

"THIS IS THE VICTORY



EVEN OUR FAITH."

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# Monthly Letter.

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## SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

Thanks-living, Thanks-giving, Thanks-offering. Mal. 3. 10, 1 Cor. 9. 7; 2 Sam. 24. 24.

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## CHINA.

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From Miss Ford.

Your very welcome letter of June 28th reached me two days ago. I suppose it must have seemed like sending it in the dark or dropping it down a well to send it to China at that time, with any hope of its ever reaching me; but, after all, it did, and I have been wishing that some of the home friends would make the same venture. They have been evidently waiting to hear from me first, and for many weeks we found it impossible to write; so the break seems long.

I am afraid my letters were not over full to anyone those travelling days. On March 4th, we left Ichang in two four roomed boats. In ours were Mr. and Mrs. Cady, Dr. McCarty (whose wife had just died while on the way down

the river to go home) and his two children, with Miss Kissack, a nurse, who volunteered to take care of the children on their trip to Chung-King, his station.

On the other boat were Mrs. Lewis, of Chung-King—who had come down to take care of Mrs. McCartney as far as Shanghai. After the death of the latter their boat had been wrecked and all clothing lost, so they came on to Shanghai—Miss Collier, Miss Galloway and Miss Meyer, with myself. The four young ladies had just arrived to open deaconess work in Chung-King. The two boats were tied together every night, so we spent very pleasant evenings. All are American Methodists. Their mission meeting, held in Chung-King, accounted for the delay there for two weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Canright, with Mr. and Mrs. Peat, from Chen-tu, had come down to attend the same meeting, so from there on the company was changed. Dr. and Mrs. Canright and Mr. Peat returned by chair, while Mrs. Peat and two children, with the Cadys and myself travelled by boat. The chair journey of fourteen days, with nights at Chinese inns, is not very enjoyable, especially in hot weather. Owing to the low water the rest of us had three days of it. I had a fine opportunity of making the acquaintance of the Methodist community of the Province.

Chung-King has been an open port for several years, with a British Consul stationed there. The first report of the new treaty was that Chen-tu had been made an open port, but that is a mistake. The right to place steamers on the river as far up as Chung-King has been granted, and we hope it will be done; but it will be no easy matter. Owing to the rapids during low water and the swift current in rainy seasons, the river as it flows by Chung-King sometimes rises ninety feet. The city is high up on the bluffs.

The heat became intense in Shanghai, and after Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson had gone I found myself too tired to study in such heat, so took the advice of those older to the climate and came across to the hills of Arima (Japan), whither Miss Brackbill had gone two weeks before, to remain until the heat and cholera are over for the season in Shanghai.

There have been several deaths among the foreigners and *hundreds* among the natives from that disease. Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn came over also at the time I did. She was pretty

well run down. The baby seemed to grow fat with it all.

We shall be anxious to hear the plans of the Board for us.

"Unto you it is given not only to believe on His name, but also to suffer for His sake." We think ourselves honored, indeed, to have been counted worthy, and ask nothing but to be allowed to remain in China.

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### IF THEY ONLY KNEW.

*(Copied by request.)*

On a hot, dusty plain in Central India stands a poor little Hindu village. One morning in spring, when the searching winds that precede the monsoon were beginning to blow, and the air was dry and oppressive, an unusual stir might have been seen among the people, and busy preparations for a season of feasting and merry-making. In one of the mud huts, surrounded by a group of chattering women, is a young girl with large, glowing eyes, and face eager and expectant. Lachmi is to be married to-day, and she is happier than she has been before in all her short life. Not because she is soon to wed the one she loves, for she has never seen her future husband, but on account of the new yellow *sari* that is draped about her slender form, and the abundant jewels she wears. Poor enough ornaments they are; but the cheap glass bracelets and heavy pewter rings that encircle the delicate ankles seem beautiful in Lachmi's eyes.

