mission news.

The Bishop of Zanzibar left England September 3 for his diocese. During his stay in England he has been arranging about the issue of the revised edition of the Swahili Prayer-book, which will shortly be printed. We have been very short of Prayer-books in Zanzibar for some time, as the old edition was used up and it was not worth while to print it again, so we shall be very glad when the new one comes out.

The Magila boys are gone back to school at Kiungani, and three students have gone to S. Mark's College to prepare for Readership. Their names are: Alfred Mwekwaluma, John Mbaruku and John Mdimu.

Six hundred and forty-six patients were treated at the Hospital at Msalabani during April, May and June: 428 were men, 218 women. So you see the doctor and two nurses have plenty to do.

Chiromo Church is now begun. £100 are still wanted for the Building Fund.

We hear a big schoolroom has already been built at Masasi, which will be used as a church till the new one is built. Archdeacon Carnon says it is such a blessing to be in a decent building again after the discomfort of the boys' small school. Canon Porter's house is also finished, and he has moved into it. The building of the new Church, of which the Bishop laid the Foundation Stone, July 23, 1905 (S. James' Day), will now be resumed, as Mr. Tomes, the architect, with Mr. George Sims and the Zanzibar masons, who were driven away in the late rising, have been able to return to their work.

Evening Bible Classes have been started in the villages near Likoma. They begin with a few prayers, and then the Bible is read and explanations given, and the men ask questions; then they sing a hymn and finish with a few more prayers. The men are very keen about it, and say they want to understand thoroughly. They are going through the Gospel of St. Mark.

The women teachers at Likoma were to have another examination in June. Miss Bulley is teaching the girls' school again, and Miss Nixon Smith spends most of her time teaching in the villages.

The priest-in-charge of Malindi is very pleased with his schools on the hills near; he says there are three flourishing schools also at Mangoche, and he hopes to start another soon.
HOSPITAL LIFE.

No. 3.

THE CHIEFS.

E sometimes have royalty in our hospitals. The first chief I had as a patient at Kota Kota came from Msumba. His name was Amsange, and he was not very ill. But he had wished for a long time to see Kota-Kota, so the Archdeacon brought him over in the Chauncy Maples. He is a funny old man—more like a mongoose than any one I ever met, and just as inquisitive. He was quite well enough to walk about as he liked, and he paid many visits in the village. Generally before he started he came to me to borrow 6d., just to buy a little fish, he said. One of his sons is a Christian, and a most excellent teacher, but I am afraid that Amsange himself is a hardened old reprobate.

Another chief was Sulimani of Lozi, of whom you have read in Dr. Howard's speech at the Anniversary (see p.112). He had to be put into the women's hospital, which happened to be empty, because, as he was an important man in his way, I did not like to put him in the large men's ward. While he was there another chief came in. Let me tell you about him. Early one morning a man came into the dispensary to tell me that someone had been hurt by a crocodile, and that I was "called." He assured me that the place was quite near, but it proved to be about three miles off. An old chief had been sleeping outside his hut on the banks of a small river, and in the night a crocodile had come up the bank and seized him by the wrists. I suppose his wife heard him cry. Any way, she rushed out of the hut with a hoe and courageously drove the beast away. The old man was lying unconscious, and his wrists and hands were badly mauled. We brought him to the Mission, and I did the best I could with his wounds. Sulimani heard of the accident, and sent to say that there was room for Mgwa-mula in the women's hospital with him. So we put him there. In the evening when I went round to see him I found him quite happy and cheerful, and feeling no pain. I put the thermometer in his mouth, and before I could turn round he had crunched it all up and swallowed it!

