T was Christmas morning. Midnight had passed an hour ago and the boys, tired by their long watch and many carols, had fallen asleep. In the quiet of the African night their priest sat in his room, waiting for the drowsiness to come which might bring him a little sleep before the sunrise should call him again to the Altar of the Holy Child.

And in a vision he saw in a cave an old man, bearded and white, stooping over his heavy staff, his face marked with lines of care, his whole attitude that of one who had journeyed; and yet in his eyes a look of great contentment. It was as if he had battled with a great doubt, and now at last the doubt was vanishing before the Vision of God's purpose.

And lying at his feet, on a bed of fresh straw was a young girl of wonderful beauty, whose praise no man dare try to sing; and in her arms she held a newborn Child.

And while the priest beheld, the Maiden rose to her feet and held her Child on high; and presently some rough shepherds made their way to the cave; and falling on their feet sang praises to the little Babe, who turned in His Mother's arms, opened His sweet eyes, and smiled.

And when the Babe smiled, unseen lips were heard to chant, "Unto us a Son is given." And when the shepherds had gone, the old man moved slowly to the cave-door, a smile of new joy upon his face, and passed out into the night. But quickly he returned, leading by the hand a little child, whose likeness had never yet been seen in Bethlehem's village—for he was black, of the nation upon whom the curse of God was thought by the Jews to lie. On his face was the look of fear and terror, as of one who had known suffering and pain; and as he walked he cried aloud for his own mother's love. And as his cries reached the ears of the Babe of the Holy Maid, He turned His eyes again, and smiled, and His little arms were stretched out to the black child. And once, and twice, the black child hesitated, and made as if he would flee from the cave; but the eyes of the little Babe held him and drew him on, until at last the black arms were held out too, and the Sweet Maid stooped and kissed the little upturned face, and placed her
Babe in those weak arms.

Then, of a sudden, a great light filled the cave, and wondrous sounds were heard from Heaven: songs of love, of victory, and of peace. But over all voices, one sweeter than all sounded clear and strong: “This my child was lost, and is found.”

So the vision passed.

The priest fell upon his knees, and with heartfelt joy praised Jesus for His love. But as he knelt, a second vision came to him.

The Mother stood at the entrance to the cave, and beside her stood her Son; His body full grown, and yet His face sweet with the pure beauty of a childlike heart. Hand in hand they passed along the narrow road, which began before the cave. And so they passed together, keeping this narrow way, leaving the great cities, the pleasant fields, the shady forests on either hand. And as they went, they spoke together, and that of which they most loved to speak was the black child of the cave.

And presently they came to a small gate, and the Mother waited before the gate while her Child entered alone. And there, in the midst of a garden, He cast Himself down in prayer, pleading for the coming of the black child, offering Himself for the purchase of the black child’s soul, and so great was His love that the very blood was forced from His forehead by His pain and grief.

Meanwhile, His Mother prayed without: but His friends who knew how dearly He desired the black child would not pray. They were sad that He should hurt Himself for a black child’s sake, and in their sadness fell asleep.

Again the priest looked, and in his vision he saw the Holy Child nailed to the shameful Cross: yet His whole face showed no pain but the pain of love. And soon the voice of the Crucified was heard—“I thirst!”

And even as He cried an angel came to Him bearing in His arms a small black child; and the child looked on the dying One, and looking, understood. Reaching out His little hands, He kissed the blood-stained face; and Mary’s Son was satisfied. “It is finished,” He cried; and weary of the long, long search, He bowed His head and passed into the peace of His Father.

Again the priest gave joyous thanks, but his prayers were sad with the memory of so cruel a death.

Was so great a price well spent? Are the souls of men so much desired by Jesus?

And as he wondered, his third vision came to him.

A gracious King stood before him, clothed in pure white and crowned with jewels so bright that no man could gaze upon them; yet His face the face of Mary’s Child. His outstretched hands were bright with the glorious light of the nail marks, but they were empty! And His pierced heart was hungry for the souls of the black children whom His blood had bought.

