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Monthly Letter Leaflet

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

VOL. XI. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1894. No. 5.

Subjects for Prayer.

SEPTEMBER.—West Indies, St. Lucia, Trinidad, and the West Coast Coolie Mission, Demerara, the native Ministers and Teachers.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord JEHOVAH is everlasting strength."—Isa. xxvi. 4.

"Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. Eph. ii. 19.

Names of Missionaries Left Out.

In the June *Letter Leaflet* the name of Dr. Lucinda Graham was inadvertently omitted from the list of missionaries in Honan. The same mistake occurred in regard to L. and Mrs Woods, whose names were left out of the list for India in the April *Leaflet*.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

Thank-offering.

October is approaching and we are beginning to think and plan for our annual thank-offering meetings. The usual envelopes will be ready by the end of this month. There will be issued at the same time two *Leaflets* bearing on the subject of Thank-offering, of which we shall give a fuller notice in the October *Leaflet*.

Our Envelopes and How to Use Them.

In the first annual report of the W. F. M. S. occurs the following sentence :—“ With a view to establishing and stimulating systematic giving, we have adopted the envelope system by giving to each member one large envelope containing twelve small ones, and asking that one of these last be dropped into the mission box each month, with just such a subscription as God puts it into the heart and power of each to give for this particular purpose.”

At first and for several years the envelopes were given to auxiliaries free of charge, but at the 12th annual meeting held in Knox Church, Guelph, in April 1888, it was decided :—“ That each auxiliary should buy its own envelopes for the use of its members, and that new societies who decide to use envelopes shall have a supply free for the first year.”

This regulation is still observed and seems to meet with general favour.

We are glad that so many of our societies use the envelopes, and we would press upon those who as yet have not adopted them to do so. We venture to say the experiment will prove their usefulness.

Besides being a stimulus to systematic giving the envelopes are intended to preserve the anonymity of the giver. There is reason to fear that in some instances this purpose is not carried out, owing to a misapprehension on the part of treasurers of the proper method of using the envelopes. The treasurer's book should contain, not the *names* of contributors, but the *numbers* of the envelopes which have been distributed. When the envelope is handed in the treasurer should credit in her book the amount contained in it to the *number* which it bears, not to the person who has given the money. At the next monthly meeting when she presents her statement she will read the *number of each envelope* with the sum contained. This will be a correct and sufficient acknowledgment. Each contributor will without difficulty recognize her own number.

Apropos of the duties of treasurers, we find an admirable little article on the subject in "Mission Studies," a valued exchange, published by the Woman's Board of the Interior, Chicago, which we gladly give to the readers of the LETTER LEAFLET.

A Simple Talk to Young Treasurers.

(Older Treasurers need not listen.)

1st. Don't trust to memory, or to a slate, or to a scrap of paper, or to a book small enough to go into your pocket and as easily to fall out of it or to get lost in a pile of letters. Have a book large enough not to get lost—and then don't lose it. This book should belong to the Society, and should be handed down from Treasurer to Treasurer. Years hence it will be interesting to look back and say, "Yes, she was our first Treasurer and now she is a missionary in India," or it may be said, in looking over your neat pages, "She was our first Treasurer; now she has rendered up her final account."

2nd. Be ready with an *exact* report the day of your monthly meeting. Don't forget the day. Don't mislay your book. Don't say you have received *about* so much. Be exact.

3rd. What to do with your money. Send it to your Presbyterial Treasurer. You wouldn't want the members of your Auxialiary or Band to send direct to the Presbyterial Treasurer, skipping you. Then don't send to the Board, skipping the Presbyterial Treasurer. Just obey the Golden Rule. How to send it? By money order from the Post-office or by a cheque or draft. You can easily get a cheque or draft of any merchant, if not in your own family. But if the amount of your receipts warrants it, have a bank account. The little bit of banking you will learn won't hurt you, and when you know the difference between a cheque and a draft you will be quite proud.

4th. Remember that your relations with your contributors are confidential. Sometimes those who give the least give the most in the sight of Him who sits "over against the Treasury." If anyone asks you how much *So-and-So* gives, refer her to *So-and-So*. If she has good reason for asking, she will go to headquarters. If she asks from curiosity, it is as well she should be baffled.

5th. Magnify your office. Don't say, "I couldn't be a President or Secretary, but anybody can be a Treasurer." Remember that the object of a Missionary Society is to raise money. You hold the thermometer, and as the figures rise or fall the warmth is indicated.

