

*From Miss Helen J. Melville.*

CISAMBA, Feb. 20th, 1896.

Just a note before the mail leaves. I do not feel able to write much. I have had another attack of the fever, was in bed for five days, got up yesterday for the first time, and still feel weak. Maggie and I are going next week to Komundongo for a rest and change. I do not like travelling in the cold weather but all think that we should go. We will probably remain a week or ten days, and will stay with Miss Fay. The news of Mrs Lee's death reached us through Mrs. Read's sister, and, of course, cast a sadness over us all. She was a brave and noble little woman, and was very much beloved here. Her sorrowing ones have our sincerest sympathy. But I must not write any more. Can you give me the recipe for making unfermented wine for communion out of raisins? I made some, but it was not very nice. The rum traffic here is a great hindrance to our work, and we need your earnest prayers that God will bless our efforts to counteract the evil.

*From Mrs. (Rev.) Frank W. Read.*

SAKANJIMBA, W.C. Africa.

HOW ONE DAY WAS SPENT:—At about 4.30 a.m. I woke and made my toilet, not elaborate I assure you at the villages seeing that we generally sleep in most of our clothes for various reasons. The babies wake very early at the villages and need immediate attention, also some milk and bread. While I looked after them, Frank was up and putting a few things in order for our return home. He closed up the book box and medicine case, carried out the two cot beds and put the rubber sheets on the grass to lay bedding on. All this by lamplight, for it is too cold to have the door open. By six breakfast was ready, the boys cooking it in their house, next to ours. As soon as this was over the babies' hoods and coats were put on and they were let loose. Then their blankets, night clothes, etc., and our bedding and clothes had to be sorted, the tepoid nets taken down from rafters and tied again to the tops, and the necessary pillows and blankets put in for the ride home. The two loads of bedding had to be adjusted so as to be of equal weight, and when tightly rolled and securely tied were hung over the back of our pack ox, panier style. One small boy led the ox, another went behind to whip it up, and to carry a small basket with babies' necessary conveniences.