MISSION NEWS.

We have had a long letter from the Bishop of Zanzibar giving an account of his visitation in the Masasi district.

During his tour he visited all the surrounding villages, preached in the churches, inspected the schools, confirmed considerably over four hundred people, and baptized a good number. It is very nice to hear of old Kiungani boys each with his little school and class of catechumens; the Bishop especially mentions Mikael Maleso, Kolumba (a reader), Petro, and Luke Chivoko, who in old days was one of the best singers at Kiungani; he is now at Chingulungulu, and has taught the boys to sing so well that the services there are quite nice.

The Bishop says: “I have a great respect for these humble plodding teachers who go on year after year, grinding away at their schools and their classes, gathering their little flocks of sheep into the fold of Christ.”

At Korogwe fifty-two people were baptized at Christmas—six of them were women—and even that small number is more than there have been on former occasions. Fourteen women and girls have received the cross lately, and there are four girl catechumens in Miss Blackburne’s school.

At Msalabani the church was so crowded on Christmas Day that every one was kneeling on each other’s toes. There are no seats in the church. The singing was very nice.

At Hegongo ninety school girls had a treat on St. John’s Day. There will be an account of this in our April magazine. Ninety is a large number for a girls’ school in Africa.

Another girls’ out-school was going to be started in a new district at the beginning of the year.

The offertory in Zanzibar Cathedral on Christmas Day was £20; it is to be given to Pemba Church, which we hope to begin building this year.

At Likoma all the members of the mission gathered on November 20 for a Retreat and Conference. They were such a large party that the Lady Chapel was too small for the services, and they had them in the chancel of the Cathedral, and even that seemed full.

On Sunday they had three Evensongs, each in a different language: in English at 3.30, when the new Archdeacon (Rev. C. B. Eyre) preached; in Chiyao at 4.30, Padre Eustace preaching, and in Chinyanja at 6.30. Twenty boys in blue shukas and scarlet kisibaus had come from Mponda’s, with Mr. Jenkin, to see the Cathedral. Padre Douglas showed these little boys a gramophone on his baraza; they thought they ought not to laugh at it, but were obliged to do so.

At Kota Kota the girls are coming well to school and steadily increasing. Miss Newton has 38 boarders, and there have been as many as 56 in school, but Miss Bulley writes that at Chisanga School the progress with the girls is very slow, as their mothers insist on their being “danced”; but all the same a few do come regularly, and four boys have been baptized.
OUTSCHOOLS.

To some of us this is a name without much meaning attached to it. Most of us know that there is a network of outschools in the Bonde and Uzigua country, and from the census can gather that many hundreds of children are taught in them, but about the rest, no one could stand much of an examination, and yet some of the most hopeful work of the Mission is being done in these schools.

Try to imagine that we are starting from Malsambani to visit an outschool; we are rank outsiders, but at any rate we can learn something. The narrow African path winds along between tall grass and presently the whole valley—the Bonde—lies beneath us. Fields of Indian corn and stretches of uncultivated land mingle together and here and there are patches of red earth surrounding a group of native huts on some hillock crowned with palm trees; far away the corrugated iron roofs of the Mission twinkle in the blazing sun. An hour’s climb brings us in sight of the outschool standing in the middle of a playground that the boys have cleared for football. The school is a mud and stick hut, larger and with a...
higher roof than the African huts round, and distinctly lighter inside, for the red mud has been pulled away in some places to let in light and air.

