

of the women, gave us her kind counsel. I will not readily forget her words, for I felt her experience was worth much to me, who knew so little of the great work before me. Day by day our work here goes on; each day seems much like the one before it, but "the gentle dropping wears away the stone." Each word, each act, has its own work to perform. Our schools have been uninterrupted for two months, occupying our afternoons, while Saturday has been free. We went one Saturday to the villages, but that is all we have been able to accomplish, owing to this being the rainy season, and if it be not raining the stream which we must cross makes it often impossible and always unwise to go. In a couple of months, however, we hope to begin again. My sister is engaged with her medical work an hour or two each morning. This work is increasing, and we are looking forward to the time when the hospital will form an important factor in our work at the station. Our Sunday services are well attended, the new school-house being well filled, and a marked advance in the Sunday school is noted; heretofore none but the station lads and young girls remained, but gradually the number has increased until now we have a splendid crowd. My class at times numbers over thirty, all little girls, and mostly from the villages. May the Lord's blessing rest upon our work here and upon your gathering together. We thank Him for the measure of health and strength which we have had during the past year, and for His comfort and help in our time of great trouble last April, when so many of our loved ones were taken away.

*From Rev. W. T. Currie.*

CISAMBA, Feb. 22, 1897.

MRS. R. FREELAND:

DEAR FRIEND,—No doubt the ladies have told you about the work here, and when they begin telling I am disposed to remain quiet, for they seldom leave much of interest untold by the time they have finished. Dear creatures, what a heap of trouble they save us in this world. Since their advent at this station my penmanship, once growing illegible (so my sisters said) from pressure of work, has ceased to improve from lack of sufficient practice. Our Sunday school has never been more encouraging than it is just now. It is a sight on Sunday morning that would do your heart good to see. All classes are represented, from the child in its mother's arms to the old body with dim eyes, almost toothless mouth, bent form and tottering step, and from the meanest slave to the chief of the district. In my own class there are about as many chiefs and old men as there are young candidates for baptism. A young man trained at the station acts as superintendent, and he is supported by the missionaries and a