CHRISTMAS AT MAGILA.

CHRISTMAS always brings extra work, but the festival, with all its joys, more than compensates for this. The second week in December our school examination began. I took it myself, as I wished to see exactly how each class was progressing. The children threw themselves into the spirit of the work, and tried their best. The result was quite satisfactory as a whole. Many of the children surprised me; a few only disappointed one. With so large a school, some failures are inevitable.

Now I am sure our friends will be delighted to hear that the orphans of St. Dorothea's Home were not behind; some of them, in the short period of fifteen months, having worked their way through the school into the fourth class. This certainly does do them much credit. Out of the sixteen prizes given away (the first and second of each class only gets a prize), six were claimed by the orphans. I wish you could have seen them at the prize-giving; their joy was too great for words, and I believe the school girls were as delighted as the prize-winners themselves, to judge from the ovation each child received as she came up for her prize. The names of the successful orphans I send, as I know their patrons and friends will like to see how they stand. In the fourth class, Priska Magoda and Ruth Mamhando; fifth class, Naomi Kizimya and Violetta Mfumbwa; sixth class, Dorcas Mwashiti; seventh class, Priscilla Machoa. With one exception an orphan was head of the class. Of course one of the reasons that they have got on so well, etc., is that they are boarders, and always at school; but we are all very pleased with their progress; and when one looks back and remembers what they were like so short a time since, it seems almost impossible to believe they are the same poor, little, lifeless, starved creatures with no joy in life and scarcely any desire to live. Now they are as bright and sharp as children should be—ever ready with fun and mischief, happy and jolly all the day long. But the elder ones do not forget the past, as the following act will show you: When we heard of the famine (which is bad at the Rovuma district), we told the girls we hoped they would try and do what they could to help, and that we should be glad to receive anything which they could
brought contributions of money varying from one to sixteen pice, so that on Christmas Day I had a nice little sum to hand to the Archdeacon to forward to the Rovuma country as the Magila Girls' School contri-

bution. The school girls also willingly gave up their Christmas feast, so that the money I had reserved for that purpose might also go to help those in distress. That shows that the children have not forgotten the horrors of a famine. Our church offerings on Christmas Day were devoted to the same fund, and over fifty-eight rupees were collected—a large sum for so poor a congregation.

Christmas Day was very like our former ones; bright and inspiring services, at which all Christians who were able made their communion. The church looked more beautiful than ever this year, thanks to our sacristan. I could but wish our friends at home could just for once be present and see what Christmas morning at Magila is like. The whole thing is so entirely different from anything you who live in the West can imagine—the people, their dress, their simplicity, and above all their reverence. Could you have peeped into our church at 6.15 a.m., and seen our boys at the early celebration, at which some seventy communicated, and then later on at 7.30 for the choral celebration, at which there was scarcely room to move round, I think you would say that the efforts of the U.M.C.A. and the prayers of those at home were not in vain; and those who were privileged to be present could not but lift up their hearts in thanksgiving to God for sending us here.

For Boxing Day we had invited the school girls to come for games on that morning. There was to be no feast, as the money had been given to the Rovuma Famine Fund, but there was much excitement, etc., at the thought of a morning at games. There was a nice box of toys, etc., thanks to friends at home; so, after many discussions, we finally settled on having a visit from “Father Christmas,” Miss M. Berkeley, who is here on a visit, kindly offering to take his part, and our two nurses agreeing to appear as his children, one representing “1900” and the other “The New Year of 1901.” Mr. Pratchett and his boys worked
very hard, and arranged a delightful platform, etc.; in fact, they turned the boys' school into Drury Lane.

