THE WORK AT KOTA-KOTA.

A NY one wishing to know all about Kota-Kota from its beginning as a Mission Station, should buy *The Life and Letters of A. F. Sim,* a most interesting little volume, well worth reading.

The great event of this year is to be the building of the permanent church, which will be so placed that Bishop Maples' grave will lie behind the altar. The temporary church is so pretty and picturesque, besides being dear to the people who have never worshipped beneath any other roof, that it will be a great wrench to give it up; but the congregation has grown so large that the little church can no longer comfortably contain the people, and therefore the change will have to be made.

Last year a large dormitory was built for the boys; it is built of brick with a thatched roof, and, being strongly built, ought to be practically permanent. All unmarried Christians and Catechumens sleep at the Mission, so the dormitory holds about eighty schoolboys and apprentices.

1 Price 1s., or 2s. in cloth. Office of the U.M.C.A.

The boys' schoolroom is also built of brick, and there two sets of pupils are taught: the juniors, who are as yet only hearers, coming to school from 7 to 9 a.m.; and the seniors, who are all Christians or Catechumens, from 9 to 12. In the afternoons the pupil teachers have classes in special subjects, as they are expected to pass a certain examination before they are considered qualified to serve as independent teachers.

These two schools, and also the girls' school, are superintended by a trained European schoolmistress, Miss Jameson, who, in addition to her numerous other duties, gives the native teachers instruction in the art of school management.

Such of the girls as are Christians and Catechumens also sleep at the Mission; but all, both boys and girls, go home for their meals.

There are two Scripture lessons daily in the schools, and various classes are held during the week for religious instruction, to meet the needs of the different people who attend them.

Quite a large number of elderly women come regularly, and though it is doubtful
whether they could answer any simple question that might be asked them, they prove by their conduct that they have comprehended at least some portion of what they have heard.

There is a large carpenters' shop, where apprentices are trained; and some of the boys have also learnt bricklaying.

The Dispensary is well attended, both by Mission boys and girls and the people from the village. At first the Mohammedans, though they came for medicine, refused to let the nurse touch them; but now they are quite friendly, and often send for her to their houses, and allow her to dress their wounds without demur.

Kota-Kota stands badly in need of a trained schoolmaster; even the most energetic man would find ample scope for his efforts. Until more clergy arrive it is almost impossible to attempt further extension of the work.

K. M.

June 11.
both casualties occurring within an hour’s walk of the Mission Station. The river Luvu is very swollen and rushes along at a great rate. All the bridges of the island villages have been swept away, and the villagers, with the exception of the strong swimmers, are cut off from the mainland. The attendance at church has been very small. It was both amusing and pitiful to see those who did swim across the river come into church with their clothes wet, although they had probably wrung them out after their swim. But one has felt the most pity for the abbot and a brother of the Benedictine Order who have been on a visit from their head mission in Natal to their recently opened station in West Usambara. They arrived at Kologwe on the 14th inst., hoping to proceed to Tanga on the next day and thence to Europe. As I write — on the 31st — they are still here and it is uncertain when they will be able to resume their journey. We are glad that we have been able to offer them shelter and hospitality during this trying time. They have certainly taken the situation as cheerfully as possible, and many a laugh we have had over the all too ingenious plans invented to try and get over to yonder mountains across the plain — so near and yet so far.

W. H. KISBEE.

Kologwe, May 31.

KICHWELE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

I cannot write anything very new or exciting about this place, I am afraid. You have had news of it before, and will remember that it is our station near to Dar es Salaam, where the Rev. Denys Seyiti, deacon, lives, and of which the head of Mkunazini is priest-in-charge. It is visited by a priest, as far as possible, every month.

I was sent in Easter week, and as there were then three of us in Zanzibar, it was thought well that I should stay a little longer than we are usually able to do. I went by the small coasting steamer, which called at Bagamoyo, and stayed several hours, so I was glad of the opportunity of
seeing the station in charge of the French fathers of the “Order of the Holy Spirit,” which station was founded by Père Sacleux some twenty years ago. They have a poor church, but it is temporary only; but there is a great deal of industrial work going on: they have cows and goats and donkeys; there are carpenters’ and blacksmiths’ and other workshops; and all sorts of garden work, and cokernuts, etc.; and above all a very large vanilla plantation; and I believe vanilla is a most paying thing.

