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"The World



for Christ."

# Monthly Letter Leaflet

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

VOL. XI. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1894. No. 6.

## Subjects for Prayer.

*October.*—Special Thanksgiving for extension in the home work: for personal, family and national mercies, and for the bounties of God's providence. Confession.

"Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."—II Cor. ix, 11-15.

## HOME DEPARTMENT.

### Increase.

*Presbyterial Societies.*

LINDSAY.....Glenarm Auxiliary.

BROCKVILLE .....Ventnor Auxiliary.

### Life Members.

Mrs. Alex. Stewart, St. Andrew's, Peterborough.

Mrs. Geo. Watson, Portage la Prairie.

Miss Mary J. Brown, Carmel Auxiliary, Hensall.  
Mrs. Forbes, Hespeler.  
Mrs. Isabella Ewing, Collingwood.  
Miss Eva Needler, Lindsay.

### Treasurer's Monthly Statement.

#### RECEIPTS.

Balance in bank, July 3rd.....	\$ 41 44
Knox Church, Teeswater, for the support of a Bible Woman in India.....	20 00
Chalmers Church Christian Endeavor Society, Quebec.	92 00
	<hr/>
	\$153 44

#### EXPENDITURE.

Foreign Secretary, postage.....	\$ 1 25
Discount.....	15
Three hymn books for Okanase Reserve.....	7 48
	<hr/>
	\$ 8 88
Balance in bank, Sept. 11th.....	144 56
	<hr/>
	\$153 44

E. MACLENNAN, Treasurer.

A mistake has occurred in printing the report of Peterborough Presbyterian Society. The sentence which reads—"about \$20 were expended in new material for the North-West," should read "about \$120, etc., etc."

### A Word to Christian Endeavor Societies.

Having observed that one of the fundamental principles of the Christian Endeavor Society, as set forth at the International Convention at Minneapolis, and afterwards reaffirmed at Montreal and at Cleveland, is "strenuous loyalty to that local Church and denomination with which each society is connected," the Board of the W. F. M. S. desire to urge upon all Christian

Endeavor Societies in connection with the Presbyterian Church, the claims of the Foreign Mission work, already undertaken by the Church, a large part of which is carried on through the W. F. M. S.

The Board earnestly desire for this branch of the Church's work, the prayers of all Christian Endeavor Societies connected with it, as well as a share of their money contributions.

Our Missionaries continually crave the prayers of those at home, that the message they carry may find entrance into the hearts of those to whom they speak, and if these devoted missionaries are to continue their work for the Master, the means of livelihood must also be provided for them.

May the Board suggest that all our Christian Endeavor Societies take the "Monthly Letter Leaflet," where the names of our missionaries will be found from month to month, so that they may be remembered individually, and where the progress of their work is recorded.

It was with great pleasure that the sum of \$92 was received recently, from the Christian Endeavor Society of Chalmers church, Quebec, the result of their one cent a day collection. May their example be followed by many other Societies in the different congregations of our Church.

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### The North-West Deputation.

Mrs. Harvie and Mrs. Jeffrey, our deputation to the North-West, who left on August 1st, are now on their way home to Toronto, where they are expected to arrive on Sept. 20th, the date of our going to press. They have been preserved from accident and sickness, and have succeeded in visiting all the mission stations in connection with our Church in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Besides railway journeys, they have driven more than 500 miles over the prairies, and have been

received everywhere with the greatest kindness. It will be easily understood that this undertaking has involved much fatigue and some unavoidable hardships on the part of our representatives. We feel ourselves deeply indebted to them for all they have done, the information they have collected will without doubt be of great value to the Society.

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Mrs. Jeffrey, Secretary of Supplies, writing from Prince Albert, asks that secretaries of supplies send on the shipping bills to her *immediately* after shipping the goods.

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Three articles on the W.F.M.S., written by Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell, St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, have been reprinted in pamphlet form by the Board, in loving tribute to the memory of the writer. Two of these "Our Plan of Work" and "Self-Questioning," have been in circulation for several years as leaflets and are well known throughout the society. The other is a historical sketch of the W.F.M.S., which appeared in *Knox College Monthly*, in March, 1892, as one of a series of articles on the Mission Fields of our Church.

The many friends of Mrs. Macdonnell will, we feel sure, be glad to be able to obtain this little pamphlet, setting forth as it does the work in which she was so deeply interested, and in which for many years she took so active a part. To be had on application to Mrs. Telfer, price 5 cents.

