at the same time, even if that news is over two months old. You speak of the things I sent. The baskets made of grass are used for various things. Those I sent are small; they have larger ones that will hold half-a-bushel, which are used for carrying corn, field produce and firewood; the small ones are used for cooked food and for drinking, but never for carrying water or for hats as you supposed. The pots are small, but the natives have them large enough to hold three or more gallons. They are made of clay, which they get at our brook, moulded by hand and dried in the sun, sometimes baked; they are very easily broken. The grass cloth is made in the interior—they do not make it here. It will not wash.

Our hearts are very sore as we write, for our Father has seen fit to call away one who was very dear to us all. Citende was about ten years old, has been here since he was a very little boy so quick and bright—our most promising boy. He was the son of Sanambalo, a chief of a village near, and brother of Lumba and Kumba, both earnest Christian lads. The little fellow was working in the house, which work he enjoyed very much. He took fever, and afterwards pneumonia. Everything was done that could be. His mother and Kumba were with him all the time, until Kumba took sick, when Salusuva his cousin, took his place. Mrs. Currie was with him a great deal. Mr. Currie

just hung over the little fellow, he thought so much of him. He died Monday, March 30th, and we buried him yesterday. We did not know if we would be able to give him a Christian burial. Mr. Currie sent a message to the father, who came over in the morning. Mr. Currie reminded him that Citende had been at the station ever since he was a very little boy, that he had grown up with us and loved "the words" that we had taught him, and he (Mr. C.) thought that he should have a Christian burial. The father was willing, and said that he might be buried here. Later, the mother came and wanted to have the body taken to the village, so that they might enquire of the spirits the cause of his death. Mr. Currie reasoned with her; he knew the reason of Citende's death—the Lord loved him and had called him to be with Himself—so she went away feeling more contented, and did not again raise a doubt. She has since thanked Mr. C. for his kindness and the care of her child, and for the funeral. When the father went back to the village he met opposition from the other chiefs and elders. They said, "It is because you went alone; if we had all gone he would have given us the body." So over they came, about twenty of them. Mr. C. went over much the same ground. They raised some objections, but he answered them, and they concluded to have the burial from here. They sent messengers to call their friends, and appointed one old man to stay and explain matters to those who came, so as to have no trouble. Mr. Currie and the boys made a coffin, and lined it with cloth. Everything was done nicely. A large crowd collected, and the service was held in the school-house, very simple, but impressive. So we laid to rest one whom we had hoped to be a preacher some day, who gave promise of being able to do great things for the Lord; endowed with more than ordinary gifts, and with brothers to lead him aright. But perhaps he may do more by his death—it may be the means of leading his father and mother into the truth. Do pray for them. This is the first Christian burial we have had amongst the natives, and we are so thankful that so far there has been no trouble—Mr. Currie has so much tact in managing the people. If he had said, "You cannot have the body, your ways are wrong," etc, there would likely have been trouble—perhaps shooting, and possibly an appeal to the fort. How these people need your prayers—especially this father, for he is just outside the gate.

What a run of sick folk we have had! We have a slave of one of the traders who was badly burnt with sulphuric acid. She was carrying it, and in some way the bottle was broken, and her head, shoulders, arms and legs were burnt. The cloth she was wearing was burnt as if by fire. She suffered very much, poor

creature. We hope soon to have a hospital, we need one so much.

April 15th.—Our hearts are full—we have again been called upon to part with another of our young people, indeed, one of our family, Nakatambi, Ngulu's sister, a strong stout girl, about seventeen years of age. She was a bright girl, and had been with us about a year and seven months. Everyone loved her, and we believe that she was a Christian. She often led in prayer, and her life indicated that she loved and trusted the Lord Jesus. Salusuva, one of our deacons, was to marry her in a short time, and he was busy getting everything in readiness. She died of pneumonia, just as Citende did, and there are others ill, too. Oh! may the Lord spare them! Those at home can not understand what a death means to us. This will be a trying time for her intended; his friends will find fault with him and want to know if he enquired of the spirits the cause of her death, etc. They say that the missionaries just bury one like a pig, for they do not enquire, etc. I pray that he may have strength given to meet all opposition and come through this trial all the stronger and better. And our work—why do I say "our work"? Is it not the Father's work?—and He knows best, and will not let it suffer, but with our short-sightedness we are apt to tremble at times. What a comfort it is to know that our Father's ear is always open to our call. Pray for the work and our young people, that these trials may only lead them nearer to the Lord Jesus, making them strong in Him.

