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"Whatsoever he saith unto you do it."

MONTHLY LEAFLET

OF THE

Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions.

Vol. 3. MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1897. Price 10c
No. 9. a year.

SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

Cisamba and our Missionaries.—Is. 42:5-8; Is. 49:6; John 1:9; Ps. 91:9-16.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS IN "LIFE AND LIGHT."

September—An hour in the Austrian Field.

October—The Personal Factor in Mission Work.

THE MONTHLY LEAFLET.

All communications and letters from the missionaries intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. Sanders, 5 Mackay street, Montreal, P.Q.

Editorial Paragraphs.

With pleasure we welcome Fitch Bay Auxiliary, Quebec Provincial Branch. President, Mrs. Doloff; Vice-President, Mrs. Rand; Secretary, Mrs. Barber; Treasurer, Miss Gage.

Received up to date, 1,649 subscriptions to the MONTHLY LEAFLET. All expire with the January number, 1898.

The Treasurer urgently requests the Auxiliaries to bear in mind the Pledges of the Board, namely: Salaries, \$950; Home Missions, \$600; "Galene," \$70; expenses at Cisamba Station, \$50.

From Miss Emily McCullum.

TAWIS, Austria-Turkey, July 21st, 1897.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I have again the pleasant duty of thanking you for the \$70 for the Canadian scholarship in the Smyrna school, which is still used for little Galene. I notice in the LEAFLET report of the annual meeting at Lanark two items which I wish to correct: 1st. Galene is not an Armenian, but a Greek. Her father is one of our Greek pastors. 2nd. That Galene has only one more year at school. She really needs five years to complete the regular course, but as she is a bright girl and advanced in her Greek, I hope she can do extra work and finish in five. I should not advise her doing it in less time if she could, as I do not think she can get the most good of her studies if she finishes too young—she is now only 12.

P.S.
BV
2530
A/M

CHURCH
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I am sorry to say that I cannot write such a good account of Galene as in former years; not that she is a bad child; on the contrary she is a good one. It may be only that she is growing fast, and that her body is developing faster than her mind, and perhaps I have expected too much of her for a child of 11. When it came to the end of the year and her standing was much lower than ever before, she was very sorry; but she told it very sweetly and said she hoped it would teach her to do better next year. She is spending the summer with her grandmother, who is a very dear Christian, and I hope Galene will learn much that is good from her. I hope you will pray for her that she may do better next year, and that she may let her light shine brightly for Jesus. It is so easy for us all to fall backward and so I think we must have patience with our little girl.

From Rev. W. T. Currie.

CISAMBA, May 20, 1897.

MRS. FRANCES A. SANDERS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your welcome letter of March 12th in your hand, and I am very much pleased to have it.

My reply must be brief, as we are just sending away reports of the Annual Meeting of our Missionaries, held at this station from May 8th to 11th inst.

We have great cause to rejoice that over five hundred dollars have been raised in Canada with which to begin the Memorial Hospital. I think it would be better to place the money in a safe bank for the present year, and let it thus increase. As the churches propose to send us a Physician to take in charge the medical work, it seems to us best to wait till he comes before beginning to build; especially as the Hospital will be under charge more than any one else at this station.

I have told you that our two hundred dollars are also ready and herewith inclose a letter from a former minister of the Church of England who has several children in the mission field. It speaks for itself. I send it merely to say that the £10 will be a contribution from this end of the line to the second five hundred dollars. I also received last night from London, England, a gift of £1, sent by Dr. Maxwell, for medical work from a teacher of "Medical Missions at home and abroad." This also will go toward the fund. I have also received further cheque from Dr. Louis Klopfeh, proprietor of the "Christian Herald," New York City, for ten dollars (\$10) toward the work at this station. This we have also decided to place to the credit of the hospital fund. We are thus well on the road to the second five hundred dollars, having about eight

hundred in hand before the close of the first year. Surely we have reason to thank God and press forward.

