

which comes off a piece of cloth—that on which the number of cards is written and every colored wrapper on our tins of condensed milk as well as every cover of pamphlets or catalogues. Then we take brown wrapping paper and cut it into squares or pricked work instead of the cards commonly used. We happened to have some *fine* woollen yarn of bright colors with which to sew this paper when pricked, but this is also almost finished. Perhaps some of the ladies have scraps left from their fancy work which we should be so glad to have. If a teacher in Canada needs to be inventive, one here needs that gift magnified hundredfold. For blocks we have taken match boxes and covered them with paper. They are not the orthodox “gifts” of the kindergarten, but they can be used to build houses or fences. They are very soft and will last only a short time. Reading and writing have been introduced for those who wish to learn. You will wonder why I say “for those who wish.” It is because some would remain away altogether if they were compelled, and we think it wise to allow them to work at something else during that time. If they first learn the love of Jesus they will soon wish to learn to read His word. Dear friends, your interest in and love for these children is great, make them special object in your prayers. We will feel the spirit working if you pray for them in earnest.

*From Miss Helen J. Melville.*

CISAMBA STATION, Oct. 18th, 1897.

MY DEAR CANADIAN FRIENDS,—We are now at the beginning of our rainy season, for which we are thankful. One gets very tired of dry weather; everything is so parched and dry; also when one has several months without vegetables, you begin to long for them. We would most assuredly enjoy a dish of potatoes, corn or turnips. However, our time is coming. We are busy having our garden dug and planted, and we hope for a good harvest, if it is only preserved from the locusts, which have been in the country for the last seven years. The women have begun to cultivate their fields; they are busy digging and planting their corn, beans and potatoes. The other morning my sister went out to open the chicken house door. The chickens did not come rushing out as usual, so she went in and found a hen that had little ones dead and one of her chicks also another half-grown one near. She lifted the dead hen, and there were three live chicks under her. She caught two. The other one ran over to the other side of the house. She went after it, and saw something black in the corner. She thought it was another hen dead, but as she looked she saw its eyes and then its cheeks puff out. It was a snake. It did not take her long to retreat