After service on St. Stephen's Day, all the girls took their places in school (there were about 140). During much excitement I managed to mark the register, then the signal was given that all was ready; so we set out, headed by a native ngoma (drum), for the boys' school. The children were soon seated; the higher classes on the forms, but the younger, some seventy or eighty children, sat on the floor facing the platform. A curtain had been arranged to completely screen off the stage and performers. I first tried to explain to the children the history of Father Christmas, as otherwise I thought they would probably be frightened, and not understand the meaning of it all, for he is quite unknown to the African boy or girl. Now the signal was given for the curtain to be raised. A dead silence for a second or two, which was followed by a burst of loud exclamations on all sides, some of wonder, but most of fear. Then Father Christmas arose, and, bowing low, spoke words of greeting; but immediately there was a stampede, one or two screamed and flew for the door, and in less time than it takes to write this the whole body of the school was cleared, leaving only the upper classes. Was this to be the end of all our labours to amuse them? We had simply scared them away.

We waited for some ten minutes, and then in came the teachers with a frightened band of followers. Some had mustered courage to return, and after a while got reseated; and now I explained that it would be best for any who were frightened to leave ere the curtain was again drawn up. I told them Father Christmas was not going to hurt them, but that he had brought presents for some, if not all, of them. Father Christmas then called all the children up and gave each a present. Many approached with fear and trembling, but the attraction of a present could not be withstood, let the danger be what it might, and even the wee mites mustered courage to face the ogre. All the presents being disposed of, Father Christmas amused us with a dance. Then the children began to feel more reassured, and clapped with delight; but until he had gone, I don't think they were really happy. They then threw themselves into the games, and soon a merry band was to be seen dancing and singing and thoroughly enjoying themselves, "1900" and "1901," in their attractive costumes, joining in, much to the pleasure of the children. At first they were not sure of them, but when they realized they were really the two nurses,
they all entered fully into the fun and games, and vied with each other as to who should be first to dance with the Old New Year. Dancing was kept up with much spirit until 1.30 p.m., when we dismissed them, and a tired-out but a well-pleased party set off, carrying away their presents.

L. M. DUNFORD.
January 10th, 1901.

AFRICAN WITCHCRAFT.

EW beliefs are more universal among the human race than the belief in witchcraft; we find it in all the four great Continents.

No European need ever imagine that he understands the African character, or has any grasp of the motives which influence the African mind, or that he is at home in the intricacies of African law, unless he has some acquaintance with African witchcraft. The belief is one of the most potent forces at work in Africa. The mother with child is protected against its malevolent power: the little babe can only be tended by the nearest relations owing to the fear of the same harmful influences, the huts of withered banana leaves, in which the boys live who are being initiated into the tribal rites, are protected by special charms from the evil intentions of some jealous enemy: the markets where people throng, where friend and foe jostle and push one another, must obviously be surrounded by medicinal charms of sufficient efficacy to rob witchcraft of its death-dealing tendencies. At night the little children tremble for fear at the sound of strange footsteps round their home. They say the wizard comes at night when people are asleep and cuts off some of the hair of the sleeper to use it as a medicine against him, or puts poison in the sleeper's mouth, or that wizards dig up the bodies of the dead and dry them in the loft over the hearth, and then at the dead of night come and knock and, when the owner of the house comes out, fling the shrivelled corpse at his feet. They flit poisonous juices in your face as you pass them on the road, they place medicine in the path by which you go to your plantation, they conceal medicine beneath the threshold of your door, or place it in a hole made in the floor of the little hut in which the women cook the midday meal in the fields when at work. No one is ever supposed to die a natural death.

Is a child ill? At once the question is asked. "Who has touched the child? Who has given it food? Who has been playing with it?"

And the doctor and diviner are only too ready to play on the superstitious fears of the people. I believe they are all one great clique or a kind of mutual benefit club. If
a man accused of witchcraft dies, supposing the accusation was proved according to African ideas, the mourning for the deceased cannot be finished. He cannot be buried with honour in the village by the graves of the village dead. If any sign of honour or respect were paid to his memory, immediately an accusation would be lodged that those taking part in the funeral festivities were accomplices, and further payment would have to be made to the friends and relations of the deceased.

