

Aug<sup>st</sup> 1844 - 4<sup>th</sup> printing



W. F. M. SOCIETY.



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## W. F. M. SOCIETY.

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The Board of Management beg to direct the *earnest* attention of all the members of the Society and their intimate friends, to the fact that from information received, the sum of at least \$8,000 (*eight thousand dollars*), will be required for the work of the present year.

Our medical missionary, Miss Beattie, will require a full supply of instruments, etc., for her work, and her outfit and travelling expenses, as well as Miss Bell's (who has been accepted by the F. M. Committee), both of whom go out to India, probably in October.

The estimates and statement generally sent out are not yet fully received, but will be forwarded at the earliest possible date.

C. S. EWART,  
*President.*

M. J. MACMURCHY,  
*Recording Secretary.*

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INDORE, May 7th, 1884.

*My dear Mrs. Harvie,*—By last evening's foreign mail Miss Ross received a letter from you, in which you mentioned not having as yet received my report of work. I hope you have it by this time, as I sent it quite early.

We are all well, and getting through the hot season with tolerable comfort, but we will be glad when it is over, as we must remain prisoners during the greater part of the day. I bear the heat much better than the cold.

When I said that we are all well, I meant the European portion of the staff. Our native Christians are not so fortunate. The night before last one of them dislocated his wrist.

Another took small-pox and had to be sent to the hospital, and Balaram has lost another child—the third. I am truly sorry for him; he has only one dear little girl left. Last night I was doing what I called “*visiting the wards.*” The native Christians are so dependent upon us, like a lot of children.

I have two very nice Bible women, and they seem to be most acceptable to the people wherever they visit. One of them sings very well, and I think that God will surely bless their faithful labors. In the hot season, we think it best to preach in the villages. In the rainy weather the roads are bad, so we cannot go.

Not long ago I attended a Parsee marriage, the first I have seen, so I must tell you about it. A procession was formed, headed by the bridegroom, and after marching all round the station to the accompaniment of music, he came in to where the guests were assembled. There were not less than a hundred present, ranged on both sides of an enclosed space out of doors. The young man walked round arm-in-arm with his intended father-in-law, and asked us each and all, “*If he had our permission to marry.*” Very meek, was he not? We had no objections, so the ceremony proceeded. A screen was placed between the young people, and a silken cord wound around the waist of the man. This was then passed under the screen and around the bride. The two priests were chanting the service, and throwing rice for good luck, upon the young couple. This lasted for thirty minutes, when the crowning act of the ceremony took place. You would never guess what it was, and I am sure you will make a face. The *feet* of the bride and groom were *washed in milk*. The same ceremony was repeated at four o'clock in the morning, lest there should be any mistake, or any difficulty overlooked. We are going to attend another Parsee marriage on Saturday night.

EVENING.—It is so warm. We attended an open air meeting this evening. A lecture was given by a member of the Prarthna Somaj. He spoke in English and was very interesting. His subject was, “the Vedas.”

We have not as yet (and I am afraid will not) been able to secure the house about which a letter was sent home, and consent given by the Committee to the purchase. I hope we may yet. This house is very unsuitable for three persons. It is getting late, and I must close my letter.

One school is taught by a Christian woman belonging to our mission, and in the other two I give religious teaching myself. This, without the slightest hindrance from any source, that is, any official source. I mention this because I am afraid a contrary opinion prevails.

Now I will say salaam, with kind regards to all the ladies, and love to yourself,

I remain, my dear Mrs. Harvie,

Yours truly,

M. MCGREGOR.

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FORMOSA, TAMSUI, April 17th, 1884.

*My dear Mrs. Harvie,*—We opened the Girl's School January 19th. It is “beautiful, complete and substantial.” We have *thirty* girls in it now. Already they have learned to read and write the Romanized Colloquial. They have committed several chapters of a Scripture Catechism to memory, and can sing our *fifty-nine* hymns. How refreshing that you all are coming up to shout, “The Morning Cometh,” Blessed *privilege!* O what a privilege to build Zion's walls here, by you all helping to gather materials. On and on this work will go until one tremendous shout of victory will echo and re-echo from peak to peak in beloved Formosa. Let us

put *discouragement* under our feet and with eyes fixed above unfurl the banner of everlasting love—wave it from Newfoundland to Vancouver, and by God's help we will hold it tight so that it may wave over mountains high and valleys deep in this isle of the sea. 1179 baptized members here.

