GREETINGS to all our readers, young and old, in Africa and in England, and after greetings, thanks. Thanks especially to those members in Africa who have made AFRICAN TIDINGS the interesting paper that it has proved itself to be. Certainly our Contributors well deserve our love and our thanks, for they care not only for the dark souls and bodies of the Africans, but they find time, amidst their anxious, tiring work, to urge us on to greater and more earnest effort to spread the Message of Peace, to obey the Command of the Lord.

So very gratefully we recall the names of the writers of the past year. Of those in Africa we have Miss M. A. Andrews, Miss Elsie Ashwin, Rev. W. W. Auster, Miss Ruth and Miss Margaret Berkeley, Miss Barraud, Miss Boyd, Miss Cameron, Miss Clutterbuck, Miss Dunford, Miss Foxley, Rev. E. A. Gee, Rev. H. J. Hancock, Mrs. Key, Rev. W. H. Kisbey, Miss Mills, Miss Nelson, Rev. J. G. Philipps, Miss Sharpe, Rev. T. C. Simpson, Miss G. Ward, Mr. Howell Williams (R.I.P.), and Rev. J. A. Wimbush. And of those in England, Mrs. Aylen, Miss Breay, Rev. P. R. H. Chambers, Miss M. M. Hine (for her drawings), Mrs. Hodgson, Miss Palmer, Miss Vincent, and Mr. Webb.

"The more I read of the Mission and its members the more I love them," lately wrote a friend. Here then is our Motto for 1899:

READ MORE, LEARN MORE, LOVE MORE.

We cannot love that about which we know nothing. First then we read and learn, and our knowledge will kindle into enthusiasm, which will spread to others and lead them to read and learn and love this work. We begin the year with a sale of 21,000 copies a month, let us end it by doubling our circulation and the number of our readers. Some of us stood in the crowd that welcomed back the Soudan troops. We contentedly waited and waited, one spirit filling us all, then arose a buzz of expectation, followed soon by the ringing cheers that greeted the bronzed, thin faces of the men as they filed by. "Give them another cheer and another." "They have worked hard." "Their faces show it, and they well deserve it." Yes, they well deserved all our cheers. But think. These men worked for a few months, our men and women have toiled on for nearly thirty years. The world followed their every movement in the newspapers with intense interest, and shouted with delight at their successes. Surely we too should follow as closely and eagerly all the successes, as well as the failures and disappointments of our little Army of the Cross, fighting against such tremendous odds in Africa.

The year just past began with Urgent Appeals for money—more money, and men—more men. God has put it into the hearts of friends to answer the first very fully. The General Fund has received at least £10,000 more than in 1897. And there are many signs that the more pressing need for Workers is being answered. We may count ourselves happy if by our interest, our prayers, or by our personal service, we may have a share in the great honour of winning Africa for the Kingdom of our Lord.

THE EDITOR.
WHAT ZANZIBAR IS LIKE.

The following letter was written by Mr. Weston to his friends at St. Matthew’s, Westminster, and is printed here by his kind permission:

My impressions of Zanzibar and Kiungani? Well, like melting wax, I am too heated to receive impressions that last! The sun is certainly the first thing that impresses one; and when the thermometer stands at 82° in the shadiest part of the room at 5.45 a.m., you will understand that the sun does his work well out here!

Zanzibar is a wonderful town, picturesque beyond words, and dirty beyond description. It is a rabbit warren of small alleys, lined with little shops, packed full of goods of various sorts, the display of goods being crowned by the owner, who squats proudly in the midst of his vegetables and fruits. The “streets” are just wide enough to allow a very small carriage to run over the people on foot, just smooth enough to twist the ankles of wayfarers, and just dry enough to make a white pair of shoes exceedingly dirty. Besides the shops, the streets show any quantity of natives, and countless goats. No street runs straight for more than a few yards, and apparently all the streets lead to the point from which you started.

Some of the houses are roofed with tin cans in which oil has been kept, beaten out quite flat. This adds to the quaintness of the picture, and is also a safeguard in case of a fire.

The Sultan’s principal palace is at present under repair, after being battered by English guns; but there are two or three fine houses in the town. The barracks are not imposing, but they form a background to the chain-gang. This gang is composed of the prisoners. Instead of getting imprisoned, a man is put into chains; that is, he has a chain fastened to his neck, lolls about the streets, thinking that he is cleaning them, and talking to his many friends and acquaintances. Sometimes busybodies photograph the chain-gang and send home the photo to prove that slavery still flourishes under the British flag!