A somewhat ludicrous illustration of the prevalence of the belief occurred at Mkuzi in the school there. Two boys had a dislike to each other, and one accused the other of trying to bewitch him. He said that he had seen the other deliberately scrape off the dirt on the book where he had placed his thumb, and that was a well-known act on the part of those who wished to bewitch others.

Another case which happened during my residence, and which equally illustrates the enormous influence this belief possesses in matters African, was the following:—A man wished to get rid of his enemy, so he went to a native doctor and asked for some medicine of sufficient power to kill a man. The doctor gave it to him. The man distrusted the doctor and the efficacy of his drug, so he thought he would try it on the doctor himself first. Accordingly he went to the doctor's Shamba and hid the medicine in a hole under a papaw tree. Soon after a slave girl belonging to the doctor came along, reached the spot where the medicine was concealed, and fell down dead then and there. But some one had seen the man conceal the drug, and accused him to the doctor, and the doctor carried him before the native judge. The native judge refused to give any damages. He said "No! my friend, if you deal in such medicines you deserve all and more than you have got. I absolutely refuse to consider your case."

Then the whole district in the person of the elders went to this doctor and told him "If ever we hear of a similar case we will either kill you, or drive you out of the country."

Now the significant point in the whole case is that of the accused, accuser, judge, and people not a single person had the slightest doubt that the medicine really did kill the slave girl. The only sceptic in the district was myself, and I am still open to conviction one way or the other.

In concluding, a few explanations of a general kind are necessary. The principal motives which prompt people to undertake witchcraft are hatred and jealousy. Of these the last is out and away the most powerful. Only those who have lived amongst Africans, and understand their language and ideas can have any concep-
tion how extraordinarily jealous they are; and this is a principal reason why it is so illadvised for a European to have favourites among his servants or subordinates. It ruins very often the character of the particular subordinate, and very likely completely upsets the peace of the establishment, and, worst of all, sets in motion a whole train of satanic motives which would considerably astonish the original cause of them, were he but to know them.

Witchcraft does not generally mean "poison," but some concoction or powder which for some reason or other is supposed to injure and perhaps to kill the particular person for whom it is intended and him only, and then only if he passes over it, or sits on it. Sometimes if an African gets it into his head that he has been bewitched he loses heart, despairs of recovery, and gradually pines away and dies. There may then be some virtue in a charm, which sufficiently reassures the patient to stimulate his nervous system. "It is not the saffron bag," says Mr. Caxton, "that is efficacious, but the belief in it."

GODFREY DALE.

A VISIT TO THE NEW SCHOOL AT VISALAKA.

On the morning of Monday, January 14th, Kologwe mission was a very busy place. There was no bustle, yet one would have felt that something unusual was proceeding. The preparations for the safari (journey) into the Zigua country were proceeding, and when one starts for an eight or ten days' journey into a land where your only covering will be your tent or the blue sky, and your only food what you take yourself or can pick up by the way, the start is usually marked with the unusual.

We left the Mission about eight o'clock, and all the porters were expected to be at the rendezvous, across the river Luvu, to start at 8.30. We had Yohanna as cook, Fred was in charge of the mule, Stephano leader of the porters and the three prospective teachers of the new schools in the Zigua country—twelve persons in all. Following for a mile or more the river, we struck out in a south-westerly direction into the Zigua-land. The road passes through woodland—in some places of great beauty—woodland not for a mile or two, but for seventeen or eighteen miles, right away to the goal of the first day's journey, Visalaka; and even a day's march further on finds you still not at the end of it. Some of the glades we passed through were exquisitely beautiful, where thousands of tufts of long broad-leafed spear grass of rich healthy green hue, running about 3 to 4 feet high, giving during the heat and glare of the day a reposeful relief to the eyes. The grass tufts running so regularly in height made it seem to be a sea of emerald green. The trees are not thickly strewn, nor are they of any great size, that they do not crowd out the blue of heaven, made more lovely—with the silver-tipped gathering clouds beyond them. We rested for half-an-hour at a place half-way or thereabouts, then the march forward proceeded. Another two hours brought us to the village of Kwa'mwandu, some half hour's distance from Visalaka. Here we had another rest to bring up the porters. Then on again, arriving at Visalaka at about two in the afternoon. We had to pass the school to reach the village, so we made a cursory inspection before proceeding down the hill to Visalaka, our destination for the day, and where the Jumbe or chief of the district lives. The village is prettily situated, if it is far from being as clean as it might be. The Jumbe and the people received us with open arms. For a little time we rested in the shade of the Jumbe's house until the porters put up our tent. Yohanna the cook's boy soon had tea ready, and afterwards Padre Kisbey had shauris (talks) with the natives.