*From Miss Margaret Melville.*

(Extract from letter to Miss Miatt, Toronto.)

GISAMBA, April 1, 1896.

You asked me about the clothing. Many of the men have vests and coats, and the boys have white cotton coats. Most of the cloths used by us come from England or the coast. That used by the Portuguese is also imported. This is used to pay them and for their clothes. The men and women wear the same kind of cloth; the women usually prefer blue of some kind. There has been a very busy time with medicine, and if it increases Mr. Currie will have to devote his whole time to it. First, two white Portuguese are here, one having his black woman with him—she also is sick. They, however, have several slaves to work for them, but they leave to-day. The other man is occupying Mr. Currie's study. He is not able to rise at all, and as he has no servants with him it is hard on the house-boys. A child came belonging to another Portuguese, and needed medicine every hour, with other treatment intervening, so kept Mrs. Currie or Helen running all the time. There is a man with

leprosy, some with cuts, and a woman very badly burnt with sulphuric acid. It was very painful at first, but now is much better. She, however, has taken fever, which is almost sure to attack anyone who has been sick and is weakened. Then there were several cases among the boys and girls as well as the every day cases at the medicine house. One of the boys, Citende, was ailing for a few days, but last week it developed into pneumonia, which proved to be very severe. He was lying on a couch in the dining-room, where he could have constant watching. His mother was with him all the time but one could not trust her. Once he cried out, and when Mr. Currie went to see, she was trying to make him drink something out of a cup. Mr. Currie asked what it was. She said, "It is all right, there is nothing in it; I will drink it myself," and to prove it she drank it down and handed him the cup. However, his brother Kumba and his little wife were present almost all the time, and kept strict watch. He grew worse, and on Monday morning passed away. They took him to one of the houses. It was a solemn procession at three o'clock in the morning, with the moon shining brightly, to see the boys carefully carrying one whom everyone loved, who was the brightest boy in the school. We were thankful that we were able to have the funeral yesterday, and dear little Citende was buried in our new grave-yard, west of the new school-house. The school-house was filled with about five hundred people, who for the first time witnessed a Christian funeral of a native. It was touching to see the bunch of flowers on top of the coffin, placed there by the loving hands of the girls. We pray that this taking away of one of the lambs of the flock may draw many more into the fold; that the example of the Christian burial will tend to make the village people lay less stress on the fetish worship and more on the fact of an entrance into another life. Our hearts are sad for the brother, Lumbo, who has been away for ten days, who will return to find his little brother gone. We are not sure, but we do not think the village women could cut off a piece of hair or nail in order to find the accused or one who caused his death, unless it were accomplished in some unguarded moment. The mother and other women slept here last night, as it is their custom not to leave the village the day of the funeral.

April 20th. — I now have control of the senior schools. Boys' school was small to-day, for a number are sick, and several more are going to the coast to-morrow and have work to do. Ngulu, Lumbo and Kanye have gone to Bailundu to tell Ngulu's friends the sad news of the death of Ngulu's sister, so soon following that of bright little Citende. How sad we all feel, but remember that that they heard the Gospel and accepted its teaching as far as their knowledge extended.

### *Suffering Womanhood in Armenia.*

“The need for a reserve fund is appallingly urgent. No one who has not actually been on the ground can realize the awfulness of the state of things, and no one who has not passed through the experience can appreciate the utter impotency of human tongue and pen to tell the story as it is. For multitudes the end of April will bring no alleviation of their distress. There are thousands of widows and orphans thrown upon the world with no bread winners. There are artisans without tools, farmers without seed or cattle, and people without houses. What are they to do? The prospect is awful . . . . If we should reckon on giving one lira for each destitute person it would require 100,000 liras, and one lira (\$4.44) per soul is not an extravagant estimate if people are to be at all adequately clothed and fed. ‘It is not a district that has suffered and individuals in distress, but a kingdom desolated and a nation in danger of perishing.’ When I opened my first relief stations Armenian women came to me barefooted and stockingless through two feet of snow. I found a fur overcoat none too warm, yet they were protected from the freezing cold by only thin calico wrappers. One wrinkled, haggard old woman in particular attracted my attention. ‘You are too old and feeble to come barefooted through the snow,’ said I. ‘Let your daughter come for you next time.’ ‘Old,’ she sobbed. ‘I am not so old. I shall be only nineteen years of age next month. And I have no longer any daughter. I am now alone in the world. Would to God I could die too. All my relatives have been killed. My sister threw herself into the water to escape from the Kurds, and the soldiers tossed my baby girl into the air and let her fall upon the points of their swords. It is better so, for I shall now have no daughter to be abused when she grows up. Do I look old? Have I no cause for looking old? I have lived through a thousand years of agony.’ The poor women insisted on crowding about me and kissing my hands in token of gratitude for their relief. ‘It must have been mothers with little children of their own who gave you this money,’ one of them said. ‘Tell them that poor, childless Armenian widows will pray that their babies may be spared to grow up strong men and good, beautiful women. O God in heaven! I shall never again feel the soft clinging touch of a baby at my breast.’ ‘Thou art not a missionary, nor yet a priest?’ asked another. ‘No,’ I replied, ‘I am neither missionary nor priest.’ ‘Then speak to me a true word. Is it true, as I have heard, that all the women of your far-away country are wise, and good, and beautiful, like the wives and sisters of the missionaries here?’ ‘It is a true word.’ ‘And are they all safe from the violence of soldiers, tax-