Now as to Mkunazini—that is the Christian quarter, with the Cathedral, the Hospital, the Industrial House, Laundry, etc., and rooms for the workers. The Mission Buildings are at the back of the town, standing by the creek. The view of the Cathedral on the front page of Central Africa is that which we see from the other side of the creek; it is not a front view from the sea as I had fondly imagined! The Industrial House is a home for our boys who are apprenticed to tradesmen in the town, and is a very important place. For the boys who live there have to face all the evils of a heathen town-life, and must need all the help and support which can be given them.

Leaving the city by dirty alleys, you will find yourself on a good high road, leading to the Golf Links, the Navy Canteen, and other pleasant places in which the white man tries to make Africa like his own country. From this road the Cathedral is seen to great advantage, and soon it is hoped that a joint road, running along the creek, will take us to it without making us face the alleys. About a mile or so along the road is Kiungani. The College stands on a little hill close by the sea. In fact, the sea is slowly swallowing up the garden! The house looks straight to sea, and the cross and flagstaff on the roof make it so conspicuous that the ships from the south steer towards it on their way into harbour.

How shall I describe it? Let me try. In front of the house is a garden, tended to some purpose by Mr. King. Then, rising above the garden, is a pavement, upon which the front door opens. Enter, and you find yourself in the house proper. On your left, the Hall, on your right, the Library. Then a second doorway, with store-rooms on either side, and the staircase.
On the first floor are the Europeans' rooms; on the second floor dormitories for the boys. Downstairs again, and out of the back door, and you will find a square of buildings joined by covered cloisters.

On the left you will find a lecture room for the theological students, and a staircase leading to the schoolroom. This room is built over the dining-hall, which runs along the side of the square. On your right is a class room, running back by the side of the house, and the chapel, which forms the right side of the square.

The other end of the square is given up to vestries, a doorway and kitchen. Passing through the doorway is a large courtyard with buildings before you, and on either side. Here are class room, dormitory, sick room, and a place for the boys' boxes and other belongings. Behind the school buildings are cottages for the teachers and students. The ground belonging to the Kiungani station is very extensive, and at the other side of it is the football ground.

Such is the establishment in which I now live!

And what about the school in the other sense of the word?

When I arrived at Kiungani, on the eve of Michaelmas, the school was scattered for the holidays. The boys were all at their homes on the mainland. But the following week, they arrived by the different mails, and on the Wednesday we had nearly ninety boys, two or three senior teachers, and two candidates for Holy Orders. Today another teacher and four boys have come, ten days late, making ninety-five in all. The staff here is composed of three clergy and two laymen.

The clergy are Mr. Evans, the Principal; Mr. King, the Vice-Principal, and myself. Mr. King you all know well, for he was with us for some months last year at St. Matthew's.

On Saturday there is no school, but all the boys have a good morning's work at cleaning. One batch of boys, under a reader, cleans the chapel and the altar furniture, another the class rooms, another the dormitories, and so on. All our work is done by the boys, except the cooking. We have a man to do that.

The boys get holidays on the greater Saints' days, but you must remember that we have ten months work at a stretch, and both teachers and scholars need a rest sometimes!

As to our amusements, you mustn't think the boys are dull. There are not many schools in which boys begin their term with a bonfire and fireworks. But we did, and a glorious bonfire it was. It reminded me of November 5th at Oxford, only that we did not burn any armchairs or sofas.

Football is our chief game, but the boys are out of practice. Our first eleven played
H.M.S. Fox yesterday, which is the strongest team on the station. We were beaten by 3 goals to 1, just because we lacked combination. It made me blush for Englishmen to see great big men, in heavy boots and shin-guards, “going for” our boys, with their bare feet! However, better luck next time.

And now just a little about myself; for I ought to tell you what I am doing with myself, for I feel I belong to you. I lecture, I teach, and I try to learn. I lecture on Church History and Doctrine to the theological students, and they make notes in Swahili. I teach algebra to some of the bigger boys, and I am trying to learn Swahili. So I spend my time, with other “odd jobs,” from day to day.

