

*From Miss Maggie W. Melville.*

August 8, 188

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Though we are having holidays at School I have just been able to-day to sit down for a few minutes to do as I choose. It is 3.30 p.m., and as we have a pig killed to-day I had the lard to see to and the meat salt; in fact it is not all finished, but I will have the boys with the mincing of a little of it. To-day was wash-day, and always leaves more for me to do as the older boy does washing while the little lad about eleven years old attends the other work; he does it very well with supervision; gradually learning the "ins and outs" of cooking and some will make quite a good cook. I can fancy some of our friends who live in the country and kill their pigs only in the cold, weather. Well, so do we, but our cold weather is different from yours. I have all the doors and windows shut the house now, not because I wish to keep warm but because I wish to keep cool. We now are entering on the hot weather and that is why the meat has to be put away now, for soon it will be much hotter. The thermometer on the shady side is 83°, and on the sunny side 90° in the shade. It is not so terrible is it?

Some of you will remember hearing of Sanambelo, father Lumbo and Kumba. The old man has always shown a great deal of interest in the work here, and always been so willing to have his children to be at school. His youngest child Kasovale lately become engaged to Ndalun, one of the young teachers who has been at Ciyuka for three months helping to conduct the school there. Well, I was going to speak of the old man Sanambelo. He has for the last month or so been thinking more deeply, and advising his young people to abstain from drinking native beer. Then, too, he has the women of his village do their Sunday's work on Saturday, so that they will be free to attend service and rest the remainder of the day. Last week he talked to Mr. Currie that he would like morning and evening prayer in his village, so on Sunday evening they began, Kumba is over for them, and also in the mornings. It will not be an easy battle for the old man and his village but the grace of God is very able to strengthen him and his young people and his family. He has only put his foot forward a little way as yet; pray that he may indeed enter into the "Kingdom of God," and that the young people in their village may yet be bright shining amidst the darkness.

Let me here thank the friends for papers and books sent out the names of the senders. They are all heartily enjoyed.