Lastly. Have an Auditor. Insist upon having an Auditor. An Auditor is a Treasurer's greatest comfort. In any perplexity consult your Auditor. And if, at the end of the year, your Auditor says that your addition is correct and that your vouchers account for all the money, you'll feel as if you were in school again and your solution of problems had been marked "Perfect." Don't pay out any money without taking a receipt for it, whether

it is for your Treasurer's book, or postage, or stationery, or whatever is ordered by the Society. Have receipts, so that if you are called away, your books will show where every penny went.

And to auditors may I say one word? Don't err on the side of courtesy. Don't feel that because the Treasurer is just such a person, so correct, etc., her accounts *must* be right and so pass them without scrutiny. Examine them as carefully as if they were the accounts of a stranger. This you owe to the Society.

To treasurers again a last word. If you feel incompetent, qualify yourself. If you are not "up" in arithmetic or penmanship it is never too late to mend, and there is no knowledge or acquisition which you won't find useful in life.

And this applies to all officers. If you are appointed, if you are the choice of the society, the question for you is duty, not ability. Do your duty, and you will be helped. Take the first step and the second will take itself. Do your duty and you will learn *how* to do it.

Increase.

Presbyterial Societies.

London.....	Ilderton, Auxiliary.
“	Kintore “Day Star” Mission Band.
Saugeen.	Belmore Auxiliary.
“	McIntosh Auxiliary.
Owen Sound....	Sydenham, Knox Church, “Earnest Workers” Mission Band.
Brockville.....	Maansville, Auxiliary, re-organized.

Corrections.

(Barrie Presbyteral Society.)

A mistake was made in reporting the contributions of the Collingwood Auxiliary to the North-West supplies. The Auxiliary is credited in Report with \$10.35, and the Y. M. Band

with \$20. The whole amount, \$30.35, should be credited to the Auxiliary.

An error in type makes Duntroon Auxillary membership 0, where it should be 10.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT,

CENTRAL INDIA.

We are very thankful to be able to say that Dr. Maggie Mackellar, about whose health we have been anxious, is steadily improving. She writes from Mussoorie, July 10th, and says she will remain there by the doctor's orders until the cold season begins. There is good reason to hope she will by that time be quite built up and will be able to return to her much-loved work in Neemuch. Miss Dugan had been "holding the fort" alone in Neemuch for two months in the absence of Miss Duncan and Miss Mackellar. Miss Duncan has however now returned to Neemuch.

Rutlam: Its Past History, Present Appearance, Points of Interest, Etc.

FROM MRS. WILSON.

Rutlam, April 24th, 1894.

It is just five months to-day since we landed in India to begin our second term of service in the Mission. We came to Rutlam in December, Mr. Wilson having been appointed by the Presbytery to take charge of this station while Mr. Campbell should be away on furlough.

Mrs. Campbell will be better able to describe Rutlam to you when she is face to face with you than I in a letter. Yet, I make no excuse for telling you what I have seen and know of the place and people, as we are to be here for a year and a-half, and

naturally, I want you to be interested in, and to see through our own eyes the station we have been placed in.

It was a trial to leave Neemuch. We are, no doubt, prejudiced in its favor, and think it in many respects the pleasantest of our Mission stations. But as we are in Rutlam I intend to make the best of it, and so, to begin, plume myself on being in the territory of a Rajpoot prince who is of high enough birth and ancient enough family to regard with great contempt the Mahratta prince in whose State Neemuch lies, even though he is obliged to pay to the Mahratta yearly tribute. This, however, has been done for some years through the British Government, and Rutlam much prefers saying, "We pay tribute to Britain." to "We pay tribute to Scindia."

The founder of Rutlam, Ruttun Sing, was much esteemed by Shah Jehan. The Mogul emperor, though master of all the Rajpoot princes, wished to make them his friendly allies, and Ruttun Sing was granted much territory and many insignias of honor by his Chief, in return for which he aided Shah Jehan against his own rebellious sons, in a battle against whom, fought near Oojein, he finally lost his life.

Ruttun Sing showed his mettle when quite a young man, and a sword with which he killed a mad elephant is in the Rutlam armoury, and is worshipped by his descendants.