Now I think I have written enough for one mail, and too much for one magazine. As you read it, shivering with cold, and coughing with fog, you can think of me with a sun too hot to allow one to go out, and a heat in my room which makes writing as serious a task as breaking stones.

FRANK WESTON.

WILFRID—“THE BISHOP.”

ONE day, in the spring of 1895, some of the Mbweni school children raced up from the beach in great excitement, with accounts of a woman they had seen wandering up and down with a wee baby. Of course, the thing to be done was to send for the Msimamizi. An Msimamizi, the Swahili exercise book says, is an overlooker, but the Msimamizi of Mbweni is much more than that—he is in charge of the Mission Shamba. This position, and still more his imposing appearance and manner, give him a good deal more than the authority of an ordinary village policeman. The Msimamizi arrived; but in this particular case even he was at a loss. The woman was evidently quite unable to understand Swahili, and no one could make head or tail of the language she spoke. But no words were needed to explain that the first thing she wanted was food, and that was soon provided. She showed very clearly that the next thing she meant to get was a house to live in, by taking possession of one overlooking the sea. Unfortunately for her, the owner of the house did not relish being turned out in this summary fashion. It was then decided that she should go to the Serikali, a house, or, more correctly, a number of huts built in a square, which the Mission provides for widows who are still able to work for themselves. It was one thing to say she must go, and quite another to get her to leave her place of refuge. Gentle persuasion and authoritative command, chiefly in the language of signs, were alike useless. Then some one suggested that if the baby was carried off the mother would follow. Miss Phillips picked him up, followed of course by the mother and a goodly procession of interested spectators. But the way was long, and carrying a child is much more tiring in Africa than in England, and Miss Phillips said she could not manage it much further. Padre Woodward, who happened to be staying here, encouraged her to go on, saying, “Who knows, you may be carrying a future bishop”; and “the bishop” has been his designation ever since.

Thus the boy and his mother were lodged for a time in the Serikali. The woman, however, continued so strange, that Mbweni society decided she was mad. She made little progress in understanding what was said to her, or in making herself understood. Indeed, to this day no one has found out how she was stranded on the beach; but the generally accepted idea is that she had been carried off in a slave dhow, and had been thrown overboard as it passed near Mbweni Point.

Serious difficulties arose in connection with the poor woman. Not unfrequently she would take a fancy to a cherished possession of one of her neighbours, and show her admiration by walking off with
the treasure. Naturally the peace of the household disappeared on these occasions. The continued bad health of herself and the boy settled the question for a time, by the authorities of Mbweni deciding to send her to the Hospital. With the assistance of the Msimamizi she was transferred there on "the wheels"—a curious vehicle something between a hammock-chair and a wheelbarrow. Before they left the Hospital it was thought advisable that they should be made secure against a possible claim by their late owner. It fell to my lot to take them to the Consulate to get their freedom papers.

A queer procession we must have looked, judging from the remarks of bystanders. First went our cook boy, who was supposed to understand something of her language, I carried the baby, followed by the mother laden with cooking pots, an odd mat or two, and sundry other things acquired without purchase. At the Consulate the mother seated herself in the middle of the office floor as though she had taken up a permanent abode. Several askaris were brought in, in the vain hope that they may know something of her language; for the native police force consists of men from all parts of East Central Africa. Nothing, however, was discovered except two names, which may or may not have belonged to them, but which served to fill up vacant spaces in the necessary papers.

When this ceremony was over they went back to Mbweni looking very different to the poor, half-starved creatures of a few weeks before. But soon after they were back in Hospital again. This time the baby was seriously ill with convulsions; fit followed fit, until we lost all hope of saving his life. As his mother was a heathen he was of course not yet baptized; but now, as he was at the point of death, there seemed no reason against it. Among the patients upstairs was a Padre sufficiently convalescent to come down to the ward to baptize him. When I was asked to give him a name, the first that occurred to me was Wilfrid. But after all, as the accompanying photograph will show, Wilfrid did not die, and in about a week they were out of Hospital again.

Now began an anxious time for those who had been responsible for his baptism; for we never knew that they would not disappear as mysteriously as they had appeared. Miss Mills cast longing glances in his direction, and tried to make friends with his mother; but she was not to be beguiled into parting with him even for a short time. One day, however, she went up and carefully inspected Kilimani, and then she allowed him to go in school, meanwhile keeping a close watch outside. Wilfrid, naturally, was very happy to have some companions, and he told his mother that it was a very good place, and that he
should like to stay. At intervals she allows him to stay for several days or a week at a time. He is most anxious to live there with his great friends Paul and Steere.