Ever yours sincerely,

G. L. MACKAY.

From *Mrs. Builder.*

Mhow, Feb. 21st, 1884.

We arrived in Mhow the 13th January. As I entered the bungalow that, for a while at all events, is to be our Indian home, how my heart overflowed with thankfulness to the Giver of all good. These European bungalows have their degree of English comforts—the lofty rooms, the abundance of fresh air, the daily bath, the many attendants, the clearness of the atmosphere and the perpetual sunshine, all combine to make life here most enjoyable. These bungalows are like sea-side cottages at home; they have no upper story, glass doors form the windows and open on a spacious verandah, where comfortable lounging chairs are enjoyable and inviting in the evening. There are no apartments in the house for servants—caste prejudices and the peculiarities of Eastern life make a number of servants necessary. These servants are always men servants, except one, a lady's personal, Ayah she is called in Hindi—this is the language we are learning. Each servant will only do certain things or else their caste is broken, and they are at once in disgrace; after they become Christians of course they put away caste. Happily my Ayah is a Christian, and is of good use and great comfort to me. I pay her 4 rupees a month—a rupee is 40 cents—which is only \$1.60 in our money. She thinks she is well paid; it costs them little to live, they wear very little clothing, no shoes, and deck their toes with rings, and ankles

with anklets as we do our arms and hands, and only wear a wrap about their person. These cost little, the material is thin cotton. The high caste ladies dress beautifully, their wraps are covered with silver and gold trimmings. These high caste ladies give missionaries such a kind welcome, and listen to the Gospel with much interest; but oh, it costs them so much to give up their caste. They are turned from home and receive much ill treatment; only those with strong courage acknowledge Christ. I could already write some sad and interesting stories, but must resume it when time will allow me to say all I've seen. I believe many are ready to come but fear keeps them back. Their form of worship is so silly and absurd; some of their idols are too shameful to write about.

There are about 2,000 English people here, all government people—officers and soldiers' wives. We had dinner at Lady Phayre's house. Captain Phayre, the son, is a delightful Christian young man, about 25 years of age. He sang a hymn, and a minister read a passage of Scripture, and closed the evening with prayer. The daughters (two of them) sang sacred solos during the evening. Really it was a most enjoyable evening. Mr. Builder and I enjoyed it very much, and we felt that it was a pleasant situation here were it not for the distance from friends we loved so dearly.

India is indeed a sunny land, where much is bright and fair. Just think, we are writing this morning with the doors and windows wide open, and although the air is cool there is not the least chill. We have green vegetables every day, and delicious fresh fruits many of which are new to me but very delicious. The flowers are the loveliest I've seen, in fact we saw nothing in Paris to compare; the scarlet water lily is beautiful and the roses are an immense size. Our house is quite pretty. Mhow is considered healthy, it is so

high, but April and May, the two hot months, are rather trying.

We are both studying the language, and hope soon to accomplish it. There is so much to be done. I've had two native ladies calling, who are desirous to know something of Christ, and how I wished to talk with them. Our teacher comes every morning. The morning is the delightful time here. Calling hour is from twelve till two, everybody is supposed to be ready at these hours to receive. When Mr. Builder gets the language he will preach every morning and evening in the city. This will be trying, as we have such a poor room for preaching in and a miserable school-room, so small, but we hope to have better in time. Bradford school has promised to help to educate one or two children, and I hope to get aid from Ottawa and Hamilton.

Now I have given the bright side of Indian life, but how dark everything is concerning the natives. Their home life is so cheerless and they are miserable in many ways, have so little ambition. Many make their living by stealing; every bungalow has a watchman all night to keep away thieves; they make a hole in the wall and climb in. Mr. Wilkie has been robbed three times. I hope they will leave us alone; however, we are in safe hands and my faith is so strong since I came here. Although it is peaceful in Mhow Mr. Wilkie has great fighting in Indore. The native prince is so much against preaching the Gospel—he says it makes misery in the land, breaks home ties, etc., which in a way is correct, but perhaps in time light may dawn on his soul. The natives have even struck Mr. Wilkie but he has no fear.

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NOTE.—A Mission Band has been formed at Thorndale, Ont., also one at South Finch in the Glengarry Presbyterial Society.