Visalaka is a truly beautiful place; there
A VISIT TO THE NEW SCHOOL AT VISALAKA.

is a large population around, though strange to say comparatively few children. After tea, at about five o'clock, we went up to the school, with the chief and some of the people of the village, and Padre Kisbey, after a few prayers being said, formally opened the school. The building is of mud and sticks, about forty feet long by fifteen broad, and divided into two rooms, the larger serving as the school, the smaller as the teacher's living room. The school is beautifully situated, near the gateway of the upper village, and looks northward upon the vast ranges of mountains which stand out in the far distance. We could just make out Fundi Hill, upon which the mission at Kologwe is built, looming out a little lighter than the great Magunga Hill behind it. The line of ranges of mountain in view stretch east and west for some fifty or sixty miles; the intervening distance of undulating hills is covered with wood. It is woodland, woodland everywhere. As the sun was setting we descended the hill again to the village, where Padre Kisbey received all those who had assisted in building the school, the usual salaams and presents being given and received. Interviews and talks were frequent, in fact the tent was scarcely ever free from the presence of some of the natives. Then a meal, followed by prayers with the Christians, and bed.

The Visalaka school is the first step into the Zigua country, and stands upon the borders of it. It is necessary to hold it, to reach the large population about Lewa, the most distant station. It is the first of a series of schools, stretching out in a long line to the furthest school, and though it may never be so influential as the others, it forms part of the arm, beyond which the fingers will touch the population about Lewa. But this part of the country, if it is beautiful, has one drawback attached to it. There is a poor, very poor water supply. At Visalaka the water is collected from springs at a distance, and sometimes it takes half a day to fetch. And when it arrives, what is it like? Not the bright pellucid fluid from the stream in the Cotswold Hills which swells into the mighty Thames, but something like the muddy water of that same stream when it has reached London Bridge; yet we drank such water at Visalaka and were thankful for it. It does not do

VIEW OF KOLOGWE.
(From south of river Luvu.)
to be too particular after a hot day's march is completed. For generations this has been the state of affairs with regard to the water supply in Zigua land, but the Mission's advance into the country has already broached the subject, and something will probably be done in digging wells for its supply. Such a thing would be a mark of practical Christianity, the Christianity which endures. It is often necessary to attend to the needs of the body, to effectually address the soul. So by education, by looking to improve the material needs, as well as teaching the Faith and cultivating spiritual desires, there is a great hope that many richer blessings may follow from what is now being done in Zigua land.

With the morning came also the duties of a new day, and Padre Kisbey and the porters started for the longer journey further into the Zigua country, to visit the other places where schools are ready or nearly ready to be opened; while I, bidding adieu to all, returned homewards towards Kologwe and the mission.

R. P.

"Do we or do we not believe in the cause of Christ as a cause worth spending for and worth fighting for? If we do not believe that, we surely are not worthy of the name we bear. We are not worthy to flout before the world as if we had some exclusive right to bear the name of Christ, if, for the cause of Christ, we are not willing to give our money and even our lives. Therefore I say that in that sense there is a very great call upon Englishmen of the present day to emulate, not the deeds only of their forefathers, but their own very deeds of the present generation—the deeds which have made England famous during the last few months, and, in the spiritual sense as in the temporal sense, to show that they are not unworthy of the name which they bear."

J. G. TALBOT.

NATIVE MEDICINE FOR MADNESS.