We reached Dar es Salaam on Friday in Easter week, April 12, and after calling on our friend, Mr. Dundas, H.B.M. Vice-Consul, who had only just arrived from England, I made my way out to Kichwele. And I think really that the next five days or so might be summed up in the one word, rain! It poured almost incessantly day and night, and so interfered a little with one’s work. However, during the time I was there I baptized sixteen adults and made twenty-two people catechumens. Various people came wanting me to make up their quarrels, and for other reasons, some bad, some good. I also went over to our other station at Mtoni, or Kilungule, when the three rivers had gone down, and did not reach much higher than my knees. The people there have begun to build a church, but they seem to have got tired or something, for it stands at present in an unfinished state. We had a sort of “parish council” on the subject while I was there. I hope they may advance the work, it looks so bad now.

Kichwele Church has to be rebuilt. We found one morning that it had begun to gently lean to one side, and there was a large crack in the floor; and when some of the poles were taken up they were found to be ant-eaten, and also there seemed to be a sort of pond underneath the church! However for the present it has been tied up to the trees near with strong rope, and the people are making preparations to build in another spot.

We had a visitor one night. Archdeacon Upcher, who was on his way home from Rhodesia, passed through Dar es Salaam, and I happened to be in the town that day, so when I was going back in the evening he accompanied me, and was, I think, pleased with our station.

I fancy the matter has been mentioned before, but it may be permissible perhaps to ask again, that no parcels of kisibaus and other garments—and indeed very few presents at all—be sent to Kichwele. It is rare that boys wear anything more than a loin-cloth out there, and if it be thought well they should have a kisibau for Sundays these can be taken over when the priest visits. And as to presents, it is pretty generally agreed, I think, that a little too much giving away has sometimes been done in the past, and that we are suffering from the results of it now. I think the deacon-in-charge will agree with what I say.

Perhaps our friends will remember Kichwele sometimes in their prayers, and at this time especially those who have just been baptized.

Yours truly,
E. A. G.

THE WET SEASON.

HE May letters speak of a most unusually severe wet season. Pemba has had an unprecedented rainfall. Storms lasting thirty-six hours succeed one another with the shortest interval. They have beaten down many of the native earthbuilt houses. Locomotion has been next to impossible from the slippery clay of the paths. Mr. Kisbey,
travelling back to Kologwe from Zanzibar, says: "We had such a journey over the plain for eight miles. The water was always up to one's knees, frequently up to the waist, and sometimes to the neck! In some parts it resembled a rushing river. I could hardly have credited such a condition had I not had the experience of it."

**Misozwe.**

The Rev. Samuel Sehoza, the African priest who had been ill and went to Zanzibar for change, writes on March 27: "I returned here at Christmas, after being away for three months to Zanzibar. I am quite strong again now. About two weeks ago I went up to the Usambara Mountains to look for a place suitable for making a station, but there were not enough people for a large station, and it was too far for an out-school, being about three days' journey from here. But I hope we shall find a place later on."

**Kologwe.**

Brother Russell wrote on April 20: "The Christians at Kologwe gave about 75 rupees (equal to about £4 15s.) as their Lenten offering. During Lent Padre Kibey gave lantern services. At one place the old Medicine Man told the people not to look too hard at the pictures as they might get possessed with an evil spirit. He was evidently afraid of losing power over the people. They regarded the changing of the slides as perfectly magical."

The death of our dear friend, Nurse Sarah Ann Whitbread, which took place in Zanzibar on July 6, will cause much sorrow to those who admired her zealous and affectionate work in Africa. While others sometimes grew faint-hearted at discouragements, she was ever hopeful, believing there was good in all hearts, and that it only needed love and enthusiasm to bring it forth.

A general cry of "Laus Deo" comes from Africa, we are most glad to learn, at the news of the appointment of Bishop Hine. "Certainly it was worth waiting to get such a man for our bishop." "But we feel so sorry for Nyasa."

We hear from Brother Moffatt that the Kiungani boys beat the men of H.M.S. *Terpsichore*, a second-class cruiser, at a football match on June 18 by 4—0. Please remember that footballs make a most acceptable present for any of our schools, but not for individuals.

