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Mr. Hall P.S. B.V. 2030  
"Whatsoever he saith unto you do it."  
A.M.C.

# MONTHLY LEAFLET

OF THE

Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions.

Vol. 3.  
No. 10.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1897.

Price 10c  
a year.

## SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

"Righteousness, Peace and Joy."—Rom. 14-17; Is. 32-17; John 14-27; John 17-18.

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

October—The Personal Factor in Mission Work.

November—Thank Offering Meetings.

## THE MONTHLY LEAFLET.

All communications and letters from the missionaries intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. Sanders, 25 Mackay street, Montreal, P.Q.

## Editorial Paragraph.

On December 31st there will be \$554.16 due for salaries, and only up to date \$78.78 in the Treasury available for this object. The thanksgiving offerings ought to be voted for salaries. Money remitted for Fees, Foreign (not specified), and undesignated is used for payment of the salaries.

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

CISAMBA STATION, June 22, 1897.

DEAR MRS. SANDERS,—Thank you for the lists of donors to the Memorial Hospital. We cannot write to all this month, so you will please in the meantime thank them all for their practical thoughtfulness. It would be a great help to us if when a subscription is made for any object whatever, the giver or givers would send a note to one of us stating the fact; it is always easier to answer a letter than a name. Mr. Currie will say I am begging letters; perhaps I am.

I was intending to write you a good long letter, but have had to stop twice since I started this. A boy comes wanting

UNITED CHURCH  
ARCHIVES.

medicine for his head, and now comes a girl with her wee baby who has a cold. And if these lads and lasses have not a good excuse they try to invent one. It is lamp-light time, in a few minutes the bugle will sound for prayers. There it goes! Kumba is the bugler lately, he puts in a good many flourishes to the notes; Salusuva is the best bugler of all; the church owns the instrument; they bought it last year. This year they have subscribed to the Armenian Fund.

Cipilika was married this month to Navisake, and the day after to-morrow another wedding takes place—Sawimbu and Musalo. The latter is a fine big fellow. He came in this afternoon asking shyly for a few spare pictures to put on his newly whitewashed walls. He wants to have everything nice for his bride. They are the very opposite of each other in character. Last year he went off to the villages thinking she too, would leave the Station and return to village life, but she stood firm; he tried by various means to coax her away, to no avail. He even got the old men of his village to come to the older boys here and say, "The young man has his pigs ready, and beer brewed, had the girl not better come and get married at the village?" Mr. Currie sent word that if they got married in heathen fashion they need not come back again to the Station. At last Sawimbu, (who confessed to several of the boys that he was not happy), came back. He has been living consistently for the past seven months, quietly and obediently taking his share of work with the rest. The boys who have been watching him closely have no fault to report on his conduct, so consent has been given to their marriage. We ask your prayers for both of them that their home may be a Christian home. Musalo is the last of the girls to be married, so the ladies, the Misses Melville, will be all alone on their side of the stream. There are a number of little girls but they prefer living with their married sisters and aunts, &c., whom they help in pounding corn, (usually between 2 and 4 o'clock in the morning), cooking, looking after the babies, &c., &c. Two babies were born this month, both girls. It is amusing to see the pride of the parents. One of the little ones has been named Victoria (or Vitolia, the natives say) the other has not yet been named.

The weather has been very cold lately. Our bananas were completely cut down by last week's frost. In Sunday School although there was a big fire roaring in the stove, the women in my class shivered so that I taught them outside, sitting on the grass in the warm sunshine; the superintendent notified us when it was time to go in for the closing exercises. Joined by Mr. Currie in kind regards.

*From Miss Helen J. Melville.*

CISAMBA, July 20th, 1897.

MY DEAR CANADIAN FRIENDS,—When I look back upon the past month, there seems to be nothing that would be of interest to you, in the special work of the station. But one day, we were sitting after dinner having a little time to read; we always like to have a half hour's rest and read after dinner before going to school. Alas, we do not always get it, this is a life of interruptions. We saw Mrs. Currie's cook coming over with a letter which proved to be from Dr. Wellman of Kamandongo, saying that his wife was very dangerously ill, would I come over and help them. He had sent eight tepoia men, so that there would be no delay. I looked out my clothes, my sister put them into my trunk, Mrs. Currie went into the pantry and prepared my food, for I must sleep on the way. Meanwhile, the men were having a rest and food. In an hour and a half we were on our way, Kumba going with me, he carrying my trunk. It was a hot day; still we went along nicely. At four o'clock the men wanted to go into camp; I said no, not until sundown; for Mrs. Wellman is very sick and we want to arrive in the morning. So we went on until sundown, indeed until it was dark; we could not see the path; we then went into a village, they were having a beer drink. I was given a house and also one for the men; Kumba prepared my supper; I was ready for it; it was after seven o'clock; I shared my supper with Kumba and his dog. Mrs. Currie had given me a supply that would have served several days instead of two meals. But these people, unlike most villagers, were not at all hospitable and did not give the men any food, but it was the only group near when night came on. In our hurry we had forgotten a lantern. I wished we had had it, as the door would not lock well, so I had to leave it open. For all the noise of the beer drink and the hardness of the bed I slept, and slept well. After I had breakfasted, given the man of the house a small present of cloth, we were off again the men not having tasted food since noon the day before. We made good time and arrived at Kamandongo a little after twelve o'clock. Mrs. Wellman was a little better, but afterwards had a severe time; for several days we did not think she would live; we were very thankful that she did recover. I staid with them three weeks, when six of our own Mission boys sent over by Mrs. Currie brought me home. We had an early start and reached Cisamba about five o'clock. The Mission boys are good carriers, they are so happy, always on the lookout for your comfort. They did so much singing of native