So He stood before the priest, calling aloud to him, “Suffer the little children to come unto Me.”

And the priest wondered, for surely the King had made the children His own by His sad death! But no; for there a long way off he saw the children held in chains by evil angels, who would not let them go.

And the priest seemed to himself to raise his face to Jesus his King. “Lord, how can I bring them?” And the answer came, “Love, and watch, and pray. All ye who love Me, love these children, and they will at once be free to come to Me.”

And the priest saw himself looking away from the land of the black child, away to the distant land of the white friends of Jesus; and in his grief and agony he cried to God. And God opened His eyes to see, and in a vision he saw the white friends of Jesus working and playing, feasting and sorrowing, praying and adoring their God; but, for the black child very few had any love.

So the poor lonely priest looked up to
his King and cried, "O King, my life be for the souls of these children of Thy love," and the King smiled with exceeding joy.

So the lonely priest saw himself in the vision going forth against the evil angels, and, aided by the angels of the King, he loved and prayed and fasted until at length the power of the evil ones was broken.

But in the very last struggle of the war, as the little black children broke away from the last of their chains and ran gladly to their King, the priest saw himself fall forward upon his face. And the gentle King drew near, His heart full of joy for the coming of His black children, and stooping over His lonely priest, He kissed him, whispering into his ear, "Enter thou into My new joy."

Then the vision passed, and the priest did not rise from his knees until he had promised Jesus to give his life and his life's blood that He might have joy from the black children, whom He so desires.

And you who read these words, what will you do? What will you give Jesus?

First, surely, you will all offer yourselves to the Holy Child, and promise Him that by your prayers and love you will try to help the missionaries to set free the poor black children of Jesus.

And, secondly, you will ask yourselves, "Why do I not go to the black children whom Jesus loves?" What will you answer? Will you go, or make ready to go later on?

And all of us, as we kneel before our Love on His Birthday, will remember that if we do not love and pray for the African children, our Christmas will bring no joy to Jesus.

And it will be well to say to ourselves—"If we forget the children in Africa and leave the missionaries without our prayers, some of them will have to give themselves to Jesus in death before next Christmas comes."

FRANK WESTON.

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A HOLIDAY AT MISOZWE.

My greetings to my little Coral League friends. It seems a long time since I wrote to you. I expect you will say I am getting very forgetful. Such is not the case; it's want of time and perhaps also lack of energy! And now I have not much news to send you. We are going on steadily with our work during term time. The girls continue to come to school very regularly; our average daily attendance is from 100 to 120, and some days even more. I think the children are trying to make progress. We are now working up for our November examination, when the Rev. Samuel Schoza is coming over to examine them. I trust they will do their best and that he will be able to give us a good report.

Now I will tell you of our outing. This year we did not take a trip to the seaside—you will remember last year I took some of the children for their first visit to the sea at Tanga. This time we went for a few days to Misozwe. I need not go into long explanations as to where Misozwe is situated, for most of my Coral League friends know that it is some miles further into the interior of the Boudé country, and that the Rev. S. Schoza is the priest-in-charge.

We left Msalabani (Magila) on August 8, at 6.15 a.m. There were twenty-one of us in the party—nineteen little orphans, two teachers, Miss Gunn and myself, followed by four men carrying a chair on poles; this being our only means of conveyance. We took turns in being carried and thus got a rest, for the road between Magila and Misozwe is a very hard one for travellers—up and down hill all the way. I was very doubtful about taking the babies of the family; but they all declared they could walk and would not get too tired; and as their hearts were set upon going, I decided to let them try what they could do.

I sent to Padre Schoza that he might
expect to see Miss Gunn and myself about 10 a.m., but I did not think the children would arrive before one or two in the afternoon. We all set off together. It was a lovely August morning, a nice wind blowing and not too hot. The children went, enjoying the fresh morning air and the beautiful scenery, the lovely flowers, which are only to be seen in the early mornings before the sun has risen and shed its rays upon them, fading all their beauty—one has no idea what lovely flowers there are to be found until one has been out before the dew has gone.