On June 15 a Sale of Work was held by the All Saints', Stoke Newington, Branch of the Coral League. Miss M. E. Woodward kindly arranged some African tableaux, which proved a great attraction. There were four scenes—"Boys' School at Masasi," "A Dispensary at Zanzibar," "African Girls Cooking," and "An African Wedding." These were shown three times during the Sale, which lasted for five hours. Owing to the generosity of many of our workers, a good show of articles was provided, which were not marked at bazaar prices. The expenses of the Sale amounted to nearly £6, yet a clear profit of more than £20 was made. Mr. W. H. Coates, 2, Aden Grove, Stoke Newington, N., has a number of tableaux programmes, which
he would gladly forward to any who are contemplating a Sale of Work.

Miss Herring writes: "My little niece S. has just been to tell me of the success of her 'small sale.' She took £12 6s. 8d. (for the Coral League). Directly she heard of my wish to have many little sales she said 'I'll have one for you.' Then she wrote letters to all her friends begging them to come, and they could not refuse. Considering she is only seven I think she has done wonderfully."

How is it that anything can turn us away from the great duty which is our own share in the Lord's Redemption of the world? He died for us on the Cross, He left His Throne for us, and bestowed Himself upon us; and we to whom is assigned the great privilege of making known His work, and still more, of making known His unfailing, His never-ceasing love—how is it that we can bear any longer to give our minds to anything short of the speedy accomplishment of this great task? Oh, if it were but possible to make this great theme so living in the thoughts of Englishmen that they would rise to the height of their vocation, that they would use the opportunities which have been given to them more than to any other nation! Oh, if it were possible to make them feel that this is indeed the highest of all earthly honours that can be conferred upon a Christian people, that they have more opportunities, that they have greater facilities, that they have doors open to them on every side; and that, while they are thus distinguished among all nations, they are doing so very little in proportion to the needs of the case!—Archbishop Temple.

THE OLD LADIES OF KOTA-KOTA.

Much has been written and told of the dear African children among whom we live and work that the elder classes of the community seem to me to have been left rather in the background—a circumstance surely to be regretted.

Let me tell you a little about the old ladies of Kota-Kota; I call them old more by contrast with the school children than because of their years.

When we arrived there in April, 1899, there were only two women, natives of Kota-Kota, who had been baptized—the other Christian women had come over from Likoma or the other side of the lake with their husbands, so they did not count—and their names were Mary and Sarah. I very soon made Mary's acquaintance, as she held the post of ironer to the Mission, and arrived on the first Tuesday morning to perform her duties. Her proceedings were decidedly interesting, her methods unique. Having lighted a fire of shavings and wood just outside the clergy house verandah, she procured a small table, pinned a sheet loosely on it, and then went in search of the linen which had come from the wash the day before. This was in baskets belonging to the various owners. She stood the baskets on the floor, and bringing a tin of water, dashed a few handfuls into each basket, and considered that she had damped the clothes. Then taking a garment, she laid it on the table and proceeded to go gently all over it with the iron, with a fine disregard of anything so trivial as a right or wrong side. When she considered that enough labour had been expended on it she rolled it up in a loose bundle and put it out in the sun to air. This performance was repeated with each article in turn, and at the end of the day she rolled the bundles up a little tighter and packed them closely into the baskets of their respective owners, deposited them in the various houses, and retired home with the cheerful feeling of "something accomplished, something done." I am afraid that I did not grieve acutely when her husband, a soldier, was ordered away to Blantyre, and Mary went with him. She had received my timid suggestions as to another method of ironing with
great patience and forbearance, but being firmly convinced in her own mind that the sole purpose of her work was to thoroughly dry the clothes, she calmly persisted in her own course. The result was, as Mr. Hancock naively remarked, that "when you wanted a clean cassock you had to put it on the day before to get the creases out!" Poor old lady, she never came back again; we heard shortly afterwards of her death. I am afraid she did not even have Christian burial.

Before Mary's departure I had learned to know something of the washerwomen. They were two in number, and for the munificent sum of 2d. per diem they washed for the whole of the Mission staff. Early on Monday mornings they would come to my baraza, and there wait patiently until I appeared with the requisite amount of soap, when, having collected the baskets of linen from the various house boys, after some grumbling about the heaviness of the load, they would balance them securely on their heads, and trudge away to the hot springs, about 2½ miles off. On their return they would hang out the clothes to finish drying, and then knock at my door and present me with the remains of the soap. It was always considered as a great favour if I allowed them to keep these fragments, which were generally about a cubic inch in size. The only difficulty I ever had with these two dear old ladies—except once when they brought home the church linen and Mr. Stokes' cassocks pink, having rolled up some red socks with them while wet—was about the wages. They were quite satisfied the 2d. was enough for a day, but they wanted to be paid monthly. They generally preferred to be paid in white calico at 4d. per yard; and as there are, as a rule, only four washing days in a month, they used to receive two yards of calico each. They would take it and measure it, and try it on, and then point out to me that it was not enough. They would suggest that I must have made a mistake, and do what I would, I generally found it quite impossible to convince them that I had not deliberately cheated them. Not that they thought any the worse of me for that!