We now receive regularly the LEAFLETS sent, and are very much interested in them. Some kind friend seems to have sent us the "Golden Rule"; and one copy has just come to hand; and the inclosed address will show you by how much a matter of providential care we ever received the paper.

We remember Dr. Jas. Johnston's visit with very great pleasure. Could he but return he would see great changes; but the Lord prospers us the changes during the next five years will be greater still.

If a doctor is coming out, might not the ladies in their sewing-circles make up sheets and other furnishing for the new hospital, including night-gowns for the unclad natives and whites who often come to us with only one shirt to their back.

From Rev. C. J. Bird.

68 Hamilton Road, Highbury, LONDON, N., 15 Feb., 1897.

DEAR MR. CURRIE AND HONOURED BROTHER IN THE LORD,—It is my pleasant task to forward to you by Mr. Bagster a sum of ten pounds (£10), which you are requested to accept as a gift of love; part of it (£5) from my bereaved daughter-in-law, Mrs. Cyril Bird, of Kavongu, in remembrance of your many kindnesses to her departed husband and herself, and the other part added by the Editors of "Echoes," as an expression of their grateful sense of these and similar kindnesses shown for the Lord's sake to others, both brethren and sisters, during many past years,—brethren who, like Mr. Arnold, often refer to your brotherly cheer and hospitality and counsel as a matter for praise to the Lord, as well as of gratitude to yourself.

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

CISAMBA, May 21, 1897.

DEAR MRS. SANDERS,—This month has been a very busy one; a good deal of sickness among the natives. There was a good attendance at the annual meetings; we had a most enjoyable time. Next year we hope to have a woman's session; as it was, the ladies had some helpful talks together. What an inspiration it is to see a fresh face! From all around villagers brought meal and chickens to help feed our guests. We were very glad of the help, for there were a good many boys and carriers from the other stations. Some kind friends sent us a bale of remnants; no letter or name was attached to inform us of the thoughtful donors; but the things sent are very gratefully appreciated; they are most useful. The enormous spool of thread is a constant theme of admiration for our boys and girls

—they often bring in visitors and look at it as it stands on my machine.

There are many societies who are helped by the visible work of their hands, and many can work for our Master who have no money to give. The hospital will need furnishings, bedding especially, and if on the sheets, etc., the names of the workers or workers is inscribed in washable colored thread, it would furnish the text for many a little sermon and attract attention and form a practical illustration of how the Saviour's children in the far-off "white man's land" think of and help the black children who are only beginning to hear about Him. Loose flannel jackets and shirts are so often badly needed in time of sickness. Very often Mr. Currie has given one of his own shirts to a sick lad, also to white traders who have been brought here miserably ill, with no clothes but what they come in.

Just now a couple of shots were fired; the boys are on the watch for a couple of hyenas who visited the pig pen last night and carried off two of our pigs. The boys heard the squeak and chased the animals. The pigs were dead when the boys found them; one was badly torn and eaten.

From Miss Helen J. Melville.

CISAMBA STATION, May 18th, 1897.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Six weeks ago our hearts rejoiced over the birth of a baby boy. Kumba, the father, thought there never was such a baby before. Ngeve, the mother, herself only a girl not more than eighteen, loved her baby so dearly. He was the light of their home for three short weeks. The grandmother took the little one to her heart, saying, "My boy who died here last year is given back to me." They named him for the boy who died, Citende. More than once in going to the house she said, "Where is the baby?" "Away with his father in the onjongo visiting with the men." When he was two weeks old his parents brought him and dedicated him unto the Lord in baptism. That very week he took sick. We did all in our power for him, but we could see he was sinking. The father, mother and grandmother never left him, watching his every breath. When a hot bath was being given the grandmother knelt by the side of the bath, she a heathen woman, making a profession of faith in Christ, praying so earnestly for the baby. She was feeling very deeply; it seemed like her own boy being taken from her the second time. Her prayer was much like this, "Lord, all the children born here at this station are thine. Lord, spare him. Lord, bless the means used, the medicine given, and spare the child. Lord what have we done that thou hast sent this sorrow upon us. Forgive us, Lord, and spare