Like all the Rajpoot States Rutlam suffered much at the hands of the Mahrattas, and the city was twice pillaged by Jeswant Rao Holkar, and only the intervention of the British saved it from being completely destroyed by Scindia.

The present Raja, Sujjan Sing, who is only fourteen years of age, is attending Rajkomar College at Indore, and is under the charge of an English tutor. His father, the late Raja, was a public-spirited, and very industrious man, and the State is now financially in a better condition than it has been for many years.

Rutlam is on the Malwa-Rajputana Railway, half way

between Indore and Neemuch. The railway station is a poor one, but a new building, which will probably be the finest on the line, is in course of erection at the junction of the M. R. Ry., and the new line to Bombay.

The town lies about half a mile from the station, and a drive of ten or fifteen minutes over a piece of the worst metalled road I have ever seen, brings you to the Mission bungalow on the outskirts of the city.

Compared with the streets of many Indian towns those of Rutlam are clean. The houses are of the ordinary style, of one, two and three storeys, roofed with reddish tiles. Looking over the town from a height trees seem to be in abundance, but they are chiefly enclosed in courts and gardens, and do not add to the appearance of the streets. The palace towers over the city, its kiosks and turrets showing grandly when seen from a distance. On the opposite side of the city from the Mission House, and just outside a rather imposing gateway, is a pretty little lake, or *talao*, where many of the people gather in the evenings to "eat the air," or to perform their devotions.

The Rambagh, the public garden of Rutlam, is very pretty, and one who lives on the bare, sun-scorched, dusty plains of India, can fully appreciate the coolness, and greenness and shade of those public gardens that are a feature of most large Indian towns. There are two summer houses in the garden, one of them, the Raja's, used as a guest house for English officials who may be here on duty, and the other for the use of the Dewan of the State.

There are a couple of tennis courts in the garden which are free for public use, and here all castes meet and play together. One evening I saw playing together, on one court, a Erahman judge, a Rajpoot nobleman, the State doctor, who is an outcast Bunnia (on account of having married the daughter of a man who married a widow), and a Canadian missionary.

People who have come to Rutlam from other parts of the country say that the people of Rutlam are very *jungly*, which means that they are not up to the times, and the want of interest in education and reforms of various kinds are pointed to in proof of this assertion. There is a high school kept up by the Government (Rutlam), but the number of pupils in attendance, considering the size of the city, is small. There is the usual prejudice against allowing females to learn to read. The other day a little girl in a house in the bazar absolutely denied being able to read, though several people who were standing near told me that she could read very well, and that she had learned in the Mission school. She had in her hand a copy of the New Testament which had probably been given her just because she could make use of it.

There are many Jains in Rutlam, and as they are wealthy and control a large part of the city's trade, they have much influence in the State. The preservation of animal life is their religion. A few days ago one of these Jain Bunnias (the third Hindu caste) had a seat in our tonga as we were driving through the bazar, and he was nervously anxious lest we should run over any of the half-starved, mangy, pariah dogs that swarm in the streets, and that are too lazy, or too hungry-weak to crawl out of the way of a trap. He said that if we were to run over and kill the miserablest specimen of these pariah pups he would be put out of caste for having been in the tonga that did the mischief. We carefully made a circuit around such of the animals as could not be persuaded to get out of the way.

A poor cow, whose leg had been broken, lay for several weeks in one of the chief thoroughfares, protected carefully from the sun by woven mats hung on a frame of bamboos, and one and another of the bazar people carried food to her as long as she lived.

A butcher comes to Rutlam from Neemuch two or three times a week, bringing with him beef for a number of railway people who live near the station, and within the area of a piece of land set apart as an encamping ground for British troops who may be on the march. I asked cook one morning to go to the station and get a piece of beef for me, for we had had none since coming to Rutlam. The man brought it (he is a Mahommedan), but he said that he was very much afraid of it being discovered by the people of the city, in which case he would be "taken up" for the crime. I told him that I would do the smuggling myself the next time I wanted a change of meat.

Rutlam is a large opium centre, and every afternoon crowds gather in front of one or two of the principal opium shops to transact business, and to bet on the prospects of the trade. Bulls and bears are as much alive here as in any city in the world.

A new railway is about to be opened between Rutlam and a branch of the Bombay-Baroda Line, which will bring us much nearer Bombay than we are at present. The line passes through a very barren part of the country after leaving Rutlam, but it will open up a number of centres for mission work. We need scarcely, however, speak of more centres for mission work when we find it impossible even to keep "manned" the stations already open.