These, two, together with several other women, were catechumens, and had been so for over a year. They came regularly to be taught, on Sunday, and twice in the week, and showed great desire to be baptized. But they were absolutely incapable of answering any questions on the subject of religion. They listened attentively to all that was taught them, but no sooner were they on their road home than they had quite forgotten—or so they said. After a lesson on the omnipresence of God, I once heard a teacher ask, "Does God see us?" and with great fervour the dear old ladies answered "No"! So they cannot be called apt pupils. But one had only to see something of their village life to understand that however unable to express themselves in words they had imbied something of the spirit of Christianity and were trying to carry it out in practice. They were all baptized in January, 1900, and as they nearly all live in one little village just behind the Mission Station they form as it were the nucleus of a little Christian community in the midst of their heathen neighbours. We all know how kind our English poor are to one another—the same spirit prevails among those dear old ladies. If I am called into the village to see a sick person either in the day or in the night, it is very seldom that I do not find one or more of them sitting with the patient hoping to make themselves useful. They send their children to school; they do all sorts of kindly offices for their neighbours, and they keep themselves from strife. They are ignorant and uncultivated and perhaps stupid, but they are living witnesses to the grace of God.

K. M.
FROM LIKOMA TO UNANGU.

AST year Mr. George and I went up from Likoma to Unangu. A short account of the journey will show our method of travelling in Central Africa.

A few days before the time fixed for our departure I went over to the mainland and gave public notice that I wished to go to Unangu, and asked for men willing to go as porters to come and have their names written down. The first thing was to fix the wages to be paid, and no one can bargain like an African as to the rate of wages he is to receive; eventually I agreed to pay six yards of calico, and one yard for each man to buy food for the journey. I may say that I did not take all the men from one village, for a little rivalry in a caravan is a good thing. After writing a good many names I went over to Likoma and returned on the morning of the third day to give out the loads and start for Unangu. Giving out loads is a piece of work that requires a good deal of patience, for the porters will rush for the lightest loads, and you have a good deal of difficulty in getting any one to accept the bulkier packages. But we did get started, and it is a remark-

able sight to see the long procession of ninety porters, each carrying their loads on their heads, a good many waving a flag made of a yard of red calico tied to a bamboo, and most of them singing.

The first day's journey was very short, about eight miles. We camped at the bottom of a high hill, made large fires, chiefly to cook our food, but also to frighten lions or other wild beasts. The natives are very fond of these journeys. They will talk far into the night, and it is often necessary to tell them to be quiet, or sleep would be impossible.

We rise in the morning as soon as it is light; the cook prepares breakfast. Usually during this interval the Christians and Catechumens are called together and a short form of Morning Prayer is said. After a good deal of shouting we start, and I shall never forget the lovely panoramic view of the lake from the top of the hill we had just ascended. The flat eight miles of country, the silver channel dividing Likoma from the mainland, Chisumulu in the distance, and in the early morning haze the mountains on the west side of the lake made a grand picture; this was the last view we had of the lake.
THE RETURN TO WORK.

| until we returned from Unangu six months later.  
| Our path now entered the forest, and we did not get into open country again until we reached Chisindo. We passed one other large village, Chitagala. The chief of this place used, several years ago, to raid the lake villages for slaves. After five days of this travelling we arrived at Unangu. Here we were met by Padre Yohana Abdallah, who was very pleased to hear that we had really come to build him a stone church.  
| We rested two days and then began our operations for building the church, which the Bishop consecrated on All Saints' Day. An account of this has already appeared in the February and March numbers of African Tidings.  
| J. P. Clarke.  

THE RETURN TO WORK.

When one returns to Central Africa, it is under very different circumstances than when, as a new member, one steps on board the ocean steamer.  