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### Thank-offering Literature.

The Thank-offering leaflets and the special envelopes are now ready, and may be had on application to Mrs. Telfer, 72 St. Albans Street, Toronto. Price of leaflets, 8 cents per. doz., envelopes 20 cents per. hundred, or 3 cents per dozen. Will secretaries or others sending for leaflets and envelopes kindly remit the money with their orders. If they will do so, it wil

save both time and postage to themselves and to the Secretary-Treasurer.

The Thank-offering leaflets this year are quite up to the mark in interest, and are well to the point. "Aunt Hitty's De-fic-it" is one of those bright homely little stories from which one can scarcely make a quotation, but which must be read in full to be appreciated. "Two Thank-offering Envelopes" is the title of the second leaflet. It illustrates well the scriptural assurance "If there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath and not according to that he hath not," and shows the importance and power of prayer in thank-offering.

That both these leaflets may be a means of blessing wherever they go, is the earnest prayer of those under whose care they have been issued.

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### Be Ye Thankful Also.

It was the Thanksgiving feast. When the family were assembled, the host turned to the minister, saying, "Mr. Jones, will you return thanks?" Instantly every head went down, while the minister poured forth his soul in thanksgiving. Glad, when he was through, children and guests addressed themselves to the feast without another thought of giving thanks.

Do the plans for your year include a special thank-offering for Foreign Missions?

Many of you have had prosperity; some crushing, yet refining, adversity; others spiritual blessing to themselves or children. Are not all thankful? Alas! that many are content to take the good, and let "the minister return thanks."

It is taken for granted that all have certain objects to which they give and that all these have been met. How incongruous for one to make special thank-offering who was a stranger to

regular service! Occasions for gratitude are among our unreckoned assets. Were the Lord of the treasury to sit over against it, and to ask, while we make our deposits, "Daughter, wherefore art thou thankful?" who would have answer ready? Where could we begin to make reply? Without enumerating *your* reasons for this gift, let me implore every one to bring as *God hath prospered*, remembering that, in the divine economy, prosperity consisteth not in *abundance* of things possessed, but in the spirit with which wealth is held or dispensed. Grateful Siamese give a buffalo or an elephant as a special token. Japanese measure their gratitude by the number of eggs they can spare. Very inconvenient these gifts. Yet we might emulate the spirit with which they are given, and bring each her very best. That is all; but that is enough. What for? Chiefly to send out new missionaries, for which much money is needed; to bring home on furlough those who must come; and lastly, to open new fields. If a missionary is sick, he must come home; if his children are at an age for education, they must come; if money in hand must be spent for this, the new worker cannot be sent.

There is debt, and slow returns from the churches. Women may lift the load, and by their prayers make the act of giving significant, causing it to partake of the divine largeness of the permanent—the eternal.

Any thanksgiving service is a test. If we are prosperous, and our brother have need, how dwelleth the love of God in us? Our table is lavishly spread; round it are gathered the nations. "One family, we dwell in Him." There are vacant places in many fields. Messengers must go to gather in the invited and teach them the manners of our Father's house. Why are they not running post-haste? Money is lacking. Women are at ease at God's family table; heads bowed while only the zealous officer of Band or Auxiliary returns thanks.

As a religious exercise, giving thanks is not passivity; it is activity. Bowing the head will not do, unless the active sign of gratitude goes with it.

The desire of every believing heart is the advancement and perpetuation of Christ's kingdom. Let us bring our gifts, with ourselves, that we may hasten the day of His appearing; and let us be thankful also.—*Selected.*

## Responsive Service.

### THANK-OFFERING.

The following exercise appears in the September issue of *Mission Studies*, and is reprinted here for the benefit of such of our societies, either Auxiliaries or Mission Bands, as may wish to make use of a responsive service at the Thank-offering meeting. We have thought it well to substitute selections from our own Church Hymnal instead of those given in the exercise, which would be unfamiliar to our people.

This service is intended to be rendered by dividing those present into two bands. After each utterance of the leader, the first group responds, then the second.

*Singing:* O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of Thy name.

*Leader.* Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

1. While I live I will praise the Lord.
  2. I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.
- L.* The first of the first-fruits of the land thou shalt bring unto the house of the Lord thy God.



