MISSION NEWS.

LAST month we had only Zanzibar news to tell, but now we have a lot to say about the Likoma Diocese.

You will see in our African Mail an account of the enthusiastic welcome which greeted the Bishop on his return from England; he began his work directly, confirmations, baptisms, and the opening of new buildings.

At Mponda's the work is growing steadily and quite a large number of native Christians welcomed the Bishop, who has arranged for building two new houses, so that women may take up work there towards the end of the year.

At Malindi there was a Confirmation.

The Bishop tells us that the church built as a memorial to Bishop Mackenzie at Chiromo is making good progress and he hopes to open it before the rainy season begins.

A new Church has been dedicated to S. Cyprian at Kasamba, where mission work was begun soon after the death of Mr. Sim, and opened on the Feast of S. Bartholomew; the Christians and catechumens helped to build their church, giving a week's work each and £1 in money, which is a big sum when you remember their wages are 3s. a month only. The church was packed on the day of the opening and forty people were confirmed.

Then to our great joy a new station has been opened on the hills at Mangoche; there are four schools in this district, six boys were baptized and they hope ten more will be ready by Christmas. You must pray for this station, for it is a very important part of our work.

There are five students at S. Andrew’s College preparing for the Ministry—two for the Priesthood, one for the Diaconate, and two Readers—and fifty boys at S. Michael’s College training to be teachers.

At Kota Kota the news is not so good; the Bishop says: “The burning of Mission buildings by Mohammedans has reached a climax; about ten in the villages round have been set fire to.” This is very sad, but the Bishop adds a hopeful word—“I notice all round steady advance in numbers, and, I believe, earnestness.”
ANY of the children who read this magazine know the joy of having "a child of our own" in Africa: but there are many who do not. I should like to tell them something of Mattayo Semkumbo, the boy we adopted, and who has grown into the manly, well-set-up young fellow whose portrait adorns these pages. Mattayo is about fourteen, and an orphan in charge of the Mission at Msalabani. The first mark of distinction about Mattayo was his letters: they began about the end of that year, and from then till now he has scarcely ever missed writing once a month. Real nice letters, accepting his relationship to us with a courtesy and readiness to offer and to expect affection which are irresistible. His very first letter sent "Greetings to all your friends and to all the people in your town" (about half a million!), "and to all your family—do not forget to give my greetings to all your family." Thus having broken the ice, he wrote regularly, with occasional gentle reproofs to the English friend, "Why have you forgotten to send me a letter? I like to see your letter every month." And later on he requests a letter in Swahili, "because indeed it is my own language"—alas, I fear he still waits for that letter!

As he gets more fluent we have graphic descriptions of events at Msalabani: "See, my friends, there is a German here whose name is Menhafi (Pastor Meinhof); he has a box, it is very wonderful. If we sing a hymn the box writes it and then sings it. He has come to take the language of the people, afterwards when he returns he will send these languages to the Emperor of Germany." Later, he tells how in the midst of a game of football "Suddenly those creatures (locusts) that eat the Indian corn and all fruit came, a great many of them, like smoke. The people drove them away and they went: they came again and covered the coconut trees and we caught them and ate them; they are very nice to eat. I would have liked to catch some and put them in a bottle to send to you, but I could not find anything to preserve them in. They are eating the corn even now."

Here is his brief and pointed account of a preaching expedition: "They (native teachers) were sent by Padre Kisbey of Korogwe; they went off early in the morning, near the first hour, they went, they reached the town, and they went in and they preached. First they put up a picture of Adam and then of Eve. They preached, they asked the people would they come here on Sunday; the people did not answer. And Padre asked, 'Will you come?' They did not answer, and Padre spoke, and they said, 'Let's go home,' and they went back. It is a large town, but only two Christians because the Zigua are more exceedingly hard than all people."

