

gathering in the school house. In the meantime the friends would partake of the wedding feast, consisting of pork, a pig having been killed, beans, mush, etc. At one o'clock we assembled in the school-house; the marriage was performed according to the Christian ceremony. The bride looked very neat in her dark blue jacket and cloth and a handkerchief draped around her head. When the ceremony was over there was a hearty shake hands all around. Kambundu came here a little lad shortly after Mr. Currie came to Cisamba, and has grown into a strong, sturdy man. He is one of the church members, and we pray they may together form another Christian home to be a living example of what the Gospel can do. The bride will now be seated on the bed in his house receiving visitors. It is a hard position for a young nervous girl. I am going over in a few minutes to visit her. Last week we had two weddings. One was that of Sayore, who, over five years ago, was married at the village, but since has learned that superstition and fetish ceremony are wrong, so he was married by the Christian ceremony, thus showing his faith in Jesus Christ.

I have some additions for the Cradle Roll. They are as follows:—

March 22nd, 1898—Hannah, daughter of Sawimbu and Musalo.

May 1st, 1898—Mark son to Yobe and Munga.

June 2nd, 1898—David, son to Mbembele and Nalembe.

There is another little boy, but as he is only three days' old and not named, I will reserve him for another time.

*From Miss Emily McCallum.*

SS. ESPERO,

BLACK SEA, Sept. 13, 1898.

MY DEAR MRS. SANDERS,—I am afraid you will think I have been very slow in acknowledging the receipt of the money for Galene, but your letter reached me just as I was preparing to leave Sivas and I had no opportunity during the journey up now to write you a few words.

I thank you very much for your continued interest in Galene and I hope that she will prove worthy of all that you have done for her. I enclose a letter I received from her, not that it is anything wonderful, but it will perhaps serve to make her seem more real to you.

I am now on my way to Smyrna after a very pleasant vacation spent at Sivas—a town in the Interior, seven days' journey from the sea coast. Miss Pohl accompanied me as far as Marsovan, and the five days from there I was alone. Marsovan is called our "model missionary station," and it really deserves