1. I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, I will call upon the name of the Lord.

2. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now, in the presence of all His people.

*L.* I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

1. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies ; thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over.

2. Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done and thy thoughts which are to usward ; they cannot be reckoned up in order unto Thee.

*Singing :* How are Thy servants blest, O Lord !

How sure is their defence !

Care of our  
Missionaries.

Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.

*L.* But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

1. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

2. Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me and strengthened me ; that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear.

*Singing :* Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
Our native converts. The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

*L.* Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows ?

1. They glorified God saying : " Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life."

2. But now in Christ Jesus ye who were sometime afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.

*L.* I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God which is given you by Christ.

1. That in everything ye are enriched by Him in all utterance and in all knowledge.

2. For what is our hope, our joy, our crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?

*Singing:* He leadeth me! oh blessed thought!  
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught!

Personal  
Blessings.

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
He leadeth me, He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

*L.* I sought the Lord and He heard me and delivered me from all my fears.

1. O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

2. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

*L.* The Lord is my light and my salvation.

1. My peace I leave with you.

2. He is our peace.

*Singing:* For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
Father, what can to Thee be given,  
Who givest all?

Prayer that  
we may do  
our part.

We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?

1. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

2. Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.

Gifts for  
the spread  
of the  
Gospel.      *L.* Ye remember the words of the Lord Jesus,  
how He said, "It is more blessed to give than to re-  
ceive."

1. Give and it shall be given unto you.

2. For the love of Christ constraineth us.

*Singing :*      O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;  
For fulfilment  
of Prophecy.      All the promises do travail,  
With a glorious day of grace :  
Blessed Jubilee,  
Let the glorious morning dawn.

*L.* Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

1. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light ; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

2. Lift up thine eyes round about and see, all they gather themselves together ; they come to Thee.

*Singing ;*      O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest ;  
For promised  
enlargement.      From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand forever ;  
That name to us is Love.

*L.* Afterward He measured a thousand and it was a river that I could not pass over ; for the waters were risen.

1. And it shall come to pass that everything that moveth whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live.

2. And He showed me a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and on the

Lamb. And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

L. And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

For the  
glorious  
results.

1. I beheld a great multitude that no man could number ; of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb.

2. And cried with a loud voice, Salvation to our God and unto the Lamb.

*Singing*: All hail the power of Jesus' name. *Coronation.*

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## 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 countless 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, for, 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 off 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 skirts, 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 it 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 this scantiness it is *unbearable*," said Mrs. Workwell in deep disgust.

The necessity to work seemed laid upon her. "But then I've 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, but 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, and 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-bed and the rose-bush by the window? Was this black mud thing with the ragged straw roof henceforth to be her HOME. She entered. Her dainty parlor, her cosy sitting-room, her clean 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 rat in one 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 dumb-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 distant well for water and sweltered over the "big pot of porridge" with eyes smarting from smoke, what wonder that her tears 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 little 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 soft 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 quieted 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 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 *used 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 died out and a dreary dulness took its place. Book or paper she never saw. She went nowhere except to the well, and the

walk 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 low 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 wretched 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 soothed 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 at 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 sat 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 wasted shell could not much longer hold her in its clasp. But where was she going? 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, the memory of God and her Saviour seemed like something out 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 forever?” 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 be having 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. She 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 heathen women. Never again will I give grudgingly to lead them into the light."—*Mission Studies.*

## FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

CENTRAL INDIA.

### School Children's Fete.

FROM MISS SINCLAIR.

Indore, July 28, 1894.

You have good reason to condemn me, for I have not been at all a faithful correspondent.

We are all well; the three new ladies being mostly occupied climbing that hill of difficulty—the language—without which little or no effective, thorough work can be done.

Two days ago a note was brought me from the Superintendent of Education, Indore State, saying that the Maharajah was giving a *fete* to the school children of Indore city, and it was proposed that the girls of the Maathi school be included. Yesterday the superintendent with two inspectors visited the school, examined the pupils, and heard them sing several hymns. So much by way of introduction.

