

six weeks four have been taken from our midst. Our hearts are sore, for we loved them dearly, but our Father has done it all in love. Towards the end of March Citende passed away, then two weeks after Nakatambi was laid beside him. (See August M. L.) A week later came the news from a village the other side of the Ukuelonga, which passes our "village" that Limbindo had died. He had been suffering from chronic dyspepsia for some time, and had received permission to visit his aunt. We thought the change would do him good, but the relatives thought they could cure him with fetishism, and their barbarous treatment, unknown to us, simply killed him. He was a quiet, intelligent lad, an industrious scholar, and a member of Mr Currie's Catechism class. Epandvelo, son of the Chief of Cipeta, to whom the Cisamba people pay tribute, was taken ill, and called forth all the superstitious fears of his relatives at Cisamba (the chief of the Ombala, or head village, being his uncle), the grandmother and aunts all assembled; they were sure all this evil was happening because at the former death we had not allowed any fetish ceremony. Between anxiety for the boy and the fight against superstition, etc., Mr. Currie was nearly worn out. But God heard and answered the many prayers, and the lad is slowly recovering. Once his mother asked if a native doctor would be allowed to treat her son, but before Mr. Currie could reply the boy said, "Even if Nana agrees, I shall not." He was then quite sensible, the crisis and delirium having passed. Nalimbindo, a girl about 14 years, was the next patient, but after thirteen days of close attention day and night she passed away yesterday morning. We rather suspect that her end was hastened, if not caused, by some native drug her sister gave her while we were at church on Sunday. Miss Melville stayed at home, but had left the girl for a few minutes. When she returned she found her in a state of collapse and severe chill. Mr. Currie administered a hyperdermic of ether, and she revived, but vomiting set in and great pain, with increase of temperature. The natives believe that disease is caused by some evil spirit, and that vomiting will expel the intruder and cure the patient. We are not yet sure whether Nakatambi's (sister of Ugulu) death was not caused by some such secret dozing, for she was not so ill as many who recovered; was, indeed, so much better that her brother and family left her sitting up with her little nephew as companion, in order to go to church. When they returned she was in great pain and had a fit of vomiting. Next morning she died. The severe strain has made us all rather nervous and shaky. We are not sure that the epidemic has passed. We pray that it has. We felt yesterday as though we could not stand much