Lately we have seen a good deal of him in Hospital, as they have moved into a hut about a mile out of town. The mother arrives early in the morning with a load for one of the shopkeepers on her head, and Wilfrid tied on her back, and they spend most of the day in or about the Hospital. A bath is one of Wilfrid’s chief delights. On one occasion, after his usual bath downstairs, he walked round to the Nurses’ Home, and finding a bath still unemptied, promptly divested himself of his one garment, and was in the bath before the owner of the room knew what he was up to. One morning he marched into Cathedral during matins, and went up the aisle greeting each member of the congregation with “Jambo,” in his usual bright, clear voice. The foremost Bibi managed to secure him in time to prevent his march extending to the chancel, and his greeting to the Padre.

Great was his delight when he was shown his photograph, and he was not content until he was sure all the Bibis had seen it. Perhaps some day we may have another chapter of Wilfrid’s history in the pages of African Tidings. For the present we think he has taken up enough room for a little fellow not yet five years old.

M. B.
men coming out? Men who can turn their hands to anything. At present, too, we have no printer. We are very busy here; I am building a brick school, but I have not got one man on it who knows his work. I am really in a fix, for I am only able to do a little of my own proper work. Carpenters are greatly needed here; yet one has no time to teach the natives, simply because we are so short-handed.

The harmonium has arrived safe and sound, and I have got it together, and it is in use now, after a good deal of trouble. Oh, the noise it made when it was first put together! Bishop Maples' cross has also come, and I hope to put it up shortly, if I can get a day to spare. I have been rather fortunate lately, only getting fever once a month. I shall be leaving in a day or two for a place about twenty-five miles away, where I have about sixty logs being cut up into boards. The cases of the harmonium and the crosses have been extremely useful for book cases in Church; also for the panels of the doors that I am doing for this brick school. I am making one pair of wooden candlesticks, 4 ft. 6 in. high, for the Church. I think you would like them, as they are beautifully carved by a lad I have here; they will be worth having.

PEMBA ISLAND.

Miss Whitbread writes:—"You will be surprised to receive a letter from me here. We are staying for a day with Mr. Lister on our way to Weté. It is a most beautiful shamba, and in such perfect order. A great many trees have been cleared away, showing glimpses of the sea. The people seem very happy at their work wherever we go. There is a feeling of peace and plenty everywhere. Mr. Lister is directing work all over the island. The latest interest is a new pier at Weté; at present the landing is very difficult, owing to the tide. To-morrow we (Mr. Lister, Mr. Hitchborn, and the boys) are going to a celebration at Chaki-Chaki, where Mr. Farler is. While I am writing this Imani, a worker in the
town of Kwamgumi, I found a poor lad, of about twelve to fourteen years of age. He was ill and exhausted, and was simply a skeleton; he stands five feet one and a half inches, and weighs seventy pounds. He was footsore, too, with the dreaded 'funza,' or jiggers. I have to-day extracted twenty-one from his feet, i.e., sixteen from the left foot and five from the right, and still there are some more to be extracted. I asked him of his affairs, to which he replied, 'Bwana, mgeni mimi' (Sir, I am a stranger). 'I am ill and hungry; I have had nothing to eat for three days.' Seeing the sad plight he was in, I hastened back and sent out two workmen to bring him home. After feeding him, I put him in a little house near the kitchen, where
the wayworn one soon settled himself happily. On the morrow morning I gave him a nice warm bath, lathered and scrubbed him well with carbolic soap, clothed him in a new kisibau and skuka, then dressed his feet, and gave him an old blanket to cover himself by night. All these things delighted his poor little heart immensely. He is still unable to walk without help, poor little fellow. I am not quite sure yet what will happen to him; he seems to me to be dwindling slowly away, but I am doing my best to pull him round.

