

jackal, a wolf in sheep's clothing, a traitor and many other bad names.

One of our church members recently died. She had been a teacher in Constantinople, and I knew her very well indeed. She had been in Athens completing her studies, and came home in September, only to die. She was ill for three months, and suffered a great deal, but she was always patient and cheerful. Before she died she called her friends around her and said, "I see the Father; He calls me; I must go; you must all believe in the same Lord and Saviour in whom I have believed, and then we shall spend our eternity together." Then she asked them to sing: "My days are gliding swiftly by," though the Greek translation or, rather, adaptation is much more beautiful and appropriate than our English words are; then she exclaimed: "The shadow of death, how beautiful, how beautiful," and so saying she "fell on sleep." She was such a good girl, so true and faithful, so anxious to work for the Master. I remember how her face used to shine as we talked together about heaven. Now her eyes have seen the King in His beauty, and she is satisfied.

Before closing I should like to ask prayer for the work here. There is so much to be done and the labourers are few. Pray for us then, dear friends, that we may have the joy of seeing the Lord's work prosper. Very sincerely yours,

EMILY MCCALLUM.

American School, Smyrna, Turkey, Jan. 14, 1887.

OUR MISSIONARIES' LETTER.

FROM BENGUELLA TO BAILUNDU.

Benguella is perhaps the largest ivory port, at present, along the West Coast. It has been noted for its connection with the foreign slave trade, and up to the present time there are numbers shipped from there, to all practical purposes slaves, let the fact be glossed by whatever term it may. The present population consists for the most part of Portuguese, and an African race called Mondombies, both classes of whom are sadly in need of missionary effort.

During our stay of six weeks in the above-named place, we were very busily engaged packing and preparing for our journey inland. Mrs. Currie suffered from an attack of bronchitis, and I from two of fever, otherwise we spent a very happy time. The kindness we received from Bro. Walter was such that we shall remember it throughout our life with gratitude.

The first complement of carriers from the interior arrived at the coast on Wednesday, the 7th of July. Mrs. Currie was confined to her bed at the time, and I was just able to move about. We arranged our affairs, however, in the hope of being able to begin our journey inland on the following Saturday. When the

day arrived this was found to be impossible, as my wife had taken a change for the worse on the night previous; so Bro. Fay and party had to take teporas men, and go on with our goods which had previously been given out to our carriers, while we remained to accompany the second caravan.

At length the doctor pronounced my wife to be in a fit condition to travel, and it was felt that further delay would be unwise. Mrs. Sanders was in poor health. Many of our men were suffering with fever or dysentery. All were calling for their loads, and some had actually started inland empty-handed rather than wait longer, and we were assured that the health of the whole party would improve as soon as we got upon the mountains, so we resolved to start next morning.

A full complement of sturdy carriers who had previously been tried and found good, were selected for Mrs. Currie's tepora, and every man was cautioned to carry her with the utmost care. Mrs. Sanders also had her six, and I had the same number appointed me.

July 14.—It is mid-day. The men have received their rations for their journey, and are on ahead with their loads. The teporas stand at Bro. Walter's door ready to start. For a moment we linger there to say the parting word. Our hearts are full, but our tongues refuse to express our feelings, and so far as they are unconveyed by the warm pressure of the hand, the expression of the eye, they must remain unknown.

We turn our backs on the last traces of civilization, and our faces toward the centre of the Dark Continent, leaving behind us old friends and newly found ones, who had been very kind to us when weary and sick in a strange land. Let him who can judge what our feelings are.

The first few miles of our journey led along a flat sandy road so destitute and bereft of every attractive feature, that scarce an African could regard it with pleasure, until we approach the Catumbella River. Our men forded it with their loads upon their shoulders. We were ferried over in a small and clumsy boat and found Mr. Camowel, of the Dutch Home, waiting to receive and entertain us, which he did in fine style, sparing himself no pains to make us comfortable. On this first march, three men broke down beneath their loads, and refused to carry them further.

July 15.—I was out early to visit the men in their quarters. Two more declared they could not carry their loads. All of these loads were bales of cloth, that had been hastily made up the previous night without being weighed. On being placed upon the scales, they were so heavy that I did not blame the men for refusing to carry them, simply because they were men, and not horses. We began our march about mid-day, climbing by a snake path the Catumbella