

would welcome any of you to Hamilton could you come. We would be delighted to see your delegates appointed to attend C.C.W.B.M. meetings in June. Indeed, I feel it would help you to some decision in regard to your work. You would then hear direct from us all.

*From Mrs. (Rev.) W. T. Currie.*

CISAMBA, W. C. Africa.

Another double wedding among our young folk—Muenekany and Nacemba—Katumbeia and Siku. The latter were quite a matter of fact and Platonic during the whole affair, but the former caused us considerable amusement. Kanye, as we call him, was so fussy and nervous. He was anxious to have everything nice, and for a few days before the wedding was continually coming in to enquire about something or other. The last request was for "medicine to sprinkle about the house." For a moment I could not imagine what he wanted till it dawned on me that he meant perfume. "Yes," he said "that is what I want—to make the house smell nice." However, I had none, so he ran over to the Misses Melville, and they supplied him with a little. He and Lumbo had bought a bottle between them at the coast, but it had been spilled. I suggested flowers to him, but he had already been in the wood hunting for fragrant blossoms, and had quite a tasty bunch on the table in his sitting room. His house must have been a revelation to the wedding guests, especially to those from a distance. The clean white walls, freshly done for the occasion, the pictures, arranged with considerable taste, not in higgledy-piggledy fashion, as in some of the small boys' houses, the table covered with a pretty piece of trade-cloth, on which were arranged his Waterbury clock, books and flowers. Chairs were plentiful, most of them borrowed from his neighbors. And yet Kanye's house is not the exception. Most of the older ladies' houses are well worth a visit, especially when one considers how the villagers live. Already we see an improvement in the homes of some of the parents of our young people. Oh! if we could only know that these parents were improved for eternity. But their invariable excuse is that "it is too late" for them to become Christians. Is it not sad? And whose fault is it?

*From Miss Margret Melville.*

CISAMBA, W.C. Africa, Sept. 9th, 1896.

DEAR LOVED ONES,—Mrs. Currie and I are going to Kamukongo the day after to-morrow for a two weeks' visit, and