HEN I was last at Likoma, I heard that an old friend of mine was very ill, and Mr. Barnes asked me to go down to see him before his friends took him away to the mainland to be with his mother. As we approached the house we saw some one climb up on to the roof and remove part of the thatch. The house had only just been built, was not, in fact, quite finished, and we thought at first that the man was engaged at work upon it. It was Sunday evening, so we walked on rather more quickly to remind him of that fact, and to suggest that his labour might be deferred till the morning. But as we came close up we saw that it was the patient's brother, and that he was not building but making a small hole in the very centre of the roof. Below stood a small crowd of relations, one of whom handed up an earthenware bowl containing a good quantity of slimy fluid mixed with pieces of sticks and grass. Some one else passed up a kind of basket strainer, such as the natives use to strain their beer, and then the brother carefully poured the fluid through the strainer, so that it fell through the hole in the roof. We peeped inside, and saw the patient seated just beneath the hole, and plentifully besprinkled with the nasty slimy mess. He was bound and held in position by two of his friends. We inquired the meaning of these proceedings, and were told that it was medicine to drive away the spirit of madness that possessed him. He was then brought out to see me, but refused to speak to me, or even to shake hands with me. They took him to the mainland that night, and some few days afterwards I heard that he was better. The patient was a teacher—his friends are also Christians, and yet that the old superstitions cling we were forced sadly to acknowledge.

K. M.
FOOTBALLS.

S.S. C. J., NEVUDZI,
December 9th, 1900.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

Did you ever hear of the old “Shell­back” who stood on the deck of the vessel one howling night in the western ocean, and prayed to God to answer his prayer for the safety of the vessel, on the plea that he didn’t trouble God much, unlike the “lubbers” down below, whose wails and prayers reached his (the Shellback’s) ears, as he stood clinging to the topsail halliards in the “midnight and the storm.” I have his feelings in writing these few lines to ask any kind friends of the Mission, who can do so, to send me some footballs and packs of “snap,” for our bright little boys in the mainland villages. I beg to thank most heartily all those who have from time to time sent us footballs, etc. I am afraid I have neglected to write to them to thank them, but I have always asked the treasurer to acknowledge them, and I feel most grateful for those who, sometimes of their present time. Footballs don’t last long, and the, perhaps, half dozen a year we get, don’t go far. Please, Mr. Editor, kindly allow this “appeal” to go forth to those who delight in giving others pleasure. A good game drives more cobwebs away than anything else, and though a football isn’t, I suppose, a necessity, still it has its part in the Mission field, and pays for itself in various ways.

Yours faithfully, MAINLAND.

[Note.—Footballs for the Nyasa villages should be addressed, “Priest-in-charge of Charles Janson, 9, Dartmouth Street, London, S.W.”]
MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

OR the last four or five years the editor has been urging me to write something for AFRI CAN TIDINGS, but I have never yet done so. However, now that Mr. Glossop has been sending an account of Kandea, and promises one of Dick and also of Jorkins, I feel (especially with reference to the latter) that I must write myself. Because Mr. Glossop does not really know Jorkins, whereas I am his oldest and best friend, and have lived on terms of closest intimacy with him from his earliest youth.

And who is Jorkins? Jorkins is any cat, a Tom cat of course, perfectly black, and with only one eye. As far as the outward cat goes he perhaps has no great claim to distinction, but he has a wonderful mind. He lost his eye about a year ago through an attack of inflammation. Two doctors were called in in consultation, one a doctor of medicine of the University of London, and the other a learned and distinguished graduate of Oxford. They agreed to follow, in their treatment of the case, what the books call the "expectant method combined with the exhibition of a placebo," and if any of my readers have got a brother who is a medical student, he will be able to tell them what that fine-sounding sentence means. It is a safe method, much patronized by the leaders of the profession. As far as Jorkins was concerned, it led to the loss of his sight in that one eye. But he is rather proud of the distinction, as he tells me, "There may be cats who can flaunt about with two eyes, but I am content with one, and find it ample for my wants." Then again, he once grew one (but only one) white whisker; but this was when he was very young and frivolous, and he dropped the vanity at the beginning of last Lent, and has not repeated the experiment. Generally speaking, he is perfectly black, and has one eye, and that a yellow one. Such is the Jorkins as known to Mr. Glossop and the outside world.