To-day the children were brought in garis provided by the Maharajah to the Court House, a fine large building with airy rooms, and spacious corridors and verandahs. Each pupil on passing in received a parcel of sweets tied up in green leaves. By 2 p.m. the building was crowded, and the grounds surrounding the Court House presented a picture not soon to be forgotten. There were swings and merry-go-rounds, tents, stalls with fancy

articles for sale, booths where fruit and sweets and pan supari could be bought, benches and chairs arranged here and there; and moving in and out, and shouting, crowding, jolting each other, was a living mass of over 30,000 people, almost entirely men. Upstairs the pupils of the two girls' schools were seated, 68 from the Government school, and 120 from the Mission school. Poor things! how tired they were, and hungry and sleepy some of them. Not until 5 p.m. did the young Prince—a child of about 3 years of age—arrive. In a large tent the distribution of prizes was begun, the Prince—whose arm was supported by an attendant—giving the books, while the Prime Minister and other State officials stood by. The young heir to the throne wore beautiful bracelets, and a magnificent necklace of diamonds and rubies. He sat on a chair covered with cloth of gold, and the poor wee laddie looked as if he thought the whole thing a great nuisance.

After this photographs were taken, then a move was made in the direction of the tired little girls up stairs. The Prince presented the first few gifts here also, then was carried away, and I had the pleasure of handing out the cholis—small jackets—to the many remaining children, after which they were packed into the garis and sent to their homes.

It was truly a gala day. And who do you think was the unconscious cause of this treat to the children of Indore? No less a personage than the little infant recently born in England, the great grandson of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Songs prepared for the occasion were sung lustily by the school boys, as well as by the hired musicians, whose chief desire seemed to be to make as much noise as possible.

It was a very successful gathering, and I was specially pleased that His Highness the Maharajah had recognized our school in such a public manner.

Will the girls especially, who read this letter, remember the following figures? Indore has a population of 100,000. In the Government boys' schools (besides which there are not a few private schools), there are over 2,000 pupils, while the number of girls in schools cannot exceed 300. Only 300 out of a population of 100,000! Think of the sin and superstition that must result from such ignorance. Won't you pray that the work being done may be abundantly blessed of the Lord, and that many at home may hear the Master's voice saying, "Go ye, therefore, and teach?" There is such a wide open door of access to the children of the land. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest" to reach these little ones, and fill their young minds with truth, and show them the way to Him who says, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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TRINIDAD.

Event of Interest.

FROM REV. K. J. GRANT, D.D.

*San Fernando, Aug. 24, 1894.*

Your letter to Mrs. Grant, asking for news from our field, is to hand, but as she is in Nova Scotia and not likely to return for some time, in consequence of the prevalence of a most malignant type of fever, pronounced by some of our medical men genuine yellow fever, I will in the meantime write.

The last event of interest is the departure of two of our senior students, with their families, to Jamaica. I accompanied them on board the Royal Mail steamer, yesterday. On the 31st the steamer is due at Kingston, Jamaica. Raj Kumar Lal, wife and child, constitute one family, and Siboo, wife and child, the

other. They did well here, and we send them away in prayer and hope.

The communion roll of the Presbyterian Church there, is about 11,000. There are over 50 congregations with about 35 ordained ministers, and 20 catechists. The Church is said to be in a healthy condition, and this new enterprise, resolved upon in January of this year, to be carried forward without any reduction in the annual payments hitherto made to the Old Calabar and other missions, is a proof of spiritual vigor.

That Church has 12,000 East Indians at her gates, and in emptying her stores into their lap, she will most assuredly enrich herself, even though we may not be able to prove it by an arithmetical process.

On Sabbath evening, at our designation services, I told of our church in the Maritime Provinces, with a membership of only 5,000, half that of the Presbyterian Church in Jamaica, sending out Geddie and another, and of the rich heritage we now enjoy

Let the Church press forward persistently, to give "the world"—"the whole world,"—"every creature,"—the Gospel, and I venture to think that there would be fewer matters raised in Biblical criticism, to perplex and shake confidence in the Bible as a revelation from God. The statement, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked," may have many applications. But I am drifting away. Our dear friends have gone forth to another isle, and may God bless them, and all those in whose service they are. We will miss them very much; we have made some sacrifice in parting with them, but we feel it to be an honor to respond to the Macedonian call, "Come over and help us." This honor our mission had before, in responding to St. Lucia and Granada. In both of these islands the Indian Mission work is successful.

It is often said that figures very imperfectly represent the

real progress of mission work. Raj Kumar, in parting with me yesterday, made a statement that serves to illustrate this. Said he, "My friend (a Mohammedan) took me aside and advised me to be very careful in my conduct ; not to be discouraged if the people did not profess to be Christ's people quickly, as it was very hard to come out and to be reproached by all their old friends ; and to keep heart, as the Christian religion was sure to triumph. He then gave me five shillings and sent me away with his blessing."