There is said to be a Model Farm near Rutlam, and, I believe, an enterprising traveller has given a fine description of it in a lately published book. You have heard of the contents of a chapter entitled "Snakes," in a book on Iceland. "There are no snakes in Iceland." Having seen the Model Farm with my own eyes, I should say, if it were not too dreadful a Hibernicism, "There is no Model Farm in Rutlam."

The view of Rutlam from the upper verandah of the Mission House is very pretty. To the south, and within a few

minutes' walk, lies the city, showing only its tiled roofs, and the pagodas of some temples, and the white palace rising among the foliage of the trees. To the east, and farther away, are the railway station and the bungalows of the employees. Away to the west (it is to the west that we most gladly turn in this "Land of Regrets") lies a spur of hills which, though barren as hills can be, have all the lovely coloring of distant mountains, and are the charm of the landscape. The new line of railway coming from the direction of the hills, and passing within a few hundred yards of the Mission House, is one of the most interesting features of the view, for it is a link with the outside world that only those living in an isolated station like Rutlam can fully appreciate.

The dust, and the glare, and the hot scorching winds, that weary you with their never-ceasing *sough*, of this season of the year, you have heard about often enough. However hot as it is here, and it has been very hot this last week, it is not so hot as Neemuch, and a matter of even a few degrees less of heat is something to be thankful for. The nights are much cooler than the days in Rutlam, and one can usually sleep comfortably. And yet, probably, the difference in temperature between day and night is a cause of illness. There is a great deal of fever in the bazar just now, and a large number of our native Christians are ill. Small-pox is prevalent, and one of our women and a little child are suffering from this loathsome disease.

Interesting Incidents connected with Woman's Work at Rutlam.

FROM MRS. WILSON.

You have an account of the mission work in Rutlam in Mr. Campbell's report for 1893, and Mrs. Campbell will be with you

and will tell you about the work among the women. So I shall confine myself to telling you about a few of the houses I have visited.

At this season, work is not carried on very briskly by the Bible woman. We have no gari (the two wheeled cart we use here) for them, and I do not like to ask them to walk much when the heat is so great, so each one is left to work very much as she wishes. One of the women seems to have injured her health by going out too early in the afternoon to visit zenans, and I have told her that until it is cooler she is not to attempt more than simply to keep all her houses open by occasional morning and evening visits.

One is sometimes disappointed that so few of the Christian women are eager to work for the Master they profess to serve. It is a pleasure to be obliged to tell any of them to spare themselves during a trying season of the year.

Yesterday I made an early call at the house of a goldsmith whose daughter is at present visiting in Rutlam. This girl is married to a man who lives in Ajmere, and while in her mother-in-law's house has been visited by some of the ladies of the Rajputana U. P. Mission. She reads Hindi very well, and sings a number of our hymns, and as she is to be here for several months and is anxious not to forget what she has learned, has put herself under the charge of the Mission. The father and mother are exceedingly friendly, and they told me that if I would send a teacher to the house they would arrange to have a number of girls gathered every day either in the court yard or in one of the rooms. The mother and daughter have come several times to a Sunday School that I have in the bazar, and also to a Bible class for Christian women in our own house.

You have no idea how very "superior" some of these people feel who have learned to read, and it is very amusing to hear them express their contempt for their illiterate neighbours.

“These Rutlam people know nothing ; they are jungly folk,” this woman told me, and she went on to describe to some women who had gathered around us the state of affairs in Ajmere. “There,” she said, “all people of any consequence learn to read.” She cannot read herself, but evidently feels that it is well to be the mother of a learned daughter.

About two weeks ago I went to see a poor woman who had been dreadfully injured by the treatment of a native mid-wife. One of our Bible women had discovered the case, and for a week or two had gone every morning to help the poor sufferer as she could, and when I went to see her she was able to sit up, though her face bore marks of the pain she had endured. Her husband was so grateful for what had been done that he gave the Bible-woman a *chadar* (pronounced chudder) and two rupees. We said that we never took gifts of money, and that we would rather they would not even give the *chadar*. However, evidently they would have been much offended had the things been declined, so we told them that the money would go into the Mission treasury.

