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"Whatsoever he saith unto you do it."

# MONTHLY LEAFLET

OF THE

Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions.

4. MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

Price 10c  
a year.

## SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

Let all that put their trust in Thee rejoice."—Ps. 5:11; Acts 2:28, Ps. 119; I. Peter 1:8; I. Peter 4:13.

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

September—East Central Africa.

October—West Central Africa.

## THE MONTHLY LEAFLET.

All communications and letters from the missionaries intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. Sanders, 5 Mackay street, Montreal, P.Q.

*From (Rev.) W. T. Currie.*

CISAMBA, June 22, 1898.

DEAR MRS. SANDERS,—Our hive has been badly upset, but thank God it is not destroyed. My dear wife is just recovering from a somewhat severe attack of pernicious malaria fever, such as carried away Miss Sanders and Miss Clarke. We had a very anxious time. The ladies did all that patient care and loving thought could do to help us; and God has so far heard our prayers and blessed our efforts that we now expect that my wife, attended by Miss Melville, will leave here July 25th, on her way home for rest and change.

This unexpected trial has rendered a complete change in our plans for the year necessary. For a long time past we have felt that a change in the location of our dwellings was desirable in order to obtain a higher, warmer and less exposed location. It is now out of the question for Miss M. Melville to remain here on the opposite side of the stream; and besides the buildings on that side, never well erected, have lately shown very marked signs of decay. The girls' school had to be pulled down a few weeks ago. The storehouse threatens to fall. The walls of the residence are beginning to bend. Under the cir-

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cumstances we have decided that the time has fully come to remove the ladies' compound to a site about half a mile from present one, on our side of the little river; and we have begun to make brick for a house of three rooms, and two small houses for the girls. As it would not, however, be desirable to leave Miss M. Melville in the bush, so far away from our home, we have decided to cease work on the carpenter shop and disperse, and cart up the brick to build a small house for my own use near to her compound. We hope to have these ready to occupy by the beginning of the wet season.

It will, therefore, be necessary for me not only to remain at my post while my wife is in America; but I will also be unable to attend her even to the Coast. We hope, however, that Mr. M. Melville will be able to go down with our loved ones to Bailundu.

We will also be forced to cut down some of the medical and industrial work in order to keep up as well as possible our evangelistic and school work.

Our trust is in God, and we will do our best to press forward. Pray for us.

P.S.—I cannot write at length. Many letters must remain unanswered this month. Please excuse me to the friends. My wife is steadily gaining, but not yet out of bed.

*From Miss Maggie W. Melville.*

Via Lisbon.

AMERICAN MISSION,  
BENGUELLA,

Care CASA HOLLANDEZA, WEST CENTRAL AFRICA

CISAMBA, June 20th, 1898.

DEAR MRS. SANDERS,—I am afraid my letter to the Leaflet along with many others, will have to be written at some future time. Since last we wrote we have had a very anxious time. Mrs. Currie has been very ill with that dreadful fever; but I feel thankful to our loving Father that she is recovering though very slowly. I am now sitting by her bedside with this letter on my knee while she is lying quietly resting. She is not yet able to sit up but if she improves as she has been doing in a few days she will be able to do so. Then when sufficient strength is gained she and my sister will start for America leaving Mr. Currie and myself to attend to all the varied duties of our work. Our strength is little for so much work but our Father's is great and we need not walk alone for His presence is with us.

We cannot help but wish that someone was coming to our aid. Why are there no volunteers for the Master's work? If the

ly knew the need and how the sick must needs be turned from door and those anxious to learn be refused only because there is no time or strength for it. We do pray "the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest." This is not yet known when Mrs. Currie and my sister will be able to go, for it all depends on Mrs. Currie's strength.

### *What Has Christianity Done for Me?*

BY SARAH POLLOCK.

Mrs. Workwell had had a hard day. Her nerves were irritated by a continual sense of hurry, and her feet ached with untless weary steps. It was with a sigh of relief that at last she turned away from baby, sleeping in her crib, and sat down in her chair to await her husband's return.