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*NORTH-WEST INDIANS.*

**A Day with the Indians.**

FROM REV. HUGH MACKAY.

*Round Lake, July 29, 1894.*

Saturday at noon we left the mission, crossed the river and climbed the steep hill. The day was very warm, the thermometer standing at 98 in the shade. The sky was cloudless and not a breath of wind to fan us. From the top of the hill looking down into the valley we saw the farmers busy harvesting wheat and oats and barley. The prairie was parched and dry. Far in the west we could see the smoke of the prairie fire. After driving a few miles we came to a lone tent. No sign of cultivation about it, only the prairie, which is no longer green. We found an Indian and his wife in the tent ; they were suffering much from the heat. We spent a little while with them, found them kind, glad to see us, but still pagans, and worshippers of gods that are no gods.

We left the tent following instructions received from the Indian, and were like Joseph looking for his brethren. These Indians move about much during the summer, and at times it is not an easy matter to find them, but after a drive of 8 or 10 miles over the pathless prairie we saw the tents of the encampment,

about 20 in number. They were pitched in a very pretty spot surrounded by green bluffs, and low places in which there was heavy green grass. We prepared for ourselves tea, having found a well near the encampment in which there was water. We let our ponies go to enjoy the green grass, and we spent the evening with the Indians; we found that they had plenty to eat. They have been engaged in digging a kind of root which they sell, and purchase food and other things they may require. They had plenty of flour, meat, butter, sugar, tea, etc. I visited every home, and to every individual commended the world's Redeemer.

It was a pretty picture when we saw the rays of the sun linger on the white tents or the camp fires, and the people busy preparing the evening meal, but when we enter the tents the beauty is gone. There is no ray of heavenly light lingering in those dark hearts, nor is there a flame of sacred love to light up the gloom.

At a little distance from the encampment I hung up my hammock between two trees and in it spent the night. To me it would have been a sweet sound if I had heard from some of those tents one of the songs of Zion. No mother lulled to sleep her little one with a holy song, and no father closed the day with counsels from the Holy Book. It is a pagan encampment, and in no heart is there any room for Jesus.

The morning was clear, bright and cool. It was Sabbath morning, the little groves were vocal when I awoke, and if you had been near you would have heard the voice of the missionary louder than that of the birds, as he sang a part of the 103rd psalm. There was no grand organ to pour out the sweet music, nor a vast congregation to unite in the sweet song, only one humble heart rejoicing in redemption.

At eight I went into the camp to have a meeting. With much persuasion I gathered the people, and they listened attentively.

They tell me that I speak good words. They tell me that I must come often. That is all. There is no tongue ready to confess Christ, and no heart open for Him. The poor people starving for the bread of life, and refusing the gospel.

We leave the encampment, and after going a few miles we come to another small encampment of 6 or 8 families. Here we had another opportunity of preaching and telling of the love of God to poor lost sinners.

Then a drive of 12 miles brings us to a settlement of white people. The meeting was held in a school house. When we saw the people enter the place of worship clothed and in their right mind, we thanked God for civilization. And as a congregation of 100 voices united in singing the praises of God, we thought more than ever of the beauty and power of the gospel.

In the evening we return and preach at the mission ; the congregation is made up of the scholars of the school, a few Indians and white people who live near to us.

We were glad to hear little voices which, a short time ago, sang to the north wind or to the thunder, now unite in singing to the world's Redeemer.

There were many things which impressed us during the day ; we were much impressed by the beauties of nature, but that which impressed us most was the poor pagan Indian.

## MISSION STUDIES.

BY MISS FERRIER, CALEDONIA.

(*Eleventh Paper.*)

DEMERARA MISSION.

The system of procuring labourers from India to work on the sugar estates is not confined to Trinidad, numbers of them being now at work on the other British West Indian Islands, and it is said there are 100,000 of them in Demerara, one of the provinces of British Guiana. The Presbyterians resident in



that colony had, previous to the year 1883, made several attempts to begin mission work among these coolies, but these had failed, principally because Christian men suitable for the work could not be obtained in the colony. In that year their attention was directed to the work of our mission in Trinidad, and they requested that a missionary from Canada be sent to Demerara, promising to pay one-half of his salary and all expenses connected with schools and buildings.