Meanwhile, our young gentleman has become first a monitor and then a pupil teacher, and displays a not unbecoming pride in his Station and its doings. "Many people were astonished at the boys of Msalabani how they can drill. The boys of Tanga and Zanzibar are not able to drill better than the boys of Msalabani. Some time ago the school at Tanga (German) could drill better, but not now—except perhaps the trumpets, we are only learning those. Padre White teaches drill well, but of fifes only, not the order of trumpets."

His comments on a football match have a very familiar sound to many of us: "We played football and I was goal keeper, and
we took the first, the second, the third and the fourth goal until the fifth, and they took two goals to our five. So they said we had won by a great deal, and we say, 'If we had been grown up, you would not have won anything at all, none of us were hurt, but you on the 29th were not able to go to Church. They won by their strength, but we won by skill not by strength.'

Of course Mattayo does not neglect the chief duty of a friend, and being African, he does not see why he should blush to speak of it. "I am sure that your prayers are profitable for me, and I also, I pray for my friends every day... Pray for me above everything."

Presently, in 1904, we were astonished to hear that our "rather dull" boy was going to Kiungani to be trained as a teacher; but before he went he set up a sweetheart, with every apparent prospect of happiness. "I love her as I do my father, mother and relations, and she loves me as she does her father, mother and relations. When she is grown up I shall marry her." The young lady was then about thirteen; but I must add that in a recent letter he says: "I have a new sweetheart now; I do not want my former one, for she is not a Christian."

So to college he went, and worked away well and earned good reports, enjoying life much, though saddened by one great loss. "How the people at Msalabani loved Padre Harrison I cannot tell you, and to-day we have been told that he is dead. The Lord has called him to rest, but it is very bitterly sad and I cannot write much about it."

The time comes when he remarks: "These days I like the work of a doctor, for I was much troubled when I was ill. And I should like to be troubled by sick people. I shall ask Padre to give me this work." We thought this a passing fancy, but Mattayo stuck to it, and presently it appeared that the "Arkidikin" (Archdeacon Woodward) thought he might be very useful if trained in the dispensary: an outbreak of beri-beri at Kiungani sent Mattayo back to Msalabani on the same boat which brought Dr. Haviland to that district, and he was at once put under the doctor's charge. He will be leaving our care now, as his last letter tells us he is to go for a time to work under the Germans at another station to gain experience. "Now good-bye, my friends, your friend is leaving the Mission, but pray for me, and do not think I am leaving the Mission for bad conduct. No! But only to get this work. If God permit me to do my work well, I will write you a letter. Good-bye."

Good-bye, Mattayo! but we shall not forget you, and I don't believe you will forget us; we will not lose touch of each other.

Now is not that a boy worth having and a friend worth acquiring?

E. M. KELLY.
A LETTER FROM PEMBA.

HAVE not written a letter for a long time, for there has been nothing particular to write about; but we had such a delightful festival at S. Bartholomew’s that I think you would like to hear about it. I am sure you must all remember that the first baptisms in this Mission took place on S. Bartholomew’s day, forty-one years ago. It is our own special Mission Festival, and a day we all love and look forward to very much. There were a good many people near Weti who had been made catechumens two or three years ago, or even longer, and Archdeacon Evans thought some of them would be ready for baptism. So special classes were formed for men and women, in preparation, and three men, two boys, six women and two girls were allowed to receive Holy Baptism.

On S. Bartholomew’s Eve we all assembled on the roof of the Mission House which serves as a temporary church until we have something better, and, first of all, several men and women who had been under instruction for some time received the Cross: that is to say, they who had up till now been hearers became catechumens, with leave to attend part of the services in church, where they sit at the back, behind a rail, which marks the division between Christians and catechumens. This little service of admission purposely took place first, in order that these new catechumens might be present during the baptisms afterwards.

Then we had Evensong. After the second lesson the Archdeacon came down from the chancel to the back of the church where the font had been placed in the middle just behind the rail.