I asked the Bible woman how she had found these people, and she said that when the woman was supposed to be dying, the husband had made enquires as to whether there were any people of Christian *caste* in Rutlam, for he knew the Christians were always ready to give help in times of trouble.

A sister of his wife had at one time been a patient in the Indore Hospital, and the memory of the kindness received there will never be forgotten.

Thakurani, as they call her, is decidedly an interesting woman, though she is just as sure that her religion is the best religion for her, and that Ram Chander is the pick of gods, as that the sun shines in the heavens. Thakurani is a Rajputani, whose husband took to himself a second, and much younger wife about a year ago. For some months the pair seemed to agree wonderfully, and at the time Mrs. Campbell introduced me to

the house, they appeared like mother and daughter. But evil days have come, and now the old lady abuses the young rival in quite strong enough language. Thakurani reads well and understands everything she reads, and she had been trying to teach wife number two to read intelligently, but she told me the other day, "It's no use trying to teach her, she's just a jungly animal; she says the words, but she understands nothing." And while I was hearing the girl read, Thakurani kept interrupting by saying to her, "You stupid." I told her that the girl was young, and that she ought to have patience with her. She said that she had had a great deal of patience, but there was no use in trying to do anything with such a stupid creature.

Poor old lady ! She is a clever woman herself, and I daresay is irritated by the slowness of her pupil, but the heart and not the head is at the bottom of the trouble. She had spoken bitterly to the Bible-woman of the girl who has "stolen" her "husband's affection."

We very seldom argue with the women on the merits of our different religions, but Thakurani seemed to feel from something that had been said one day that I thought her an idolater, and she gave me rapidly an epitome of her faith. "Do you think that I worship wood and stone? I sit on stone; I walk over it; shall I take a piece of that same stone and bow down and worship it? My bed is made of wood; this door frame is a piece of wood; we make chairs of wood. Shall I take a piece of wood and bow down and worship it?" I do not know whether she had thought this out for herself, or whether she had learned it from Mrs. Campbell and the Bible-woman, but the manner of speech and gesticulation were her own.

Then she told me that she quite understood about Christ, for Ram Chander was born in the same miraculous manner, and did for them what Christ did for us.

Something was said about the second coming of Christ, and

when I told her that many Christians believed He would come soon, she asked whether the time of His coming was written in our sacred books. I said No. Then she asked how long it was since He had gone away from the earth, and what assurance we had that He would come again. When I answered her a smile passed over her face, that said as plainly as words could say, "Where is the promise of His coming."

Mr. Wilson and I returned the call of a Seth (merchant of the Bania caste) who is at present making a tour of different towns in which he has branches of his business. He lives in Baroda, but has shops in a number of places in Central India.

We were received with that elaborate and yet dignified politeness characteristic of many Indians. You would think that, like Bolingbroke, these Indian gentlemen had "stolen all courtesy from heaven," and a missionary need certainly not leave his manners behind him when he comes to live in this land. The Seth's wife was prepared to receive me, and I found her a very pleasant little woman. She is strictly purdah, but goes everywhere with her husband, and though very much younger than he, is evidently devoted to him. I asked her if she could read, and she said that she had begun to learn, but immediately fell into ill-health, and her husband forbade her continuing, for he was sure that the reading was the cause of her trouble. She told me that women of her caste are allowed to read after the age of twenty-five, for by that time they are supposed to have wisdom enough not to put their learning to a bad use.

Interesting Story of "Our Baby."

FROM MISS WHITE.

Indore, Central India, May 3, 1894.

We thought of you all in Ottawa at the meeting, accounts of which have not had time to reach us yet. I hope you had nice

weather for the journeying to and fro. April has been exceptionally hot here, but so far we have not felt oppressed. I went to Simrole Dak bungalow for a few days with Dr. McKellar, but the change was not sufficient to break her fever, so yesterday morning we saw her off to Mussorie, and fervently hope the hill breezes will completely restore her strength. She thinks Simrole has done some good. We both enjoyed the few days together and seemed to get better acquainted with each other, for when I visited Neemuch we only met to part, as Dr. McKellar had arranged to visit Indore. I often think of that visit to Neemuch, but will not dwell on it here. The facts are painfully known to you all, I can hardly realize that the home I visited, with its happy trio, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Jamieson, is broken up, and they are now gone from our midst. We will trust and hope it will only be for a season.

We all miss Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie and little Bessie so much, but I am not going to talk about all those who have left us. They are in loving hands.