It did him no harm, I am thankful to say. Soon
after this Sulimani went home, and when the Chauncy Maples next came there were a number of sick women aboard. So I went to interview Mgwamula and to tell him that he must move into the men's ward. This he would not hear of; it would be quite beneath his dignity. I represented to him that he might go home if he liked, but in that particular house he could not stay. At length he said he had a plan. So I left him, and when I returned an hour or two later I found a whole bevy of his people building up walls to the verandah surrounding the house, and thus making a very cozy little dwelling-place for the exclusive gentleman. The walls were only of straw, but it was very warm and comfortable inside. When he was quite healed he went home, and his people came and pulled down the walls and carried them off to their village. Another chief was Mkwepe: such a gentleman. He had cataract in both eyes, and came to the doctor to be made to see. He was rather nervous about the operation till I told him that my father had undergone the same, and then he cheered up and was as good as gold. After it was over he lay as still as possible, and never fidgetted to have the bandage off. And his delight when he found that he could see a little knew no bounds. Then he went home for a year, and came back to have the other eye done. He was just the same, as patient and good as possible. And when that eye was better and he began to go about, one day he saw his companions looking out for a steamer, and when she was sighted he saw her too. Oh, the wonder of it! He really saw her far away out on the lake. He rushed to my house and dragged me out to see this wonderful sight, and it was then that it dawned upon him what great things had been done for him.

He is a small chief. I do not know how many wives he has, but I am afraid that he is too old to think of altering his way of life. I am sure that you will all pray that the True Light may come into his heart. Is it not pitiful to think that the Gospel teaching may have come too late for him, as far as we can tell, but with our God "all things are possible." K. M.
A TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS.

It is twenty-one years since Bishop Hannington gave his life for the Church in Africa, and was murdered by Luba, the old chief in Busoga, who carried out the orders of King Mwanga.

Nineteen years after that memorable day, when heathenism seemed to have triumphed over the Cross, Bishop Hannington's son, the Rev. J. Hannington, went out to Africa to preach the love of Christ to the Baganda and Busoga people.

The old chief Luba is still alive, and still a heathen, but he has a son named Mubinyo (very bad boy), and some months ago this boy came to live at the Mission station, of which the Rev. T. R. Buckley (C.M.S.) is in charge. After he had been there a short time his father agreed to pay the fee and allow his son to be entered as a boarder in the Mengo High School. During the fifteen months that Mubinyo was at school he was prepared for baptism, and on April 8 the Rev. J. Hannington had the great joy of baptizing him in the Cathedral. He has taken the name of Timothy, and though very like his father in face, he is very unlike him in other points; and if one may judge of what he will be from present signs, Timothy will prove a good namesake of the early servant of Christ. Of 103 boys, none show greater promise than Timothy. He is amiable, cleanly, painstaking and clever, and, above all, seems truly anxious to follow his Saviour.

Surely when the son of the murdered Bishop brings the son of his murderer to the feet of Jesus, it is a great triumph for the Cross.

UNSEEN HOSPITAL WORK.

E was an old chief from a village eight miles north of Kota-Kota, a big man in his way. He was suffering from cancer, and nothing could be done for him. The nurse did all she could.

After a while, it became plain that his disease was incurable. Instead of going home in a discontented way, he sent a messenger for his head men and his big canoe. He had them all up in line, and sent for the nurse. He then sat up in his bed, and explained that he had called them because he wished them to understand that he had come into the hospital, and that the nurse had done everything that could be done: she had come by day and night, and blistered him (which they dearly love); but now it was clear that he could not be cured and was “going home,” but he had called them to tell them that the work which the Mission did for him was good work, and that the Mission was to be held in no way responsible for his death; all were to understand that the Mission had done what it could, and that he was only “going home” because his disease was incurable.

This man was a heathen, untouched, you may say, by Christianity, but still it was a remarkable speech from a native, who cannot get out of his head the idea of witchcraft and the evil eye.

They think if a crocodile takes a person it is because some one has sent it. If a lion kills a person some one is accused of sending the lion by witchcraft. In a place where superstition holds the field, a speech like this is an indication of unseen work which the hospital may be doing.

