

ly feeling that it is a caricature." After returning thanks many things, come a few words which ought to be passed on regard to a small vase. "How did that friend know that six or seven years I have been wishing for just such a luxury vase for flowers. I have not anything of the sort, did not buy when we came out, and have never ordered one since. My flowers have gone into mugs, bottles or even tins. Unless to say the vase was soon filled."

Extracts from Mrs. Read's Letter to Zion Mission Band.

When I am old and grey and some of the little tots now living you are in Africa or some other foreign country, working for Jesus, then you will know how much there is to do and how quickly the days fly by. But some of you are no longer little. Moodie often tells me of the comfort and joy it is to her to have the help of the older members who have grown up in the Band. It may be that God will want you to go as missionaries to some dark land. There are plenty to do the work at home, but few who are able to go to the foreign field. And oh, the need is so great! Here in Sakanjimbæ we could find work for two teachers, and at the other stations of the Board as many as are needed.

Now I will tell you of our last Christmas celebration. We had an early service at the church, to which a large number of people came, when the Christmas story was told as the basis of our rejoicing. We had told the people that this year the singing and feasting would be for those only who had identified themselves with the Station life.

The little gifts were quietly given to the young people of the Station at the different houses of the missionaries.

At various times during the year suggestions had been made to the boys about making gifts themselves, and as Christmas drew near they remembered it. Our lads gave me a present and Mr. Read a healthy young peach tree, which they had raised from seed and transplanted into our garden in their time. One lad made a new garment for his fiancée, and asked me to wrap it up for him on Christmas morning so that he could send it to the girl's house by a little messenger. Another lad gave a present of cloth to the village to his prospective father-in-law.

There was also a general interchange of gifts among the people at Kamundongo this year for the first time, parents giving dresses to their little ones, husbands to their wives, and wives to husbands. Our Christmas feast was confined to the people of the Station. A pig and a goat had been killed.