But I, who have had personal private dealings with him for three years, know him much better. For instance, it is quite wonderful how he knows when a Vigil or an Ember day comes round. I believe he can sniff a Vigil half a mile off. He comes to dinner on these occasions and sits on the wall eying us with his one eye, whilst we make our way through a fish dinner. He says nothing as a rule for a long time, but at last you hear a sort of mild expostulatory meow, as much as to say, "I think you men have done enough fasting to-day, and it's about my turn to fast a bit now, and I have my eye on the Bishop's plate." But he never intrudes rudely into the room, like Mr. Smith's tabby, for instance—a cat with no sense at all, and no breeding. He used to come into my house through the roof in the silent hours of the night, and I should wake by hearing a succession of terrific crashes, as he made flying leaps in the dark, sometimes into the wash-hand basin, sometimes into the bucket, sometimes on to the top of
the mosquito net. When he finally reached the ground there would be a silence, and then a faint interrogative chirrup, asking if I would be obliging enough to raise the net, that he might come in and lay down at my feet, where he would stay till morning purring deep diapasons.

Jorkins finds a wonderful fascination in green lizards. They have a way of dropping their tails when excited or agitated. One day Jorkins caught a lizard and brought it to me, and put it down on the baraza. The lizard promptly dropped its tail, and the body end tried to run away. Now Jorkins was in a great fix. He sat between the tail and the body, and the tail began on its own account to waggle in a most fascinating manner. "Dear me," said Jorkins, "that's peculiar." He watched the wriggings for a short time, and then went up to inspect it more closely. The lizard's body thereupon proceeded to run away, and Jorkins had to leave the tail in order to catch the head. Thus the process went on alternately, first the head ran away, and then the tail wriggled. He no sooner got one quiet than the other began, till in the end the head, by a bold rush, managed to escape over the wall, and Jorkins could do nothing but eat the tail, and then retire to meditate on the extraordinary phenomenon.

There are tragedies and comedies in the life history of Jorkins. First the comedy. Mr. Barnes a short time ago had a mongoose (and the readers of "The Jungle Book" know what a mongoose is), a creature about as big as a rat, and an awful example for mischief. His Chinayanja name is "Msulu." One day the msulu came to call on me, and saw Jorkins, till then a stranger to him, sitting half asleep in the doorway. "Hullo, who are you?" said the mongoose (very rudely). Jorkins didn't answer—didn't notice the msulu—but fixed his one eye on the distant horizon and said nothing. "Oh, you won't answer, won't you?" shrieked msulu (he had a shrill unpleasant voice). "Then I'll make you!"

So he went up the steps, and began a series of rushes and starts at the meditative Jorkins, who still remained entirely unconscious of there being such a thing as a mongoose in the world. The calmer Jorkins remained, the more determined the msulu was to stir him up, and I am afraid he must have said some very rude things—what the people here call "Tukwana" to Jorkins—for at last Jorkins drew himself up and tried to sit on an area equal to about the size of a five-shilling piece, and could no longer pretend not to hear. It was a very difficult position to carry off, as Mr. Sampson Brass would say. But the msulu got more and more excited, and at last I saw that Jorkins was slowly backing into the house, and then, when well inside, made a rush for it into the inner room, and took refuge under my bed. The msulu could not restrain his feelings. He shrieked and flourished about, and then ran off down the steps, on his way probably to steal the teacher's eggs, calling out at the top of his voice, "I know where you are, you silly old stupid, you are hiding under the bed, and you don't come out. I'll tell all the cats on the island that you are in a horrible fright, and had to run away from me!" And the cats all heard it and blushed for shame (white cats when they blush turn a sort of smoked blue colour, and tabbies and tortoiseshells a sort of smoked treacle colour). As for Jorkins, he stayed under the bed all the rest of the day, and it was only in the evening that I was able to entice him out, with a rather stale sardine.