R. H.
DISTRICT VISITING IN LIKOMA DIOCESE.

II

T first, when I began calling upon the native women they seemed a little undecided whether to continue their work, or to sit doing nothing. For one very rarely saw the women sitting idle on the verandah; either they were preparing food, or nursing babies, or threading beads; and if none of these occupations were handy, they just lay down on the ground, drew their cloth over their faces, and fell asleep. I used to offer to assist with whatever work was going on, and they always allowed me to try, pointing out at the same time that I should find it difficult, which I undoubtedly did. Their good feeling came out strongly at times, and you learnt many lessons from them. One Sunday afternoon I paid a call by special invitation, and found a strange lady just finishing some food. After washing her hands, and inquiring who I was and what I wanted, and asking me to show and explain the picture I had taken, she leisurely took her leave. When she had gone, my old friend turned to me and said, “I am very hungry. I walked more than five miles this morning to get flour, brought it back and had just cooked it when the stranger arrived, and of course I had to give it to her. So I want to cook a little more now for I have eaten nothing today (it was then 3:30 p.m.). But I wish to hear you as well, so perhaps you will not mind my cooking while we talk.”

On one occasion I was helping to rub off Indian corn from the cobs. There was a fair amount to be done, and before it was finished the old lady placed her hands in her lap, and said, “We will stop now.” “But why?” I inquired. “You said that the basketful must be done.” She was silent for a few seconds, and then said, “Look at your fingers.” I did so, and saw that my thumbs were blistered. I had known that they were painful, but had not noticed the blisters (I was more conscious of them the next two days!) and the old lady proceeded: “Unless you stop, I shall do no more until you have gone.” So I was obliged to let the old lady finish it herself. As a concession to politeness when the work could not be left, the women would sometimes say, “How nice it must be for you, who have no work to do!” So I concluded that the best way would be for me to take stockings and fill in the holes whilst the women did their work, and of course we could talk at the same time. That was how the hair-cutting began—my being in possession of a pair of scissors. I had asked the chief, Chindamba, if I might go and talk to his wives. He was very pleased at the idea, but I hastened to add, “You know I must talk to them about the Cross, for that is why we are here.” He shook his head and said, “We cannot receive the Cross.” “But may I speak to them about it?” I persisted, and he answered, “Oh, yes, you may talk to them about it as much as you like, but we shall not receive it.” So on that understanding I began to pay a weekly visit and then I was invited to cut hair. The bravest lady had just returned from the lake where she had been bathing, so she knelt in front of me and presented her head for operation. There was breathless watching for a few minutes, and then, “Does it hurt?”
from several lips. "No," was the reply; and thereupon several dashed off to the lake, returning with washed heads as candidates for the scissors. I limited the number to four each visit, and the ladies nearest to me passed a running commentary upon the progress, general appearance and ultimate finish; and unbounded satisfaction was the result. Chindamba passed by the first day, and seemed much amused. (Personally, I was astonished that they allowed me to touch their heads.) He called one of the girls, who followed him, and presently returned with his enamelled kettle, from which he pours water on his feet before entering the mosque. When I had finished the last head, the child came forward and poured water from the kettle over my hands; and one of the ladies apologized for their not having a towel as she knew white people used them. From that day the kettle was a recognized part of the business. Just before I left, one very old lady screwed up her courage and asked me to operate upon her; and each time that we met afterwards, she no sooner saw me than she began to smooth her head affectionately and to her greeting added, "But you did it nicely; it did not hurt me like the knives do. And it was so quickly finished." Possibly this sounds very frivolous; but it was help such as the women could understand, and done in the same spirit that prompted the talk that followed about the "Cross." After living in Africa one does not wonder that our dear Lord taught so much by parables. Wherever He went they were ready to hand—just to be taken and used; and so it is with us in Africa. Even hair cutting has its own object lesson. M. S.

**THE "CHIKULUPI."**

This is a picture of the Chikulupi, which is a little sailing vessel on Lake Nyasa. Chikulupi means Hope, and as this vessel sails up and down the Lake, she carries the missionaries, who are the messengers of hope, from one station to another to preach the glad tidings of the Gospel. The Chikulupi is painted white and chocolate, and her Burgee is a red cross on a white ground. She was given to the Mission by the Rev. E. B. L. Smith. We have lately heard of her safe arrival at Likoma and they say she is a beautiful boat with lovely large sails and will be very useful for our Mission work.
The Likoma Crow