gatherers and government officials?' 'Any soldier, tax-gatherer or official would give his life to defend any woman from harm.' The woman looked at me fixedly for a moment. 'Truly,' she said, 'thou hast the face and eyes of truth; yet thy tongue utters strange things. Thou dost speak of paradise; yet thou art but a mortal man.' She turned away, shaking her head slowly, as though struggling with a doubt."

(From story of an eye-witness, by William Howard, the only man who penetrated into the interior of the devastated regions of Armenia.)—*The Daily Witness*.

**From Rev. F. W. McCallum, Marash, Turkey.**

(Extracts from Home Letters.)

May 13th.—The Government is making an effort to get the refugees to leave Zeitoon, but hitherto they have not met with much success. The poor creatures are afraid to go. I struck upon the plan of feeding them up well for a week or so, and have enticed most of them out of Zeitoon by establishing three extensive soup depots outside the town, and soup and other food is given only to those who come out and stay out, except, of course, the sick who are unable to leave their beds. This has had a very appreciable influence on the epidemic, which may be regarded now as a thing of the past. Things in general seem to be quieting down, and I am not without hope that English influence may prevail and a thorough reform be brought about.

June 3rd.—I am so sorry you are so troubled about us. As a matter of fact, our days pass away in comparative quiet. One becomes accustomed even to horrible things. There is not a very strong sense of security yet, but it is coming slowly. I think things appear to be settling down on the whole, but we all feel the truth of the Scripture that "We do not know what a day may bring forth." It has never had the effect of weakening my faith in God at all; I have felt sure all the time that in the end righteousness will prevail, and that from all these troubles lasting peace will ensue. As far as we can see, the prospect, though brightening, is not very bright as yet; but great changes such as I hope are coming on are not produced except by great upheavals. I have tried to keep you informed in general in regard to the progress of our work, which now consists so largely in relieving the bodily wants of the poor stricken people. We are helping about 30,000 people now. The help we give, of course, is not large in any individual case, but it is enough to keep them from starving. It also keeps them from becoming Moslems. There is no doubt that if this help had not come many, many would have been forced to accept Islam. This is



one reason why the Turks are so opposed to our relief work. Now that the warm weather is here and the fruit season has commenced, there is a little less bitter cry for food and clothing, but *much aid is needed*, especially by those whose houses are burnt down.

*Treasurer's Acknowledgments - June 20th to July 20th, 1896.*

TORONTO BRANCH.—Toronto, Zion Y. P. S. C. E., for the tuition of "Shadrach Avedesian" in school at Yozgat, Turkey, \$15; Pine Grove, for Armenian sufferers, Marash, Turkey, \$3; Toronto, Northern, from Mrs. J. D. Nasmith, towards printing annual reports, \$4.

LISTOWEL BRANCH.—Wingham, for M. L., 30c.

ONTARIO (not connected with branches).—From Toronto, Anonymous, for "Witness Armenian Fund," \$10.

QUEBEC PROVINCIAL BRANCH.—Sherbrooke Auxiliary, \$8.20 for M. L., \$1; Montreal, Zion, M. L., 10c.

QUEBEC (miscellaneous).—Mrs. Benallack, M. L., 10c; Morton, Phillips & Co., rebatement on bill, \$2.50.

Total for Ontario, \$32.30; Quebec, \$11.90. Grand total, \$44.20.

(MRS.) FRANCES A. SANDERS.

125 Mackay street, Montreal, Que. Treasurer C. C. W. B. M.

March, April, May, June and July can still be supplied to new subscribers to the "Monthly Leaflet."

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