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MONTHLY LEAFLET

OF THE

Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1898.

Price 10c
a year.

SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

Serving the Lord with all humility of mind."—Acts 20 : 19, I Cor. 4 : 10, Eph. 6 : 18, Col. 3 : 22, 1 Th. 5 : 17, 1 Tim. 2 : 1, 2, 8, Heb. 12 : 28, 29.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS IN "LIFE AND LIGHT."

July—Young people's work.

August—The Island World.

THE MONTHLY LEAFLET.

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

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

CISAMBA, May 19, 1898.

DEAR MRS. SANDERS,—It is mail time, and I must get some letters ready, so I am seizing a few minutes while the girls are sewing. They are busy making jackets for themselves. It is evening; prayers are over, and our house is like a bee-hive. The girls are chattering, of course; some of the babies refuse to nap and let their mothers sew. We are sitting round the dining table. At a side table are a couple of the evangelists finishing some school work I gave them to-day. In Mr. Currie's study are two of the young men who have just arrived from the east in charge of a caravan. They are reporting how they fared, etc. The kitchen is full of boys, some of them reading, most of them talking, two or three are humming the various parts of a new hymn.

The girls are talking about fetish performances at the villages; now, when a house is struck by lightning, the whole village has to fast for a day until the fetish-doctor has exorcised the evil spirit who has caused the damage. The exorcising is quite a long performance. Drums are beaten, and gourds and baskets filled with various fetishes (bits of bones of animals, horns, rubber, skin, etc., etc.) are shaken vigorously. Then, amid a great

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clatter and noise, the exorciser calls upon the spirit to leave. Offerings of the blood of a chicken are made, and presently one calls out, "There it goes, down to the river." Guns fired, and the houses, etc., in the village, and sometimes people, are smeared with white clay.

They are also talking about the old woman who fled here from her husband's relatives. She is still living here, as her brother who is a man of some importance, has not yet returned from the interior. The girls here are not afraid of her, but are quite friendly, and often visit her in her little house close to our compound. Village women, however, think she has some power to kill people, and have ordered their children to keep away from her.

It is nearly nine o'clock, so I have sent the young folks home to their beds. I can write a little faster than when there are many at my elbow.

We had the pleasure this month of seeing two caravans arrive from the coast. One of them brought the bale and box sent to several kind Toronto friends. The things were on exhibition for the rest of the day for the benefit of our young people; they so love to see anything from our country. The sheets, etc., for the hospital work, and the kindergarten materials, are the greatest comfort; also the sewing bags for the married girls. The scrap-books were eagerly welcomed by the children and the older ones too. We have put away most of them till Christmas time, when they will be produced as a fresh treat. The safe arrival of these loads proves again that Mrs. Currie's plan of sending direct from Canada to our English agent is a very feasible one.

As the dry season has set in, the boys are busy brick-making. Mr. Currie plans to have a new dispensary built this year; the old one is to be altered so as to form four rooms or wards for patients. Some small houses will also be erected for sick natives. This past month we had four more Portuguese patients. The last one left this morning for his village. This afternoon one of the boys came to ask if a chief (a relative of his) can come here for treatment. The man is very sick with hæmaturic fever. Before the question arose, "Is there a house to put him in if he comes?" Finally the lad suggested his own kitchen or cook-house, just built, and so they are going to fetch the man to-morrow. He is very old, though, and it may go hard with him. We are surprised that he has applied here for medical help, for he is intensely superstitious, and has always had a number of native doctors around him.

Our chief-friend Kanjundu is making daily progress in learning to read, and, we think, in understanding the Scriptures. His

anxious to have his school in his village started, so that all the young people in his district may learn to read, etc. The boys are busily finishing the doors and windows for his schoolhouse, and he himself has been making benches in his spare moments. The boys told us that in the mornings the chief goes to the fields where one of the boys is herding the cattle, and gets the chief to help him with his reading lesson. I had been struck with the rapidity with which he has been learning to read, but cannot understand it now. He tried hard to get me to give him lessons on Saturdays (when there is no school), but I told him it was not possible, and so one of the boys usually helps him. His sight is not very good, so one day I got a pair of spectacles (which Mr. Currie says were sent with some others by your dear husband some years ago) and gave them to him to try. He was delighted as well as surprised to find that he could now see so much better, and, when reading, always wears them.

One of his children, a bright little boy about five years old, is, happily, deaf and dumb. He is a dear little fellow, is always eager for kindergarten. I have one for boys only. Miss Maggie Melville has now girls only. His name is Ngilombali. He excels all the other little boys in card-sewing and weaving. I wish we could teach him to speak, but it would, I fear, take more time than we can possibly spare. He enters so merrily into all the actions of the motion-songs, but there is something very pathetic in the thought that he cannot hear a word.

We are often asked to express our "wants" of anything that will help our work. Several of the boys are picking up English words; one or two can read easy lessons in first reader. Last week our cook came and asked me to order for him a reading book in English. He is quite willing to pay for it, but it occurs to me that there are many discarded readers (second or third) which would answer the purpose quite well, and could be cheaply sent by book post. May I trouble you to suggest this to some of your friends. Six or eight readers would be ample at present. We are not over anxious that the boys learn English,—we think they should first become well acquainted with their own language in order to be able to preach the Gospel clearly and forcefully to their own people. But those who are in the evangelistic class are striving so hard to study that I think of sparing them regularly, even if only a few minutes, every evening for an English lesson. Another thing we need—more so than readers—is a school globe for geography lessons. We have maps and atlases, of course, and the older boys know that the earth is not flat, as their parents imagine it is; still a globe would, as all teachers know, be a very great assistance.

Joined by Mr. Currie in kind regards.

From Miss Helen J. Melville.