Our porters told us they thought the children had turned into one of the villages for a rest and would follow on. I was not troubled about them, as the teacher-in-charge was quite trustworthy and no harm would be likely to befall them.

soon got ahead of us and were lost to sight in about twenty minutes; they got over the ground very quickly, running along in African fashion, singing, and as happy and free from care as only children know how to be. Again and again we expected to come up with them, but no, not a sight or sound of them anywhere. On and on we
A HOLIDAY AT MISOZWE.

them. What was our surprise, when only about fifteen minutes' walk from Misozwe, to come upon our little band sitting underneath a mango tree looking as bright and fresh as when we had last seen them. They had stopped for a rest and to eat the food they had with them. We were immediately overwhelmed with offers of fruit, etc., and were soon in their midst enjoying the delicious bananas. One child only had complained (and not one of the smallest), and a few tears had been shed, but she did not look very exhausted. I looked at my watch and found it was just 9.30. I cannot even now make out how those little legs got over the ground in the time. We were just starting on again, having put the tired child and one who said she was a little tired into our chair for the men to carry, when we were joined by Padre Sehoza—he having come on to meet us; so thus we had an escort to the Mission, where we arrived at about 9.50. Here we found Mrs. Sehoza and baby, and a hearty welcome was given us all, and we were soon seated enjoying the delicious breakfast which they had prepared for us. The children were glad to rest and kept fairly quiet until towards evening: when I found them enjoying a game of football and running about as lively as ever.

The next morning we were besieged with requests for permission to go to the Gukwe (market), as it happened to be the market morning (it is held once in nine days).

How I wish you could have seen them making their little purchases. They were given a few pice to spend, and I could see they meant to get all they could for their money. It was most amusing to hear them bargaining. One child had set her heart on a beautiful bunch of bananas, but the man asked two pice for them, but Dorkas was only prepared to pay one pice. The seller tried very hard to get her to take others, but no, it was to be this bunch or none; finally I saw her going off in triumph with something like twenty bananas, for which she had paid less than a halfpenny! What delicious bananas these were—so much nicer than any given them, for were they not of their own purchasing? The bunches soon diminished in bulk I assure you. Of course the children were the
centre of attraction wherever we took them, and every one was most kind, sending them presents of fruit, sugarcane, etc., and they concluded their visit with a big *Karamu* (treat), given them by the reader Lucius.

We spent seven days at Misozwe and returned to Msalabani much refreshed, quite set up for another term of hard work. Miss Gunn and myself were much indebted to the Padre and his wife for the kind way in which they looked after us. I am sure we cannot forget the excellent meals Mrs. Sehoza cooked for us and the Padre's charming way of entertaining us. I can only say that I look forward with much pleasure to another such visit.

One word of the beautiful scenery around. The mountains appeared to me to be more lovely than ever. The Spirit Mountain, Mlinga, like a giant towering above all, looking grand at all times, for ever changing—one hour bathed in sunshine, the next with the most beautiful shadows, giving it quite another aspect, then wrapped in a cloud or mist—but always magnificent. From the little baraza we could see no less than five ranges on a clear day. Truly, Misozwe is situated in one of the most beautiful spots in East Africa. On Sunday we enjoyed seeing the Padre with his little church packed with worshippers—alas! they want more room badly. There is not sufficient room for all the Christians and Catechumens. Padre told me he was waiting for the money to go on with the enlargement. Who will help him in this work? he has been waiting so long! Cannot our little friends help towards this? Pennies mount up, you know. Oh! so much more could be done all around if only we had more money and more help. It is sad to see so many large villages away on the mountains and *nothing* being done to bring the people to Christ. Dear children, pray that these people may be taught the Love of God.