But even as it is our eyes, dazzled by the sun outside, can see nothing but rows of dusky heads with bright black eyes shining in the gloom. The teacher welcomes us and resigns his chair to one visitor, and suggests the school box for the other, and then the teaching goes on. By the time-table, we see that the religious lesson is over—it consists of easy teaching for hearers by means of the Bondei Catechism and Old Testament stories. Just now all are writing. Some twenty boys clothed in earth-stained shukas sit on rough tree trunks fixed on supports. The beginners have wooden sand trays and are struggling with pot-hooks, etc.; the more advanced boys are hugging slates and learning to combine the pot-hooks into letters and words. The blackboard from which they are copying is supported by two sticks driven into the wall. Three or four boys are seated on the mud floor round an inkpot, for they have been promoted to write on paper. The few girls present are mostly in the sand tray stage. Some boys now stroll in late and bring word that another boy cannot come, for it is his turn to tend the goats; occasionally a boy gets up and asks leave to speak to some one outside, but all is quite quiet and orderly. Reading is the next lesson and the visitor on the box has to get up, for books and other school properties are kept in the box out of the way of rats and damp. The teacher puts the letters one by one on a board, and the boys shout out the name of each letter. Books are then dealt out to the more advanced. Half an hour flies away and then arithmetic follows. The boys are taught with grains of Indian corn. As soon as they can add and subtract these and thoroughly understand what they are doing, they are given questions in mental arithmetic. "Ali's father gives him 9 hellers and he buys some shark for 2 hellers, and a mango for 3 hellers, how much has he left?" or "Mdoe has 50 noughts and Mhina has 1 heller; which has the most money?" The rows of black eyes look puzzled and mystified at first, presently they begin to shine and the right answer comes out triumphantly. The last lesson is singing, which the boys thoroughly enjoy, especially if the teacher lets them sing rounds...
in parts. The head boy then brings the register sheet and the teacher skilfully balances an inkpot on one knee and marks the names on the other, after which the boys stand, salute, and march off into the playground, where they play football to their hearts' content.

School is over for the day but not the teacher's work. He has to look after the whole district, and besides hunting up truant boys teaches catechumens and the heathen men and women of the villages. In the evening at sunset he beats the school drum and the little band of Christians and catechumens in the district gather together in the school for prayers. The boys come in straight from their work and play, a ragged, unkempt little crew, and with difficulty they stumble through the alternate verses of a psalm; but though there is no outward beauty the daily worship of this little band in the midst of a heathen district is surely very acceptable and very beautiful in heaven. As we come out from the school another prayer drum is heard from a distant mountain top and the muffled thud of a third rises from the valley below, so that the teacher feels he is not alone at his work, that Christian comrades like himself are keeping guard for their Captain in their lonely outposts.

D. A.

INFANT BAPTISMS.
LIKOMA DIOCESE.

P I C T U R E to yourselves a crowded native house, perhaps a school, with the padre sitting on a box, trying to write on his lap. A teacher stands near, attempting to keep order, while around are a host of excited mothers, each holding out a child for inspection, gesticulating wildly and imploring that her precious baby may be baptized.

The biggest man is generally chosen as an amateur policeman, with orders to turn every one out at the door, and to let no one in unless called for, with full leave to use strength if an entrance is attempted.

Order having been thus restored, a mother brings in her baby for inspection, and with her troop in the necessary relations, who have to make various promises. First
of all the mother has to prove that she is a Christian, then she exhibits her child, and if it is really an infant it is passed; but cases have been known where women have carried children on their backs, who were old enough to be at school, and have succeeded in deceiving the authorities, for those who are old enough, have to go through the regular course of training at school, in the same way as their elders do.

The next person called is the maternal grandmother, who promises that the child shall not undergo the immoral rites of the tribe at a later stage of its life, or in plain words, shall not be danced. She also undertakes to see that the child will be sent to school at the right age, and will attend classes for instruction.

The mother's eldest brother, the child's uncle, next appears upon the scene; the father is not called upon, as having very little to do in the bringing up of these infants he need not even be a Christian, and is very often a heathen. The same promises having been made by the uncle, the child is now adopted for baptism.

The three godparents are then called to the front, and are reminded of their duties until the confirmation of the child; they are also exhorted to arouse themselves to a proper sense of their obligations in the event of the child being put forward to be danced. They all undertake to carry out their responsibilities most thoroughly, and you do find from time to time that an erring godchild is brought up before the padre to be admonished for not attending class or school, sometimes even a grown man is brought to account by his zealous witness at his baptism.

