

Whatsoever he saith unto you do it.

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MONTHLY LEAFLET

OF THE

Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions.

1. S.
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MONTREAL, JULY, 1897.

Price 10c
a year.

SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

My peace I give unto you."—John 14 : 27 ; Is. 29 : 3 ; Ps. 119 : 165 ; Phil. 4 : 7.

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.

The President's new address is Mrs. (Rev.) D. Macallum, 320 Carl Street, Kingston, Ont.

The pattern of the girl's jacket worn by the natives in Africa has been forwarded by Miss Helen J. Melville, and may be had from the Secretary, Mrs. Freeland, Bowmanville, Ont., or Mrs. Wickson, 16 Macpherson Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

From Miss Helen J. Melville.

CISAMBA, Feb. 20th, 1897.

DEAR FRIENDS,—About the time this reaches you, you will be gathering together at the annual meeting of our Board. We send greetings to you all. We have much cause for thankfulness. The year opened amid sorrow and anxiety. Death had visited us and taken away some of our choice ones ; others were very sick. We were afraid of the effect of this sickness and death on our young people as well as on their relatives. These people are torn and bred amid superstition of a very deep character. It would have been little wonder if some of our people had trembled ; but no, they stood firm ; not one wavered. This is a great cause for thanksgiving. Another reason for thanksgiving is that with very little or no trouble we were allowed to give those who died Christian burial. Apart from the sickness at the beginning of the year there has been very little to make it eventful. We have had fairly good health, all having our little attacks of sickness, but nothing of a serious character. Our schools have been well attended by our station boys and girls, with a few villagers who come one week, two weeks or a month, then go away on a journey. You may not see them again, or months after they

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return to school. We hope they will learn some little of the truth the few straggling days they may come. The progress of the whole has been good. One has to make allowance for the girls when you remember that ten of them have babies strapped on their backs. Sometimes we have quite a noisy time with the playing or crying, but we try to hear and be heard above it all. The gain of new pupils has not been as great as we would wish either in the boys' or girls' schools. A kindergarten has been started to gather in the little ones. We hope this will grow to be quite a large school. There are plenty of children at the villages if we can get hold of them and get them interested. The evangelistic work has been carried on by the church to a greater extent than any former year, four of the elders being appointed for that work, spending about half their time in touring among the villages. They have been well received, and we believe are doing good work. Six of our young people have been received into church fellowship, four of them men and two women, making the total membership thirty. Six couples have been married; of these twelve all except two are professing Christians, church members. Thus six Christian homes have been set up in our midst during the year. We are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the prospect of soon having a hospital, for we need it so badly. As things now are, every epidemic is brought into our midst, and we seem helpless to prevent it without being harsh. Relatives of our young people are constantly sick; they bring them here for treatment; we have not a suitable place for them, so they take them into their own homes; we cannot say them nay. We rejoice, indeed, that by your kindness we shall soon have a building where we can receive them and give them the help they need. Hoping that you will have much blessing in your meeting together,

Yours in His service,

HELEN J. MELVILLE.

From Miss Margret M. Melville.

CISAMBA, Feb. 13th, 1897.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I picture to myself your pleasant gathering together, each one eager in the work of our Master among those so ignorant of His love. Two years ago I was present with you in Zion Church, Toronto, when I thought I was aware of the need of these people for the Gospel, but when one lives among them, if only for a short time, how much more one feels and sees how deep down in superstition they are sunken. I enjoyed much those meetings, and the hearty support of all the ladies encouraged me more than I can express. There, dear Mrs. Capron, who is so near the close of her work among the Indian

