

one of the benches, undertakes to run the whole shop. He follows me to the dispensary and examines the bottles of medicine after a fashion of his own. He sees me to the store to that in tearing the cloth I do not fail to give good measure. When he misses me at any time, his loud ma—a—a is enough to break the slumbers of the heaviest sleeper on the station. In every way he claims so much attention that I am determined after ten days' experience to send for my wife quickly that she may take care of the baby.

My old friend, the Chief Hosi (mentioned by Dr. Johnston in his book), has been with us most of his time since Christmas. He says he has accepted Christ, and means to obey His teachings. He attends the class under my wife, trying to learn to read and write. No boy on the station goes earlier in the morning prayer nor more regularly to evening. He has put away four wives; torn down one spirit house, and talks of going to remove the remaining one in a few days. He has built a school-house at his own expense, and has just now six boys and two girls here at the station attending school. If this man proves to be a true Christian, he will be the first converted chief among the Onembundu people. At least this much is true, he is not here for what he gets from us. He pays for his medicine. He buys any cloth he wants from us. He generally sends us a quarter of beef when he kills an ox; and has built a very pleasant house and furnished with table, chairs and a spring bed, so that we may be comfortable when we go to visit him. May the Lord grant that he will prove a strong man of God, for then no one can tell what the extent of his influence for good will be. Pray for him and us.

*From Mrs. (Rev.) W. T. Currie.*

CISAMBA, Feb. 21, 1898

MY DEAR MRS. LAY,—Your kind, cheery, newsy letter was very welcome and was read and re-read. Dear me! there goes that bugle, which means I must stop writing and go to evening prayers—no great trial by any means, but I wish they had sounded the call quite so soon, as there is little “peace about the house” when once the lads and lasses have crowded into the large kitchen. It is only half-past six, seven o'clock being the usual time. Later—Prayers are over. Mr. Currie is writing in his study, and I have come back to the dining room. I wish you could peep in. You would scarcely be able to see me—there is a crowd of boys and some of the girls behind my chair all round the table, all chattering, very much interested in watching the pen “make the words.” The girls, or young women rather, as only married ones live on our side, want medicine for their