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W. F. M. SOCIETY.



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MRS. JAMIESON'S LETTER.

TAMSUI, August 16th, 1884.

DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—

Thank you for two letters with good news of past year's work. I wish you could have seen how the converts seized on your report and carried it off to exhibit the picture.

During hot weather students are all at their own homes; we cannot be too thankful for safe return of so many girls. They were committed to Dr. McKay's care, never before having been far from their own doors. Nearly all were from Rap-tsu-lân (east coast), and when taken back whole villages ran out to meet them; the look on a mother's face as she asked for her child you can only imagine. What if one had been missing? Their ages ranked from 10 to 25 years; their parents—Pi-po-hoans—are of those who threw away their idols and are being taught. They are a simple-minded, hard-working people, getting their food chiefly from the sea. When the girls came they had no idea of where or what Formosa is, much less of lands beyond the sea; they knew of course nothing of books. However the *minds* were there and through hard toil and perseverance on the part of teachers your girls carried home their testaments, able to read and write in the Chinese language printed in Roman letters, besides learning something of their own and other countries and many things around them. A children's Scripture Catechism was used as a text book, and had they learned nothing else what they saw and heard of those who have long followed the Master will be invaluable to them.

I suppose you have already news of bombardment of Kelung, on the 5th inst. Providentially the old chapel had just been pulled down for repairs. The place is deserted, English refugees here; three French vessels destroyed the forts and lie in the harbor. We wait for news, hope for peace, but are ready for anything. I do hope you are praying for the converts. Their lives are threatened by excited ignorant people—enemies to the work.

to the new doctrine. "God is in the midst of her, He will help her and that right early." The people hate soldiers who torment them and can't speak this language, fear war on account of thieves in the midst, and dread peace because of oppression of the mandarin. Ah, it is in a foreign country we learn to love our British flag! God is on our side, and if every chapel were destroyed, every Christian in this island killed, His work would go on and all His enemies might as well try to still these ocean waves as stretch out a hand to stop it. I am afraid you will be saying, "War in China, and they in the very midst of it; that must be dreadful!" No, it is *not* dreadful. we do *not* fear what man can do to us, but, oh, it is sad, sad, very sad, to think of the wounded and the dying (hundreds round us go suddenly with disease like cholera), the poor ignorant troubled people fearing they scarcely know what, and with no strong Refuge to which they can flee. There are many things far, far sadder than war.

We are so thankful for news of earnest fighting and winning in Canada. God help you this year. We trust that from Oxford College and the Girls' School will be scattered many to preach the Gospel and work for Jesus. Surely they will be upheld by your prayers.

Very gratefully,

ANNIE JAMIESON.

Aug. 23rd.—Chinese officials have promised to protect converts as far as possible. Dr. McKay and preachers have done all they can. Everything quiet just now. Still waiting; latest news, no decision. Every day we have answers to special prayers.

Aug. 26th.—Steamer two days ago, you will have news already. Prospects dark. Should France gain territory—*Roman Catholic priests*; should China win—all foreigners and their friends may expect ill treatment. Those on main-land are worse off than we. "*Fear not*, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Converts are building a chapel in Rap-tsú-lân in memory of Dr. McKay's father. They would listen to no objections and are putting it in the most dangerous place on the island, just where so many were killed. Thank God for their faith! Pray for all converts in China. A' Hoa just come in; he says they are making the chapel very strong and a handsome building.

Yours, joyfully looking up,

ANNIE JAMIESON.

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Extracts from Mrs. Morton's Letters.

TUNAPUNA, Trinidad, B.W.I., Aug. 20th, 1884.

DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—

I will be very thankful if my letters are privileged to be of any use to you. Your Society is such a grand organization, and you must receive so many interesting letters, that I did not suppose mine would be much counted upon; but I have sent you a copy of the two last and also of my little translation and will continue to do so. I wish to write a circular letter this week if possible. I have them printed off on a glycerine pad, and send about 35 copies. I have difficulty in getting through with my duties, they are so numerous and pressing, and my bodily strength is not very great, but I am never so happy nor so well as when I spend whole afternoons from 1 till 6 o'clock, visiting, teaching and singing with our poor Coolies. True, one must often be discouraged, and, worst of all, discontented with their own work. I sometimes feel that almost any one else would do it better than I do and with greater results. I am firmly persuaded that these poor souls are in the Lord's hands in the fullest sense of the words. It is not ours to make the least impression upon their minds, but all the same we are to aim at it, you indirectly and I directly, and herein is our training for the life above. Just think of it! What would we be as individuals or as churches if Jesus had not given us any work to do for Him? He does not tell us to convert them, but to teach them, and if He will that no great results should be seen in our lifetime we must be content. For ourselves we have many discouragements; we have been breaking up new ground the whole 17 years we have been here, and then handing it over to somebody else to tend the young plants and to gather the fruits, and we never seem to be doing half that we ought to. Sometimes it is want of money, sometimes the want of proper assistants, and always, and above all, the desperate resistance of Satan working through willing tools. If you could only know the utter depravity and ignorance—no, gross darkness expresses it better—of these people! And why should we give you all the bright side and none of the dark? Will you not do more when you know the true requirements of the work that they are very great? But I must stop. I have already through my honored friend, Mrs. McLennan, thanked your Society for their kind consideration of our wants. We have sent for another lady teacher, and if you can accept my idea of things, any assistance you can give to Trinidad will

economically expended, and will enable the missionaries at a critical period of the work to go forward and where it would be damaging to the cause to hold back.

With kind remembrances and Christian greeting for yourself and sisters in the Lord,

Believe me, yours sincerely,

SARAH E. MORTON.

P.S.—I received the Report kindly sent me, and felt it most refreshing to note the well-directed zeal and ability of my Canadian sisters.

S. E. M.

TUNAPUNA, August 22nd, 1884.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

We are pleased to know that many of you have heard Mr. Grant upon the work of this Mission and that new interest is being awakened by his visit home. We are all feeling the benefit both in mind and body of our last summer's furlough. My husband's health is quite re-established. The work is going on much as usual, not always encouraging you may be sure. A truthful description of one afternoon's visiting will illustrate this. We leave home at one o'clock, remarking as we drive along that it is almost too hot to be out. We visit Aronca School, where we are vainly trying to attain efficiency with an inefficient teacher, and find the number present small; give a religious lesson to the children and then proceed to the houses of absentees, scolding some and coaxing others to attend more regularly. Thence to Laurel Hill Estate, which we visit frequently. As I step from the carriage a group of women newly returned from field-work salute me thus: "Your Chela (disciple) is going to church now." There is a spice of malice in this, for the woman indicated (she was not baptised by my husband) has left her married husband for another. I answered "That will do her no good unless she changes her way of living." "What can she do," says one, "this husband takes better care of her than the other one did." Another asks what it is to be our disciple, and a third volubly informs her that it means this, "If they are sick they will get medicine for nothing; if unable to work they will be fed and clothed, and when they die all the white gentlemen will go to their funeral." I thought it time to interpose. "You are quite wrong," I said, "it does not mean this at all. To be true disciples means to get a new heart from God so that you would want to hear about Him and

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go to church. If I asked you now to come to church next Sunday you would all promise and not one of you would be there; so I will not ask you; but when you get a new heart you will long to go." After a few more words I left them. As I did so they looked at one another and said "Let us go on Sunday"; but of course they did not. I then visited a number in their houses, many very poor, some sick, and nearly all dirty, stolid and hopeless-looking. To all I spoke a word about Jesus, but it takes them so long to understand anything good. One of them, better off than most and taught by a Missionary in Jamaica along with her husband, made a number of false excuses for not attending church. I reproved her for being untruthful, when her next door neighbor, who had been listening, said, "I tell plenty of lies; since I came to Trinidad I tell lies every day." I said "What answer will you give when God asks you about it?" "I don't care," she said, using a Christian (?) oath to show how little, "to die would be good." I then went in search of a little girl, whom I had seen in church at Aronca, to encourage her to come again. I found her living alone with her father. Her parents had quarreled and her mother had tried to hang herself, but being discovered had been sent to jail for three months. Further on two boys, who had learned something from us, were perched on a fence watching cattle. I went up to them and asked if they could not come to church on Sabbath. They said, "No," they had to herd the cattle all day. A few of the women brightened up when they saw me and listened with attention; but that was the only crumb of outward encouragement I had that afternoon.