"What has Christianity Done for Me?" she read, taking up the program for the thank-offering meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society. "Well, I suppose it has done a great deal, of course, I believe I am going to be saved, but I'm so utterly tired out sometimes I just think the heathen women are better than we are, with no big washings to see to, only one room to keep clean, and no cooking to do but just boil a big kettle of porridge. They do not have to keep up the tear and wear of girts, and stockings and shoes, dresses, jackets, bonnets and gloves, to say nothing of children's clothes. They wear one thing and have done with it. To be sure, I might let things go, but I feel I *must* keep the home clean and dainty, and be neat in my dress for the influence on the children."

"Then," she continued, warming with her argument, "these heathen women have no church work to do. I'm willing to help, but it's getting to be *too* much. There was service Sunday evening, the social Monday evening, Ladies' Aid Society Tuesday afternoon, the prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. I made cake for the social, sandwiches for the Ladies' Aid Society, and paid up my dues besides, and now to-morrow here is this extra missionary meeting with extra giving. I know the officers will expect me to do my part, but I can't spare another cent for the heathen. I'd like to be a heathen myself for a while to be free from this everlasting giving."

"It shall be as you wish," came the reply in what seemed like an audible voice, and without effort of her own Mrs. Workwell found herself in the early morning in a cotton field with a number of dark-skinned women

"What a comical set," said she, with what would have been a laugh in her sleeve if she had had a sleeve, but her smile faded when she found she was clad in a dirty old garment like the rest. She was barefoot and bare-headed, and no rearrangement of her

garment could bring its rags much below her knees, nor keep in proper place over her shoulders when she bent to her work. This every-day clothing was very unlike the silk drapery she had once seen a missionary lady assume at a meeting. "The rags are bad enough, but the dirt is worse; and as for the scantiness it is unbearable," said Mrs. Workwell in deep disgust.

The necessity to work seemed laid upon her. "But then I always worked," she said bravely. The sun grew hot; it beat upon her bare head until it ached; the heated earth scorched her naked feet, and the hours seemed interminable. At noon her ten-year-old Mamie brought her, in a coarse, brown, earthen jar, some cold porridge mixed with water. "I could not touch that stuff if I were not just faint with hunger," she said, as it was she drank it greedily. The afternoon wore on more slowly as the heat increased. The lack of a substantial dinner increased her weariness. "What would Robert say if he knew? When, oh when can I go home and rest?"

When the sun was low her companions, with rude laughter and chatter, twisted up their unkempt hair into a knot, shouldered their last basket, and she started for home with them. "Home!" "What filthy pool is this before the door? And where are the neat, painted steps she prided herself on keeping so clean? Where the pretty house with the pansy-beds and the rose-bush by the window? Was this black mud thrown with the ragged straw roof henceforth to be her HOME. Sic entered. Her dainty parlor, her cosy sitting-room, her elegant bed-room, dining-room, kitchen and pantry were all comprised within the "one room" she had envied.

The mud floor was damp and littered, and on a mat in a corner lounged her husband, who sharply ordered her not to stand there staring, but to get him his supper.

"That's a pretty salutation from a man who seems to have been lounging in the shade, to his wife who has worked since morning in the hot sun," retorted Mrs. Workwell, with spirit. Before she was aware he had sprung to his feet and dealt her a blow that sent her reeling against the wall. She stood dazed and founded, then turned away in fear and dismay.

"This is the last drop in my cup, the bitter cup that I myself asked for," said the poor, tired heart. "I could have borne the hard work, the dirty hut, the poor living, if only my husband had remained himself." She had always been a bright cheerful spirit, but as with aching head she pounded the husks from the grain, gathered brush for her fire, went to the distillery well for water and sweltered over the "big pot of porridge" with eyes smarting from smoke, what wonder that her temper sizzled on the hot stones that formed her fire-place.

At last the coarse porridge was dished, her husband and children served. At last she had eaten her own morsel, and set the remains of the supper in the corner for the morrow. At last she might go to bed and rest her aching bones. "Her bed!" Where were the elastic springs, the yielding mattress, the soft pillow that just fitted her head? Where the smooth, cool sheets that would have soothed her weariness." Echo answered "Where?" She drew a rough old grass-mat (it was ravelled and tattered at the end) and a bundle of rags from the corner, and stretched herself for rest. "I've heard of sleeping on the other side of a pine plank, but I should be glad even of a pine plank to keep me from the dampness," said Mrs. Workwell to herself, as she turned wearily from side to side, seeking ease and finding none. The sour fumes of smoke still lingered in the hot unventilated room. Towards morning, when she could have slept, baby's cries prevented. Tired and impatient, she smothered it with a sharp stroke or two, for Mrs. Workwell was not an angel. But she seemed scarcely to have closed her eyes again when she was rudely shaken by her husband and told to "go to work."

