

ainly to them. Oh, how I long to explain the truth so that they may accept it. Next Sunday in the general school we begin lessons in the Old Testament, prepared by Mr. Stover, having finished Acts last Sunday. I have, however, been taking the life of Christ as far as my pictures permit. In another month the wet season will be over, though we have been nearly a week without rain. We have so many sweet potatoes offered for sale, good ones too, we had to pay a yard ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  cents) for half a bushel. I wish that they were common Irish potatoes, but we have only a few of these for seed, raised carefully. Last year the rats ate all of our seed potatoes. Mr. Currie got a few from England and gave us a few. Mr. C. received by last caravan a box of games, croquet, etc. We took tea over there last Wednesday evening, and had a merry time, enjoying the games. Perhaps you will think it folly for missionaries, but social intercourse is just as pleasant and profitable in Africa as in America.

97. *Monday, March 22nd.*—Just a little note, for any minute we expect to be called to the funeral of Kasala, a boy of twelve or thirteen, who died this morning very suddenly. He had not been well, having had slight fever for a week, but able to go about. It was evidently some heart trouble. He is a relative of Ngulu, and has been here nearly three years. When we went to see them this morning Ngulu burst out crying, saying, "I did love Kasala so much." Poor fellow! he wants his young friends to learn the "words," and this is the second one taken from him. Poor Ngulu is heart-broken. Do pray for him and the others that are here from Bailundu district, for they will have much to contend with when they carry the news home. It is not a year since Ngulu carried home to his mother the news of his sister's death. I am thankful to say that Helen and I are both well.

*From Miss H. M. Barker.*

CONSTANTINOPLE, Turkey, May 11th, 1897.

DEAR MRS. FREELAND,—Your letter of April 13th came to hand. Instead of a letter from me, I wish my associate, Miss Jones, who is now in America, could be with you to represent the work here; but since that is not likely to be, I will try and give you a little idea of what is going on in this corner. First, for the sake of those who are not acquainted with the work at Adik Pasha, let me give a brief outline of it. It is an evangelistic work established in the very centre of Stamboul, the old Turkish quarter of the city. The Woman's Board has rented a large building, in which we have apartments for the accommodation of a day school and Sunday school. The day school is divided into six departments, under the care of native teachers. At the beginning of this school year we feared the attendance