In Sabbath school it is very difficult to get the women to answer; they seem ashamed to speak. On one occasion lately I laid down a book of Scripture pictures on which I had been questioning them, and said, "How is it that you cannot speak when you come to God's house? You can talk loudly enough when you curse and quarrel." "Quite true, Mem Sâhib," one of them said, "That is because we know so well how to curse and quarrel; but we don't know anything about God." Sometimes when I have asked "Who made you?" I get this reply, "A re (go to) Mem Sâhib how should I know? I'm only an ass. If you te'l me I shall know." One man who has been often in church was reading in our evening school a lesson on "The Cow." When he had finished I said, "What does the book say about worshipping the cow." He answered, "The book says it is very proper to do so." I said, "Oh no it does not," and I read the passage reproving such worship. "Now that is what

the book says ; but I want to know what you think about it." He answered "If I do not worship the cow and the Brahmin, whom should I worship?" and added that by all the rules of India he was lower than the cow ; he fed her and gave her water, therefore he must be lower ; was not my servant who cooked my food beneath *me*?

Perhaps you may have heard that the Foreign Mission Board has been able to pay off the debt on Tunapuna buildings. This enabled us to go forward with a School house at Tacarigua which is now finished, and about forty-five children are taught in it daily. We have also a Sabbath service and weekly meeting there, both very well attended. Our debt has changed its name ; it is now "on Tacarigua buildings" Arouca school house has been painted.

We are having a very dry *wet* season ; in our neighbourhood we have had far too little rain for cultivation. The state of the sugar market is causing great anxiety, the price of sugar being far below the cost of producing it.

SARAH E. MORTON

MISS BELL'S LETTER.

BISHOPTON, SCOTLAND, 6th Oct., 1884.

DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—

After several delays and disappointments Miss Beatty and I managed to meet two days ago, when she handed to me the kind gift from the members of the board of management of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society in Toronto. I feel deeply touched by their kind remembrance of me, and look upon the gift as a new token of the deep interest they feel in mission work and in all who engage in it.

In setting out for our new field of labor, the thought of the many difficulties and dangers to be encountered would cause flesh and heart to faint and fail, were it not for the precious promises of help and direction given us in this blessed Book. A simple trust in the faithfulness of Him who thus promises, and the thought of many prayers arising on our behalf, should be enough to sustain us in every time of trial. I must ask you, dear Mrs. Harvie, to convey to the members of the Board of Management my sincere thanks for their valuable gift and for the kindly thought which prompted it, and my heartfelt wish that all the efforts put forth by them on behalf of Foreign Missions may be crowned with abundant success. It gladdened my

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heart to learn from your letter of 16th September of the formation of a new auxiliary at London, and of the widening and deepening of interest in the work among the women of Canada, and I trust it may prove only the beginning of a great awakening which will take place in all our churches. I am just now enjoying a time of rest in a quiet country village near Glasgow, reading and studying a little, and laying up a store of health and strength for future use. I felt very glad to see Miss Beatty again, and hope we shall get to know and love each other very soon.

Yours very sincerely,

HELEN BELL.

MISS BEATTY'S LETTER.

Ps. cvii : 24-30.