He is called a crow, but I think he ought to be called a rook, for he is a most sociable and friendly bird and likes to live in a village of crows and chatter and talk continually. He is not a bit like the real English crow, which is a sour old bird and likes to live alone with his wife and never condescends to speak to anybody outside his own family. The Likoma crow is a much finer bird than his English cousins. He wears a most beautiful suit of dress clothes, with a snowy white shirt front, and looks just like some dignified old gentleman ready dressed for dinner. Also he looks wondrous wise. I don't think anybody ever was half so wise as the Likoma crow looks, but it is rather a crafty air he has. If he looks like a nicely dressed old gentleman, you feel that he is rather a sly old man, who might be likely to try and pick your pocket, if he had a chance. His dignity is splendid. He walks with a lordly air of superiority that is quite wonderful. Unfortunately he thinks he can sing. He has one of the harshest croaks I ever heard, but he thinks it beautiful and croaks all the time. I told you he was a sociable bird and loves to chatter with his neighbours, and he does this with the most awful croaks till you wish that he might get a sore throat and have to stop. The young crows croak for food, but it is a treble croak, almost a scream. Three families built nests near my house and I watched their proceedings with great interest. At last, the week before Christmas, the young ones flew from the nest, but alas they did not learn to feed themselves for five weeks—lazy rascals! There were twelve or fourteen of them, and they sat in groups of four or five and screamed for food. They began before daylight and they screamed all day till night. How tired I got of them! It is very hot here at Christmas and we poor Europeans are inclined to get rather short tempered. As long as those rascals could not feed themselves there was never a chance of being quiet. In the heat of the day I would try to rest for a bit, but five or six young crows would come and scream on the roof. I would bear it for a little time and then I would jump up and go and drive them away. They would only scream the louder and perhaps fly to a rock twenty yards off, screaming as they flew, and then settle down to scream again. This sort of thing makes one feel blood-thirsty.

Still I love the cunning, dignified Likoma crow. He has one great virtue: he stands by his friends in danger. I was sitting on my baraza one day when I heard a most awful commotion. All the crows in the island seemed to have met together and were wildly flying about and screaming. I got my glasses and found that they were all mobbing a great eagle. They flew at him and at last beat him to the ground, and then I saw that he had a poor crow fast in his claws. At last the eagle was so hard pressed, though he fought fiercely, that he had to leave his victim and fly away. Alas, the poor crow was quite dead, with just one drop of blood on his beautiful white breast. The eagle was a great, fierce bird and could kill a crow with one stroke of his sharp beak, but the crows were not going to forsake their poor friend, and they bravely fought the cruel eagle. So you see, even Christian children might learn a lesson from our Likoma crow. I think if we always tried to help our friends when the enemy attacked them, there would be more Christian children grow up into good Christian men and women. Long live the Likoma crow! He is very annoying with his croaking voice, he is a crafty old thief, but with all his faults, I love him.

G. H. W.
SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

SELLING A CHRISTIAN GIRL.

The following sad story is taken from a letter from the Rev. W. Stevenson, in the Bloemfontein Mission Quarterly, and shows how much there is still to be done in Africa before we can say that slavery is a thing of the past.

"One of our oldest Christians, a man named Thomas, has a nice little family who have been brought up as Christians. His eldest daughter, Paulina, a good, sweet child of fourteen, received Confirmation from the Bishop only last February with beautiful devotion. Now the Chief, an old man of sixty, with nearly a hundred 'wives,' cast his lustful eyes upon the poor child, and commanded her father to hand her over, offering in exchange the accustomed cattle and goats. Hearing of these negotiations, I had Thomas into the Mission and gave him as straight a talking to as ever he had in his life. It was useless. He urged, what was perfectly true, that if he thwarted the Chief, he should be outlawed and obliged to fly the country. I told him how gladly I would bear the brunt of the Chief's wrath if only Thomas would place his daughter under my protection: but Thomas, greatly longing after the cattle, and fearing the Chief even more, was equally unmoved by my threat of excommunication and my exhortations to paternal affection. In my simplicity I thought to outwit the Chief, so I contrived that Paulina, who happened to be absent on a visit, should prolong her visit indefinitely; but within a fortnight her father sent such terrifying messages to the poor child that she quickly returned home weeping and trembling. I then arranged that a lady should take Paulina into her house as a little maid-servant, thinking that in British territory the child should be safe. Everything was planned: in fact the girl was to go off on the morrow, when I happened to meet the Sub-Inspector of Police, and told him of the trouble the Chief was giving, and of my efforts to rescue Paulina. 'Don't on any account,' he said; 'you'll get into terrible trouble.' He then explained that I should be prosecuted for stealing one of the Chief's wives, and that he, the English Official, would be compelled to lend his police to hunt down the poor creature and throw her into the Chief's harem!