The font, like the church, is but temporary. It was made by the Industrial boys, of wood—a nice dark reddish wood—and the bowl is a large new native cooking pot, almost the same colour as the wood, placed inside the wooden frame. It was very prettily decorated with ferns and white flowers, and I have seen many a proper font in England look less font-like.

To the right of the Archdeacon stood the men and boys, dressed in dark blue loin cloths. To the left the women and girls, all in dark blue sheeties. One man or woman as a witness stood behind each candidate. We had arranged screens at the side, and as the men and women were baptized they
passed behind the screen and exchanged their dark dresses, representing the state of sin, for the white "robes of righteousness," and returned to their former places by the font. Then each received a lighted taper, a reminder of the light which they must henceforth try to let shine before the world, and all followed in procession up the church to take their places among the Christians. Then followed the Creed, which they might then say for the first time in church, and before which all those not yet baptized must go outside.

So ended our S. Bartholomew's Eve, to be followed next day by a choral Celebration of the Holy Communion at 7.15 a.m., at which all the new Christians were present and very many of the older ones made their communions. "Truly," as a native would say, "these days we rejoiced much!"

That afternoon we had a little tea and some games and races for the school children, and the next day a feast—rice and goat flesh—for the "grown-ups," followed by a grand dance, with several drums. This had been arranged beforehand by some of the experts, and as soon as it was dark—moonlight, that is—many of the dancers put on most wonderful costumes, made of grass and palm leaves, and acted a sort of play through the dance. English people cannot understand this, but it gave the natives an immense amount of enjoyment. At eleven p.m. the dance was stopped by authority, although "we have not half finished," as I have heard certain small people say in England before now!

I am sure you will all wish us many happy returns of our festival, and often in your prayers think of these thirteen new Christians, and pray "that they may lead the rest of their lives according to this beginning."

M. M. B.

FOOTBALL.

Boys ought to be interested in this picture which shows the Korogwe Football team. Padre Stead has been taking a lot of trouble over it; first he got the boys to do up the football ground, which in Africa soon gets into a wilderness, then he set to work to teach them to play according to the rules, as he found that their plan was to follow the ball wherever it went! Now we hear that the boys can play a very nice little game and were actually bold enough to challenge the famous Msalabani champions, who are their next-door neighbours so to speak.

The challenge was of course accepted and the Tuesday after the Msalabani Dedication Festival fixed for the match. It was a grand game and there was an enthusiastic crowd of lookers-on. Some of the Korogwe boys were small, but so are some of the Msalabani players; the latter were much
faster than the former, but to the surprise of everyone the Korogwe boys played a fine game and gave quite an exhibition of heading the ball. The result was a drawn game, each side getting two goals, so every one was quite satisfied.

“A LITTLE ONE SHALL BECOME A THOUSAND.”

WANT to tell you a little true story which teaches us how much can be done by those who it might seem were cut off by their infirmities from being useful in this world.

In a workhouse in North Devon there lives a poor woman who we will call Mary Jane because she would not like her real name to be told. This poor woman is quite blind and stone deaf. People who can see and hear hardly know what this means; to be always in the dark, and live in utter silence might well make any one sad and sorry. But Mary Jane has found a Light which brightens all her life. She is greatly interested in Missions. In her darkness and in her loneliness she is always praying to God to teach and help the heathen. But she does more than that: rather more than a year ago she gave the Chaplain of the workhouse 3s. for missions which she had saved out of little presents given to her by visitors to supply her necessities. A little while after she added 2s. more. The chaplain thought that such an offering of faith and love must not go into the common fund, so he sent it up to the Secretary of the Society which prays that the Gospel may be carried to the heathen (S.P.G.), and told him the story of Mary Jane. The Secretary was so touched that, after he had prayed and asked the advice of others, he decided to start what is called The Candidates Fund for training people to become missionaries to heathen lands. That 5s. of Mary Jane’s was the beginning of this fund, and now in one year it has reached £3,000.

