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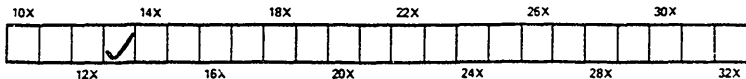
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"Whatsoever He saith unto you do it."

# MONTHLY LEAFLET

OF THE

Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions.

5. MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1899.

Price 10c  
a year.

## SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

Victory that Overcometh the World."—1 John 5: 3-5.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS IN "LIFE AND LIGHT."

December—Conditions in the Non Christian World in 1800.

January—Triumphs of Christianity in One Hundred years.

## *The Monthly Leaflet.*

Communications and letters from the missionaries intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. Sanders, Metcalfe street, Montreal, P.Q., and sent before the 18th of each month to insure insertion in the following issue.

## *Editorial Paragraphs.*

The Treasurer has returned to Montreal and is ready to resume the work of the office. Money orders must now be regarded to, and made payable to the order of Mrs. Frances Sanders 131 Metcalfe Street. Please take note of the new year. We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Gurd for her kindness in acting as Treasurer *pro tem*. Only one Thanksgiving received up to date, namely from the Ottawa Auxiliary, hope all the Auxiliaries will hold Thanksgiving Services and that the offerings will be liberal. Seven months' salary for Maggie W. Meville will be due on Dec 31st, and Miss Ellen J. Meville's salary will commence from the date of her arrival at Cisamba, probably over two months will be due up to Dec 31st. Money forwarded "undesignated," "Fees" and "Foreign" is used to pay the salaries.

All subscriptions to the Monthly Leaflet expire with the January 1900 number. Please appoint your collector without delay and let your church be thoroughly canvassed for subscribers to volume 6.

UNITED CHURCH  
ARCHIVES

*From Miss Maggie W. Melville.*

August 8, 188

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Though we are having holidays at School I have just been able to-day to sit down for a few minutes to do as I choose. It is 3.30 p.m., and as we have a pig killed to-day I had the lard to see to and the meat salt; in fact it is not all finished, but I will have the boys with the mincing of a little of it. To-day was wash-day, and always leaves more for me to do as the older boy does washing while the little lad about eleven years old attends the other work; he does it very well with supervision; gradually learning the "ins and outs" of cooking and some will make quite a good cook. I can fancy some of our friends who live in the country and kill their pigs only in the cold, weather. Well, so do we, but our cold weather is different from yours. I have all the doors and windows shut the house now, not because I wish to keep warm but because I wish to keep cool. We now are entering on the hot weather and that is why the meat has to be put away now, for soon it will be much hotter. The thermometer on the shady side is 83°, and on the sunny side 90° in the shade. It is not so terrible is it?

Some of you will remember hearing of Sanambelo, father Lumbo and Kumba. The old man has always shown a great deal of interest in the work here, and always been so willing to have his children to be at school. His youngest child Kasovale lately become engaged to Ndalun, one of the young teachers who has been at Ciyuka for three months helping to conduct the school there. Well, I was going to speak of the old man Sanambelo. He has for the last month or so been thinking more deeply, and advising his young people to abstain from drinking native beer. Then, too, he has the women of his village do their Sunday's work on Saturday, so that they will be free to attend service and rest the remainder of the day. Last week he talked to Mr. Currie that he would like morning and evening prayer in his village, so on Sunday evening they began, Kumba is over for them, and also in the mornings. It will not be an easy battle for the old man and his village but the grace of God is very able to strengthen him and his young people and his family. He has only put his foot forward a little way as yet; pray that he may indeed enter into the "Kingdom of God," and that the young people in their village may yet be bright shining amidst the darkness.

Let me here thank the friends for papers and books sent out the names of the senders. They are all heartily enjoyed.

*From Rev. W. T. Currie.*

CITYUKA, August 23th, 1899.

DEAR MRS. SANDERS, — We believe with you that, there is no more abundant cause to rejoice, and thank God for the steady growth of interest among the ladies of our churches, in the work of the Society, and feel sure that much more will be done in the future. We are as earnest, faithful and able women in our churches as are to be found in Canada or out of it, for that matter, and when their minds and hearts are enlisted there is scarcely a limit to what they can do under the blessing of God.