Hastily swallowing her scant breakfast of cold porridge, she went out again with the dirty, chattering crowd to her work. Cheerful as she had always been, Mrs. Workwell's heart sank when she realized that these women constituted the society with which she was henceforth to mingle, and even greater was her anxiety at thought of her children growing up in such scenes and with only the naked, dirty children for companions. "They will be degraded in spite of me," she said. "They will be degraded to it, and that is worst of all. Oh, for some way out of this misery!"

That first day and night were a type of many that followed. She was crushed by a burden of toil too hard for her. Hope faded out and a dreary dulness took its place. Book or paper she never saw. She went nowhere except to the well, and the talk that would have been pleasant, was spoiled by the pain in the back of the neck that came from carrying the heavy earthen jar on her head. No sacred Sabbaths came with blessed rest. From month to month the days were monotonous with work. She began to be more and more interested in the lively talk of her companions, and, in her hopeless depression, the shadow of evil omens and dark superstitions of which they talked so much began to influence her mind. "Will it always be like this?" was her daily inward cry.

No, not always. There came a change. Baby was ill. With scanty food and no one but little Mamie to care for her, "doubtless she had eaten lots of trash," Mrs. Workwell said.

"What shall I do with no remedies in the house?" She sought as best she could the feverish little sufferer.

She could no longer leave her baby with Mamie when she went to her work (for work she must, how else could she and the children live?) so she carried it with her and laid it on a mat on the side of the field. At night, to avoid her husband's anger when she failed to keep Baby quiet, she often went out and where the white moonlight cast its peaceful shadows all about her. She always unwound a part of her own garment to wrap about Baby, but the night mists fell with a chill upon her uncovered shoulders.

Unremitting toil, insufficient food and broken rest had told sadly upon her, and there came a morning when she was unable to rise. The old mat, more ravelled and ragged than ever, became her sick-bed. Shivering and burning, she loathed the porridge that was the regulation diet, but drank eagerly the stale water that poor, little Mamie found it so hard to bring from the distant well. "Oh, what will become of my children!" was the burden of her secret sigh.

Her nights grew delirious, and she moaned and muttered. "It is an evil spirit," said Mr. Workwell. "We must have the sorcerer to drive him out and then she can go to work."

"Oh, I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" pleaded the sick woman.

The sorcerer came. His hideous contortions as he danced about her wrought upon her disordered nerves; the harsh sound of his drum and the clash of his cymbals seemed, for hours, to resound upon her throbbing head. At last she shrieked aloud in her agony. "The spirit has gone out," said the sorcerer.

"Yes, at last I may at least suffer in peace," said Mrs. Workwell. But she felt that the end drew near; that the waste shell could not much longer hold her in its clasp. But what was she going to? Thick darkness shrouded her. Her sins rose before her like a cloud. It was so long since any human voice had uttered a word of Christian faith or hope in her hearing that the memory of God and her Saviour seemed like something of a former existence. Strange visions of serpents, of evil spirits, of the cruel gods of which she had heard so much seemed to float before her. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him," was the cry of her disordered soul.

But no Christian friend was near to lead her wandering thought by word of prayer or hymn. She was alone, alone in the rayless night. "My God, my God, hast Thou cast me off for ever?" she moaned in agony.

A noise grated upon her ear. It was her husband's key in the front door. "Are you tired, little wife? You seem to

aving a nap." She opened her eyes. The lamp shed its rays upon the pretty table spread, and here was her husband—not a harsh and cruel heathen, but just his kind, cheerful old self. He hastened to the bed-room to see if Baby really *was* all right. Yes, she lay in her cosy crib; her pink cheek resting on her soft, white pillow.

Mrs. Workwell still unwittingly held the offending missionary program in her hand, and as her eye once more fell upon the words "What has Christianity done for me?" her full heart responded, "Everything! *Everything!* A dream was it? Yes, a dream, but I thank God that even through a dream He has taught me my own ingratitude and the misery of heathendom. Never again will I give grudgingly to lead them into the light."—*Mission Studies*.

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