*L. M. Dunford. Msalabani, August 18.*

**A LETTER FROM NYASA.**

Dear Mr. Editor,—

KNOW I have become a shocking correspondent in Africa, and can but throw myself on your generosity and beg of you to be merciful to me.

No doubt you have heard long ere this that the Bishop sent me back to this station to “mother” the men whilst they are finishing the new steamer. Of course I cannot but appreciate the Bishop's *trust* in me, but it pained me much to have to leave Likoma, where I had spent perhaps the happiest six months of my life. It seemed quite an uprooting at the time, I did love my dispensary, hospital, and “cathedral” so. Then there was the great luxury of a library at hand, even though one had little or no time to read—and the lovely sails now and again amid such glorious scenery. Well, it does not bear dwelling on. As it is I am likened to Lot’s
wife in "looking back" so much, which is horribly ungrateful of me, for the men are so good and considerate to me always, and say I am not a "Mother Superior" but a "Superior Ma-ma." We certainly are a happy peaceful family.

Mr. Crouch has handed over to me all the buying, paying, and selling, thus with the housekeeping and "Dawa" my time is fairly well filled in.

For my "Dawa" I have had a piece of Baraza enclosed near my room, fitted with shelves, which does capitally and is very handy, as all day more or less I have to tie up small wounds, hardly "accidents," and yet the natives do manage to hurt themselves most unnecessarily at their work. At first I "scolded" them for being careless, but now I find they really cannot gauge either weight or distance. How I shall miss their dear black faces! I don't want to leave them for furlough "at all, at all!"

These two years have flown far too quickly. I wish the medical board would not make a hard and fast rule re "two years' system," as no two of us stand the climate alike, some ever so much better than others. For instance, I myself have only had one fever worthy of the name, which after all only meant a week's thorough rest in bed, with kind friends to look after one, and able to enjoy a read with a clear conscience without feeling one ought to be doing something else.

Since coming to Malindi I have had a good deal of nursing of natives in their own homes, which, like our own district nursing at home, brings one in close touch with the people.

Last week a man walked from Chinde and arrived here in an emaciated dying condition from dysentery. He was a Catechumen from Msumba, and had no friends here, so of course we felt responsible for him. The last three days I went every hour to feed him, etc. His hut, which was shared by three other men, was not as good as our hen house. For his bed I put down some soft clean hay, over which I spread a mat and a blanket as covering. He seemed truly grateful, and called me "Amal" (mother). At his own desire he was baptized by Mr. Crouch, and a boat was sent over for him, and he was buried by Mr. Philipps at Mponda's. He chose the name Bartholomew.

I shall never forget the scene in that shanty. By bending low Mr. Crouch, Miss Mann and I managed to pack in, and just managed to see with a hurricane lamp and candle. The last night I went three times to him to light the fire, etc., which means a couple of stones and two sticks
in the middle of the “hut.” One can never really trust a native to watch at night, they sleep so heavily.

In my night excursions our watchman always accompanies me on guard equipped with a gun, but I should never, never be frightened to go quite alone among them—dear things, they are always so gentle and respectful. I am far more afraid of wild beasts, although I have only heard a hyena here. A leopard was in the vicinity a few days ago, but the watchman missed his shot.

Mr. Philipps has given us some cows, which of course are a great bait to hungry beasts. I fear I shall have no “travellers’ tales” to relate.

Mentioning animals, when Miss Mann and I were crossing to Mpouda’s in a small boat two huge “hippos” came snorting and puffing quite near to us. I confess to feeling a bit nervous, as they have been known to overturn boats or knock holes in them.

Now I come to the saddest part of all, i.e. the losing our Bishop. It is terribly selfish of us to wish to keep him, as he is so needed at Zanzibar, and he will be really happier there (no Lake!), as the work of that diocese will suit him better we all think.

