

Currie was very kind to send us cloaks, so that we were not the worse. In two months the rainy season will be over, and we will then have beautiful, bright weather, with cool nights and an occasional frost. All our bananas will be cut down and left only withered leaves. We expect a caravan to come in tomorrow with some goods we need badly, for our flour is almost empty, but more is at hand. On the journey one of the boys who were with the caravan wrote a letter and sent it to Mr. Currie by carriers who were returning from the coast. He told how some young lads from Ciyuka, where the school house has been built by the chief, had learned to sing some of the hymns on the journey. One of the station boys who is acting as head man is a lad who, some time ago, left the station and went back to his village life. The good seed, however, has taken root, and he again returned to the station, and has since been living as becometh those who profess His name. He has married one of the girls, Musalo, who, you will remember, refused to follow him to the village when he left. We feel so that he has proven by his life that he really desires to follow the Master. One cannot count the result of these Christian meetings, reading and explaining the Gospel night after night to the members of the caravan as they sit around their camp fire. It has become an established fact, and the men seem to expect it, that some one goes with them on their journey to the coast to preach and explain to them. The preachers still continue their work among the villages, week by week preaching to those who lack the love of Jesus, who put all their trust in fetish ceremonies and witchcraft, but is it possible that the truth has been preached to them and none of that seed has taken root? We do not think so, for our Father is mighty to save.

*From Mrs. (Rev.) W. T. Currie.*

CISAMBA, Feb. 22, 1887.

DEAR MRS. SANDERS,—The day before yesterday I came home from Kamundongo, where I had spent two weeks, and it is needless to say, had a very enjoyable visit. We do not travel much in the rainy season, if possible, but, as one of the auditors of the mission treasurer's books, I was obliged to go, and fortunate to have fine weather both when going and returning. Auditing is a tedious business (probably the reason why I was appointed!) but when it was finished I did nothing but read, eat, sleep and converse with our friends. One day I found home the kid of one of our goats which had died. There was no means of feeding it at Kamundongo (where all our goats are) and as one of our cows gives a fair quantity of milk, one of the boys carried it home. It is amusing to see how the