



was told, and that her mother would only be too glad for her to stay. So after a little more conversation, as she seemed so very anxious to remain, she was allowed to do so for a little while, until a message had been sent to her mother.

In a few days Lucy came for a talk. She was an elderly, delicate-looking woman, wearing a cloak and petticoat of ox-hide. It was agreed that the girl should remain with the missionary's family, as she seemed to wish that her daughter should stay. She used to come to see her as often as she could, though the journey was fatiguing, and she enjoyed the services and any conversation on religious subjects, often wishing that she lived near a church.

In rather more than six months this wish was gratified. War broke out between two neighboring tribes, and Lucy and her husband, Siholo, asked leave to live entirely at St. Augustine's. He had become rather imbecile from an illness, and soon after they were settled got an idea that he must go and look after some cattle he had left; and as Lucy wanted some things from her garden, they went back to their old kraal, where some of their relations were still living. From the effects of the journey or some other cause, old Siholo again fell ill, and in a few weeks Lucy was once more a widow.

She now came to live on the station, and had her two daughters, Nosiyingi and Lahlile, baptized by the names of Annie and Elsie; an adopted niece, Xotiwe, also lived with her. Annie was at first a very good servant, working well and trying to please, but after a time she became indolent, and showed the want of early Christian training; but the missionaries were glad when she married a Christian young man named Daniel from another station, and hoped that she would make a good, useful wife. If her uncles and cousins had chosen to sell her to a heathen man who had other wives, they could not have prevented its being done.

Lucy made a feast for her neighbors on the occasion of Annie's marriage. The women who lived near came in the early morning, each with a basket of corn or potatoes on her head, to help the entertainment, and Annie's uncle presented a large

fat calf. The missionaries gave a little European food, so, though poor, she managed very well. Annie has a little boy. But the marriage has not turned out happily, and both she and her husband have been a disappointment to the friends who cared so much for them. We must pray God they may improve.

Of Elsie I can give a much better account. She too came to live with the missionary's wife, and became a good servant and a faithful nurse. She used to take pains with the other children in the house, and teach some little heathen boys who came there to be trained. After three years and a half she married a Christian man named Albert, whose sister is a schoolmistress. A few weeks ago I had a letter from her. She wrote it herself in Kafir, but it has been translated. Perhaps you would like to hear what she says, so I will copy it:

"My dear friend," she begins, "I may say that there is nothing wrong that I see here. The first thing is the drought. Another very bad thing is that there are no natives like the Pandomisi, who are so hard of belief. Here, in this place, the school is going on well. We are satisfied with the progress of the children who come, for the Pandomisi will not send their children to school, for they will not agree with the work of light. Another thing, we had a great scare about Cetywayo, that he might scatter us. That was very bad to us; we were in a state of suspense. I thank you very much for what you sent me. It came very nicely. I am in good health. I hope this letter may find you well through the strength of the Lord. I leave off here I am your friend,

ELSIE MLUNGWANA."

Lucy is still alive, and though she suffers from pains in her chest in the cold weather, is much better than she used to be, and is a very industrious, hard-working woman, keeping her hut the cleanest on the station, and making herself very handy and useful.

I FIND, in a missionary magazine, a hint for little missionary givers. Here it is:—

"In an industrial school in New York city a little girl was presented with a pretty flowering plant as a reward for regular attendance and faithfulness in her duties. In this school, one Saturday each month is observed as a missionary day, and each child is expected to bring a cent. This little girl longed to do more. So she took her plant home, washed the window of their tenement-house room, that her plant might get more sunshine, watered it with care, and kept the leaves free from dust. As slips appeared, she rooted them in tiny pots, sold them, and took the money to the school on missionary day. At the end of another school year she had gained in this way \$6.50. When urged to keep a part for her own needs, she said, "Oh, no; my plant is a missionary plant."

Who will have a missionary plant this year?