The ceremony proceeds, and at last the supreme moment arrives when the bride is presented to her husband. The *sari* is thrown back from her face, and for one brief instant Lachmi raises her eyes timidly to meet those bent upon her. Only one glance; then, with a swift recoil of horror, she sinks back, faint and gasping. Great beads of perspiration start from her forehead as the awful truth forces itself upon the poor girl that she is married to a leper! and her father knew this all the time, even arranged the betrothal himself, and yet did not tell his child. Lachmi turns to him with such a look of appealing agony in her face that it seems as if a heart of stone would be melted by it. Her eyes fill with scalding tears, and her lips quiver. But she does not cry out; she is very quiet. Hindu girls are taught to suffer in silence: they have no redress. Besides, in this case, what good would it do to speak? It is too late.

Lachmi now lives at the home of her husband's parents. Her mother-in-law is cold and stern. One day when Lachmi forgot Hindu etiquette so far as to raise her eyes in the presence of this new mother, she received such a beating that she will carry the marks of it as long as she lives. She has to do nearly all the work of the house. She scours the brass dishes, helps to cook the food, and draws water from the deep well that stands in the courtyard, though the heavy bucket makes her back ache terribly. At night, after the men have finished their ten o'clock dinner, and the women are allowed to have something, she is often too tired to eat, and only longs to rest her tired limbs on the rude little bed in the corner. But she could bear it all bravely if she just had the one thing for which her heart is most hungry, and that is love. She is naturally such a clinging, affectionate little creature that she would not find it hard to love her husband, in spite of his affliction, if he would let her. But his misfortune has soured his temper, and though his disease is only in its earliest stages, its shadow is always over him, and makes him more harsh and neglectful than he would otherwise be.

Seven years pass, and Lachmi, still a very young woman, looks old and faded. Her life is not a loveless one, for three little girls cling to her *sari* and call her mother. But her husband is cross and miserable because he has no son. "What are girls for?" he cries angrily; "I wish I had drowned them the day they were born."

Even to Lachmi the children are not the comfort they would have been once. Sorrow seems to be drying up the fountain of her heart. She scarcely knows what it is to feel deeply any more.

In the inner court of her home, fastened to one of the walls, is a little shrine. It contains the household gods, and every morning fresh water is placed there, and a small handful of rice and grain. One day, as Lachmi is making her usual offering, she gets to wondering whether these gods, whose wants she supplies so regularly, ever think of her. Do they know she is not happy? Are they sorry for her? The thought is so much in her mind that after awhile she ventures to speak to her mother-in-law about it. A scornful laugh is the reply. "Do you suppose the gods care for

you or any other woman? Do not the priests tell us that we are beneath their notice, that our ears are too polluted to listen even to the reading of the most holy Shasters?"

Lachmi says no more, but every day she grows weaker and weaker. What has she to live for, what to hope for now?

But one winter morning an unexpected joy comes into her life. The news flies through the village that a "Miss Sahib," a missionary from a neighboring city, has come to visit the women. She goes to a house not far from Lachmi's home, and there the women flock to hear her talk and sing. How Lachmi longs to hear her too! She never saw a white face but once in her life, and this was years ago at a *mela*, when she was a little child. Why should she not go with the others to the neighbor's house? She has not yet shown any signs of the leprosy, and could not harm the teacher. L. her eagerness Lachmi gathers courage to ask permission of her husband.

"Of what use is it for Miss Sahib to waste her time in teaching women, who are no better than cows?" he exclaimed, insolently. "But if the teaching will do them no good, it will do them no harm. Yes, Lachmi may go if she likes."

Calling her little girls to her, she went quickly across the flat roofs of the intervening houses, and sat down with the others at the feet of the missionary. The children scream with fright at the sight of a foreigner, but the mother soon quiets them, and then listens with eager intentness to what the missionary is saying. She is talking about a God, one that Lachmi never heard of before, who was killed by some wicked people. He must have been a kind God, for He was not angry at His enemies, only sorry for them. But Lachmi cannot understand about it, and she is too timid to ask questions, so she just sits still and looks hungrily into the sweet face of the foreign lady. The teacher is young—not much older than Lachmi herself. She has just told one of the women that she is not married, which is very strange. Were her parents not able to get her a husband? But then, thinks the Hindu girl, why should she want one? And her thoughts fly back to her childhood days in her own home, the only really happy days she can remember; and as she compares that time with the present, her heart throbs, and

her great, dark eyes dilate with suppressed feeling. At last she can bear it no longer, and breaks out impetuously, "Miss Sahib, Miss Sahib! don't ever get married; it is hell to be married!"