Next a name has to be chosen, and if none is forthcoming, the padre makes a suggestion—something ending in a vowel, as “Eva,” the mother probably failing to pronounce a name ending with a consonant. Rose is called “Losé,” in more places than one. A name having been selected, to which no one else in the village has a right to answer, the happy relations make way for another batch of black faces, who go through the same form of questions and answers.

There must be at least five girl babies to be baptized at the same time, so that when the time comes that they would be danced according to heathen customs there may be a small band of Christians to stand together to oppose the invitations of the organizers of the dance. Boys' dances appear to have partially died out, so that there is not the same necessity for a like
NATIVE CHURCHES AND THEIR FURNITURE.

The churches over which Archdeacon Johnson has jurisdiction on the east coast of the Lake are conspicuous for the absence in them of any church furniture from England. We proceed on the principle that a Native Church should, as far as possible, be self-supporting, and supply its own needs. The altar is sometimes made of bricks, which have been given by an European station, though the receivers have had to fetch their much-prized gift in canoes. Others are made of mud which the women have piled up into some sort of correct size or shape—but there is no standard for the height, length, or breadth of altars around Lake Nyasa. Others again are one or two boards, standing on four sticks, or rough poles. Altar frontals are generally one of three colours, red, white or blue, as the calico, locally obtained, is of these colours. Eager enthusiasts, like the teachers, work crude crosses of another colour or stars of weird design on other pieces of calico and sew them on, not always straight, but as their desire is to put their best in God’s house we must not be too critical of the result. Sometimes there is a retable with calico upon it, and in some places one finds calico upon the flat top of the altar itself.

Occasionally there is a credence table made of the same material as the altar—but more often a packing case, with a covering laid over it, does duty instead. There is generally a wooden cross upon the altar—its shape not always quite correct—but of tools there are none, and village implements produce rough results.

Flower vases are of various designs,
some of earthenware, some of wood, but they always hold some of our rare African blossoms.

There are no alms-dishes, a small native basket is taken round and presented to the priest.

A mat made of reeds is placed in front of the altar for the celebrant, and the server has frequently been known to place a coloured handkerchief down on which to kneel.

Occasionally there is a screen of poles, of which Chia boasts the most ornamental, and Nabale the most incomprehensible. One must see it to realize it.

There is no font, so for infant baptisms a water-jar is placed upon a box, and covered artistically with flowers.

Chisanga boasts two lecterns, which are nothing more or less than two white-washed poles with a flat board upon the top, but neither of them is used, as the teacher now there is too short to see to read from them, but the Old Testament lies upon one, and the New Testament upon the other. A few of the churches contain reading desks and lecterns, but in many places the teacher reads Service from an upturned box.

Chia and Msumba have a harmonium each, and these two churches with Chisanga have a chalice and paten of their own which are kept on the station.

There is a vestry to some churches, which is generally used to keep the offertory in till the arrival of the steamer, when baskets of corn of all sorts are transferred aboard.

Sometimes there are shelves for the books along the side of the church walls— and at Chia there is one choir desk, which is used as a seat for the clergy. Can you picture to yourselves what our churches look like!

A. G. De la P.

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The story of Petro Kilekwa is a very interesting one, and perhaps more so when told briefly in his own simple words taken down at the time by the present writer.