At the same time he has done a work here spiritually which no one else could have accomplished, although no doubt it will be continued by his successor. So we ought to be thankful, and Zanzibar to rejoice indeed. The privilege of having been allowed to work under him at all will ever be one of my thanksgivings. How I wish the Bishop could have had a holiday in Europe before taking up his new duties. He has changed very, very much from the photograph in the July number of Central Africa—much older and thinner and very white. Still, he has a lot of “go” in him; all he wants is rest and freedom from anxiety for a time. May God speed him is our earnest prayer.

The Charles Janson calls here once a month. Only small stations like Malindi can really know the meaning of a mission steamer, for she brings a priest, and all the Christians flock to the altar on the morning after arrival. Then also she brings news and letters from our brothers and sisters—yes, a mission steamer is a great boon. We are not so badly off as some, for Mr. Philipps comes or tries to come about once a week. This is the first time I have been without a resident priest-in-charge, and the miss is great. Mr. Eyre is ours, and very good, but he is here to-day and gone to-morrow! But of course our Bishop cannot do impossibilities, and until more clergy are forthcoming this state of things is inevitable. Some of the Lake stations can only have celebrations once a month at most. At Kota Kota and Likoma we have one daily. Well, it is no use dwelling on that. The “kindly light” will lead us, and “the everlasting hills” around are a constant reminder of One who can never fail us.

If the health of the Europeans continues as good as at present, and there are no accidents, we may reasonably hope to see the Chauncy Maples finished about the middle of October.

I hope, dear Mr. Editor, I have written sense, but I have been called off so often to the store to sell soap, cloth, and salt, that my letter may be disjointed!

My business certainly is a thriving one. I never have to send for money to the treasurer. I take sometimes as much as £5 a week! Of course I am particular to keep to our own workpeople, otherwise Government might accuse us of being a “trading mission,” which would hardly be just. Some of the natives call me “Banyan” for fun. They and the Hindis are the chief traders in Zanzibar and in this country also.

This is quite a gay place, as ships are constantly calling, and consequently our peace is much disturbed, which really is a horrid bore, for they so often choose Sunday, which we try to keep for letter writing.
However, the duties of hospitality are doubly enforced, especially to our own countrymen in this far-off land, so we try to give as warm a welcome as possible. Late one night a hunter arrived not having eaten for nine hours! We were glad to be of use.

The other day Dr. and Mrs. Laws and about a dozen of their "band" sprang upon us. The difficulty of finding sufficient crockery and chairs was great! We were glad to do all honours to the doctor and his wife, who, with our archdeacon, I suppose, are the only "veterans" left of Nyasa.

The Bishop has been so good to me in arranging for the Charles Janson to take me to Bandawe, where my brother's grave is. I was there a fortnight by accident!

Lately Mr. George has been over to Bandawe, walked from Kota Kota and placed the rails from Bishop Maples' grave on my brother's, which are not wanted now, as the altar is on the sacred spot. I shall never be able to repay their great kindness to me.

I believe the Kota Kota Church is to be consecrated on November 1 (D.V.). It promises to be rather fine and all quite correct if Mr. George has anything to do with it. I do hope he will not leave with our Bishop. All our best must not forsake Nyasa. Perhaps they may travel homeward together. I hope so, as he loves the Bishop and will look after him.

Malindi, B.C.A., August 20, 1901.

GAIN we turn gratefully to Miss Gertrude Ward for the fifth book she has given to the Mission from her ready pen. This time it is Bishop Tozer's Letters which she has very carefully edited, and for which she has written the connecting links that give us the story of that courageous attempt to withdraw from the continent and begin the new foundations at Zanzibar.

"Those who love the Mission cannot fail to find much that is of value in this record of a great and good teacher." We hope it will be ready at Christmas, it will be sold at 2s. 6d.

Another book, that will please not only all our readers but every picture lover, is Magila in Picture, a series of about forty photographic reproductions of places and people in the Usambara district, printed on art paper and bound in art cloth, with descriptions by Miss Gibbons of the Magila staff. We have to thank Mr. McLean and Miss Dunford for these beautiful pictures. The price will be 1s. 9d.; by post, 2s.

