

*From Miss H. J. Melville.*

CISAMBA, W. C. Africa,  
Sept. 15th, 1896.

Thanks for your nice long letter. It was so full of news. Maggie has gone to Kamundongo with Mrs. Currie. I hope she will have a nice visit. I have had a touch of fever ever since she went away. Not enough to put me to bed, but enough to make me unfit for work and miserable. I wanted to do house-cleaning too, as Mrs. Sanders is to return with them, but I cannot do it, and I would rather she would come and find things as they are than find me in bed. Last night I could not lead prayers. I hate to give up, as the girls feel so badly. One of them read, but they think if I am up and able to do it I am all right. Two or three times a day when I am up, and going round, they will be in asking, "How do you feel now?" "When is Ondona Maggie coming home?" "A week yet." They shake their heads and say, "It makes pity to see you alone." But I am all right now. The girls are round the table again, and every minute or so I have a question from one or another to answer. They are a merry lot, but they make me very anxious at times. We do so long to see them strong women in Christ Jesus, but we can only pray and work for them, trying in every way to influence them for good.

Sept. 21st.—To-morrow we are expecting Mrs. Currie and Maggie home, Mrs. Sanders and Marshall. So I wanted the house in shape, and, as a result, am so tired that I scarcely know what to do. A caravan came in on Saturday. We have been looking forward for such a long time for these carriers that you can understand our disappointment when we found that, by some blunder again, our long expected box is still at the coast. This is the third caravan without our load. Oh, dear, I was so disappointed I could have cried. Maggie's photographs, supplies, butter and other things which we need, still at the coast. I am afraid that Lucy's plum pudding, which I was counting on for my birthday, will be spoiled. Perhaps we think too much of this world's affairs, but I feel, though we have no seeds to plant in our garden (they are at the coast), still we have a loving Father who ever directs the giving out of our loads. We may need the more than two months waiting for some good purpose. May we learn the lesson He means to teach us. We are so slow to learn His lessons. He needs to teach them over and over again. Now, good-bye. We do so enjoy getting letters from friends in the home land—they help us so much.