“My born-place’ was near Lake Bangweolo. I remember when I was a little boy that the Arabs came and took me away from home. They brought me to the Lake and across it to the other side; there they sold me to the Yaos, who took me down the Rovuma valley to Mikindani. There I was put in a dhow and we were in the dhow nearly a month. We were quite near Muscat. Then an English ship, H.M.S. Osprey, came and took us off the dhow. They took us to Muscat, where we were made free. Another boy and I were chosen to be on H.M.S. Bacchante. I was Captain Barlow’s boy. I can’t remember the name of the priest on board. He was very kind to me, and we called him Mr. Chaplain. I was more than a year there and with Admiral Freemantle as his own boy. Then they took me to the Missionary School at Kiungani.” Petro has now been for some years a trusted teacher, doing excellent work at Kota-Kota. He has great influence with the older native Christians who look up to him and value his opinion and advice. His invincible cheeriness and unhesitating readiness to do any work that is demanded of him are characteristics which a priest-in-charge who has worked with him bears in affectionate remembrance, having been often strengthened and encouraged by them at times when such brightness and hopefulness
was an especial help. Petro's good service has been rewarded by his ordination, almost immediately on the Bishop's return last August, as "Reader" — the first step towards the realization of his humbly but ardently cherished hope of full orders. It is delightful that a slave boy from the shores of the very Lake near which Dr. David Livingstone laid down his life for Africa should grow up to be a Reader in the Mission which was founded in response to Dr. Livingstone's appeal, and those naval officers who had a hand in his rescue from the miseries of slavery will be glad to know of his well doing. Pray for him that his greater hope may also be realized in due course.

W. C. P.

Boys.

"Yohana Chamalanda is now in the Printing Office, and he seems to like it very much.

"Hugh Semboja is quite strong again (he had been very ill), and he is getting fat. He is engaged to Mary Gertrude, the sister of one of the orphans and a monitor at Hegongo Girls' School. She is a very nice girl."

Short and Sweet.
A letter from a small child at Mbweni.

SWAHILI.
Salam sana Salutations many.
Bwana Viner Mr. Viner.
asante sana thanks many.
kwa sweets for sweets.
mimi Mary me Mary.

ENGLISH.

Msalabani.

"Padre Petro Limo is preaching here every Wednesday; he gives the people splendid rousing sermons. The first Wednesday he went back rather late, and it was growing dark when he got near Mkuzi. He heard a lion roaring in the bushes quite close, so he and the teachers who had come to meet him had to take to their heels and run for their lives.

"Padre Baines was walking to Mheza one day and he saw a snake lying right across the road; three men were coming towards it and called out to the Padre not to come any nearer, as it was a very dangerous snake, one that jumped. So they all waited, three on one side, one on the other, at a respectful distance, till the snake slowly retired into the bush.

"The boys have got mumps! six are in for it, and I suppose we must expect a good many more; now one of the girls at the Orphanage has it, and it will probably run through the lot of them. They are not very ill and only spend a few days in the sickroom, and it is no good to try and isolate them completely."

Korogwe.

"We have just had a funeral. Augustine Muya, one of the biggest of the school-boys and one of the most promising, was taken ill very suddenly. Miss Boorn hardly left him night or day, but he died this morning. The funeral was soon after 10 o'clock; the other boys were all going for their holidays later in the day. It seems so strange with all the boys gone after the crowds we had at Christmas. It was a wonderful service on Christmas Eve, fifty-two were baptized altogether. We had a tea party on the 26th Dec. for the teachers; there were thirty of them, and they were not at all shy, but made themselves at home at once."

(Korogwe teachers have charming manners.—Edit. A.T.)

Heathen Difficulties.

There was a man of the Taita tribe (Magila) who was so angry at his son attending the Mission School that he carried him off to the Taita country where he had another
wife and family. But when he arrived there with his son he found that this wife and her children were also under Christian instruction. It is getting quite difficult for the heathen to keep out of touch with Christianity.

WORKERS TOGETHER.