A Suffolk Boy in East Africa has been reprinted and issued in new covers. Price 6d. in paper, 9d. in cloth (7½d. and 10½d. by post).

Our friends in search of other gift books must not forget The Golden Ship, the Swahili tale book, crammed with illustrations, that came out just too late for the Christmas book market last year.

Both the Kalendar, 1d., and 6d. in cloth, and the Sheet Almanack are ready.

A class of girls at S. Julian's, Norwich, gave some African "tableaux vivants," in September, acting scenes at Kasamba School, a Harvest Festival at Magila, and Girls' Picnic at Magila. They realized £1 9s.

From the C.M.S. we have received a charming little Missionary Painting Book full of delightful pictures for the young to
copy in colour, while the letterpress in simple language describes the various persons and incidents so graphically depicted. At the price of 1s. we prophesy a great demand for this well-timed Christmas gift, and are sure that it cannot fail through the eye and the brush to bring home a moral to the heart.

It is a pleasant thing to note that the boys in the Chislehurst Orphanage of Waifs and Strays contribute £7 a year from their own earnings to the support of a boy at Kologwe.

The Erith Branch of the Coral League held a little garden sale one afternoon in September. The Vicar opened it with the Collect of the League, a hymn and a short address, after which the children set busily to work to try and earn "an honest penny" for their little black brothers and sisters. Seven tiny tables set round the lawn formed the stalls, and were well supplied with work done by the children, and fancy articles and books contributed by kind friends.

The little saleswomen plied a brisk trade, and a tea table was also well patronized. For this many gifts of cakes, tea, and sweets had been most kindly sent by the parents of the children.

It was all on a very small scale, for our aim was as much to increase interest and sympathy with mission work as to earn money, and we hope our little effort to help on the funds of our Coral League may lead other children to follow in the same simple and homely way.

£1 15s. was the result of the sale.

Similar sales in the house might be held during the winter months.

Index, title page and contents for binding 1901 Volumes can be had from the Office, post free. Cloth covers, 7d.

NEW MISSION ROOM NEAR MHEZA.

On July 25, the Festival of St. James, our house which was built between Mheza (the nearest railway station to Magila) and Mbalamo was opened. Archdeacon Woodward wanted to have opened it the previous Sunday, but the rain was too heavy that day. So we went on Thursday, at four o'clock. The house was filled by the people who went with us; there were men and women. First we sang hymns, then Padre said some prayers, and the people sang Psalm 132. Then we went round outside, and we sang, "Onward, Christian soldiers." We entered the house again for the blessing and "Nunc Dimittis." We hope that this house will be useful for the people who live near Mheza and cannot come to Msalabani to be taught. Also we hope that the Christians and catechumens who live near will meet in it for evening service on Sundays.—Habari za Mwesi for August.

Nine boys were baptized at Msalabani, Magila, on September 13, and 18 boys at Kologwe on September 7.

KOLOGWE.

"We are a large and ever increasing body, and in addition to the work of this place there are ten out-schools, and will soon be sixteen, covering seventy miles east to west, and fifty miles north to south. By Christmas we hope there will have been a hundred baptisms this year. Yet there are but two priests."

NYASA BAPTISMS.

Seventeen people were baptized at Pachia, in August, and in the same month a Baptism of fifteen big girls took place at Likoma.
A MOONSTRUCK TALE.

Scene.—The hospital baraza, with stone seats all round—forbidden ground to patients, and therefore a favourite rendezvous with them. In front an asparagus plant, thirty feet high, waving branches, little green or brown berries, and all. Don't believe any stupid grown-up person who says it is a caserina!

Two people talking one night, the brilliant African moon got into their heads, and after stirring their brains up with some of her rays, turned out this tale.

