

*From Sheffield, New Brunswick.*

Feb. 19th, 1807.

Some friends in Sheffield and its vicinity are putting together small sums to serve as a nest egg for Mr. Currie's Grist Mill. It seems a suitable object to enlist sympathy in farming and manufacturing communities, as well as among the consumers of cheap flour. At the price flour costs in Cisamba, 17 cents a pound, one barrel would cost \$32.64, not counting the weight of the package, on which freight must also be paid. A. B.

*From Miss Margret M. Melville.*

CISAMBA, W. C. Africa, Nov. 12th. 1896.

DEAR LOVED ONES,—Ere you read this, another year will have begun. To-day has been very hot. This morning I sprayed the rose bushes and some seed potatoes with whale-oil soap suds for something is destroying them. The potatoes are from seeds and are very tender; two plants have died and I am afraid of the others. Helen left yesterday for Bailundu. She has not been feeling very well, and as there was an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Fay for both of us to visit them, we sent her with only one day to prepare, and here I am alone for a little while. By-and-bye all the girls on this side will be in for prayers. As I am alone, of course I have to talk more. I told Helen that if she went away I would learn to talk more fluently. Sometimes I have to ask a good many questions, and even then guess some of the answers. It is such slow work to understand everything in the language; I seem to learn something new every day.

Ngola and Wanga went with Helen; Ngola was one of Mr. Lee's boys; he is very nice on the road, and fond of waiting on the "olondona" (ladies); Wanga is one of our house boys, who looks out for No. 1, and would not agree to going until he knew if he would be paid, and if it would be equivalent to resting. He too is fond of the "olondona" and especially of the one whom he accompanies. He has just entered the Catechumen's class, although he is only about twelve years of age. We are glad that he has taken a decided stand for Christ, and strives to keep down his quick temper. In the morning when prayers were held too late for him to attend, he always read and prayed with the other kitchen boy. Wanga has been at the station and under Christian influences for two years and a few months. He has learned to read so as to be understood, and write quite nicely, working in subtraction too. I tell you all this, because I want you to become so deeply interested in him, that you will remember him specially in prayer, as he begins to study more.