CHAPTER III

(Continued from page 22)

ANY years had passed away, bringing several changes to Marjory Leigh and her family. Her mother was now a widow and about to go and make a home with her eldest son, who was a rising barrister in London. Roy was at sea, and Eva married, and it was at her house that Marjory and Katie were spending the summer when we find them again. Such a pretty old country vicarage, with mullioned windows, standing in a sunny and sheltered position in the midst of its orchards and fields. It was a hot Sunday afternoon in August and tea was going on under the grand old mulberry tree which shaded the pretty lawn at the back of the house. The three girls were sitting together discussing the family plans, Eva's husband, the Vicar of the parish, being away on a walking tour with a friend. "Mother will be very happy with Jack," said Eva, "and you must both come and pay me long visits now that you will be more easily spared from home. I did not like to feel that I was taking you from her, but now that she has Jack and the children she will not miss you so much."

"Well, I don't know," answered Marjory, "but perhaps now I shall carry out my idea of being a hospital nurse, and then I could work in London and still have a comfortable home to fall back on."

"As for me," said Katie, "I have no roving ambitions; I shall stay at home, have violin lessons, and be an agreeable maiden aunt to the children."

Eva laughed and said, "Then you may begin to practise on my two to-night, for Nurse is out, so that I shall have to stay in unless you do, in which case I could go to church with Marjory." To this Katie consented, and soon after, the other two sisters started off through the little plantation which divided the house from the church. Upton was a small village whose Vicar had also the pastoral care of a hamlet about three miles away. This hamlet contained a chapel-of-ease where morning service was held once a month, and this was the Sunday for it. Marjory had not yet seen the old clergyman who was taking her brother-in-law's duty for him. "He is a dear old man," said Eva; "a college friend of Arthur's father. He is not a great preacher, but the people like him. Indeed no one could help doing so, for he is so simple and earnest."

Upton Church was very small, and in all probability had only formed the chancel of the old monastic church which had once stood there. It had been carefully restored, and some remains of the old Norman arches, with their curious dog-tooth carving, had been built into the modern structure. There were not more than thirty worshippers, but that was a good proportion considering the small size of the village. A few little children, mothers and grown-up daughters in their Sunday best, and some farmers and labourers in carefully brushed old-fashioned black coats formed the congregation. The schoolmistress played the harmonium, and two girl friends who formed the choir sat near. Every one joined heartily in the simple music, so that the service was real and cheerful. Marjory felt strongly impressed with its peaceful tone, although it differed greatly from the stately Cathedral service to which she was accustomed. The shortening August day was drawing in and the preacher was obliged
to light the candles at the pulpit desk before reading out the text for his sermon, which was from the psalm for the day—"The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord." Why did Marjory listen with such fixed attention to the sermon? It was simple enough. The language was homely, and the preacher had a plain, almost blunt, way of speaking. "I am not going to allude to the meltings of the physical world in the tempests and earthquakes of which we read," he said, "I am only going to speak a little of the hidden and more wonderful meltings of the human heart which come from the same Almighty power." And then he proceeded to cite instances from Holy Scripture, turning the people back upon the Bible knowledge learnt in their school days. S. Peter, moved by our Lord's look, thenceforth the penitent; Saul the persecutor becoming S. Paul the preacher. "But remember," he continued, "there is the other side. Simon Magus touched, baptized and then turning back and seeking to buy God's gift with money. Felix, trembling and then putting off till the convenient season which perhaps never came. Don't be like him. When your heart is touched, and good impulses and desires come, encourage them, for they are sent to you. Let them bear fruit, for they are the gift of God."

By what train of thought I do not know, but as the words fell on her ears, Marjory turned over the history of the schemes and desires of her life, and suddenly found herself in thought back in the Deanery garden, and remembered the warm and fervent glow of the first enthusiastic desire of her life—the joy of that impulse to go and be a bearer of good news to men. She recalled half sadly the halo of childish admiration with which her imagination had gilded the missionary, and thought regretfully how soon it had all died out. She had not been thrown with people who were interested in Missions, and since that time had seldom given the subject a thought.

The sermon ended, the congregation straggled out and Marjory was still musing whether it were possible to rekindle a dead flame. "Do you go in for Foreign Missions in this parish?" she asked abruptly.

