

clatter and noise, the exorciser calls upon the spirit to leave. Offerings of the blood of a chicken are made, and presently one calls out, "There it goes, down to the river." Guns fired, and the houses, etc., in the village, and sometimes people, are smeared with white clay.

They are also talking about the old woman who fled here from her husband's relatives. She is still living here, as her brother who is a man of some importance, has not yet returned from the interior. The girls here are not afraid of her, but are quite friendly, and often visit her in her little house close to our compound. Village women, however, think she has some power to kill people, and have ordered their children to keep away from her.

It is nearly nine o'clock, so I have sent the young folks home to their beds. I can write a little faster than when there are many at my elbow.

We had the pleasure this month of seeing two caravans arrive from the coast. One of them brought the bale and box sent to several kind Toronto friends. The things were on exhibition for the rest of the day for the benefit of our young people; they so love to see anything from our country. The sheets, etc., for the hospital work, and the kindergarten materials, are the greatest comfort; also the sewing bags for the married girls. The scrap-books were eagerly welcomed by the children and the older ones too. We have put away most of them till Christmas time, when they will be produced as a fresh treat. The safe arrival of these loads proves again that Mrs. Currie's plan of sending direct from Canada to our English agent is a very feasible one.

As the dry season has set in, the boys are busy brick-making. Mr. Currie plans to have a new dispensary built this year; the old one is to be altered so as to form four rooms or wards for patients. Some small houses will also be erected for sick natives. This past month we had four more Portuguese patients. The last one left this morning for his village. This afternoon one of the boys came to ask if a chief (a relative of his) can come here for treatment. The man is very sick with hæmaturic fever. Before the question arose, "Is there a house to put him in if he comes?" Finally the lad suggested his own kitchen or cook-house, just built, and so they are going to fetch the man to-morrow. He is very old, though, and it may go hard with him. We are surprised that he has applied here for medical help, for he is intensely superstitious, and has always had a number of native doctors around him.

Our chief-friend Kanjundu is making daily progress in learning to read, and, we think, in understanding the Scriptures. His