

They are very impatient about the building of the school, which makes me doubly anxious to have it ready before winter begins.

The first difficulty which confronted us was the scarcity of lime, which costs \$1.25 per bushel; so I decided to burn a kiln, employing two men who thoroughly understood the work. I went to the Porcupine Hills (a distance of fifteen miles), taking my wife and family, a tent and provisions. We all went in for ten days' hard work. The men and I worked day and night, first blasting the immense limestone rocks which were embedded in the side of the hills, collecting them and burning in a kiln. We were rewarded with splendid success, and have now on hand 250 bushels of the best of lime. Of this we will sell sufficient to cover the expenses of the lime burning.

The next difficulty which arose was the want of water, so we set to work to dig a well; two Indians to dig, a white man to do the mason work, and myself to help all of them. We procured an inexhaustible supply of good water. The importance of first procuring lime and water will be seen in considering that we are putting a stone foundation under all our buildings, which is an unusual thing in this country, where the houses are built as expeditiously as possible, often without considering their durability. The stone foundation makes the buildings much more valuable, preventing the timbers from rotting.

And so we have made a good beginning; the foundation is finished, the timbers for the house on the ground, and the men begin building tomorrow. The stone hauling I did with my own horses and waggon and with my own hands, thus saving the hiring of a man and team, which would have cost at least thirty dollars.

In the meantime we have not been able to carry on the day school, but continue the Sunday School and services as usual. We hope to begin our day school the first of October, Mrs. Bourne taking it for half a day each day to give me time to assist the carpenters. The boarding school we cannot hope to have ready much before Christmas. The work is necessarily slow. We have great difficulty in procuring workmen, and they ask two-and-a-half, three, and even four dollars a day. After much earnest prayer and consideration the course adopted was decided upon, and we trust the work will redound to the glory of God, and be the means of bringing in many precious souls to the blessed Saviour's fold.

But I do most earnestly request all our friends and benefactors to remember that our "Home" cannot be finished or maintained unless we have much more hearty and prayerful support. Our good bishop has cautioned me to undertake no personal responsibility in the expenses of this work, so I again earnestly appeal for further aid to my dear fellow-Christians in the Dominion, to enable me to complete these buildings before the cold weather. For the satisfaction of our supporters, and the contributors to our building fund,

I purpose publishing a quarterly report of the progress of our work. Mrs. Bourne will also contribute, as requested, her quarterly letter to the *Leaflets*.

CHRISTMAS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

IN OUR far off island home
 See old Father Christmas come,
 Not with frost and snow and rain,
 As his wont is at this time;
 Not with holly berries red,
 Decking out his hoary head;
 Not when crackling logs are bright
 Bringing cheer through frosty night;
 Not when days are short and sad
 Does old Christmas make us glad;
 From where shines the tropic sun
 That with scorching rays doth run
 His long course from day to day,
 Frost and snows are far away,
 Wintry blasts and weather bleak
 Christmas finds it vain to seek;
 Here in Africa at least
 Summer weather greets the feast,
 Summer weather—though 'tis spring
 We are gladly welcoming,
 As we look upon the ground
 Yielding verdure all around.
 Grateful to the cooling rain
 That has visited again,
 All the dry, and parched-up soil,
 That to cultivate were toil,
 Profitless through half the year,
 Or till rain is looming near.
 Nature smiles and sings anon,
 And a fitting dress doth don.
 Wearing it in joyful guise,
 When the Infant from the skies,
 Born of Mary, Son of God
 On the earth that erst He trod,
 Once again is heralded;
 Coming now His peace to shed
 In this distant heathen clime;
 Groaning for redemption's time,
 When her sons to him shall turn,
 And a Saviour's mercy learn;
 When the devil's tyrant sway
 They shall spurn and thrust away
 By the power of the Word
 And the Spirit's keen-edged sword.
 Sure the Christmas feast can we
 Celebrate right joyfully!
 Though our loved ones dwell afar,
 Brightly shines for us the star
 That to Bethlehem of old,
 As the ancient story told,
 Led the wise men, gazing high
 On the star-bespangled sky,
 To the cradle of the Lord,
 Where He lay, the Incarnate Word.
 Thou, O Lord, who on this day
 Camest to be for all the way
 By which Heaven may be attained,
 And a place in Glory gained,
 Grant us grace to draw to Thee,
 And from Satan's bonds to free
 Many who in darkness grope,
 Heathen still, and without hope—
 This the Christmas joy we seek,
 That with softened hearts and meek
 Sons of Africa set free
 May in thousands turn to Thee,
 In an ever-swelling throng,
 Sing with us the angels' song.