

medicine house during the past few weeks. Our school attendance is very good. Some encourage us by their progress, and others seem as if they would never learn. Wanga, one of our house boys, will, I expect, be able to go into the senior school next week. He has been with us two years, but has done well, passing some who have been much longer. He is the son of Cujuku, of whom Dr. Johnston speaks so highly in his book. He is at a good age, for when you try to teach and influence grown men it is much more difficult. As for the girls, we have a noisy time with our ten babies. The girls do well, for sometimes the baby is fretful, and she cannot write, and has to read with the baby kicking on her knee. We have tried to make a rule that a girl must learn to read before she is married, and if they want to get married they must apply themselves. One or two of these girls are much on my mind. Bear this specially on your mind that they may be led aright. The Woodside family expect to go home in September. They are well, but the girls are getting old enough to be sent to school. They have been here for nine years. Mrs. W. says if they waited until ill health required them to go home, she does not think they would ever go. Mrs. Currie and Maggie look after the kindergarten. I am always at the medicine house at that time. Maggie and I have bought an ox to ride on, so we hope to be able to visit more far away villages when the dry season comes. Good night, and in closing will give you my text for to-night, "Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all to the glory of God." Oh! that we may be enabled to do it.

*From Miss Margret M. Melville.*

CISAMBA, Feb. 19th, 1897.

DEAR FRIENDS, - I wish you could come with us some morning to our kindergarten. We have no fine little tables, chairs, and lack many appliances which would be found in a Canadian kindergarten. In fact, we have very few of these. Few blocks, a few cards for sewing and a few cards for weaving. But we have cloth to cut into patches, which the children love to sew, and some even quite young children sew very nicely. Some will say, "But what do the boys do?" Why, they sew too; the men in this country do all the sewing that is done, and the boys are expected to learn. It is about a month since we began our kindergarten, and it is settling down into a regular attendance of about twenty, sometimes more and sometimes less, depending much on the weather. We sing the familiar songs, as "Good Morning, Kind Teacher!" "Who Taught the Little Birds?" "The Blacksmith," etc., with the accompanying