

little brook, close to our village. As this threatened to spoil our water, destroy our dry-season garden, and render of little value our fields, I felt bound to resist them. The chief here, though in sympathy with me, was, at first, unwilling to act, for fear the ex-King would put him to death, with his Umbanda. In the meantime the frames of seven houses were going up at one place. There was no time to lose. I took a decided stand; either the ex-King must move, *or I would*. The people came to my help. They would not have "their white man" go; hence the villages are to be removed.

Second, the King of Bihe has started on his war. Thus far it has been in this neighborhood. Most of the men are away at the war-camp. The women are afraid to go any distance from the villages, for fear of being seized and carried away by some of the war party; though there seems to me little cause for such fear. It is, therefore, hard to get any food from them; and as only one load of food for me has come from the coast during the past twelve months, my larder is not very well supplied. My chief anxiety is not for myself, however, but lest my hard-working, faithful boys should not have enough to eat. Still the Lord provides!

Third, a number of loads, including several bales of cloth, were sent by Mr. Arnot to my care. It is now a month beyond the time when they were due, yet they have not come to hand. But I have interested the chief of Kopoka in the matter, and hope soon to receive them.

Fourth, my strength has been decidedly inferior. This may be the explanation of all my anxiety. When a man is strong and hearty, nothing need worry him; he can laugh at trouble, and digest with relish the most humble fare. When his own weight is a burden and his stomach an offence, then little cares seem like great sorrows.

Well, we are settling down again, with some comfort, to our work. Our anxieties are melting away like snow before the summer sun. The Lord watches over us with tender care, and makes even our trials a means of blessing. We rejoice in the kindly disposition of the people toward us. The faithfulness of my boys, in cloud and sunshine, in sorrow and joy, fills my heart with devout gratitude to God. No boys could be more kind, willing to bear, ready to help, than my two lads from Bailundu. I am again in the midst of medical work. The absence of patients made the village lonely. Many were constantly coming for medicine, and it made me feel bad to turn them away. The death of Dr. Webster brought home the truth, that as we cannot measure the length of our days, it is wise to do all the good we can while we have the opportunity. Not that I was

unmindful of this before; but my cares were so numerous, I felt disposed to reserve my strength for future days. Now I try to guard my health for the labors of to-day; and do what I can, leaving the future to the Lord. Our services have been poorly attended of late. The cold winds made it very unpleasant for shirtless youths to sit in the open air; and we have no building yet suitable for meetings.

The water in our river has been like ice, and as we have not been able to build our bridge, it was very trying on the young people to cross. I tried once to cross in my bare feet, and my teeth chattered as if they were bent on knocking each other out of my head. So it is not a great wonder that we have few at our services. Yet we are managing slowly to make known our purpose in being here, and some of the truth we have to teach. We have not been able to bring in any of the windows and doors which have been at Benguella during the past year; hence our temporary house and school building have had to stand unfinished. We are, however, constructing native huts, which will serve us for a time, and be very useful so long as they last—some of them as houses for boys, and others as houses for domestic fowls and animals. The cold weather has scarcely passed; but my anxiety to have a good supply of food ready by the time Mr. Lee arrives, has led me to plant a large part of my brook-garden. My fields are also being dug, so as to prepare them, as far as possible, for planting early in the wet season. Mr. Lee will likely arrive at the coast on the 4th of August. If he reaches this place by September, he will make good time. It is possible he may be delayed longer, as Kuikwi is still in his war-camp, and the road to the coast is blocked. What a farce in the name of war! There he and his men, together with the King of Civandu and his men, sit in camp for months, feeding from the corn fields of the women, and talking of the time when they will "shoot" somewhere or somebody!

Meanwhile, business is at a standstill, and the traffic between here and the coast is closed. It seems to me a couple of hundred resolute men, with half an idea of battle, could drive all future thought of war out of the head of the valorous King of Bailundu and his big all, and the country would suffer none in consequence. But, perhaps, I am mistaken; and certainly I have no reason to wish defeat to Kuikwi in any worthy campaign, for he has treated me in a very friendly manner. Besides, being a man of peace, I am a poor judge in questions of war. I hope, however, the war camp will soon move and leave the road clear to the coast, so that our carriers may pass—I want to see Mr. Lee. I have a hundred and one questions to ask him. I wish to commence at the Col