of the women, gave us her kind counsel. I will not readily forget her words, for I felt her experience was worth much to me, who knew so little of the great work before me. Day by day our work here goes on; each day seems much like the one before it, but "the gentle dropping wears away the stone." Each word, each act, has its own work to perform. Our schools have been uninterrupted for two months, occupying our afternoons, while Saturday has been free. We went one Saturday to the villages, but that is all we have been able to accomplish, owing to this being the rainy season, and if it be not raining the stream which we must cross makes it often impossible and always unwise to go. In a couple of months, however, we hope to begin again. My sister is engaged with her medical work an hour or two each morning. This work is increasing, and we are looking forward to the time when the hospital will form an important factor in our work at the station. Our Sunday services are well attended, the new school-house being well filled, and a marked advance in the Sunday school is noted; heretofore none but the station lads and young girls remained, but gradually the number has increased until now we have a splendid crowd. My class at times numbers over thirty, all little girls, and mostly from the villages. May the Lord's blessing rest upon our work here and upon your gathering together. We thank Him for the measure of health and strength which we have had during the past year, and for His comfort and help in our time of great trouble last April, when so many of our loved ones were taken away.

From Rev. W. T. Currie.

CISAMBA, Feb. 22, 1897.

MRS. R. FREELAND:

DEAR FRIEND,—No doubt the ladies have told you about the work here, and when they begin telling I am disposed to remain quiet, for they seldom leave much of interest untold by the time they have finished. Dear creatures, what a heap of trouble they save us in this world. Since their advent at this station my penmanship, once growing illegible (so my sisters said) from pressure of work, has ceased to improve from lack of sufficient practice. Our Sunday school has never been more encouraging than it is just now. It is a sight on Sunday morning that would do your heart good to see. All classes are represented, from the child in its mother's arms to the old body with dim eyes, almost toothless mouth, bent form and tottering step, and from the meanest slave to the chief of the district. In my own class there are about as many chiefs and old men as there are young candidates for baptism. A young man trained at the station acts as superintendent, and he is supported by the missionaries and a

band of native teachers. The work of preaching Christ in the villages within a radius of two days' journey from this station carried on almost exclusively by young men trained in our schools, and we are thoroughly convinced that very much more good will be done by preachers raised from among the people than can ever be done by foreign missionaries moving up and down the country. A native can live on what would starve one of us, dress well for six months on the cost of one of our hats, travel about through the mud and over streams on his own bare feet, and preach the Gospel from the advantage ground of one who was born amid the same scenes, raised on the same fare, trained to the same thoughts and disciplined by the same experiences of joy and sorrow as the people themselves and who has come to know Christ as a true friend and most valuable helper. The general work of this station has been carried on at less cost to the home churches during the past year than during any previous year, while the volume of the work done has increased not a little. We are striving to make every branch self-supporting as far as possible. The presence of a young Englishman (Mr. Smith) at this station, without cost to the home churches has made it possible for me to spend a portion of my time visiting the various districts and overseeing the evangelistic work being carried on by our young men. As the ladies here cannot tell you all about that, I propose to send you a few notes myself about the journeys later on.

From Miss Helen J. Melville.

CISAMBA STATION, March 16th, 1897.

MY DEAR MRS. BROWN,—Very many thanks for your long and newsy letter, just such a letter as I enjoy. I am at a loss to know what to write; our days and weeks seem so much the same, and you have heard it over and over again. Our days are very full, but taken up with such little things that sometimes we wonder what I have been doing all day to make me feel so tired and ready for bed. One has a stubbed toe and wants it tied up. Another has some corn, potatoes or guavas to sell. The boys in the garden and kitchen need so much looking after. Another comes only to visit, or there are six or eight children following you everywhere you go, anxious to see all you do. So the day goes. School takes up all the afternoon. We had such an attack from army ants a few days ago. We saw them out in the yard, but as they often pass, we did not pay any more attention to them except to put a little coal oil on the door-sill. Through the night I was wakened by something on my face, then another and another. It did not take long to recognize what it was.