"As a last resource I went to expostulate with the Chief. 'You go home,' said the old savage, and turned on his heel. Finally I wrote to the Bishop, and his Lordship was good enough to lay the matter before the Assistant Commissioner: but the only satisfaction to be got was, that if Paulina would march off to Leribe and lay a formal complaint against the Chief, her case would be inquired into. Poor timid little Paulina! When I told her, she could only cry, 'Oh, father, I'm afraid, I'm afraid!' and no wonder.

"Little Paulina was carried off to-day. Yesterday the Chief sent for her, but she refused to accompany the messenger. Her father threatened and then beat the girl, but she remained firm. To-day a band of the chief's young men swooped down upon the child while she was working in the fields, quickly hunted her down, and placing the helpless terrified creature upon one of their horses, they rode away. I cannot, at present, trust myself to offer any comment."

In the face of this astounding revelation our boasted freedom seems a mere sham. With Arab slavery at least Christians were not so degraded.—Ed.
Zanzibar.

"What do I think of Zanzibar?"

Except for the actual town itself, I like it much better than I expected to. The beautiful green foliage of the coconut and date palms, mango, banana and orange trees has a particular charm about it. The town will take some time to get used to; the very rough, narrow, irregular and often smelly streets are not at all inviting. But if Zanzibar town lacks good roads, it is at least up-to-date in many respects. The main thoroughfares are now lighted by electricity and it has also a telephone service. The Revs. Samuel Chiponde and Yohana Abdallah were at my first Sunday breakfast, the latter on his way back to Unangu from Jerusalem. The Cathedral at first sight seemed a little smaller than I had imagined (though I did not expect, of course, to see a S. Paul's), but it is just delightful, and the more I go into it the more I like it. The Swahili services are especially fascinating. I had no idea the natives could sing as well as they do.

Mbweni is truly a paradise. It is quite like a country village, with its parish church, and streets of native houses built at regular intervals. Kiungani is at present holiday-making. The boys will be back before the end of the month. The hospital is kept as all hospitals are and should be: in a very spick-and-span condition. One poor old woman has come in to have her legs straightened to enable her to walk again, and her cries, which, as you know, are quite audible at the office, are terrible at times: but I am getting quite used to these noises now!

Likoma.

We had a large baptism of infants to-day after Mattins. Annetta who had her leg amputated some time ago (see AFRICAN TIDINGS, July, p. 76), was asked to stand godmother for one baby, and she was so proud at being allowed to present the child herself. She stumps up the church with her wooden leg in quite a brave fashion, and I believe she is very proud of it. She manages to cook for as many as forty people quite beautifully.

Mbweni.

Things have not been very cheerful here lately, there have been many deaths among the babies, one woman lost her second child, and another woman is very ill and not likely to live.

One of our little girls, Julia Jumanne, died last month in hospital. She had been ill for some days with a bad leg and suddenly one night had the most alarming fits. The doctor came out to see her and advised her going into hospital, so she was carried in. She was there just over a week and died on the eve of S. Peter's Day. We took all the children to the funeral, which was at Ziwani the next morning. Her poor little sister, Ethel Mkiwa, is very sad and forlorn; they were so devoted to each other, did everything together and always ate from the same plate. Julia was supported by the children of St. Martin's, Scarborough. They have been so good to her, writing to her very often and sending her presents; the last was a beautiful concertina which has been a great pleasure to all the children; the few who could play a tune on it were considered most gifted musicians!

