

The Woman's Missionary Society.

[This Department is in the interests of the W. M. Society. All communications for it should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

- PRESIDENT.** — Miss Augusta Slipp, Hampstead, Queens Co.
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- HOME SECRETARY.** — Mrs. H. Hartt, Jacksontown, Carleton County.
- TREASURER.** — Mrs. D. McLeod Vince, Woodstock, N. B.

A WORD FROM THE CONGO.

A. B. M. U., MATADI, Etat Ind. du Congu, S. W. Africa, March 16th, 1904.

DEAR MRS. MCLEOD,—

I am sending a little story—a "true story," that I thought, perhaps, you might use in your missionary column.

I enjoy the dear old INTELLIGENCER so much. I should be sorry to be without it. I have known it from a child, and well remember how, on stormy Sabbath days, I would hunt through the big piles of back numbers my father always carefully preserved, and there I would find a treasure of stories I much enjoyed.

I grew up reading the INTELLIGENCER, and hope to continue reading and being helped by it as long as I live. God bless its pages and make it a blessing to many.

Yours in the work,
CLARA GOSLINE HILL.

A STORY OF A CONGO BOY.

BY MRS. HILL

Far away in the dark land of Congo a little boy of about ten years was, one day, brought to the missionary by a young man who had learned to love Jesus. A little lad whose father was dead, and whose mother was still a heathen, but into his heart the light had come, and he wanted to know more about his Saviour, and learn to read his Word.

He worked with the other boys in the garden, learned with them in the school, a bright, happy little fellow.

The months passed, each bringing advance in his studies, until at the end of a year and five months he could read and write very nicely.

One day in February, only a month before the missionary and his wife were leaving for the home land on furlough, the young man who had brought Mbadila (for that was the little boy's name) to the station, came to take him home. The heathen mother was unwilling to be separated longer from her boy, and plead that he might be returned to her, she believing he had been sold as a slave to the missionary at Lukunga. They were loath to part with him, yet felt it was best for him to return to his mother.

The month passed quickly by. Everything was ready. Good-byes were said, and dear old Lukunga was left behind, another glimpse from the hill-top, and then it faded from sight, hidden by the grass and trees. On the missionaries travelled over the fifty miles to the near-

est railway station. On the second day a storm was seen gathering on the horizon; they hurried on to reach a village not far distant. The big drops began to fall, but shelter was at hand—a native grass house. How it did rain! But through it all came little Mbadila running from a house near by. What a pleasure to "mamma," as she saw his smiling face, and marked his tidy appearance. But this was not his town, what was he doing here?

A few questions, and the story was told. He was the village schoolmaster. Seeking to help others he had come to this town and opened school. The men, women and children of the place daily gathered together, sitting on the ground in the open air, while he taught them to read from a large lesson sheet hung up by the side of the house.

Do you know the joy of seeing fruit for your labor for the Master? Theirs was that joy on that day. This village, that had refused to listen to the gospel when previously visited by the missionary, was now opened by this little faithful Christian lad, and services were held in the evenings, when the villagers came together to listen to the singing of gospel hymns, and hear the story of a Saviour's love. Surely "a little child shall lead them." But his life's work was short; ere the missionaries returned to their field of labor Mbadila had gone to be with Jesus, whom he had learned to love so well.

FREDERICTON SOCIETY.

As it has been some time since you have heard from us, and it being suggested at our last meeting that a letter be written to let you know that our society is not, by any means, going down, I write this brief report. We have an enrolled membership of thirty-five, with an average attendance of eight. Within the last two years the society has not met once without sufficient members to carry on the meeting. Our order of meeting is as follows: After singing, responsive reading, and prayer by different members of the society, the roll is called and minutes of the last meeting read. Our devotional exercises are much enjoyed, much interest and enthusiasm being manifested. Our business matters are then transacted. Following this is the social part of the meeting, which is varied with music, readings and recitations.

During the year we have received much pleasure and, I trust, profit from the presence of Miss Gaunce, our returned India missionary. Her talks have been very helpful and instructive, and will, we hope, be the means of awakening us to renewed zeal and more earnest effort for the spread of the gospel in the dark places of the earth. Our society is interested in home as well as foreign missions, and reports from this source is interesting and of such a nature as to encourage us to still endeavor to obey the command of our Lord and Master, who said to his disciples: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore

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the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth more laborers into his harvest."

L. A. L.,
Secretary.

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AGENTS WANTED.

—Canadian Presbyterians will send twenty-eight delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance meeting to be held in Liverpool toward the end of June. Principal Caven will preside, and the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Mr. Mortimer Clark, and Principal Patrick are among the delegates.

—The Y. M. C. A. is doing a great work for young men in New York. There are three thousand pupils enrolled in educational classes; 2,610 positions were filled in 1903; books were supplied at the library to 5,790 readers, and 1,333 were enrolled in the Bible class, with over 5,000 visitors.

INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.

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