Since then she has sent another 5s. and is still saving all she can. She has learnt to read by the Braille system, which teaches people to read by feeling the raised
letters with their fingers. She always uses the Intercession paper for Missions. She also prays for the parish, Sunday schools and Band of Hope. The Chaplain is able to talk to her by touching her fingers and so he tells her all that is going on and she takes an interest in everything. When Mary Jane goes to church she sits close by the Chaplain and by touching her hands he is able to guide her through the service, she is a regular communicant.

Let this story fill us with wonder and humiliation that Mary Jane, poor, deaf and blind as she is, does so much, and we with all our senses do so very little with the gifts God has given us, and let us try ever so hard to do much more for Him.  

D. Y. M.

KILIMANI.

"I can't tell you what we've been suffering from siafu. The other night the puppy was crying, and on examination I found its tail—a very long one—simply covered with them. So I sat down to take them off and to my extreme discomfort sat down in a select circle of siafu!

"Downstairs the poor boys had a very lively time. I put Jeyes' fluid down at the doors and windows and if you'll believe it the siafu climbed up the window over the ceiling and down the other side and then formed figures over those poor children. They turned out of that room and went into another. A short time after I heard a melancholy voice at my door, 'Siafu bibi.'

"I went and again the boys flitted. Not long did they stay in peace, but eventually had to go back to the first room from which the siafu had disappeared. That night was more a nightmare than anything else. On the roof the bats were crying, outside the crickets, jongoos, and cockroaches all kept up a melancholy concert."

[Siafu are large brown ants; in wet weather they come into the house by thousands; if you step among them they swarm all over your body in a moment and sting you from head to foot; the only way to get rid of them is to pick them off one by one. Night after night in damp weather the boys are turned out of their sleeping quarters by them, rest is an impossibility, and whoever is in charge has a lively time. A jongoo is like a very large, shiny black worm.—Ed.]

PEMBA.

"We are having holidays and the school children have been working so hard carrying the mud to be used for building the new school-house. They get 10 pice (2½d.) a day, and they really work quite as hard as the grown up women who get 16 pice."

MSALABANI.

The boys at Msalabani had a delightful holiday on the Festival of Holy Cross, to which their church is dedicated. 459 of the out school boys came in for the day, and after the services in church they began with a football match, ran races and dragged each other about in a trolley. The swing and trapeze were never at rest, and in the afternoon they had an archery competition. A large orange was fixed on a stick and the Archdeacon offered a small prize in money to anyone who shot it off. You may be quite sure he was not ruined. On Tuesday there was a most exciting football match with the Korogwe boys which ended in two goals all. After the match they all had tea with bread and jam.

LIKOMA.

"A parcel came the other day with no address so that we could not write and thank for it; but it was very suitable, little frocks,
bags, which are not used for brushes, but are wanted for letters and school properties, and some scarlet handkerchiefs which I gave to the girls in honour of the Bishop's arrival." [The parcel was sent by the Beehive Band of Hope Missionary Class.—Ed.]

"The Bishop came yesterday afternoon. We had been down several days to meet various steamers, and been disappointed, but there was no mistake this time. The Chauncy Maples was flying all kinds of flags—British, German, Portuguese and the Bishop's flag on the top. The school children collected from all parts; the mission girls with the quaintest little flags made of the bits left from some we made to decorate the station with, stuck on reeds. When the boats left the ship the children began to dance, the boys on one side and the girls on the other—marching up and down and clapping. I think the Bishop had some difficulty in landing through the crowd who all wanted to shake hands at once. Then we went up to his new house, and I do not know how he ever got inside, for the girls were crowding the slope that leads up to it, singing and dancing. They kept this up till the bells rang for Evensong; and I rather wondered what they would do next, as they were the day-scholars and do not as a rule come to the Cathedral for Evensong. However, they marched singing to the door, where they dropped the flags and went in—and the wild crowd at once became quiet and orderly; the only difference being that the singing was a good deal more congregational than usual—voices having been tuned up by the native songs beforehand."

Mangoche.

