

*Ciyuka Station.*—The work there is steadily growing. About a week ago I spent three days there, and found everything moving along in a satisfactory way. I then laid out a new village in squares of 100 ft. with broad roads between them. In one of the squares I marked out the foundation of an adobe house of three rooms for the chief. I also selected a square for our own use, and arranged to have an adobe house of two rooms built for the teachers this year. The money for the teachers' home was sent us by a little friend in Milton, N.S., named Nora Hughes.

*Cisamba Station.*—During the past month one boy and three girls were born here, and four little girls from Miss M. Melville's class have become candidates for baptism, besides one boy from the Sunday School. Our congregations are good and the work is encouraging.

Our Preachers are not highly educated, but they do good. The chief said that Lumbo had preached well the last time he was at Ciyuka. On the following Monday a man came to him and said, "I want to chop down my owrilu wa kandundu," a high pole in the shape of a cross, which is climbed by the official during the worship of Kandundu, who is supposed to be possessed by a spirit, under whose influence he forced the people to climb the cross bar at the top of the pole. The chief told the man he had done away with such things, and thought no more about them, but he could do as he thought best. The man went back to his village and cut down the pole, and pulled down several spirit houses, leaving only one which he said he would destroy when he returned from the interior. The chief thought this was a fruit of Lumbo's preaching. I wish we had fifty young men like him to engage in evangelistic work, and we may have in the near future.

Courage in our boys is an element we try to encourage, without it there can be little stability of character, and we often get proof that it is not altogether wanting. On a recent journey some men wanted to know if one of the boys had no fear. I replied, "I don't know, I fear God, but do not see anything to be afraid of," and they were at the time, walking in the track of a lion, and had driven away a band of thieves the night before. Again, when retiring from the Barotse Valley, one man was leading a herd of cattle and two were driving the animals. A large lion came out of the bush in front of them and met straight for the man, who began to shout and shake his gun at the beast, while the two at the rear fled, and climbed up trees. At length the man stood speechless, shaking a broken gun between him and the lion with mane erect and tail curled over his back.