

for Kanjuindu, the Chief of Ciyuka, but when he learned of evil resulting from so many wives, he gave her to Kapienje. This is really a distant relative of the Chief, so that in any case he could have given her in marriage.

The usual ceremony was gone through, she going with one of the other young girls two days before to Ciyuka. I cannot describe what takes place at the village, but on the morning of marriage here she comes with others from her village, led by a young lad from here who has gone to bring her. It was sad in this case, for during the night before the wedding one of the children died at Ciyuka, so they left the sorrowing parents and friends to come to a merry feast. Such is life.

From "Galene" Philadelphes.

SMYRNA, Turkey, February 10th, 1900.

DEAR MISS COCHRANE,—Your letter reached me just the day before our Christmas, and it helped to make the day brighter.

Thank you very very much for the MESSENGER; it was just the thing I had been wishing for but never hoped to get.

I cannot help remembering you every day when I look for my name in the almanac you sent me. Is it not strange that I got it on our New Year's day? I find much help and comfort

this year we have had much rain and hardly any cold weather. But this last week it was very bright.

We gathered the first daisies on your fourth of January, and the almond trees are already in blossom. I suppose before long we will have orange blossoms, too.

We never have snow here, and I miss it very much.

This year we are very few boarders, only thirteen, and I am the only one that has been here for five years. I feel quite old.

Yesterday I went to visit a little girl who met with a misfortune some years ago. When coming down the stairs one day she fell as she had been suffering since. We heard of it only a few weeks ago.

Our King's Daughters' Society took the doctor to her, but she can do nothing for her, and that she will probably die next winter.

When I went over to-day I found her dressing her wounds. 'Nothing' Her mother seems to have little affection for her.

Does nothing that is not absolutely necessary for her, but she is so patient. I think she must be about twelve.

We have not yet found the opportunity of telling her of the love of the Lord, of which I am afraid she knows very little. I expect to be able to go again to-morrow afternoon.