Who says African boys don't care for learning? Listen to this—"The hill boys (Mangoche) are very keen to learn. At one of the new schools, I noticed some of the boys coming back after morning school was over and begging for books so that they might go on learning by themselves in their play-hours. There is enthusiasm for you!"
The child wriggled his forehead as he tried to understand.

"Does you mean that if we pray that very hard, it will make Him be King over all the whole big world?"

"Yes, that's what I mean."

"Then why doesn't everybody pray harder? I want Him to be King quick. I'll pray ever so hard. I wish it was time to say my prayers. No, I don't think I does,—'cause then Kissmass Day would be gone,—and, I doesn't want it to go,—'cause I'm 'joying myself such a lot."

"Suppose we don't wait till Kissmas Day is gone," said Godfrey. "You know we can pray to God any time. I'll kneel down and we'll say 'Our Father,' together, and we'll both pray very hard when we come to 'Thy Kingdom come.'"

So the young man and the dying child said the "Our Father" together, and when they came to "Thy Kingdom come," Dick screwed up his closed eyes more tightly and pressed his tiny hands more firmly together in his earnestness.

* * *

Godfrey Osborne sat by his fire on the evening of Christmas Day, holding a Christmas card in his hand—the same picture of the Child King which had taken his little half-brother's fancy last year.

A few weeks after their talk about the Little King and His Kingdom, the tender Shepherd had gently taken to Himself His little lamb, but Baby Dick's sweet memory was still fresh in the hearts of those who loved him.

Godfrey had begged that he might keep the card, and as he held it in his hand tonight he was going over in his mind almost word for word that Christmas talk which he had had with his little brother.

Then he thought of all that had happened since last Christmas—the desolation of the home when the sweet joyous presence left it—then a few months afterwards his Ordination, and his bitter disappointment when in the Providence of God his heart's desire to go and work in the foreign mission field was denied him.

As he brooded afresh over that disappointment, he suddenly seemed to see again the little tightly clasped hands and to hear again the earnest ring in the weak baby voice as it followed his own through the "Our Father."

"Thy kingdom come."—Fighting—working—were not everything.
"Why doesn't everybody pray harder?"
Dick had asked.

And Godfrey told himself as he laid the card down again, that if God did not think him worthy yet to work for Him in the foreign mission field, he could still pray for that work, and make it his business to teach his people to pray for it—and thereby he knew hasten the time when the Child King should reign over the whole earth.

C. M. V.

HOME NEWS.

A NEW departure in the shape of an African afternoon was held at Westbury-on-Tyne, October 4, Mrs. Bartlett kindly lending her drawing room for the occasion. The Rev. F. R. Hodgson gave an address on the Mission. Two ladies in African costume had stalls, which gave a delightfully foreign appearance to the scene and a brisk trade was carried on in Mission literature and African dolls. Tea was handed round, and a collection of £4 4s. 7d. was made, while £3 7s. 3d. was taken at the stalls.

A PRETTY AND SUCCESSFUL COLLECTOR.

WHAT A SODA WATER BOTTLE does.—Mrs. Hodgson's little African boy who holds a soda water bottle and collects threepenny bits for the Mission has again gathered £50. We insert a picture of the little gentleman, hoping some of our readers may like to enlist the services of such a pretty and successful collector.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

Our Sheet Almanack, 1907, would make a very pretty wall picture for cottage homes; it is only 1d., and nicely printed in red and black. Our Kalendar, in a very pretty blue cover, has five pictures of the native clergy and their different stations, and two of the interior of Likoma Cathedral, besides which it tells you how to get up a Working Party, a branch of the Coral League, a Parochial Association, African Tableaux, and how to use the Intercessions for Missions. This also is only 1d., but you can also buy it in a red cover for 6d.

* * *

In our January Magazine we hope to begin the Prize Story by Miss Maud Chambers. Two stories were chosen from the ten sent in.