The missionary is startled—there is such a ring of hopeless anguish in that young voice; but recovering herself, she says consolingly, "Never mind, Lachmi; you have your children to comfort you."

"I have no children," is the reply.

"No children? Why, is not that your little girl you are holding in your lap?"

Lachmi looks down at the sleeping child and is silent a moment; then she says slowly, "I have three of these things, but they are only girls."

Too pained to talk any more, the missionary sings a few *bhajans*, and then prepares to leave. The women crowd around her. "When will you come again?" they ask. "To-morrow?" "Come very soon."

The lady smiles. "I cannot come for a long time, but my Bible-woman will visit you, and will tell you many things about the loving Jesus."

A few days later the Bible-woman comes, and after that she visits the village regularly once every week, and some times twice. The women like her, and as she is a Hindu, they can understand what she says to them better than when the Miss Sahib speaks. Lachmi goes to see her whenever she can get permission. She looks forward to these visits with almost painful eagerness. They are bringing a glimmer of sunshine into the poor girl's life. The good words from the Bible are like balm to her troubled spirit. Not that her darkened, untaught mind grasps much of their meaning, but they soothe and comfort her, without her really knowing how or why.

"I wish I could understand the lessons better," Lachmi says to herself; "I will listen carefully, and perhaps by and by I will."

One morning, after about two months, the Bible teacher meets the women with a sober face. When the lesson is over she says very sadly, "I cannot come to you any more."

"Cannot come any more?" echo a chorus of voices in dismay.

"No; the Miss Sahib has not any money to support me. The people far away over the sea, who used to send it to her, wrote her a letter, and said they could not take care of me any longer. So I must stop teaching. Oh, Lachmi! poor Lachmi! do not look at me that way;" and the tender-hearted Hindu burst into tears.

But Lachmi does not cry. She only keeps repeating in a dreary monotone, "Not come any more!" The one little star that for a few short days has shone in her dark sky is about to disappear. "Good-bye," it whispers, "good-bye, Lachmi!"

The girl goes home that afternoon and lies down on her bed. She cannot get up when they call her; she is burning with fever. Her mother-in-law stops a minute to look at her, and says indifferently, "She will die, and it is well; she was too sickly to be of any account."

Lachmi is not sick long. Once in her delirium she clasps her hands—such poor, thin little hands—and cries out in piercing tones for the teacher. But the only answer is a coarse laugh, and the shadow of a hideous idol is thrown across her face. There is no loving friend during those last hours to wet her parched lips, none to kneel by her little cot and whisper sweet words of hope and Jesus in her dying ear. Uncomfortable and alone she lies, till one dark, stormy night Lachmi's soul takes its flight from earth to the world beyond.

Were the girls in the home land cruel, do you think? Oh, not cruel! *They only did not know.—India's Women.*

### IMPORTANT.

Will Corresponding Secretaries please examine the printed label on their package of *Monthly Letters*, and if it bears the date October or November, 1895, have the subscription renewed at the next meeting if possible, as the Literature Committee may not be able to supply back numbers to those who are late in renewing?

Subscriptions to the *Monthly Letter* expiring in September, 1895, and not renewed at the time of going to press, have been discontinued.

## Suggested Programme for December Meeting.

### I. Opening Exercises :

"Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your cieled houses, and this house lieth waste." Haggai i. 4.

### II. Regular Business.

### III. Hymn.

### IV. Subject for Prayer for the month : Medical Missions. Matt. ix. 33.

Wanted, women, tender, true,  
Women's work none else can do.  
Women sit in darkness yonder,  
While we hesitate and wonder :  
Hear ye not the echo ring?  
"Women wanted for the King!"

