

*From Miss Maggie W. Melville.*

CISAMBA, Aug. 7, 1898.

DEAR MISS CAMPBELL (MONTREAL).—We received your note stating some articles which the ladies of Emmanuel Auxiliaire are sending us. Allow me to thank you heartily for them although they have not yet arrived, but are probably at the coast. We do not know certainly, as the shipping bills have not yet come to hand.

You will know before this why an acknowledgement has been so long in being written. We spent an anxious time while Mr. Currie was ill, and have been extremely busy preparing for the departure. She and my sister are now on the journey to the coast. They expect to sail the end of this month. Their going has left Mr. Currie and myself with a double burden of work and anxiety. But may our loving Father grant to us a double portion of His spirit. I now have charge of all four schools which, for convenience sake, have been thrown together into two, and, with the aid of two of the older lads, we manage fairly well. But progress, which is slow at all times, must be still slower now. We pray some one may soon come to our help.

But I must close this rambling note, and I am afraid no very great handwriting, as our coal oil is done. I have only a candle so cannot see any too well. Give Christian greeting to the ladies of your Auxiliary.

CISAMBA, Sept. 17, 1898.

MY DEAR HOME FRIENDS,—I have just been reading of the "Kindergarten of Fifty Years" in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. How touchingly Burdette tells of the vacant desk, and how memory comes so frequently at times to inflict punishment as at other times to give comfort. Memory certainly brings to many pictures of the home friends and their loving help at prayers.

We have been enjoying our first rains; for several weeks the weather has been so very hot; the sun was scorching; so when three days ago during the night a gentle shower fell we seemed to breathe more freely. Yet often a shower, when the sun shines out brightly, the atmosphere reminds one of a hot house. Our gardens will, of necessity, be late this year, for all hands are required to hurry on the building of our houses. They are about half a mile further north and away from the stream, and, we hope, a more healthy spot. As they are built of sun dried brick heavy rain would soon bring down the walls. Mine, however, is roofed and thatched, and Mr. Currie expects to begin to thatch his on Monday, so if the heavy rains do not come for a short time they will be safe.