

notions. When our songs are ended, the children who are able sew, while the younger ones either string scraps on a thread which is made into a ball, build houses, fences, corn-cribs, etc., with blocks, sew birds, etc., on cards, draw or perhaps look at pictures. After half an hour has passed they put away their work in their little bags, each who sews having one with the name of the owner on the outside. All join hands in a ring and play the games—the old familiar “Farmer,” but as the women do the field work we sing “Akae va kuna ndati?” that is, “The Women Plant What?” the answer being “The Little Women Plant Corn.” How heartily they sing, and how heartily they plant, dig and, when the time comes, eat the mush which they have made. Then as washing the hands and face is not considered to be often necessary, we have a song which says “We Go to Play Washing our Hands” or “Face.” If, in reality, they washed as heartily as they do in play, their little black faces would shine with something else besides grease. We were much amused at one little fellow, about four or five years old, whose dress consisted in a string around his waist. When the time came for washing the clothes, he was rather at a loss and stood with a blank expression on his face.

This is a part of the work which seems to be developing, and through it we hope to draw village children into our regular schools, and through them into the church.

We owe the translation of the songs into Umbundu to Mrs. Read and Mrs. Fay, who have for some time been carrying on such schools.

May the Father's blessing rest upon the dear little ones.

Feb. 20th.—We have had a busy day, for besides our regular duties we have been cleaning our pantry of little weavles. This country is full of insect life, and there is no winter to kill them off. We have very few flies, however. I do not think there are half a dozen. But we have white ants in abundance. The other day I picked up a skin from the floor, and they were just thick under it. Then in another place a basket had to be moved. We have constantly to be on the watch. We have not nearly so many here as some places. Of course, we have figgers, but not so many as we used to have. Wanga and Sapalala keep the house very free from them. We have had several visits from army ants lately. Two days ago they were all on the front porch. I poured coal oil on the doorstep and a kettle of boiling water, and by-and-bye they disappeared, but not before a couple of dozen got on me. Last Sunday there were a great number of people out to the service. It was a fine day, and the school-house was well filled. About two hundred remained to Sunday-school. The girls have just gone, for the