I long to tell you of a new addition to our mission—a little chocolate-colored lassie, six months old, who was found under the seat of a railway carriage at Indore some weeks ago, and cared for by a British officer, one of the A.G.G.'s assistants. On inquiry it was found that the child had been abandoned by its grandmother, who has been arrested and imprisoned. Meanwhile the gentleman has looked after the baby, and being unmarried he was anxious to have her in experienced hands, so he came to our bungalow hoping to put her in the boarding school. As I had to act for Miss Sinclair in her absence at the hills. I told him the youngest child in the school was four years old, but asked him to keep the child till I would consult with those more experienced than myself. Miss Grier and I talked the matter over with Dr. O'Hara, who advised and helped us so much. We (Miss Grier and I) agreed to take the baby as our own, on shares

(as they take some farms in Canada) and pay a native Christian woman to take care of her till old enough to enter school as our charge, which, we trust, she will always be. Dr. O'Hara suggested a woman who lives in the Hospital Compound and works for her. She was asked if she would care for the little one, and her answer was: "As fire warms all who come near, so my heart warms towards a baby." So it was arranged and the little child came next morning in charge of a woman and the chief of police. She was wrapped in a dirty shawl, which did duty for

her garments and, of course, a topee (cap) on her head. After awhile she cried a good deal, but Dr. O'Hara said she was getting over the effects of opium, for the poor little thing had been kept drugged by the woman who had been appointed to look after it. She is getting on nicely and looks so bright and pretty in her little print gowns. Dr. O'Hara and I were invited out to dinner one evening lately and met among the guests our baby's protector. He asked us to call her Pyārie (long ā) the Hindi for "beloved" and when baptized he will attend and his gift to her will be silver bangles instead of the silver christening mug given to her fair brothers and sisters on such occasions. The idea of silver bangles may suggest to you that it is wrong to have such things, but native women, Christian or heathen, think it is wrong to have our wrists uncovered, and express surprise that we do not wear bangles. Ah, well! if baby never wears them, she can keep them, like a bank account.

Dear Mrs. Harvie, I did not mean to say so much about our baby, but it is a case of "out of the abundance of the heart," etc., with both Miss Grier and myself that we have to apologize to our sister missionaries for introducing our new charge into our letters to them so often.

We will all try to guide the little one to the feet of Jesus and trust she may prove one of His precious jewels. Kind regards to all the ladies.

NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

Encouragements in Answer to Prayer.

FROM MR. WRIGHT.

Rolling River Reserve, Minnedosa, June 27, 1894.

It is now five months since we arrived at our new field of labour. During this time we have been encouraged by the many kind letters we have received from the ladies of the W.F.M.S. and by the many prayers which have been offered up for our mission and for ourselves.

We feel thankful to the people, or rather the ladies of Manitoba, who have, during the past winter, sent us the clothing, which was very thankfully received by the poor shivering creatures, and which has not only been a comfort to them, but also a blessing.

We have been unable to give a statement of the work to a number of the kind inquirers, so I take this opportunity of bringing our mission before the readers of the LEAFLET.

Although I had been in the Indian work for over two years before I came here, I had very little idea of the pagan Indian, and scarcely can I allow myself to believe that such heathen darkness could exist on an Indian Reserve, three miles by eight, in the centre of a Christian country. While speaking to one of our old Indians, a man of about 65 or 70 years, he told me that he never heard the Gospel and I have no reason to disbelieve him. And even yet there are some who will not listen to the story of love and who say we are trying to make the Indians Christians without their knowing it. This shows how little they know of the gift of God. I often wonder if there are many such spots of heathenism in our fair Province. Heathen at our own doors, and worse, I believe, if worse can be, than they in heathen

lands, for they have gathered all the vices and sins of the white community along with their own paganism.

We have had some very encouraging sights and tokens of the many prayers being answered.

Our first service was held on the 4th of March in the house of an old man, who willingly opened his door for the Gospel. We had only eight persons, but we had lots of needs. The house had no furniture, so we all sat round on the floor, and it was not very clean. We had service every Sabbath and sometimes twice, until the Indians went away to dig root, for that is their main source of making a living.

After having a talk with the old man and his wife, I found that they had an idea of God, but knew not how they could approach Him. A few Sabbaths later, they told us, after the service, how they had been blessed, and said that they understood so much better the will of God.

