

went to a funeral at the head village of Cisamba, and while there I went with some of the children to school. There I learnt the songs." Another little girl said, "Our chief was sick. I went to Kamundongo to the doctor. I went with him. Then we went to school and I learnt the songs." I wanted to find out what they remembered, and asked them "What songs?" "The songs about Jesus." And we sang "The Frogs," "The Farmer," "The Merry Brown Thrush," "Who taught the little Birds?" and quite a number of others. These girls have gone home and told their friends all about our school, and have taught them, as best they could, these songs. They were first of the kindergarten. We sang songs all afternoon—over and over again. Is it not encouraging? One sometimes thinks of these children that come one or two days are more bother than they are worth. Still, when we hear of how much they remember, and that they may get some good impressions that may change their whole lives, is it not worth the while? Our aim in the kindergarten is to teach these little ones of the love of Christ, and lead them unto the Lord. In the evening we had service, which was well attended; some of the boys conducted it. When my visit was over, Miss Fay of Kamundongo returned with me. We again slept at this same village. We were received by the chief, he himself showing us to a house. Our men were again fed, but owing to some misunderstanding the boy who carried our food went on further and we were left as we thought, "to sleep with hunger." But the chief had no such thought. He sent us a chicken as a present, asking if we would have it cooked. We of course consented, as we had no means of cooking it. They then wanted to know if we would have some mush. This, too, we accepted. In the house he had given us were a table, bed, chair and stools. In came the head wife (he has twenty) with two table cloths—a thick one to put under the fine one—large dinner plates, knives, forks and spoons—very nice indeed. Then came the lantern, for it was evening. The chicken was nicely cooked, except that it had garlic in it, which we do not like; the mush, a large plate of it, and some boiled rice. We made a very good supper. The rice we enjoyed, for we were hungry, having had no food since morning. This time, as well as the previous, the women and children were with us all the time, until we wanted to go to bed. We sang with them, talked with them, combed our hair for their benefit—they do so much enjoy seeing long hair—but what is most wonderful is to see how quickly we coil it up. Of course their hair-dressing is a very elaborate affair, taking hours, even days, to dress it.