411 CROWN STREET, GLASGOW,
October 1st, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—

My heart turns with a new feeling towards the friends at home and for the first time I know a little of what people call home-sickness. I thought I knew before but the last two weeks have given me fresh experience. But I am not *blue*—far from it; the world seems full of kind people. The Rev. R. Campbell met me at the railway station in Montreal and took me to his house. Mrs. Campbell received me like an old friend, and between them they managed to show me more of Montreal than I ever saw of one place before in a day. In the afternoon a number of the ladies of the Montreal Missionary Society came to see me. I was put safely on board the evening boat for Quebec, and reached the *Sarmatian* in good time. My experiences on the sea were of the usual type and need not be described. I thought I was very ill, but in retrospect it seems very trifling, as you too will think, when I tell you I only missed one meal out of the saloon. A large number of the passengers were people returning from the British Association, and altogether it was a very pleasant experience. I fell in with a gentleman and his daughter coming to Glasgow, so had pleasant company all the way and very kind friends when I needed assistance. I am now quite, at home with my own friends. Another of my fellow passengers has shewn me great kindness and is going to send some of his friends who are interested in Zenana work to see me. I have only to say where I came from and where I am going and friends spring up on all sides.

I found letters here from Miss Rodger and Mr. Wilkie giving me some very useful instructions. Their letters fill me with hope and ambition and I want to be on the spot right away, but I am sure these weeks in Britain will be of great value to me and could not be better spent elsewhere. My eyes are opening wider every day. I saw Mr. Quarrier's Home for Boys and Temperance Shelter for Girls yesterday. Did not see Mr. Quarrier, but shall before I leave Glasgow. Give my kindest remembrance to the ladies of the Central Board, and believe me, ever in all sincerity,

Yours in Christ,

E. M. BEATTY.

NEW PRESBYTERIAL SOCIETY.

Stratford Presbyterian Society was organized on the 9th October. Mrs. Maclaren, of Toronto, and Mrs. Gordon, of Harrington, represented the Board on this occasion. Members were present as delegates from the auxiliaries in the Presbytery, and the working of the W. F. M. Society was explained. The meeting was in every respect interesting and successful. Five auxiliaries compose the Society, and there is good reason to believe that others will organize and heartily co-operate. The office-bearers are Mrs. Gordon, *President*; Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Tully, *Vice-Presidents*; Mrs. McPherson, *Treasurer*; Mrs. J. A. Turnbull, *Secretary*.

REORGANIZED.

Goderich and Mitchell Auxiliaries, with renewed zeal.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Ailsa Craig and "St. Andrews," Thamesford, in London Presbyterian Society. Glenmorris, Ont. and Nissouri, Ont., formed.

In connection with Rev. J. Fraser Campbell and Mrs. Campbell's visit, Winnipeg auxiliary formed. And as another result of their visit to the North-West, we may mention that a deep interest in Foreign Mission work has been awakened in Moose Jaw and several other places.

"Burns" auxiliary, composed of West, College Street, Parkdale, and Chalmers' Churches, Toronto, formed.

Greenbank auxiliary, in Lindsay Presbyterian Society, and Glensandfield in Glengarry Presbyterial Society, also formed.

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THANKSGIVING.

Special thank-offering services were held in several of our auxiliaries during October, each member bringing her contribution in an envelope, with a text of Scripture, or reason for thanksgiving written, but no name given. These texts were read at the meeting, and at the close the total amount. Results most satisfactory.

PRESENTS FOR MISSION STATIONS.

The following (so far as known to us) have been dispatched. A very large case of useful things for the Mission at Erromanga, sent by auxiliaries in the Presbyteries of Lindsay and Whitby, with a parcel from Agincourt, and ten yards of print and fifty cents from a "Lover of Missions."

A box containing eighty made-up suits for the Mission children at San Fernando, and material for others, from Toronto.

Four large cases of clothing for the Indians in our own North-West, from Toronto; also one box from Ottawa; one box from Oshawa; one box from Kincardine; one box from Cobourg; and one box from Hamilton and Ancaster.

A Trunk full of Christmas presents for the Mission children at Indore and Mhow; contributed by several auxiliaries.

PRAYER CARDS.

A revised list of subjects for prayer for the next *two* years will be issued this month. Secretaries are earnestly requested to place one card in the hands of each member.