"He has since told me the following narrative: 'By birth I am an Mchaka, and some six months ago I was engaged by a native hawker at Kilimanjaro, as 'boy,' at the rate of 3 rupees per month, with food, and I was advanced a month's wages before starting. My master persuaded me to go with him to Pangani. This took us four months to reach (owing to hawking on the way probably, otherwise the journey could be accomplished in about a month). We stayed there for six days, during which time I was ailing; but my master took no notice whatever of my complaint. On the seventh day we both left for Bondé, but I grew worse on the way, and I was unable to go any further; so I was left in a town of that district without a pice, having received no pay since I left Kilimanjaro. I was dependent upon the hospitality of the inhabitants for about two months, who were themselves very poor through famine. At the end of this period my master turned up again and gave my entertainers one rupee, and insisted upon my starting with him by night of the same day on our return journey (to Kilimanjaro), and early next morning we arrived at Mrazi (a town about six or eight hours from here). I arrived so ill that I was unable to go on, so I was left all alone, just as I was, to do the best I could. Owing to my weakness and lameness it took me three days to reach Kologwe district, where you found me famishing.'"

T. B.

1 Five pice equals one penny.

How nice and fresh everything looked when I got there—more like going to a friend's house than a Pension—so prettily furnished and appointed, such a delightful change after board ship. Then the Hughes's themselves so kind, putting themselves out of the way to make my visit a success.

I will only give you a few touches of Jerusalem, as my paper is to be about my ride.

First, let us visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Within a dome is the shrine over the tomb of Christ; and, before you enter, you can't help being struck by the signs of love on all sides—each Church and nation have brought some offering to beau-
tify the resting-place of our Redeemer.
Costly jewelled lamps, highly decorated candles from Latin and Greek Churches, gifts from Copts and Armenians also crowd round the spot, and from the Chapel of Abraham (lent to us for services by the Greek Patriarch), our Church also presses in to honour God. On entering the shrine, one kneels by an alabaster altar over the tomb; here lights are always burning, and the last time I went there fresh flowers had been gathered by some loving hands and placed there.

In the same Church is Calvary, for, you remember, our Lord was buried in the rock (near Golgotha). Here, again, all nations have combined to adorn the sacred site. And who can speak of the thoughts crowding upon one while kneeling there?

[N.B. If any readers have doubts of the verified spot of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, I will refer them to the paper by Herr Schich, "Palestine Exploration Fund," page 121, April, 1893.]

Our next visit shall be to the Sisters of Zion, who dwell in what remains of Herod's house. On drawing near, you see half of the Ecce Homo arch spanning the road. Knock at the door on your left, and the sisters will take you round. It was only a few years ago, when the ground was cleared for the Orphanage, that these ruins were revealed. In their chapel you see the remainder of the arch and other arches, which stood in Herod's Judgment Hall. Go below the chapel, and there is the very pavement of the Hall, just as it must have been in our Lord's time, only a few feet below the level of the street. In one place the pavement is scored for a Roman game. Here, also, you see part of one of the old paved streets of Jerusalem cut in ridges, that the horses might not slip, as in Athens. Here you feel you are treading the very pavement where our Lord has been.

My third subject shall be a ride to Bethany. First passing the Damascus gate, you follow the road till a good climb carries you to the top of the Mount of Olives, from which you see a grand stretch of country—the valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, with the mountains of Moab beyond.

But the part of my ride which pleased me most was going down the old road round the steep part of the mountain,—no grand carriage drive, but just wide enough for one horse at a time. In fact, the same old road which our Lord would go many a time to visit Lazarus. Tourists hardly know this way, for it is steep, and here and there the road much broken away. As we neared Bethany, the labourers were returning from their day's work in their peasants' dress, just as they must have done of old. I visited the ruins of Simon's house and stood by Lazarus' grave. You can enter in with candles and, going down a few steps, stand by an empty rock-cut grave.

My last mention of Jerusalem must be Gethsemane.

One sacred corner has been railed in for many years. A high wall is built round it, and within you see, carved at even distances all round, the stations of the Cross.

An old peasant priest has the care of this sacred spot, and his face is lit up with light and love. Very, very old olive trees stand there. And never shall I forget the beauty of that spot the last time I saw it—it was a blaze of colour and fragrant with
the sweetest flowers, such as plumbago, verbenas, geraniums, zinias, and all kinds of flowers flourishing together; he had trained many of the flowers right up the old stems of the olives. Rose trees and sweet-scented leaves also were there in abundance.

The old priest gathered us some blossoms, touching them reverently, and handing them to us with a look of holy joy.