The financial department now seems to be in very nice shape, and we hope to be able to keep in touch with our own friends and fellow workers young and old, and let them know when our gifts reach here, and how they are used.

All the plans for the additional workers, so far as known to me, seem wise, and calculated for the best interests of the work.

The officers of our Society and our many friends have expressed sincere gratitude for their wholesome counsel and generous

aid. If now we all work together in mutual love, with strength and earnest prayer, we will certainly see days of blessing long hence.

I think we have reported three men of standing and influence in this country, besides the chief here, who have recently destroyed their idols and fetiches, and expressed a desire to learn about Christ and obey the Good Words. I am rejoiced to be able to say that Sanambelo, chief of a village at Umba, father of the first Bibeian boy who came to us, and one of the wisest and best old men in our district, has put a stop to drinking strong beer in his village, refused to pound meal for the women connected with heathen ceremonies, declined meat offered to the spirits; arranged with his people to finish their week's work on Saturday in order that all may attend service on Sunday, and thrown aside all fetich worship. For nearly a month past one of the boys from the Station has gone daily, morning and evening, to conduct worship for the old man and his people. We do not say these people are converted, but that they have accepted Christ, but they have become young pupils in the Master's school.

I might tell many touching little stories of the efforts to learn the truth and follow Christ put forth by people whom we have not yet ventured to call Christians, though they may be members of Christ's fold for all that. We think it best for the present, to wait, watch, pray and work. In time it will be beyond question who are on the Lord's side. Pray for us, and for the people here.

P.S.—The heat just now is very enervating. This is the season of dog distemper, drunken brawls and suicides. A young man came to me the other day with his head cut, and advised him to go to the chief or fort. He went back to the village and got into more trouble and then went out and hanged himself from a high tree. The mother of several of our young people went twice last week to hang herself, but was prevented.

### *Mrs. Dale's Summer Experience.*

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

When our president proposed that we should have an experience meeting for October, I said to myself that I, for my part, should have nothing to tell. The one thing I wanted was not to have any experiences; to leave work and responsibility behind me, and simply rest and vegetate; and of all places in the world Rockton seemed made for such a life. A few scattered houses that had sprung up around an old lumber camp, and a little cluster around a lark and shingle mill, with here and there a summer cottage among the spruce and firs. There was not even a church, but a log schoolhouse that served for all of our weekday and Sunday gatherings. There was absolutely nothing to do but stroll about the woods, go up the mountain for berries, or swing in a hammock and read.

For the first week I fairly revelled in the quiet and rest, but Sunday found me in the log schoolhouse, not a very fervent worshipper, but still disposed to commend myself to the self-denying devotion to duty. The congregation was expectedly large, coming as people do in such settlements from long distances, and the bare benches were crowded and uncomfortable. The sermon was a crude, sophomoric affair from a young divinity student, the singing was as bad as possible. I thought regretfully of my deep, fragrant shade, the birds and the little whisper of the wind in the green stillness, and the spiritual uplift of the book I had been reading. Notice was given that the Sunday school would meet immediately after service, but it did not even occur to me to stop, until, just as I opened the door, I came face to face with a little woman in a wicker chair. She was plainly dressed, her shoulders were pitifully distorted, and there was nothing attractive about her except a sort of illumination, I cannot call it anything else, that seemed to glorify her homely face. She smiled at every one who passed, and every one smiled back; you could not help it, she seemed to radiate goodwill. She put out her hand to greet me at once as a stranger, and held me a minute to say, "I hoped you would stay to Sunday School. I'm sure you are a teacher and one of our best teachers is sick."