In the first instance, the call to work in foreign lands may be one of almost a lifetime; some book read when quite a child, or a sermon or address had so impressed us, that we longed for the time when we should be ready and acceptable for God's greater harvest field; or on the other hand, the appeal of some overworked missionary, who appears broken down in health, who just before returning to take up his work has spoken with such earnestness and entreaty, that one has felt nothing can keep one in England when so many labourers are wanted in the fields to preach to those who have never heard of God. So, seized with the sudden inspiration and keenness, we had gone forth to our new work.  

There was the excitement of seeing new countries and people on the way; the learning and beginning to talk a strange language; the arrival at our destination, and the settling down into the life that is so utterly different to all past experience; the joy at beginning to fit into one's place, and of taking up the threads of work that had been successfully begun by some other worker; and then there was the weird pleasure in writing home to one's friends and relations and workers in the old parish at home, of the varied life that we were leading, and of any little success in our work among the natives.  

But to many the glamour of being a Missionary soon passed off; things (let us be honest with ourselves) were not quite what we had expected they would be, and we had settled down into the stern realities of the life before us, perhaps keeping in the far distance the prospect of the pleasure of our first return to the home country, ready to tell all who were willing to hear,
and to persuade, oh, so many, to do something for the work abroad, either by their presence in Africa, or by their work or voice in England.

But on one's return there is no glorious future of the great unknown, the grim facts of truth stand out in their bareness before us like the rock of Cape Town or Gibraltar, and the worker of the U.M.C.A. knows what is before him, the trials, hardships, duties and pleasures.

One of the first things one has to cope with is the climate; many a man goes out with the idea that by moderate and careful living he will escape malarial fever, and that his medicine chest is his sentinelp; but he sees that the workers around him, however considerate they may be for their health, do fall victims to that which so often weakens the constitution, and has added so many names to that glorious list in the Chapel at Dartmouth Street of those who have laid down their life for the Lord's work. Now he knows the circumstances of the case: one hour at his work, the next, may be, fever-stricken on his bed; one day as the spiritual leader of his people, the next in his six foot by two. He can fully say, "My times are in His hand."

He has then to be on his guard against all the various temptations that beset him; often too much is attributed to the climate's account, when the wrong should be classed as one's own fault. There are all the different ways of treating the native, both rightly and wrongly, and he who returns to take up his work afresh does so with all the old obstacles and milestones before him; but (if he has learnt his lesson) he now knows how to avoid much that has kept him at a distance from the African, because formerly neither understood the ways or doings of the other; and so, on the second outcoming, many a barrier is broken down, many an obstacle removed, and one can go forward eagerly to better work, because one is no longer a beginner in that which one is so eager to carry out.

Language—what a trial it was on one's first arrival, to have to stand by, almost useless one seemed, because one could not make oneself understood; first came the words of ordinary use about the house, but, oh, how one longed to be able to teach and preach the words of the Bible, and to speak and tell those whom we lived amongst why we were in their midst; now, though the words may not come to one's lips quite as quickly as when one left for England, yet one can plunge into the work immediately with the joy of being an old hand. So, on the return to the old district, there is the knowledge of the past to warn us for the present, and for the future, as to our course in life; and there is, what no new-comer has, the joy of taking one's place again, the pleasure of seeing how the work has prospered and grown in one's absence, and the welcome of those dark-skinned Christians, who are moulded in the same human nature as ourselves.

SS. "Hersog," April, 1901. A. G. De la P.
VERY much alike in their circumstances, as unlike as most boys in their characters. They have all been slaves, have had ulcers on their legs or feet, and have been adopted by the Mission.

The first to come was Hassan (now Filipo, as he has been baptized), a poor, miserable little boy, with very bad ulcers on his feet, during the dressing of which he roared at the top of his voice. He is a sensitive little fellow, more like a European than an African, with pretty, attractive ways and manners, and now that he is well and goes to school he is bright and intelligent and very obedient. As an instance of his lovable disposition I must tell you the following story—

The matron of the hospital lost her pet dog a short time ago, and it happened to be a holiday, and the little children were each given eight pice by their teacher. Filipo was asked what he was going to do with his. He answered, "I hear Topsy is dead, and 'Bibi Mkufewa' cried very much. I am going to put my pice in a box, and when I have got enough I shall buy her a new Topsy." After his feet were cured he was boarded out with a Christian family living on the station, and soon settled down comfortably in his new surroundings, with his new father and mother and two little brothers, Stefano and Georgie. Stefano became devoted to him, and it was a great grief to him when Filipo was moved from the infant school to that kept by Miss Clutterbuck for older boys.