* * *

We want a lot more subscribers for AFRICAN TIDINGS next year. We hope to have more papers specially for children, so please try and get more children to take it in. Why cannot our boys help us in this way and become colporteurs for AFRICAN TIDINGS? that is take a packet round and ask people to pay 6d. for the year. Sixpence—it is really a very little sum for a paper of twelve pages and pictures, for twelve months. Think about it and then do it.

INTERCESSIONS.

Thanksgivings: Let us give thanks—
1. For the safe return to their dioceses of the Bishops of Zanzibar and Likoma. (Page 133.)
2. For the opening of S. Cyprian's Church, Kasamba. (Page 133.)
3. For the opening of the new station at Mangochi. (Page 133.)

Petitions: That it may please Thee—
1. To make known to all people the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.
2. To grant perseverance to the newly baptized at Pemba and Mangochi. (Pages 136, 137.)
3. To help us to do more with the gifts Thou hast given us.
MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

Within a few hours of my finishing my last letter to you I was taken by Sir John Key to Dorchester to see the Abbey Church and Missionary College. Dorchester must always be of interest to a Lincolnshire person, as I am, for originally it and Lincoln were under one Bishop! On our way we passed a modern statue of S. Birinus—the first missionary to that part of England—and one thought how he broke up the fallow ground in what was then heathen England, as our U.M.C.A. missionaries try to do in darkest Africa; then we went on to the Abbey Church, and finally to the modern Missionary College, surely a fitter memorial to S. Birinus than any stone image. Nine men trained at Dorchester have given their lives to God in Central Africa, and in their little chapel, now so evidently overcrowded and most thoroughly used, one felt their spirits and their prayers about one as an inspiration to us to carry on the work they loved.

Since that I have been to Warminster and seen over the two Missionary Colleges there, i.e. the men’s and the women’s. There it was not so much the thought of those who are passed beyond the veil that filled one, but the presence of all the young, fresh, enthusiastic life, ready to do and suffer all that God shall appoint, only thankful and happy in the prospect of it, only counting the days till their self-sacrifice shall be complete.

Norah Smallwood and Olive Crane are each changing four certificates for a prize this month. They are choosing respectively East Africa in Picture and The Building of the “Chauncy Maples.” Mimi Clark changed her four for Miss Ward’s Letters from East Africa last month, and says she likes the book so much.

Miss Blamey is collecting stamps for the same Hospital for which Mrs. Halliday collected. She will give 3d. for every 1,000 used King Edward stamps, in good condition, and 2d. a 1,000 for mixed packets, ¼d. stamps are no use. The money is for your Missionary boxes. Send the stamps to

Miss Blamey,
Frankfort House,
Hampton-on-Thames,
not to me.

Some of the Juniors this month are over 13. They like to go on writing the answers to the Juniors’ questions without any hope of certificates, for which of course they are now not eligible. Alice Cameron’s answer to the 1st question in October is so good that I am printing it.

You found such good true morals to the Lion and Cow story that I am printing some of them.

Please read and act up to Rule 4.

Your affectionate friend,

Ellen M. Nelson.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

RESULTS OF OCTOBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.

Full marks, 53. Alice Cameron, 48; Louie Scantlebury, Lily Vasson, 45; Mabel Bottrell, 44; Doris Bradley, Mary Colind, Ada Faulkner, 43; Minnie Clarke, Oiga de Lavelaye, Maude Lukings, OliveGram, Julius S. Prince, 41; Joseph R. B. Baser, 40; Olive Ashbourne, 36; Annie Priest, 32; Samuel Court, 29; Elise Yardley, 28; Mabel Cockerill, 25; Thomas Middleton, 19; Lilian May Davies, 18; William Pratt, 12.

Florence Bambridge is credited with 23 marks for September.

Juniors.