"Why, whatever made you think of Foreign Missions," said Eva. "I did not know that you cared about them? Of course we do. We have a sermon and a collection every Lent. Arthur is rather shocked that I know so little about it, and as for old Mr. Westall, who preached to-night, he is quite cracked on the subject. I think he has a sister or a niece who is a missionary. I am going to ask him to tea to-morrow and he will give you any amount of information on the subject."

(To be concluded next month.)

HOME NEWS.

TO CORAL LEAGUERS.—I want to tell the Coral Insects in various parts of the country, how we at W. try to build our Island; hoping that some one else will write and tell us what they do, so that we may get encouragement, hints, and new ideas. And perhaps some day our little separate islands may grow till they all join together and make a great continent. We have a Missionary Sunday once a month, with a collection for our Boy. Our Vicar reads or tells us something about the Mission, sometimes there is a letter from our Boy to be read, which is a great excitement! Some day we hope to have a Missionary, who knows our Boy to come and tell us about him. During the winter months we have Working Parties, and make things to send to Africa, and to sell at our garden sale in the summer. Some of the little ones make bead necklaces for the African boys and girls; and they take lots of trouble to arrange the colours prettily. The boys make scrapbooks, bead curtains and firescreens; the elder ones do bent iron work. If any one will tell us of other things that little boys can do we shall be very grateful. We have one little boy who is ill—can hardly use his hands or walk, but he wants to help, and manages to make necklaces. He sent us some very nice ones last year. Not long ago a little girl came to the Secretary, and told her that she was getting up some competitions to raise a little money for the Mission. She sets papers—with questions, riddles, etc., for which she charges 1d. and gives a prize for the best answers to each.
paper. All the half-pennies go to the Mission and the prizes come out of her pocket money, so it is all clear profit to the Mission. I must tell you about another friend, who makes delicious sweets and puts them in dainty boxes, which she makes herself. Everyone is anxious to give her orders and sometimes she has more than she can execute. She gives her profits to the Mission.

But this is getting long, so I must say no more, though there are other things I could tell if they did not take up space.—L. M. S.

At Small Heath, Birmingham, African Tableaux were acted for the first time at Christmas. The Parish-room was crammed with an enthusiastic audience, who have begged they may have them again next year. The sum of £20 was taken for the Coral League.

Patchwork.—The Editor gratefully acknowledges three nice parcels of Patchwork from Miss Sedding, Mrs. Basil Philpott, Miss Elsdale and Miss Knight, which have been sent to Miss La Cour, Mbweni.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

There are sixty-seven papers this month. I wonder when I shall get my wish and have 100 each month to look over. A lady once said to me, “Oh, you can’t want many papers; they must take so long to mark,” but she was quite wrong. I want as many as ever I can get, and I know if ever I do get my longed-for 100, I shall immediately begin to want 110.

Four children are changing their certificates for prizes this month. Robert Vinter has chosen the Atlas; Ruth Vinter wants Magila in Picture and the U.M.C.A. game “Quartettes”; while Ina Colwill and Minnie Scantlebury wish for East Africa in Picture.

Do you not admire the picture of the mango tree in January African Tidings? How nice it would be if we could have trees like that in our parks in England, but it is too cold for them to grow here. The fruit is sometimes sent; it is picked before it is ripe, and put in a very fast steamer; it ripens on the voyage. There is a shop in Bath which I pass almost every day which has mangoes in the window. They cost 4d. each. There are also custard apples in the same shop, a fruit we could have had as many of as we wanted at Mbweni for nothing, but which we did not care for because other fruits were so much nicer. I was asked 1s. each for them. “Truly many pice,” the Mbweni children would say.

The Day of Intercession is a day on which we ought to pray for all Missions, not only for our own beloved U.M.C.A. The Rev. A. N. West, who bought the slave market in Zanzibar, joined our Mission in direct answer to the call of the first Day of Intercession, and since that time there has been a marked increase in the number of candidates offering for Mission work and of the interest felt in Missions throughout England. God does answer our prayers.