lighted the candle and looked on the floor; they were there by the thousand, up the walls, all over. I said, "Oh, the pantry!" I put on my slippers and went to the kitchen. First thing I took was the butter; it was not touched, nor the lard, as they were on a shelf, away from most of the food. I opened the food box, and saw at a glance that it was past all hope of redemption; so I shut the lid on the food I had taken so much care to prepare for our Sunday dinner. By this time I was covered with the ants; I could not do anything but try and get them off. I rushed into the parlor, and in my haste the candle went out. I tried to strike a match, and then in my haste to get at the ants it would go out. At last I made my way back to bed, and I found that we could not stay there; so we got up and made a dash for the spare bedroom, where we found the ants were content with just passing from one door to the other, and seemed to be considerate enough to leave the bed alone. Next morning we took what breakfast we could find. We fought the ants with boiling water, hot ashes, hot coals, fire and burning paper, but they were very loath to take their departure, and it was not until they had been in the house a day and part of two nights that we saw the last of them. We have had many visits from them, but never before have we been forced to give up our bed to them. We are coming to the end of our wet season. Another month will see us at the beginning of the dry. This has been a very wet one, especially at the beginning; so much so that our gardens have not done well, not at all like the previous year, when we had more garden stuff than we could eat. We hope during the dry season to reach the villages, which work we have not been able to do during the wet weather; so many places we cannot pass on foot, and then the danger of getting wet, which is no less could not stand in this country. This constant *taking care of themselves* gets very tiresome, but one has to do it if they are to keep well and able for work. The visiting the villages is a work very much needed, to get hold of the women and children. They come around very freely and in large numbers on Sunday and other days. Sunday Mrs. Currie has a class of women at her Sunday school, and often has between thirty and forty. Our services are well attended, a large number staying for Sunday school. Mr. Currie has the old men, my sister the little folks, a large crowd of them (last Sunday fifty-two). She and Mr. Currie have the two classrooms. Some of the elder boys teach the boys and young men; Ngulu, the pastor, the church members. I have station girls. It is encouraging to see a large congregation, and coming from different groups of villages. The kindergarten is the only new branch of our work. It gives promise of developing into a large school just now. Some of the mothers do not

allow the little ones to come because of the stream ; the water high. In the dry season this objection will be overcome. They sew and do some kindergarten occupations. I will enclose a mat done by one little fellow to show you some of the uses of magazine covers, etc. It is necessary to use the material I have. The girls have been sewing beside me, and such a clatter of tongues ; they are making quilts for themselves. It keeps them busy in the evening and teaches them to sew. I must draw to a close, again thanking you for your letter and for the interest the ladies of Emmanuel Church have in the work. We need your prayers ; the mission field is not the place to grow the Christian life. Our young people need your prayers ; all the branches of our work need your prayers.

From Miss Margret M. Melville.

CISAMBA STATION, 19th March, 1897.

DEAR ONES IN THE HOMELAND,—Your last letter told of preparations for Christmas ; how different from ours ! We do not give presents to one another, principally because we have nothing to give, and are so much together that surprises are out of the question ; but we have the boys and girls, and they enjoy it so much that the pleasure of giving to them far exceeds receiving anything ourselves. This is the time of year for sickness, but we far all have kept very well, with the exception of some slight sickness amongst the babies. There is, however, a soldier quite ill, and also a Portuguese trader who is ill with fever. Miss Currie thought him dying to-day. Mr. Smith has relieved Mr. Currie much in the industrial work. Mr. C. feels very much the responsibility of anyone who is very ill. We have been very well ; Helen and I have not missed school excepting twice, and that for rain, since the Christmas holidays. The kindergarten goes on as usual. Oh, I do love the work, and how happy the children are. This is the season for guavas and tomatoes. We buy the guavas from the natives, but have several trees of our own. Mr. and Mrs. Woodside are going home in September. I think that they have two or perhaps three children old enough to leave at school. Mrs. W. says she dreads it, because of returning without them. Word came last mail to Miss Fay of her mother's death. She is grieving greatly, and has gone to Bailundu to be with her brother for a short time. Poor girl, my heart goes out in sympathy for her. Things are prosperous here as far as Sunday services are concerned, for we are having a crowded house every Sunday and a good Sunday school. I alone had fifty-two last Sunday, nearly all little girls. We cannot tell what the harvest will be. I pray for guidance to spend the