tepoia songs, of which I am very fond ; it makes the time pass quickly. I also had a nice large budget of letters the mail having come a few days before. My sister sent them over for me to read in the tepoia, and I can assure you, my friends, you helped in a large measure to make that journey very, very enjoyable. It seems worth being away to receive the war welcome when you return. I was glad to get home, "there is no place like home," and I do not think an African home is less loved than one in a more favored land. I found that we were richer than when I left, two baby girls had made their appearance, Victoria and Angilina by name.

My friends, let me here thank you for your letters of cheer and the papers and books that you have sent. We try to acknowledge all personally, but sometimes we are unable to do so.

*From Miss Margret M. Melville.*

CISAMBA STATION, June 21st, 1897.

DEAR FRIENDS,—As this is order month you will have to content yourselves with very little, for they need much thinking and some measuring, considerable calculating and when all is done a little revising. You have to think how many pounds of tea will be required for six months, and those six months are six months hence. So it is really a year's supply to be thought of. Old orders must be examined, an invoice taken of the provisions in your store-house, this and that added together until all is complete. Often our goods are delayed at the Coast, in nearly all cases because of the carelessness of the agent there. For example, we ordered salt a year ago and it has been at the Coast for six months, while several caravans have returned without it, not because they had not been told to bring it, for strict orders were sent to first send up the goods of that order. We are near the stations, for Mrs. Currie has been treated just as we have and they also have had to borrow. What seems most tantalizing is our not receiving a small barrel of home-made jam which our friends are sending. It is a long time since we tasted real home made jam. Oh, I forgot, when I was over in Kamondongo last October, I think Miss Fay had some which was certainly very nice. You will think this is strange missionary talk, but our news is a repetition of former letters—a wedding three weeks ago of one of the Deacons of the church, Cipilikaka Navisake, and the week following a little stranger crept into one of the homes; while on Saturday evening another far

the passing of a baby boy arrived in another. The first is to be named Vitoria (Victoria) as we in Africa must celebrate the Jubilee Year as well as you in Canada. This week we are to have another wedding, that of Musalo, the young girl who refused persistently to go the village with her, intended to be married, and her persistence has brought him back some time ago to live here and do what is right. He is taking great pains to have everything very nice, and came over this morning to see what I had any pictures to give him to tack up in his house. He seems determined to learn at school and is diligent in his work. Pray that his heart may be really changed and not only appear to be until he gains his object. She will go to-morrow to her own village, and on the following day two of the boys will go for her and bring her here, where the Christian service will be held and the Christian ceremony performed.

July 16th, 1897.

1897. DEAR FRIENDS,—I wish you all had been present with us last Sunday at our service, for we again remembered our Lord's death by partaking of His Supper. "As often as ye drink of this bread and drink this cup ye do show the Lord's death until He come." After Mr. Currie's earnest sermon on being faithful in small things as well as great, two of the lads were baptized. They have professed faith in Christ for some time but because of lack in little things as well as in great they have been kept waiting. We rejoice now, however, that they are all numbered with those of His Church. One of them is Samakuva the father of one of our little pets, Jessie; his wife was baptized a year ago and she feels great joy because he too has been received. The other is a younger lad Kambundu, who lately has had a trying time, for he is very anxious to find a young girl for a wife, and a few weeks ago asked for one at a near village, but she would not accept him as he lived at a station and no one here would "taha," that is, inquire of the spirits, and, instead of him going to the village after her, he remains here and she at the village. After the baptisms we partook of the bread and wine, our hearts swelling with joy because of so many of these people, twenty-nine being present, who having accepted of the sacrifice of Jesus in their room and stead. Several members were unable to be present because of sickness or absence from the Station. The three Deacons and Lumbo, one of the preachers, assisted Mr. Currie as he dispensed the Lord's Supper, Lumbo and Cipilika giving the right hand of fellowship to those received, as there has not yet been another Pastor chosen instead of Ngulu.

I will not readily forget that service for last Sunday was my birth-day, and how better could I celebrate it than in showing the love of Christ by remembering Him in His Supper, and what greater gift could one desire than to see two of the ladies received into Christ's Church. Pray for these two young Christians that they may shine brightly among the dark superstitions of this land.