CISAMBA STATION, May 21st, 1898.

MY DEAR MRS. SANDERS,—How quickly these months fly. It is hard to believe that it is the end of May. The dry season is now upon us; we have had no rain this month. We have been busy getting all the grass cleared away from our fences and a good wide piece cleared, so that there will be no danger of the fires reaching any of our outhouses. Sometimes the fires come with such a rush that one is afraid of them.

Last week the brick-making was begun for the season, for the new hospital, at least a temporary building and a new workshop. I wish you could see some of the tables that have been made in the shop; they are so nice with turned legs, such pretty wood. One feels very proud of them. There is the making of good workmen in our boys. They are also making beds for the hospital which are very nice.

We were so glad to receive a month ago the sheets and pillow slips, etc., sent by the ladies. Several pairs have been in use already. We do thank you for them. The quilts are also very acceptable. It is such a comfort to have a good supply of clean sheets on hand.

This is Saturday afternoon. The girls have been in asking for soap; we give them soap if they will wash their clothes. They are getting into the habit of washing on Saturday, but it is up-hill work. They think if they wash often their clothes will not wear well. The boys are much more willing to keep themselves clean than the girls; of course they have more clothes than the girls.

From Miss Maggie W. Melville.

CISAMBA, May 18th, 1898.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Two months have gone since I wrote to you and these two have been very similar to all other months, with here and there some little event to break the sameness. Every day has its duties. A short time ago we had two weeks' holidays, when we really sat and rested and read. This latter has to be done usually in very short snatches, when one is waiting for breakfast, or after dinner, while waiting for one o'clock when the school bell is rung. On Sunday afternoon, however, we usually have a long time for reading, for there is no special work appointed for that time. But almost always some of the girls come and visit us, bringing their babies with them. For our half-yearly order of groceries came in yesterday, I had it to store away this morning, marking the old remaining from last order, so that it might be used first. Then there were

ome negatives to be developed and washed. I do not spend much time at this work, but these were some special ones. Some were fair, while others resembled the measles, as the plates had become damp and were mildewed. I had to stop in the middle of washing them, for dinner, and when this was passed boys' school followed, and then girls' kindergarten. As this is Wednesday, we all met at four o'clock for the mid-week prayer meeting. The attendance was very good of those who live on the station. The Chief of Cnjulsa and one of his old men were here as usual. He seems to be very earnest in his determination to learn the "Truth," and is looking forward to soon beginning the school at his head village. The young lads who are here with him are very eager to learn, and have made good progress. He himself has learned to read very well for the short time he has been here. Will not you make him a special object of prayer, for he has much influence?

Africa.

BY MISS FRANCES J. DYER.

Probably there is no place on the face of the earth where such marvellous transformation scenes have taken place within a generation as on the continent of Africa. The epoch of discovery began scarcely thirty-five years ago with Livingstone, when the sources of the Nile and Congo, the system of lakes and mountains, the character of the country and people, were all shrouded in mystery. What is now known as Rhodesia was the Ultima Thule of barbarism, to be reached only by weary marches through wilderness and desert, and when reached was the abomination of bloodthirsty desolation. But to-day one rides thither direct from Cape Town in a sumptuous palace car, and finds it a pleasant, modern European town, with well-paved streets, a theatre, and clubs, electric lights, and one of the best golf links outside of Scotland.

The railroad to Buluwayo, the Chicago of Central Africa, was opened only a few months ago, and was the occasion of more than ordinary interest to Americans. For a descendant of the Washington family was secretary of the festivities committee; the splendid hotel and banquet hall, where the four hundred guests were entertained, was built and is owned by an American, and a prominent guest was Bishop Hartzell, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. It was a remarkable scene when he was asked to present one of the toasts. Pointing to the English and American flags which were everywhere draped about the hall, he said impressively, "The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, the flags of the two great English-speaking nations of the world, both blending in their folds the red, white

and blue—symbols of bravery, purity and loyalty: may the people they represent ever be one in all that is brave, pure and loyal, and at every strategic point on earth where the conflict rages between civilization and barbarism, may these flags flow side by side, over Englishmen and Americans, one in thought and purpose to defend the weak and uplift the race." As he set down the guests rose to their feet, cheered and shouted for several minutes, ending with three tremendous cheers for Stanley, the American explorer; the band playing "Yankee Doodle."

Mr. Rhodes' most ambitious scheme is to have Great Britain control a mighty highway, four thousand miles in extent, from the Delta of the Nile to the Cape; and it is not impossible that some who read these lines may yet hear a railroad conductor at Alexandria cry out, "All aboard for the Mountains of the Moon, Lake Nyassa and Cape Town!" So, when we look at a map of Africa and ask which nation will ultimately dominate the continent, whether it will be the careful Dutchman, the thoughtful German, the diplomatic Frenchman, the greedy Russian, or the masterful Englishman, we do not hesitate for a reply.

But, when all is said, it is the splendid sovereignty of Christian missions, the story of which Stanley compares to an epic poem which most stirs our imagination. And who that has ever stood by the black slab in the nave of Westminster Abbey, which marks the grave of Livingstone, has not been thrilled with a sense of the power of the gospel when reading the simple inscription, "David Livingstone, missionary, traveller, philanthropist, thirty years of whose life were spent in unwearied efforts to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets and to abolish the desolating slave trade of Central Africa." Then follows the extract from his journal, penned with a dying hand, "All I can say in my solitude is, may heaven's richest blessing come down on every one, American, Englishman, Turk who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

It is because such men have laid down their lives for Africa that we cannot be indifferent to the conflict of interests going on there to-day.—*Life and Light.*

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The MONTHLY LEAFLET of the Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions is printed and published at the "Witness" building, corner Craig and St. Peter Streets, Montreal, P.Q.