In consequence of this appeal, the Rev. John Gibson, a graduate of Knox College, Toronto, was chosen for this new field, and after spending some time in Trinidad to acquire the language and some knowledge of the work, he arrived in Demerara in the spring of 1885. He laboured there with much diligence and increasing hope of usefulness for three and a-half years, when he was suddenly removed by death. No missionary was sent to succeed him, because the Presbyterian Mission Council of the colony resolved, owing to financial difficulties, to try to carry on the work by employing catechists to labour under the direction of their ministers, so that our Church has no longer any special connection with this colony. Our sketch of the mission to the East Indians flocking to our Western shores would, however, be incomplete without a brief mention of the faithful labours of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson.

Their work was carried on from three centres at each of which regular services and Sabbath schools were held each Lord's day, and also day schools at which religious instruction was carefully given. Eleven estates and twelve hospitals were visited from time to time for the purpose of teaching the way of salvation to all who would listen. Christian literature was freely distributed, the desire for it, and the demand for Bibles, both in Hindi and English, proving, beyond a doubt, that the good seed was being silently sown, which, according to God's promise, would not return to Him void.

Mr. Gibson's last report, received shortly before he was

called to rest from his labors, states that thirty-nine adults had been baptized and ten received into full communion, and that about 600 children were receiving instruction in the schools.

Mr. Gibson married a lady resident in Demerara, who took a great interest in his work, and did what she could to carry it on after his death, and letters of hers written for the LEAFLET give the last details which have come to my knowledge of the work begun by her husband. In one, dated May, 1890, she acknowledges the receipt of a box sent by the ladies of the Ottawa Presbyterian Society, containing gifts for the schools, and tells of the delight of the children receiving them. She says: "If the kind ladies could only have seen the beaming countenances of the little folk on the day of distribution, it would have rewarded them in some measure for their labor. The dolls, as usual, were in great demand, some of the tiny boys preferring them to any others of the numerous toys. Lydia, the most clever of my scholars, left the coast a few weeks ago. I was sorry to lose her, she was so bright and intelligent. She is about eight years old and can read both English and Hindi very nicely. She is the daughter of Christian parents, and I hope she may yet be a worker in the Master's service. I sent her her well-deserved share of the Canadian gifts."

In a letter written a few months later, Mrs. Gibson says: "You will, I have no doubt, be glad to hear that, at our last communion in the parish church, there were thirty coolie communicants present. Before the Canadian Church commenced its good work here, so far as I am aware, a Coolie communicant in a Presbyterian church was unheard of. Our minister regrets greatly the withdrawal of the Canadian support, and would much like to see one or two Canadian ladies laboring among the women and children for whom so very little is being done."

Lack of funds to meet the necessary expenses of the work seems to be the chief, if not the only, drawback to its extension, the report of the Presbyterian Mission Council of the Colony stating, at the time of Mr. Gibson's death, that though Foreign Mission work had been brought to their doors, the members of their churches were not yet sufficiently interested to give it the encouragement and support which was essential to its success, and they could only hope that the prevailing apathy might soon be succeeded by a warmth and interest which would result in the advancement of the kingdom of Christ in their midst.

## NOTICES.

The Board of Management meets on the *first Tuesday* of every month, at 3 o'clock p.m., and on the remaining Tuesdays of each month at 10 a.m., in the Board Room of the Bible and Tract Societies, 104 Yonge Street, Toronto. Members of Auxiliary Societies, or other ladies interested in the work and desiring information may attend a meeting if introduced by a member of the Board.

Letters concerning the organization of Societies, and all matters pertaining to Home work, are to be addressed to Mrs. Shortreed, 224 Jarvis Street, 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, 80 Bedford Road, Toronto.;

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

All requests for life-membership certificates should be sent to Miss Bessie MacMurchy, 254 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, to be accompanied in every case by a receipt from the Treasurer of the Auxiliary into which the fee has been paid.

All correspondence relating to the sending of goods to the North-West, or other Mission fields, will be conducted through the Secretary of Supplies, Mrs. A. Jeffrey, 142 Bloor Street West Toronto.

All letters to the Board not directly bearing upon work specified in the above departments should be addressed to Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Corresponding Secretary, 220 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

The President's address is, Mrs. Ewart, 66 Wellesley Street, Toronto.

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