—*Emily Spurgeon.*

- (a) Christ's command to His disciples was this: "Into whatsoever city ye enter, heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." Luke x. 8, 9.\*
- (b) "He who knoweth his Master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes."
- (c) "If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity: but his blood will I require at thine hand." Ezekiel xxxiii. 8.
- (d) Prayer: That we may "love in deed and in truth."

### V. "There comes a wail of anguish" from Alaska, Africa, China, Korea and India.†

### VI. "But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his heart of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him."

### VII. The Watch-Tower.

### VIII. Hymn. Prayer.

\* Let selections of Scripture be recited by the older members of the Auxiliary.

† See "Murdered Millions" (price, 17 cents), beginning at page 24 Read short account (three minutes) of native treatment of the sick in each of the above countries.

## HOME READINGS.

(FOR DECEMBER.)

|  |                                 |
|--|---------------------------------|
| The Need of a Medical Mis-<br>sionary College                | } Miss. Rev., Mar., '95, p 208. |
| Andrew P. Happer, M.D.,<br>DD., LL.D.                        | } " " April, '95, p 252.        |
| Proposed Medical Missionary<br>College                       | } " " May, '95, p 282.          |
| The Missionary Work of the<br>Lord Jesus                     | } " " Sept., '95, p 666.        |
| The Basis and Results of Medi-<br>cal Missions               | } " " Sept., '95, p 678.        |
| Medical Work Among Women<br>and Children of Heathen<br>Lands | } " " Sept., '95, p 686.        |
| Lepers of the World  | " " May, '95, p 358.            |
| Work Among Lepers  | " " Oct., '95, p 780.           |

## INCREASE.

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NOTICES TO AUXILIARIES AND MISSION  
BANDS.

W. M. S. Books for officers' use sold separately as follows: Treasurer's Book, 60 cents; Recording Secretary's Book, 60 cents; Corresponding Secretary's Book, 30 cents. The set, \$1.25.

Will friends who order literature from Room 20 kindly remember *not* to send three-cent stamps, if larger or smaller denominations can be procured? Remit by money order or bills when possible.

There are still a few Calendars (containing photo-engravings of our missionaries) for sale at Room 20. Price 25 cents. Postage and wrapping additional 10 cents per doz.; 2 cents, single copies.

Life-membership fees are to be sent with the quarterly returns to the Treasurer of the Branch in which the member lives.

All communications regarding Supply Committee work should be addressed to Mrs. Wm. Briggs, 21 Grenville Street, Toronto, Ont.

Letters asking for information about "Special Objects," such as the support of a Bible-woman, children in our schools, etc., may be addressed to Mrs. E. S. Strachan, 163 Hughson Street North, Hamilton, Ont.

Letters concerning the organization of Auxiliaries and Mission Bands should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary of the Branch in which the work is situated. If there is no branch, write to Mrs. E. S. Strachan, 163 Hughson Street North, Hamilton, Ont. For Corresponding Secretaries' addresses see Annual Report.

Maps of China, Japan and British Columbia, painted on cotton, about thirty-six inches square, may be rented from Room 20 for 25 cents each, the Literature Committee paying the postage one way. The map is to be carefully enclosed in paper and returned the day after it is used.

Subscriptions for the following missionary periodicals will be received and forwarded by Miss Ogden: *Missionary Review of the World*, per year, \$2.25; *African News*, per year, 75 cents; *Message and Deaconess World*, per year, 50 cents; *Heathen Woman's Friend*, per year, 50 cents; *The Double Cross and Medical Missionary Record*, per year, \$1.00—to missionaries and student volunteers, 50 cents per year.

Back numbers of these periodicals not furnished by Room 20 unless specially announced.

## LEAFLETS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE.

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| Our Work Series—No. 1 is out of print until further notice; No. 2, Our Chinese Rescue Home; No. 3, Our Work in Japan; No. 4 is out of print until further notice; No. 5, Manners and Customs of the Indians of Simpson District, B.C.; No. 6, Manners, Customs and Religion of the French-Canadians; No. 7, Trials and Triumphs of Methodism in the North-West ..... | .01                   | .10      |
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For the above, Address

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