ainly to them. Oh, how I long to explain the truth so that they may accept it. Next Sunday in the general school we begin lessons in the Old Testament, prepared by Mr. Stover, having finished Acts last Sunday. I have, however, been taking the life of Christ as far as my pictures permit. In another month the wet season will be over, though we have been nearly a week without rain. We have so many sweet potatoes offered for sale, good ones too, we had to pay a yard ($7\frac{1}{2}$ cents) for half a bushel. I wish that they were common Irish potatoes, but we have only a few of these for seed, raised carefully. Last year the rats ate all of our seed potatoes. Mr. Currie got a few from England and gave us a few. Mr. C. received by last caravan a box of games, croquet, etc. We took tea over there last Wednesday evening, and had a merry time, enjoying the games. Perhaps you will think it folly for missionaries, but social intercourse is just as pleasant and profitable in Africa as in America.

97. *Monday, March 22nd.*—Just a little note, for any minute we expect to be called to the funeral of Kasala, a boy of twelve or thirteen, who died this morning very suddenly. He had not been well, having had slight fever for a week, but able to go about. It was evidently some heart trouble. He is a relative of Ngulu, and has been here nearly three years. When we went to see them this morning Ngulu burst out crying, saying, "I did love Kasala so much." Poor fellow! he wants his young friends to learn the "words," and this is the second one taken from him. Poor Ngulu is heart-broken. Do pray for him and the others that are here from Bailundu district, for they will have much to contend with when they carry the news home. It is not a year since Ngulu carried home to his mother the news of his sister's death. I am thankful to say that Helen and I are both well.

From Miss H. M. Barker.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Turkey, May 11th, 1897.

DEAR MRS. FREELAND,—Your letter of April 13th came to hand. Instead of a letter from me, I wish my associate, Miss Jones, who is now in America, could be with you to represent the work here; but since that is not likely to be, I will try and give you a little idea of what is going on in this corner. First, for the sake of those who are not acquainted with the work at Adik Pasha, let me give a brief outline of it. It is an evangelistic work established in the very centre of Stamboul, the old Turkish quarter of the city. The Woman's Board has rented a large building, in which we have apartments for the accommodation of a day school and Sunday school. The day school is divided into six departments, under the care of native teachers. At the beginning of this school year we feared the attendance

would be very small, but, although many familiar faces were missing, new ones came to fill their places. The change is owing to the great rush out of the country, after these terrible days of August. Three of our teachers joined the outgoing crowd, but we are thankful to be able to say that we were very successful in securing others who had been trained in American schools. The Sunday school has been unusually large all the year, seldom falling under three hundred, and on several occasions reaching considerably over four hundred. Classes are scattered all over the house from the fourth storey to the ground floor. On April 25th, the Oriental Easter, we had special exercises. The pastor gave an appropriate address, after which the children sang Easter hymns and repeated passages of Scripture and short poems. The room was decorated with flowers contributed by friends, and each child was presented with a little bunch to carry home. In the day school, as well as the Sunday school, the children are taught to recite many passages from the Bible. The relief work has fallen heavily upon most missionaries in Turkey these past two winters. After the massacre here people rushed here in crowds to pour out their sad tales and get help. For weeks two of us had to give all our time to this work. About fifteen hundred people have received help of some sort, either bread, clothing or coals. Many of them have had to be helped during the whole winter. At first money was given to them, or bread tickets, but after a few weeks it was thought best to set them to work if possible. Some men were given small sums of money to start them peddling fruit or some little articles, and sewing was given to a large number of women. The garments were given to the orphanages, where they were very much needed. I am quite sure as many as a thousand garments have been made, most of which are in use. We have found that the sewing was a great blessing to many a poor heart-broken widow who was dependent on charity for her daily bread. If you could read a page or two of the book in which a record was kept I am sure it would bring tears to your eyes. It is a record of broken families. The stories that have come from the prisons are very dreadful. Thanks to a kind gentleman in England, we were able to help a good many of the poor fellows when they were set free, and through an Armenian who was permitted to visit the prisons a good many clothes and some bedding were sent to the prisoners.

DIRECTIONS FOR MONTHLY LEAFLET—Subscriptions, 10 cents a year, payable in advance. All orders and money to be sent to the Secretaries of the Auxiliaries.

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