Three weeks later the old woman was taken ill and became, unconscious and the medicine men thought that was their chance to get the old man to turn aside, but he stood the test and told them that I had told them of the Great Physician of the soul and He is the Great Spirit, and that they were to leave it all with Him. A few days later and she drew near her last. The day before she died she became conscious and told all present that she had heard the prayers that were offered up for her and that now they were going to be answered and that she was going to the house which God had prepared for her and told them all to prepare to meet her there. They gave her a Christian burial. The old man is striving to do God's will as far as he knows how.

I had service with them last Sabbath under a tree. We had nineteen persons present. The interest shown was marked.

Our efforts to establish Christianity among these poor people have caused the medicine men to bring forth their strongest

forces to draw those who had given any signs of wishing a change of life. But thanks be to God a few stood it all.

At their annual medicine dinner (or dog feast) the poor blind creatures gave presents to the amount of about two hundred dollars, and the same poor things often had to go to bed hungry in order to buy the presents for that dance. The medicine men reap the benefit of it. This is the reason they are so very much afraid of Christianity.

They received four children into their pagan religion during the medicine dance. They hold this ceremony very sacred.

Owing to the absence of the Indians we will not be able to make the desired progress this summer, but we hope by the return of another summer to have them take more interest in their own welfare.

You will be sorry to hear of the death of little Gilbert Boyer, my interpreter's eldest son. He was a very bright little boy, and had been in the Birtle Indian school for the past three months, where he was at the time of his death.

We were very much pleased to see by the LEAFLET that a delegation of ladies intend visiting the missions in Manitoba and North West Territories during the summer, which I make no doubt will give you a much better idea of the work.?

Extract from Letter Sent to the Secretary of Brandon Presbyterial Society.

FROM MISS M'LAREN.

Birtle, June 2, 1894.

The attendance has never been so good [as now. At] present there are fifteen boys and nineteen girls at school, and two little boys at home on sick leave. Two others, a little girl of nine who has been with us constantly for four years, was

taken away last week to be sent to Regina, also a large boy who has been at the school nearly five years.

We are expecting that the recent passing of the compulsory School Act for Indian children, by the Dominion Government, will still further increase our attendance, though forty is the very most we can accommodate.

There are still a great many children on the Reserve who have never been to school. Nothing can induce some parents to send their children. Sometimes they refuse because of their preference for the Indian way of training, and prejudice at, or fear of, English customs. Sometimes because of their deep love, which makes it hard to part with them. But these objections are gradually disappearing and parents are often not only willing but anxious to send their children to school.

The progress of the pupils has been very satisfactory, to us at least, during the year. One of our boys does all the type-setting in the office here, and two others spend some hours every week at the same work. One of the girls runs the sewing machine and is learning to run the knitting machine, while all, even the youngest, take some share of the house-work. They all attend service and Sabbath school, one little girl of nine taking a prize lately for perfect repetition of all the Golden Texts for one quarter, and the Ten Commandments. Mr. Frew, our pastor, has a weekly service with them in the school-room.

Several children on the Lizard Point Reserve have been baptized during the past year by Mr. Flett. The parents, though not professing Christianity themselves, are willing to give their little ones over to the care of the Church. They say, "We know we cannot train them, and we give them to you." One girl of fifteen has been baptized at the school at her own request. This makes three baptisms here. A day-school has been opened lately on this reserve by the Roman

Catholics, but has not affected the attendance at Birtle as yet.

We have had a little sickness lately—two cases of erysipelas, a few severe colds, and our baby Jacob has been ill nearly all the winter.

We cannot close without thanking the W. F. M. S. for the very comfortable building which we now have. When we look back over the five years that have passed, and see the gradual change from when we began, to where we are now, we cannot but feel thankful to the kind Father who has been caring for us all the time.

We hope to welcome a deputation from the Board in Toronto during the summer. Such visits cheer us on our way and inspire us with new hope and courage to “press on.”

MISSION STUDIES.

BY MISS FERRIER, CALEDONIA.

(Tenth Paper.)

Christian Literature and Temperance Work.

In the short sketches I have given of the four chief centres of the Trinidad Mission I have not had room to notice some features of the work common to each, of which I will now make brief mention.