As the service was long we held no Sunday School, which the people seem always to enjoy as almost all remain.

*From (Mrs.) Rev. Frank W. Read.*

SAKANJIMBA, June 19th, 1897.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER TO THE ST. ANDREWS Y. P. S. C. E.

Mrs. Webster, who went to America about two years ago is now on her way back to Bailundu, with Mr. Stover, Mr. Stover needing yet another year's medical treatment and remaining in the home land "to the great disappointment of all," I was about to say, but no! we can rest satisfied that it is because He wills it so.

Let me then give you the personal of our mission as it stands now. At Bailundu Mr. and Mrs. Fay with their children Mr. Stover (Mrs. Stover to follow (D.V.) next year), and Mrs. Webster now on their way from America. At Kammondong Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and one child. Dr. and Mrs. Wellman and two children, and Miss F y; at Cisamba Mr. and Mrs. Currie, Miss Helen and Miss Maggie Melville; at Sakanjimba we, with our four little ones, Dr. Rose Bover, and the Woodside family about to leave for America. Perhaps you think it must be a very joyful time when a missionary family prepares for furlough, and so it is in many ways. Mr. and Mrs. Woodside three girls, Mabel, aged 13, Fanny, 10, Ruth, 7, are old enough to be full of happy excitement about seeing America and the relations they have heard of so often, and about the journey to friends, but to be mementoes of their African home during the years they must now remain at school, away from father and mother. But there is much to sadden one at such a time as this. Only two days ago came the news of the death of Mrs. Woodside's father, a few months ago of the death of Mr. Woodside's father, a few years ago of that of his mother, and

uch news has come to almost every family here in the last few years. Yet there are many loved friends still in the home lands and we, too, looking on into the future, trust to see many of you when we shall (D.V.) visit America. I wonder whether some of you think that we missionaries of the American Board are the only workers in this part of Africa. I knew of no other missions here before I left Canada, but there are three Stations of the English Brethren Mission (started by Fred S. Arnot) quite near us. Two are only eight or nine hours tepoia ride from us, and the third about three or four days journey, a fourth Station of their mission is at Nona Komdrendu (so called wrongly on the maps), about thirty-five days journey further inland. From that Station, about a year ago, came the news of the death of Mr. Cyril Bird, who came out about six years ago with Mrs. Bird from Belleville, Canada. A few months ago came the news of Miss Shinner's death at the same place, and lately we learn with sorrow that Mrs. Bird has been at death's door for some time, and if she recovers at all, must go with her baby boy at once to the home land. Mr. and Mrs. McEwan with their family are on the point of leaving for England, owing to bad health, and two other gentlemen of that mission have just gone; so that to the human eye, their work has had many reverses this year. Yet we know the good hand of God in it all, and in his own time all His providences will be understood. Already at Nona Komdrendu they have been much encouraged by the desire expressed by quite a number of young people gathered at the Station, to become Christ's disciples, and by the evident real conversion of not a few of these. In the work of our own Mission, we have to record already, persevering work on all sides, yet no great change anywhere in the attitude of the people around us to the Gospel. constantly we have to remember that seed must be sown in earth even if results are delayed. But as surely as seed sowing must come first, so surely will harvest follow after, in spiritual blessings, at all events. There has been much to encourage us at all the Stations in regard to school work, and the progress of the young people. The Station secular work just now consists chiefly in building brick walls around the compound. The sod fences built with such hope during the past two years have proved a failure. The heavy rains wash them so that they fall down in large patches, and even when they remain intact, the goats jump over them and devour the vegetables in the garden. The walls being built now, will, when thatched with grass, last for years, and as a deep and wide ditch is made along side of them, they will practically defy the most agile goat. Mr. Read



has had to suspend his village schools for the time being, but keeps up his Sunday preaching at the villages.

*Treasurer's Acknowledgments, July 20th to September 20th, 1893*

TORONTO BRANCH—Toronto, Zion Y.P.S.C.E. for the support of Shadrack Avedision in Rev. G. H. Krikorian's School, Yozget, Turkey, \$15; Rugby Auxiliary fee, \$10; and undesignated, \$7.

GUELPH BRANCH.—Speedside, 15 subscriptions M. L., \$15; Garafraxa, 10 half year subscriptions M. L., 50 cents; Belwood, 7 half year subscriptions M.L., 35c; Belwood, Young People's Foreign Missionary Society, for the Memorial Hospital, Cisamba, \$13.

OTTAWA BRANCH.—Hopetown Auxiliary, for subscription M. L., 70c.

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NOVA SCOTIA.—Lower Selmah, 10 half year subscriptions M.L., 52c.

Total for Ontario, \$53.05; Quebec, \$10.10; Nova Scotia, 52c; Grand Total, \$63.67

(MRS) FRANCES A. SANDERS,

*Treasurer C.C.W.B.*

125 Mackay Street, Montreal, Que.

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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.