Yes," I said, "I'm a teacher, and I came here for rest ; " I looked at that poor little twisted body and knew I should and help, as I did to the best of my ability, that Sunday every Sunday. In fact Esther Jarvis was my experience, if ever there was a home missionary living a life of consecrated service she was one. She was the heart and soul of everything. She had started the school, and with incredible perseverance had not only kept it up year after year, but erected a library, which circulated between that school and ten miles distant. It was wholly through her efforts that that Sunday Service was maintained through the summer ; secured a clubroom for the men at the bark mill and the grange mill, and kept it stocked with books and magazines ; by her influence had made decent, orderly citizens of a lot of young fellows that had been a terror to the little community. After I knew her better she told me her own history. She worked in a silk mill, and was but fifteen when she met the accident that maimed and crippled her. She was an orphan, without a friend to interfere in her behalf, and every doctor at the hospital said it was a cruelty to save her to such a life as must lie before her. But the young physician did save her, and so vigorously pushed her case against the men whose stupidity and carelessness made the injury possible, that he paid for her heavy damages.

Then he told me," said Esther, "that if my life wasn't worth very much to myself, I must see if I couldn't make it worth something to others, and that's what I've tried to do. It's only little things that I can reach, but it's surprising how many come in your way if you're on the lookout, and then summer up here gives me a chance. It was Doctor Randall that told me. He was going to China to be a medical missionary, and he told me what would become of me if I had lived there, in India, and said I could make my life a thankoffering. I tried to do that. I've been coming here now ten years, and the people have come to depend on me in a way. I don't suppose a strong man who is well, and strong, and capable can really understand what a comfort it is to a body like me to be depended on." Well, when she said that, it came over me like a flood that I counted it an affliction that so many people seemed to depend on me to live and move and think for them, and as for summer vacation, I never had thought of it as a chance for anybody but myself.

You see," she went on, "it isn't as if I could do things myself ; could I dare say I might be too busy doing to think for other people, but now I plan and plan, and it's just wonderful the way the Lord lets it come to pass. Only I haven't got my

missionary society started yet, and I've been asking Him send somebody this summer to help me do that."

She looked in my face appealingly, like a child that wants to make some request upon which his heart is set, and wants to say "yes" beforehand.

"Well," I said, trying to laugh, "do you think He sent me?"

"O I hope so," she answered; "don't you think so? somebody could only make them understand how much I need it. Do you think people ever really grow till they begin to help each other? They only think of it as one more thing to do, and there's so much to do, and they're so poor. Many of them never have any money, but they might meet to pray and give thanks for the gospel, and when folks really pray for something they're sure to find some way to give. Don't you think we might get some of the women together and talk about it?"

I thought we might, and I invited them to my cottage. Five women came, and a couple of young men put Miss Jarvis in her chair on a hand sled and drew her up the wood road. Her face fairly shone with a sort of solemn radiance, as if something precious were just within reach after long waiting.

We prayed and talked and read a leaflet or two, but the women seemed rather stolid until Esther Jarvis began to talk. I can't repeat her words exactly, but she said something like this, only you can have no idea of the pathos of her voice.

"Of course," she said, "I'm a missionary woman. When I think what the gospel has done for me, a poor, helpless, crippled creature, I want to send it everywhere. Why, in a heathen land my suffering or the suffering of a thousand like me would have mattered at all. No one would have tried to help me, no one would have given me a thought; there would have been no doctor, no hospital, no human kindness. I should have been counted for far less value than a beast. I should have had no human sympathy or care, and never dreamed of any heavenly love and help. I must have borne my pain without being comforted, or known of any world better than this. You, Mrs. Dunham, you would have been taught that your beautiful baby that made you happy for a few months, was just an evil spirit that crept into your home to make you trouble, and when she died they would have thrown the dear little body out in the woods as an unclean thing. And you, Mrs. Wilder, they would have believed she had killed your husband, and all the rest of your life you would have been starved, and hated, and abused. O the sorrows, sorrows of women that have none to comfort them on earth, never heard of love in heaven! We may be poor, but we do not know anything like the poverty of heathenism in all that mortal life endurable. Why, it's just because we are poor that we

society. There are so many things we want that we forget much we have. I think that must be the reason the Lord led us to help him redeem the world, because you know he could have done it all without us. It will make our hearts large, open our eyes to see how blessed it is to be honored, to be loved, to be held precious, and to have a father who loves in spite of a demon who hates.

