

very quaint town. We saw the people at work in some of the fields and some very odd looking old wells. Our next call place was Corunna, but we did not go ashore. Then we called at Carrie, in Spain, and on to Lisbon, where we left the "Iberia," she going on to South America. We went up to Hotel Durand, where Mr. Swain soon found us out, and during all our stay in Lisbon most kind in helping us in every way he could. Lisbon is a beautiful city, hilly, full of flowers and public squares. On every side one sees signs of past greatness, but I must pass on. We sailed from Lisbon for Benguela on Monday, August 21st, at noon by the "Loanda," a very comfortable steamer. As there are very few passengers (owing to the plague in Oporto) we have a state room each, which is very much nicer than having to share it with a stranger. The weather has been beautiful. The boat does a great deal of rolling. Indeed, it has rolled all the way down, but has not succeeded in making any of us feel sick. Even now as we are lying in port it rolls from side to side. On August 27th we arrived at the Island of St. Thiago, when we were put in quarantine. It made it very dull, as no one could go on shore and no one could come on the steamer. Several passengers went ashore here, and had to go for twelve days in quarantine. It does not seem right when we have had nothing to do at Oporto or any affected port. On September 4th we arrived at the Island of St. Thomas. We have no quarantine here. It is nice to feel free, and then when we are free here we will likely be free at Benguela. We are now very near the equator, and are having beautiful cool weather. We leave here the day after to-morrow.

Kindly remember me to all the friends. I look back on my visit to Canada, my visit to the churches with a very great deal of pleasure. I feel that there are many warm hearts pleading with the Father for a blessing on our work and on ourselves.

*From Miss Maggie W. Melville.*

CISAMBA, July 20th, 1891

DEAR FRIENDS,—It seems impossible that two months have gone since I last wrote you. I seemed then to have nothing of importance to tell you or perhaps could not find time. Before mail time in June one of the little ones left us—Joano, or John, the infant son of Muenekanye and Nacer. The dear little fellow was with us for about six months and our loving Father saw fit to take him to be with Himself. I left a very sad mother, for she delighted in her little lad, but we have hope that it will draw her closer to the Comforter and