Full marks, 28: Nuala Smallwood, 27; Ina Colwill, Minnie Scantlebury, 25; Xona Clarke, May Phillips, Lily Snell, 24; Hannah Colwill, Clara Faulkner, B. Harrison, Frank Parsey, 23; Horace Bant, Rose Edworthy, Norah Gumbley, Gladys de Lavelaye, Besie Slocombe, Robert Vinter, 22; Ruth Vinter, Albert B. Walker, 21; Sarah Courd, Florence Evans, Alf. Scoffield, J. Sidney Smith, Annas Watson, 20; Ruth Ashdown, Wmfrid E. Knight, Arthur E. Olivier, J. Taylor, 19; E. Davis, Margaret Evans, Eva Ball, 18; Marjorie Bessey, 17; Alfred Gimes, 16; Raphael Moss, Gladys Page, 15; Noel Vinter, 14; Dorothy Barne, 13; Harold Middlecomb, Harry Moss, G. F. Mothec, 12; R. E. Offer, 11; Fanny Lukings, 10; Leonard Bant, 9; Kathleen Milton, 8; Oliver Pratt, 6; May Pratt, 4; W. Naylor, 3.

Not eligible for certificate.

COMPETITION FOR DECEMBER.

Seniors.

1. What do you know about printing in connexion with U.M.C.A.?
2. How is the work among Mohammedans going on?
3. From the first page in African Tidings for November make a list of six things for which we should praise and thank Almighty God.
4. Describe Barna, Mdachi and Sempoli.
5. Show that the natives in Central Africa are learning to trust the Missionaries.

Juniors.

1. From the first page in African Tidings for November make a list of six things for which we should praise and thank Almighty God.
2. What do you know of Mama Asha?
3. Describe Barna, Mdachi and Sempoli.

Answers to be sent by December 23 to—

Miss Nelson,

9, Dartmouth Street,
Westminster, S.W.

Marked "Competition."

RULE 4.

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

A GOOD ANSWER.

Question 1.—What workers are wanted in the Mission, and what can each do?

The Mission wants every one who is useful out in Africa. Clergy are needed very badly to extend and carry on the work, and laymen and schoolmasters, to take charge of and teach the boys, so that the clergy shall have more time for other things. Also builders and masons, printers, accountants, etc., to teach the natives and do the business, deal with stores, wages, etc. Sailors to navigate the Mission ships are also needed, in fact every man who knows a trade. Women are very much wanted to teach the girls and women, to visit out schools, and the people in their homes in country huts or in zenanas in Zanzibar. Nurses both to take charge of the hospitals and nurse the natives and European Missionaries are very much needed. This is an important branch of mission work, because it does so much good for the sick and dying who would otherwise not be cared for or brought under the influence of the Mission; and then when the missionaries fall ill of fever, as they do sometimes, a trained nurse is very necessary, for valuable lives have been lost through want of skilled nursing. For very much the same reasons doctors are needed. Besides all these, workers for the Mission are wanted at home, people who will pray and work and organize meetings and interest others in missions, so that they may help by their alms or by supporting or helping to support a child or children in Africa. Every one who is willing is wanted and may work for the mission, even though they cannot go to Africa, and every one ought to help, because every one can do something to further Christ's kingdom, only they must be in earnest and do whatever they do for His sake and for love of Him.

A. Cameron (Junior).

WHAT IS THE MORAL OF "AN AFRICAN STORY"?

1. The moral is, that the biggest and strongest are not always the bravest, but often the smallest have the most courage.

2. The small can do as much as the big; children can do as much by prayer for the Mission as big people can by going out to Africa.

3. When Satan, the roaring lion, comes and tempts us to do wrong, we should always be ready like the cock to stand up and say "I will not."


5. In this story we see that the great strong animals were cowardly and the tiny cock was brave, and this shows us that people who are thought to be brave and talk a lot about their own courage are very often cowards when they come to a real danger, and those who are quiet and looked down upon are really the brave.

6. Pluck is often more useful than strength.

7. This is a moral of true friendship.

8. They who promise most, generally perform least.

9. It is friends who make no big promises that do most.

10. Little friends that are brave and true are better than big friends who turn coward after making big promises.