

17. closely the truths of the Bible, that these truths may take deep  
 hold of his heart; even his name is connected with something  
 etish.

the Nov. 22nd.—I had word from Helen at Sakinjimba; she is  
 feeling well, slept there one night. Friday morning we had the  
 funeral of a white man, a Portuguese, who died of pneumonia;  
 a short service was held at the grave in Umbundu. To-day we  
 had a fairly good congregation at the service, and at Sunday-  
 school, sixty-one—not so many as sometimes. I was teaching  
 3. my class about the man whom the four let down through the  
 roof before Jesus. "The Son of Man hath power on earth to  
 forgive sins." I am not familiar enough with the Umbundu, to  
 do justice to Paul's speech in Acts, which is the lesson for to-day.

3. We began girl's school three weeks ago, and intend to begin  
 the boy's to-morrow, as their work is somewhat over. Either  
 Mrs. Currie or Salusuva will take Helen's place. I am longing  
 for school to begin, for you know I love school. I wish we could  
 have it like our home schools, but it is rather difficult to grade  
 them, for much class-work; perhaps some day our ideal may  
 present itself in reality. Now, do not think that I am  
 discouraged, for the time has not come for higher education in  
 this country. They now need to learn the foundation of all  
 learning, the Gospel story. Mr. Currie has commenced Luke  
 a service, each Sunday taking a portion, a parable, or a  
 miracle. He intends going through, and we enjoy it; we all  
 read alternately with him, thus the girls and boys are enabled  
 to join in the service, and their attention is more closely  
 directed to the passage. To-day we took the first part of Chap.  
 15, the great draught of fishes; he made the old men laugh, by  
 asking, if they took their nets to the river and threw them in,  
 calling for the fish to come, would they come? Well, Jesus was  
 able to bring them, by calling only, or rather by giving the word  
 to cast the net. Manjesi has just come in with her two children  
 and Yosi, and another girl with Kole Ngulu's baby on her back,  
 he is such a puny little fellow, one year and three months old,  
 and scarcely able to stand, even when supported; his father  
 told us proudly that he was learning to creep. Mrs. Currie  
 rubbed him with Cod Liver Oil, and it seemed to help him  
 somewhat.

*From Miss Helen J. Melville.*

BAILUNDU, Nov. 24th, 1896.

DEAR FRIENDS IN THE HOME LAND.—By the time this reaches  
 you Christmas and the New Year will have come and gone.  
 Even if it is late, I wish you all a very Happy New Year.

I am now on a visit to Bailundu Station. I had not been  
 feeling very well and needed rest and change; already I feel