

Correspondence.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

[The following, from our Canadian Congregational Missionary, Rev. Wilberforce Lee, is dated "Cisamba, N. Bihé, Benguela (via Lisbon), West Africa, 17th Oct., 1892," and is addressed to Mr. T. B. Macaulay, Treasurer of the C. C. Foreign Missionary Society, "Sun" Life Assurance, Montreal; and by him placed in our hands for publication.]

Dear Mr. Macaulay.—Your letter of May 23rd, came to hand by last mail, together with a letter from Miss M. E. Richardson. Both letters are much appreciated by us: they seem to bring us a breath of home Christian atmosphere, which is cheering and invigorating: and we seem to renew our connection with the home societies as we read the several items of interest concerning them.

Our chief item for report this month is the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Read at our station. The day of their arrival was indeed a happy day for us. We had looked forward to that event for so long a time, and so eagerly, that when a letter arrived saying they were only one day's march away, and would arrive the next day, we could scarce believe it true. However, true it was, and now they are safely domiciled with us. Can you not imagine how pleasant it is for us to have congenial companions with whom to converse, take counsel, and share our work? Such companions we feel assured the Reads will prove, and we and all our boys rejoice at their having come to labor with us.

Another item, not so pleasant to report, but one of great moment to us at Cisamba, is the probability of Miss Clark's prolonged absence from this station. You will remember in my last letter, I spoke of Miss Clarke as suffering a good deal from fever. She continued to have more or less fever up to the closing of the school-term, at which time she started for the Bailundu station, expecting to make a good visit there with the friends, and then to escort Mr. and Mrs. Read to Cisamba. A day or so, however, after her arrival she was prostrated by a very severe attack of bilious-malarial fever, and for some days the friends thought she must succumb. Happily their fears were not realized, for God in His great mercy supplied strength to withstand the fever;

and the latest information we have received is of her continued and satisfactory convalescence. The mission, however, have taken the matter into consideration, and are of the opinion that it will not be wise for Miss Clarke to return to Cisamba for some months at least, as they fear she will not be able to stand our climate here. While Miss Clarke feels most keenly this detention from her chosen station and work, she is quite willing to do as the mission think best. Mrs. Lee and myself know how intensely Miss Clarke loves her work here, and how much attached to our boys she is, which attachment the boys fully reciprocate; and we therefore know how to appreciate her submission to the verdict of her colleagues. We only hope that her health will soon be so fully restored, that there will be no longer any necessity for her remaining at Bailundu. As to our own personal feelings, they can be summed up in the words: We scarcely know how we are going to get along without Miss Clarke.

As soon as Mr. Read is settled in his house, he and I intend to re-open the school. How we shall succeed remains to be seen. It will probably be some time before Mr. Read will acquire enough knowledge of the language to teach with facility; and how I, with the many demands upon my time made by other work, am to find daily the necessary two and a-half hours for the school, is a problem I have not yet solved. Still we will do our best, and with the help of Mrs. Read and Mrs. Lee shall probably manage to keep the school from retrograding.

Having spoken of the demands made upon my time, it occurs to me to cite as an instance a little police work that invaded my yesterday's leisure time. For a long time past natives have been coming to me reporting that soldiers were plundering their villages, and asking if I could not send away the soldiers. As we are careful to do nothing that will appear like interfering with the Portuguese authorities, I have put the natives off by saying that soon I would write to the Capitao Mar and tell him what the soldiers were doing. Lately, however, I have become convinced that the marauders were soldiers who had deserted from the Fort. Well, yesterday, after my outside work was finished, I settled down to do a little letter writing for the next mail. No sooner had