Well, ladies, we organized a society, and I believe it will live and grow, though no woman pledged any definite sum, but only pray over the matter and do what she could. And I want this society to help them by a monthly letter that will be like a kindly hand to show them we are interested in them, and that Christianity is really warm enough and sympathetic enough to be worth sending to the ends of the earth. The most vivid memory I have is of Esther Jarvis sitting in her chair under the shade of a great pine, a brilliant sunset illuminating her face as she said, "Isn't our Father good to let us live and work with Him in such a beautiful world? I should like to be sitting right here when He sends for me. Just think of stepping out of this frail body, and being well and strong and beautiful. I believe I should climb that mountain the very first thing. There's something in me that always longs to climb."

I thought of the promise, "They shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint," and I repeated it as I held her hand.

"That's for you, dear friend," she said, smiling, "think of when tired days come." And so I will. I'm sure I never felt so grateful for the gospel, never had so restful and so blessed a summer, or felt so keenly that it was a privilege to have the opportunity to work for my King, and be a herald of his Kingdom.—*Life and Light.*

*Treasurer's Acknowledgments from Oct. 20th to Nov. 20th 1899.*

OTTAWA BRANCH.—Ottawa Auxiliary Thankoffering, \$14.20, half of fee \$5.

BARB'S AND HAMILTON BRANCH.—Hamilton Immanuel Auxiliary, 5 subscriptions M. L., 50 cents.

MANITOBA BRANCH—Winnipeg Union Auxiliary, undesignated, \$12.

QUEBEC PROVINCIAL BRANCH.—Montreal Zion Auxiliary \$10 and undesignated, \$9, Montreal Zion Mission Band Auxiliary Fee, \$5, and for "Grand Forks," \$8; Montreal Valley Auxiliary, from Mrs. Tollar, to constitute Miss Edith Thorne a Life Member, \$25; N. Y., from a friend for Foreign Missions, 50 cents.



Total for Ontario, \$19.70; Manitoba, \$12.00; Quebec, Grand Total, \$89.20. (Mrs.) G. A. GURD, *Treasurer*, 65 McGill College Avenue, Montreal, Que.

*Erratum, November M. L.*, "Montreal Calvary Aux should read "from Mrs. Score. to constitute Mrs. (Rev.) Hill a Life Member."

Montreal Emmanuel Auxiliary Fee has not been paid, for Quebec, \$31.26; Grand Total, \$57.26.

#### MINNEHAHA MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

The Missionary Library is being re-organized. A new catalogue is being prepared. Will those who have had books all summer kindly return them as soon as possible the Library may be set in order for the Winter.

The average postage on all the books is about seven For the present, books are being sent out for the postage. That is, paying the postage both ways may have a book a month without fee. Librarian, Miss Edith Cochran, Drummond Street, Montreal.

#### *To the Auxiliaries of the Quebec Prov. Branch.*

At the annual meeting in Ottawa Miss Dougall before the assembled representatives of our Auxiliaries subject of "The French Canadian Problem," it having previously discussed at the March meeting of the Provincial Branch, and when again it was before October it was decided that steps should be taken at once to secure the services of a Bible Woman, to go in and out of homes of our French citizens and take to them the Gospel message, "for they sit in darkness."

It is our pleasure to announce that we have engaged Chabassol for our Bible Woman. She began her work on 1st, at a salary of \$20.00 per month. The Treasurer was glad to receive donations for this department of work. Auxiliaries to make it a "special." MRS. S. H. E. MOODIE

President Quebec Provincial Branch

#### *Literature Department.*

We have received a pamphlet containing 12 lessons on Truth in two forms, either for adults or juniors, 6 cents the full price. Auxiliaries will find these lessons a great help in their program. They are to be obtained from the Superintendent, MRS. S. H. E. MOODIE, 185 Mance Street, Montreal, Que.

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

The MONTHLY LEAFLET of the Canada Congregational Women's of Missions is printed and published at the "Witness" building, 65 Craig and St. Peter Streets, Montreal, P.Q.