abe." When the child died, she took him in her arms and carried him to his father's house. Our hearts were filled as we saw their sorrow; the pride of the father's heart and the babe whom the mother loved taken from them. All through they did not falter, but looked up to the Lord for strength in their time of need. A little coffin was made for him. The white dress in which he was baptized was put on him. A rose of Mrs. Currie's, a pure white rose, only two months up from seed, put out two beautiful blossoms the morning of the funeral, which we put on the wee coffin, as if it were a symbol of the pure little life. We gathered at his funeral; Mr. Currie conducted the service. We wended our way to the graveyard and laid him, the wee Citende, beside the boy Citende, his uncle, who died a year ago. Pray for these young people; pray for the young mother, who is very lonely; pray for the grandmother, that she may be led to accept Christ as her Saviour; she is very regular in attendance at our church services. Pray for the grandmother, whom we often think is not far from the kingdom. The day the babe was buried the eldest sister of the grandfather, an old, old woman, died at their village. The old man is always in his place at service; he came to service the Sunday his sister was lying unburied at his village. He does all in his power to help his boys who are here to do what is right. One of the boys, Lumbó, whom many of you know by name, he is one of the evangelists, and one of our best preachers.

We wish to thank the friends for the letters and papers they have sent us. We have indeed enjoyed them, and we look forward to the coming mails with much pleasure.

May 20th, 1897.

DEAR LOVED ONES,—You need have no more anxiety regarding my tendency to fever, for I am so well. I have not that tired feeling that troubled me before I went to Bailundu. You say you often think about Maggie speaking to the natives, and wonder how she succeeds. Well, she can talk to them, and very well, too, they understand her, and she understands them. We are looking forward to the coming of the doctor. I do hope, and yet we do not expect, that he will come this year. I hope they will bring a stove with a hot water reservoir; we find ours such a comfort, and when hot water may be required at any moment by a doctor it is especially convenient. We are also needing help in the industrial department. Mr. Currie has enough to do, and it would be such a help to the boys; but I suppose these additions will all come in good time. In the meantime the work here progresses, and the knowledge that the dear ones in the home land are praying for us is a great help.

From Miss Margret M. Melville.

CISAMBA STATION, May 18th, 1897.

DEAR CANADIAN FRIENDS,—This month I am going to tell you of our pleasant time we had a week ago, when our friends from the other stations came together, here, to hold the annual meeting of the W. C. A. M. Those in the homeland do not know how to appreciate the visits of their friends. Think of almost a whole year passing without a white lady or rather an English lady being here. It is true two Portuguese women came for medical treatment but we had not even seen another white lady for six months and then we were visiting in Kamundonga. You, then can imagine our joy, when Mr and Mrs. Rea arrived with their four dear little children, and in an hour Mrs. Woodside came with her four children, followed the next day by Mr. Woodside and Dr. Mellman, and on Saturday by Mr. Sanders. Those in Bailundu were unable to come.

Well, the gentlemen held a session on Saturday morning and we were privileged to attend that of the afternoon, as at that session the reports were to be read. These were in some cases very interesting.

On Sunday our morning service was held as usual, with a very large congregation. For, as one old woman told me, "I came to see the white people, the visitors." Among those who were most prominent was the chief of Ciuka, where the school house is being erected. He came on Friday, "to attend the gathering." Mr. Currie preached, followed by Muenekanya. At Sunday school they were about 250, of whom 64 were in my class of little girls. Children here, are curious as well as those in America.