One result among others of the enlightening and elevating power of the Gospel is the demand which has sprung up among the East Indians connected with the Mission for reading matter in their own language. To supply this demand large numbers of Christian books and tracts in Hindi are every year imported from India, and these are eagerly bought by converts and inquirers. Books and tracts in

English are also procured for those educated in that language. Many examples might be given in proof of the value of this method of spreading the gospel—one or two must suffice. A young Brahman, now a Christian, tells that he had been taught to detest the name of Jesus, and so would have cast aside any book which contained that name. But he got a copy of the Psalms and was wonderfully struck with the way in which they spoke of God. He felt that the God they made known to him possessed the perfections of the Supreme Being, whom he and all men should adore ; he saw how unlike He was to the gods of the nations he knew of, and when he thus became deeply interested in one portion of Scripture he was induced to study the whole, and was soon brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. A short time ago Mr. McRae baptized a Mohammedan, his wife and children, who became interested inquirers in consequence of a simple act of seed-sowing on the part of a humble Christian man who, faint and weary, called at their house, seeking a little food which was given him. On leaving he laid down on a stool a few tracts he had with him. The man of the house was not at home at the time, but when he returned and saw the tracts he was curious to know their contents. He could read a little, so he carefully perused them, and thus learned God's method of putting away sin, and from this starting point was soon led out of darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel.

Strong drink is proving a curse to a large number of the East Indians in Trinidad. The missionaries say that it is ruining far more than the efforts of all connected with the Mission can save. Except for the lowest castes intoxicating drink is forbidden to Hindoos as well as to Mohammedans, but as other caste rules have to be broken on coming to Trinidad, the temptation to break this one is very great, because rum is one of the staple products. Drinking customs are fearfully prevalent, and drink of

the most dangerous kind is for sale at every corner, therefore the missionaries are all total abstainers, and do their utmost to get everyone connected with the Mission to become so likewise. Blue-ribbon bands have been formed in all the districts, every effort is made to get the young people to join them, and much good has been effected in this way. Miss Blackadder tells the following story of one of her Band of Hope boys who was one day walking some distance in company with a man. They had walked some miles in the heat and dust, when, coming to a rum shop, the man said, "Yousef, will you drink some rum?" "No," was the answer. "We school boys do not drink." "Well, will you take a cigar?" "No, I do not smoke." "Ah," said the man, "you boys are fools and stupid, you do not like this or that; Miss Blackadder is spoiling you." "Well," said Yousef, "perhaps what you say is true, but I will tell you what all we boys like much, good bread and butter." The man took the hint, and gave the brave little Band of Hope boy a loaf of bread and plenty of butter. This Hindoo boy's plan might be found to work as well in other places as it did in Trinidad.

In order to get the older people interested in the cause of temperance public meetings are held from time to time at which suitable magic lantern views are exhibited, addresses made, and songs and recitations given by the children, much pains being taken by the ladies of the Mission to collect or compose suitable pieces, and teach the children to recite them well. These meetings are very popular, are sure to draw a crowded house, and have been, it is hoped, productive of great good.

No means which can be used for the spiritual and temporal good of these heathen immigrants from the East, whom our missionaries are seeking to win for Christ, are left untried, and they have much to encourage them in their arduous work in the present condition and future prospects of the Mission. Let us

seek to take an increasing interest in their work of faith and labor of love, and may God grant that those who have been honored to begin the work and to carry it on so successfully for a quar'ar of a century may be long spared to continue their labors and to see much good resulting from them.

Seed Time.

“ Broadcast thy seed !
Although some portion may be found
To fall on uncongenial ground,
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay
Its coming into light of day ;
Or when it comes, some pestilent air
May make it droop, and wither there—
Be not discouraged ; some will find
Congenial soil, and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew and ripening shower,
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit ; to glad thine eyes,
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.
Do good, and God will bless thy deed—
Broadcast thy seed !”

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 question 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 to 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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For above apply to Mrs. Telfer, 72 St. Albans Street, Toronto. Postage and express paid.

Applications for Reports to be made to Mrs. Shortreed, Home Secretary, 224 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

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Directions about the Monthly Letter Leaflet.

1. The year begins with the *May* number. 2. Subscription, 12 cents a year payable in advance. 3. Subscriptions may begin at any time (one cent a copy) but must end with the *April* number. All orders and money to be sent through the Presbyterian Secretary to Mrs. (Agnes) Telfer, 72 St. Albans Street, Toronto.

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