A lady was riding along the Shamba on a donkey. It was not the "Wild Beast," alias "Racehorse," alias "Balosi," whose fame is spread abroad, who affects the hunting of other donkeys, who jumps from the top of Kiungani hill to the bottom, with the cart behind him—but "Plate-rack," so called because all his ribs were visible when he was bought.

What is the Shamba like?

A truly magic land—it is wild and uncultivated, but has a habit of changing into a gentleman's park, with noble isolated trees, knolls and hollows, and far reaches of undergrowth, interspersed with waving palms and spirit trees. What are these like?

This is Topsy-turvy land, and these trees grow with their roots in the air, bare and white, and the green part, branches, fruit and flowers, are possibly underground; at any rate, they are not visible above! If you come over here you may dig down and look.

Well, the lady was good, and was on a kind errand, so the Shamba made itself pleasant to her, the sun looked at her and loved her and gave her some kisses—they are little brown things which some people are prosaic enough to call freckles—the blue sky smiled down on her, the embers loved her so much that I am not sure that they did not fall off the trees on purpose at her feet, in hopes of being eaten by her; but she only smiled at them, and went on and on, singing to herself, along the sandy path, up a narrow little watercourse, dry now, but a miniature torrent in the rainy season, past native huts, where the people sat on the ground and called out a friendly "Jambo Bibi!" on and on, until at last she came to a steep little descent, and suddenly down tumbled the donkey, sending her over its head. She picked herself up first and then the donkey, both sound in limb, but alas! the girth had broken, and there was nothing to keep the saddle on. What should she do?

No house of any description was in sight. She looked around for assistance in vain. She felt in her pocket, but she had no
string; nothing to mend the girth. Should she have to lead the animal all the way home?

No, this is Wonderland, and as I have said, this lady was on a kind errand. Suddenly, coming from no one knows where, a man appeared, bearing on his head a roll of native rope.

She eagerly begged his assistance, which was readily given; some of the rope was called into requisition, and the saddle was safely secured.

But how to sever its connection with the roll of rope?

A pair of scissors? A knife?

Neither the lady nor her friendly assistant possessed either the one or the other. The rope was too thick to bite, too tough to tear or break.

Could she ride all the way home attached to a gradually unravelling rope? Again, the man might possibly be unwilling to give her the whole of his precious burden. What was to be done?

Wonderland again!

Another man appeared, no one knows from whence, and in his belt was stuck a knife, and his heart being unlike the knife, and soft instead of sharp, he cut the gordian knot and the rope too, and the saddle was free, and the lady able to pursue her way in peace and comfort. Now had that lady an Aladdin's lamp which she secretly rubbed, or a ring, or a genii in her pocket, or was she a particular friend of the fairies?

I think the last suggestion is the true one, for the fairies love all mortals who do kind actions, and I fancy I have heard they have a special love for Ireland.

M. E.

My dear children—

We shall have to make one new Rule in the New Year, and I am sure that those who have done so well this year will think it quite fair. The Rule is this:—No one can take a prize two successive quarters.

No one has more than the first line of the Square Word for October right, so I hope all will try again.

RESULT OF THE OCTOBER COMPETITION.


Juniors.—Full marks, 24. H. Webb, 24; L. Gaskin, 23; F. Sugden, 21; E. A. Weller, 19; A. Edwards, 18; E. Thornton, 16; A. Drummond and A. Daney, 15; W. Hurst, E. Hurst and J. Webb, 14; N. Hayler, 12; E. Drummond and M. C. Germany, 11.

DECEMBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.

1. Give an account of the admission of catechumens at Magila. What ought we to do for these catechumens?

2. Name the chief events mentioned in A. T. for November.

3. What do you know of Mvera?

4. Mention one or two good points in the Likoma female teachers.

5. Try October square word again—the last line is an ordinary word.

Juniors.

1. How did Miss Whitbread spend one Sunday afternoon?

2. What was the "Skumshun" at Mbweni?

3. What is the new name of the Mission station at Magila?

Answers to be sent before December 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.