I have yet to tell you of my ride, but this I must leave till February.

M. A. BERKELEY.

ROOFING OUR CHURCH.

LAST rainy season our Church at Newala leaked dreadfully. We tried hard to patch up the roof, but we tried in vain. During an heavy shower there was very little to choose between the inside and the outside, so far as keeping dry was concerned. Fortunately, however, though it rained heavily practically every day from the middle of December to the beginning of May, it was generally fine while we were actually in church. Now we are in the middle of the dry season, but another wet time is coming, so we have had the grass all taken down and burnt, and are now busily engaged in putting on a new roof, which we hope will be watertight. In the picture you see the skeleton of the roof. It is made of bamboos tied together with strips of bark. One side of the church is finished and the builders have just turned the corner and may be seen beginning at the bottom of the side shown in the picture. T. C. S.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My dear Children,—

I am writing to tell you about the Africans and their country.

Have you ever seen a beehive? Well, the African's house is like a beehive. He builds his beehive on the sands of the lake, near the edge of the water. Every morning the women and girls fill their water-pots at the lake, and carry them away on their heads; or go into the woods behind the village to pick up firewood. The boys often take the goats and oxen to the pastures, and bring them home at night, putting them into the fold. One night there was a great noise amongst the cows. The herdsman got up, and he saw a beast, which had jumped over the top of the fold but could not escape. So he and a companion got thick clubs and beat him about the head until he was dead. Very often as I walk along the lake shore the children are either fishing or bathing. The water is beauti.
fully warm and blue, and it is a great treat to swim about or dive to the bottom. One afternoon I offered pins to those boys who could swim best. About twenty entered for the prize, and, having entered the water, they swam hand over hand in very good style. The winners got six or eight pins each; they are valued exceedingly, as they are made into fish-hooks, and the boys and girls catch fish like sprats with them. Often they say to me, "Bwana, unipache pinne": "Master, give me a pin." I reply, "Tenga zira," "Bring an egg," and they get five pins for one egg. I try each egg in water, and if it floats I say, "Loipa," "bad," and they don't get a pin. The boys and girls come to school each morning at eight, when they sit on mats and learn ABC and write strokes and figures, and learn about Joseph and Daniel and other people in Scripture. At 10:30 they come out of school, play on the sands, or bathe. One day they said, "Mngona alipo taopa kusambila": "There is a crocodile, and we are afraid to bathe." So we took a gun, but couldn't see him. Last week we gave each boy who had attended school well a piece of white cloth, measuring about two yards, which he wears as a loin cloth. Many of them wear nothing else. They have no coat, shirt, hat, shoes, or stockings, and no pockets. The girls, too, got dresses or cloth. Last Friday there were 111 girls in school, the largest number we have ever had. I go in school every morning, and they all get up and say, "Good morning, bwana." Some wear boxes in their ears, and others coins on their noses as big as a five-shilling-piece. They all go home to dinner at 12 o'clock with their brothers. Do you know what they have for dinner? Porridge made of Indian corn or cassava root, and fish or herbs. They haven't any knives or forks, but dip their hands in the bowl in turn, take out some porridge, roll it into the shape of a marble, and put it into their mouth, along with a piece of fish or vegetable. On moonlight nights a drum is brought into the middle of the village, and all assemble for a dance. Whilst two tap the drum, the others sing a chorus and clap their hands in time. I often lie awake listening to the singing, which is rather pretty at a distance, and can even sometimes hear the tapping of the drum on the other side of the lake, which is six miles off.

Do you remember what I asked you to do? It was that you would think about the heathen when saying "Thy kingdom come." Those words form a missionary prayer. Queen Victoria has a large kingdom. She reigns in Africa. Now, we want Jesus Christ to reign in the heart of each native, that each one may be His willing subject.

R. S. COPLAND.

LIKOMA, September 23rd, 1898.

My dear Children,—

I want the seniors to make race-games (steeple-chase) for the January Competition. Try and make the obstacles such as you think might be found in Africa. The best games will be sent out for the African children; some of them are very fond of this game, as it does not require a knowledge of English.

Will the juniors write a short account of coral, saying how it is made, and why the Coral League is so called.

All games and papers to be sent by the 31st January, 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 a prize will be given. Class I., Seniors, those over 13 and under 17. Class II., Juniors, those under 13.

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.