At the afternoon service, as is customary, the communion of the Lord's Supper was dispensed. Mr. Currie conducted the first part of the service. He said, "There is a young girl here who wishes to profess Christ, she was baptized when a child and now wishes to partake of the Lord's Supper with those of His children." Our girls looked in wonderment not knowing that Mabel Woodside was then to be given the right hand of fellowship and to publicly declare herself a member of Christ's family. After reading the Creed in Umbundu, which Mabel accepted, Mr. Currie spoke a few touching words in English and instead of giving, as usual, a text, he gave her a Bible as the guide of her life, and then engaged in prayer commending this child of the mission to our loving Heavenly Father's care. Afterwards some of the young people said, "They do the same to their own children as they do to us," They meant that we the white people must accept of Jesus as their Saviour and receive by

97. The right hand just as the black people, for "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Then besides that, they never before had seen one received, who had been baptized in infancy. But now they understand better that the baptism of their children is not an empty ceremony but means much. Mr. Woodside then led, as we partook of the Lord's Supper. Those who sat at the table were the missionaries, and Mabel, four members from Kamundongo native church, one from Bailundu church, who now lives at Sakanjimba and the members of our own native church, of whom several are absent at the coast. There were then in all thirty native members.

On Monday and Tuesday the gentlemen continued their business with three sessions each day. We, ladies, enjoyed much our social intercourse and often discussed methods of working.

We were sorry our friends could not remain longer but all took their departure on Wednesday morning, leaving us a little lonely, for so many bright children are much missed when they leave us.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodside and their family are about to leave for America, so some of you may see them.

May 20th.

DEAR LOVED ONES,—Our letters this mail were few in number but very good. A good many papers came, and we will enjoy them much. Our Kindergarten takes up a good deal of our time—we are preparing something new for them. I found straw with a hollow centre, and have cut it into short pieces, to be strung alternately with colored paper, this is scarce, but we use catalogues or envelopes, and they do very well. Mr. Currie began making bricks to-day again, he hopes to do a good deal of work, such as building fences, etc. It is very hard for him to leave every department to look after, and we do hope that soon, some one will come to relieve him. I want to tell you about an old woman Nacisinga, the mother of Cipilulume and Calungila, who is Lumbi's wife. They are both members of the Church. It appears that Nacisinga's mother was sold into slavery when Nacisinga was a baby, and as the native law is, that if a woman is sold into slavery her children and grandchildren are also slaves. Those who bought her mother did not know of her existence, so she has remained free until now, when they have sent for her, and taken her to the Fort, where the case is to be tried. A soldier came yesterday and took her, her husband going with her, and a number from his village. She is a regular

attendant at Church and S.S., so also is her husband. If they decide against her, her children will also go into slavery. Those who are here are safe, for no one living at the Mission Station can be sold. Mr. Sanders was detained a day late from the Annual Meeting, because some one was trying to enslave four of his boys. One of the Portuguese sold a horse for five slaves, as the Government demands slaves in payment of fines. One of our girls is a slave at the Fort because her father had a fine there. He persuaded her to leave our station upon some pretext when he sold her for his fine.

From Mrs. Findlater (Formerly Miss Sarah A. Jeffery)

SPERRINVILLE, Kasanli, Punjab, India, June 29th, 1897.

MY DEAR MRS. SANDERS,—The last mail has brought safely the sum of rupees 19, annas 13, from the Auxiliary of Calvary Church, Montreal. This is forwarded to be used in helping to rescue some of the starving children of India.

I trust you have received the letter I sent in reply to your last with the offering of \$49. You can scarcely understand what great help and encouragement these unexpected offerings from home friends are. Many times before I left the Orphanage at Khamgaon, small gifts came in just in time to help us with some fresh case, which we had taken in without any knowledge as to how they were to be supported. It is not easy to turn away from the starving little ones so often brought to our doors.

We are now looking to the Lord to send the needed rains just at this season. We dare not say what it will mean if another rainy season goes by with little or no rain. This hot season has been very trying and surpasses the record of past years for heat.

The Lord has surely been visiting India with famine, plague and earthquake, and we wonder if there can be more suffering allowed in the land. But we praise Him for the souls rescued during the past year and trust more will yet be led to accept God's only way of salvation.

May the Lord keep you faithfully holding up in prayer, his workers in this dark land.

Yours in His service,

S. A. FINDLATER.

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