The second of our new children is Bundili. He was sent by the Government authorities as a present to one of our nurses, being quite friendless. So he also was boarded out with a childless couple, who are both servants at the hospital, living in rooms under the Clergy House. Bundili is a very bright little chap, always with a broad smile on his face. He helps his adopted father to wait on the nurses at table, and manages very well, though he has been known to pounce on a plate and carry it off before its owner, who was deep in conversation, had finished the contents! He cannot forget that he once was lame with an ulcerated leg, and he walks in a sprawly, ungainly way, something like a crab.

The third is Juma, who tells his own story thus: He was brought to Zanzibar long ago from a long way off, "perhaps Nyasa," and became slave to a Swahili who lived in a shamba some way out of town. He was one of eleven slaves who cultivated the shamba and kept the goats. Their master was very sharp with them, often beat them, and one of them died when being beaten. Juma had a very bad ulcer on his leg, and his master turned him out of doors as a useless encumbrance. So he managed to hobble into the town, and here for about six weeks he lived by begging on the bridge, and slept on barazas. He came to the hospital as an out-patient, and was soon taken in, for his leg was too bad to heal while he was walking about. He is nearly well now, and is the most charming of the trio. Full of spirits, mischief and good humour, he is always doing something he ought not, but for which it is impossible to scold him. Eager for work, or for the scraps he can pick up, he pleads to be allowed to help the
cook in the kitchen. If he sees a nurse going out he rushes out of the ward to beg hard to be taken for a walk. He is never happy unless he is doing something. One day he fashions a gun out of a sugar-cane; another he is seen blowing a horn made most ingeniously out of a bit of coconut leaf; another he sews on the pillow cases for the nurse (we don’t have buttons or strings in the native wards). His future is still uncertain. He may be boarded out like the others, but probably he will go to live at the Industrial Home when it is finished. He will be a handful for whoever brings him up, but if he turns out well he ought to make a splendid character. Will you pray for these three little boys that they may give up their heathen ways and become true Christians in deed, and not only in name? For it is so easy to be a nominal Christian, and so hard to be the real thing.

M. E.

My dear Children,—

I see you all found the third line rather puzzling. I suggested it, forgetting none of you knew Chinyanja. In Likoma the natives spell table thus—
tebu—and pronounce it tay-boo.

C. M. W. was the only one who tried b and wrote the square word thus,—

KOTA
OVEB
TEBU
ARUM

RESULT OF THE JUNE COMPETITION.

Seniors.—Full marks, 40: S. Aldersey, 36; C. M. Wilson, 29; M. March, 24; D. G. Edwards was too late again, or she would have been near the top.

Juniors.—Full marks, 18: H. Webb, 16; J. G. Weller, 14; N. A. G. Hayler, 18; W. Hurst, 11; A. Drummond, 5.

PRIZES FOR THE SECOND QUARTER IN 1901.

Seniors.

1st Prize.—Sarah Aldersey (History of U.M.C.A.).

2nd Prize.—C. Mabel Wilson (Letters from E. Africa).

Certificates.—May March and Gertrude F. Payns.

Juniors.

1st Prize.—Harold Webb (Life of Livingstone).

2nd Prize.—Janet G. Weller (vol. of African Trivia).

Certificates.—Nelson Hayler, Annie Drummond and Alfred Mayhew.

AUGUST COMPETITION.

Seniors.

1. What is the chief object of the work at Kiungani College?
2. What special subjects are taught to the upper classes?
3. What do you know of Dunga?

Square Word for Seniors.

There are heathen elsewhere who will worship my first,
But not where our Mission is working.
And my second is found in old England’s green fields,
Or in woods where the leopard is lurking.
There are some who will eat it by means of my third
In a pie, or with gravy and basted,
And some in my fourth would not eat it at all
On the days on which meat is not tasted.

Juniors.

1. How do the African boys amuse themselves at Kiungani out of school hours?
2. Write out Mr. Gee’s five sentences.
3. What do you know of Bawe Island?

Answers to be sent before August 31, to The Editor of “The Children’s Page,”
8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

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

2. One side of the paper only to be written on.

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.