

and thus leave the first of November for America. This afternoon we had to go to the Custom House, got our luggage ready for the steamer to-morrow evening. We have been there a good part of the afternoon, but we did not have any trouble, only wait, wait, wait. The Portuguese are not much better than the native when one is in a hurry. Time is no object to them. They move so slowly. We were ready for our dinner when we came home, and a nice dinner we had. This is such a nice hotel, so quiet, and everything so neat, very nice, I am sorry in the way to leave. I would have liked a week here. In another day I am very glad to go home to America. I do so long for a letter from Maggie. I do wonder how she will stand the strain alone. I tremble for her, she has so much on her shoulders, and it is easy to say "take things easy, do what you can, and leave the rest," but I know she will not, and, indeed, cannot well do for what is necessary is more than she is able for. I do dread the public speaking and having to talk to everyone. I do dislike to be brought forward. You say "strength will be given." I expect it will be, as it has been before when hard things have needed to be done, but I dread it so.

*From Miss Maggie W. Melville.*

CISAMBA, Aug. 18, 1898.

DEAR FRIENDS,—It is a long time since I wrote a letter directly to the LEAFLET, and I suppose you all know why our regular letters were stopped for a little while. In fact, I have a dozen written this month already, and have still a number to answer, so if some of those who wrote to us have not yet received a reply, you will please excuse us for a little time longer. I hope by another month to answer all. I have just returned from a wedding of one of the young men, Kambundu, and one of our girls, Wandí. Yesterday she and another girl, Kasova, went to her village to make ready or rather to wait until some one went to bring her here to be married. This morning Kumba and Ciponge, who is a little son of the chief of Mjuka, with Kasinda went to bring her. Ciponge carried a gun and Kasinda the clothes for Wandí in a basket. About nine o'clock we saw them coming, Ciponge with the gun leading the way, the others following, first another little village boy with a gun, then Kasinda with the basket on her head, containing some articles for household use, then Wandí, the bride, then her attendant, Kasova, followed by some village relatives, with Kumba last. In all there were fifteen. She was conducted to her house and there refreshed herself with a wash and food. She would then change her clothes and await the time for