Now, in conclusion, for the tragedy.

There was once a Mrs. Jorkins, a rather vulgar person (black, of course), who chose as a suitable site for a nursery the top of the wall of the chancel, close to the south end of the altar. Here a family of little Jorkineses was born and when I was celebrating the following Sunday, I was surprised to hear a chorus of mews, and the maternal burblings in reply close to my ear, though I could not see the family party. It was felt to be undesirable that the nursery
should remain, and I am sorry to say that the kittens were all drowned in a bucket (Kandea ate the corpses, I believe), and the mother came also to an untimely end, which profoundly upset Jorkins. He disappeared for several weeks—and even Vigils could not bring him back—and he has never been quite the same cat since. It was a painful episode, and I don't like to dwell on it.

Before I finish, there is one thing I must say, that is about the correct pronunciation of the name Jorkins. "A mere man," says Jorkins, "cannot say it properly, and though the Bishop tries he has never come anywhere near it." When you say "Jor" you ought to gape at the same time and introduce also a guttural German "ch" sound. And when you say "kins" you have to sneeze. But to say Jorkins properly with a gape and a guttural and a sneeze is beyond the power of most people, though perfectly easy for a black Tom cat with only one eye.

I have written a great deal about Jorkins, and I don't suppose it will ever appear in African Tidings. The editor will say he "received a lengthy communication from the Bishop of Likoma, but it was really quite unsuitable for publication in a missionary magazine. Besides, it had no moral." Well, if it needs a moral, it shall be a piece of advice to all my readers, boys and girls, "always be kind to cats."

J. E. H.

Lake Nyasa, B.C.A.
Jan. 2, 1901.

——o——

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

The New College has been built at Msomba on the mainland opposite to Likoma Island. When hearers receive the cross and are made catechumens, they are not baptized, they have to wait and be taught for another year, or even longer before they can be baptized and become Christians. At Kiungani there is a big school for boys, it is called St. Andrew's College.

RESULT OF THE FEBRUARY COMPETITION.

Seniors.—Full marks, 25. Percy Haigh, 23; S. Aldersey, 22; B. Webb, 21; Z. Stronge and R. Butler, 19; C. M. Wilson, 17; M. A. Jenner, 16; R. Shepherd, 13; N. Lodge, 12; M. Rood, 7; D. Hadley, 2.


APRIL COMPETITION.

Seniors.

1. What do you know about the picture on page 30?
2. What kind of food is eaten by the school children in Zanzibar and in Likoma?
3. What is the last news from Kologwe and Unangu?
4. What do these words mean, dawa, matauko, mandusi, kapo, debe.
5. Supply the missing words, and you will get E. G.'s Square Word.

In Likoma we enjoy the fruits of the —— which grows there very well. Some people have the —— that the Africans are idle people, but they would not think so if they saw them busy with their ——. From the —— side of the Lake we get our firewood and many other things.

Juniors.

1. What do people in Likoma do when a fire breaks out?
2. Read over the story about Tebe and then write a short account in your own words.

ANSWER TO FEBRUARY ENIGMA.

Masasi
Sultan
Universities
Makua
Barak (Mahomet)

MSUMBA.

RULES.

1. Competitors will be divided into two classes, in each of which Two Prizes will be given quarterly to those who have gained the highest number of marks. Class I., Seniors, those over 13 and under 17. Class II., Juniors, those under 13.

2. Certificates are given to those who take the 3rd and 4th place. Holders of Six Certificates are entitled to a Prize.

3. Name, age last birthday, and address to be written at the top of the first sheet.

4. Every paper to be signed by a parent or teacher to certify that it is the unaided work of competitor.

Answers to be sent before April 30th, to
The Editor of the Children's Page,
8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.