The Editor proposes that the best answer of a Senior and Junior should be printed monthly, and I am very glad, because I think it will help those who don’t get the most marks to see the answers of those who do.

Your affectionate friend,

ELLEN M. NELSON.
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GOOD ANSWERS

RESULTS OF JANUARY COMPETITION.

Seniors.

1. What encouraging things are we told in the February African Tidings about the increase of converts and of possible work?
2. What does Bishop Hine tell us about Masasi?
3. Describe the Confirmation in the Kibwe district.
4. Name the African Priests (not Deacons). How do we know their number has lately been increased, and why is this such a great cause of thankfulness? See Catechism and readings.
5. Describe a mango tree and its fruit.

Juniors.

1. What does Bishop Hine tell us about Masasi?
2. Describe the Confirmation in the Kibwe district.
3. Describe a mango tree and its fruit.

Answers to be sent before March 24th to—
Miss NEILSON,
9, Dartmouth Street,
Westminster, S.W.

Marked “Competition.”

RULES.

1. Competitors will be divided into two classes. Class I., Seniors, those over 15 and under 17. Class II., Juniors, those under 15. Three Certificates will be given in each class every month. When four Certificates are obtained they may be exchanged for a Prize.
2. One side only of the paper to be written on.
3. Name, age last birthday, and address, to be written at the top of the first page.
4. Every paper to be signed by a parent or teacher to certify that it is the unaided work of the Competitor.

GOOD ANSWERS.

Question III.—Why is Mattayo Semkumbo called “A child of our own”?

Answer.—Mattayo Semkumbo is called “A child of our own” because he is supported by patrons in England who call him so. The Children’s Fund was started in order that many children of the Mission may be supported. Though it is a great thing to give money to God for Missions all over the world or in some particular country or district, with no stipulation as to where or how it is expended, yet it is easier for some people, particularly for children, to understand that one child is being helped body and soul by their alms and prayers.

The Coral League, founded 1890, is a branch of this part of the work. The child may be supported by a single individual, a parish, or an association, who are called the patrons of the child, and he or she is then felt to be “their own child,” and this relationship is acknowledged by the child and has a great influence for good on him. He writes to them and they write to him and send him presents, and so the affectionate intimacy grows between the patrons and their “Own Child.” This idea of having a child of their own in Africa who is supported by their pennies, and from whom often delightful letters are received, appeals to Sunday School children and Coral Leaguers very much, and so this fund has been very successful and a great means of awakening interest. In 1906 £5,622 was collected.

ALICE CAMERON (Senior), aged 15.

Mangoche is a new Mission Station on the hills. It is between Lake Nyasa and Lake Shirwa, and not far from Malindi. We read that Mangoche has four schools, also that the hill boys are very anxious to learn, and after school they come and ask their teachers for books to learn during the play hours. We also read that six boys were baptized there, and more will be ready soon.

HANNAH COULWILL (Junior), aged 12.

INTERCESSIONS.

Thanksgivings:

1. For the Confirmations at Massasi. (Page 25.)
2. For the Baptisms at Korogwe. (Page 25.)
3. For the steady, quiet work of our African teachers. (Page 25.)

Say after each—We thank Thee, O Lord.

Petitions: That it may please Thee—

1. That more women may embrace Christianity.
2. That our outschools in both dioceses may become centres of holiness and purity.
3. That the newly ordained priests, deacons and readers may be filled with the spirit of wisdom and true godliness.
4. To help with Thy Holy Spirit Paul, Reuben, and Benedicto, preparing for Ordination.

After each petition say, “We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.”

THE COLLECT FOR THE MISSION.

Bless, O Lord, we beseech Thee, the Universities’ Mission to Central Africa, and all, whether at home or abroad, who are labouring therein. Let Thy Holy Spirit teach, comfort, and strengthen us, so that we may glorify Thee and help forward the salvation of others, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.