1 The above is from one of our Home Staff who has recently gone to Zanzibar to relieve Br. Moffatt for six months.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE EDITOR'S NOTE

BOOK.

We have only received seven stories, and of these two are much too long. There seems to have been some misunderstanding about them. The competition was intended to be open to all, it was not meant for children though we had in our minds young people over sixteen or about that age who often write excellent stories and do not know what to do with them. We shall hold the Competition open for another month and hope that a good many more stories may come in. The stories should be broken up into chapters or parts, long enough to fill one page of African Tidings. They should be sent to the Editor before October 15.

Miss Herring hopes to have a stall for the Coral League at Kensington Town Hall, on November 7 and 8. She particularly asks for warm clothing for poor children to be sent to her. Admission 1s. on the 7th, 6d. on the 8th. Special terms will be made for parties.

Some of our readers may like to buy a little book which will be out October 15, called Words of Strength and Wisdom by Bishop Steere; the price is only 1s. Bishop Steere was a great teacher and we feel sure this book will be a help to many who have not been able to purchase his larger volumes of sermon notes. It can be had from the office.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

This is indeed tropical weather, and one feels almost as if one were in Africa again and that there ought to be some dusky-hued children doing their cooking under a tree in the garden. Bella Mnubi, who has come to England with Miss Thackeray, and who is at present staying in Lincoln, will think this country not such a bad place after all and that the cold she was led to expect has been much exaggerated. Let her only wait till January and then see!

I am sorry to say one of the parcels of books has come back to me. I addressed it to Roland Lewis Bloomfield, 86, Harold Road, Upton Park, E.; but after a time I was told by the Post Office that he had left that address and nobody knew where he had gone. If Roland Lewis

September 3, 1906.
Bloomfield happens to read this and will let me have a postcard to say where he has gone. I will send him the book.

Padre Chambers came to be Priest-in-Charge of Mbweni because it was hoped that on the island he might keep well. He worked very hard there, for in addition to all the regular things there are to do in the schools and village, he undertook to superintend the building of the new schoolroom at Kiungani and used to go off there every morning after breakfast. When it was finished it was the best big room anywhere on the island.

You will not forget to send your papers to me at 9, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, until further notice will you? My own house is let for the winter, and though I am sure the tenants will be kind and forward me any stray letter which comes I do not wish them to have the trouble of doing it often.

I am sorry I have not had so many papers as usual this month to look over. I suppose it is because August is the holiday month. All the more credit to those who have given up a bit of it to write. I feel sure part of Florence Ems’ paper was missing and that she would have got more marks if it had all been there.

I am hoping a large number of you will send to me or to the Office for “Quartettes.” When you have it I know you will enjoy playing at it.

Always your affectionate,

ELLEN M. NELSON.

RESULTS OF AUGUST COMPETITION.

Seniors.

Full marks, 51: Edith Giles, 48; Olive Oram, 44; Mimi Clarke, 41; Ada Faulkner, 34; Olga de Lavelaye, 33; Joseph R. H. B. Bate, 29; Mary Cound, 23; Mabel Cockrell, 22; Florence Bambridge, R. S. Hawley, 20; Elsie Yardley, 19; Maude Lukinges, 17; Samuel Court, T. F. Middleton, 14; Lily Davies, 6; William Pratt, 5.

Juniors.

Full marks, 32: Mildred Charman, 29; Ruth Vinter, 28; Naomi Clarke, Bessie Slocombe, 27; Robert Vinter, 26; Anna Watson, 23; W. E. Knight, 23; Gladys de Lavelaye, 22; Horace Bant, 18; Gladys M. Pope, 17; Harold Middleton, 16; Eri Dyson, 15; Sarah Cound, Ivy Sybil Moore, 14; Noel Vinter, 12; Florence Ems, 8; Alfred Gimes, Raphael Moss, 7; Leonard Baill, Kathleen A. Milton, 6; Harry Moss, 5; May Pratt, Oliver Pratt, 4; R. E. Offer, 3.

Elsie Yardley is credited with 17 for last month and Eleanor Cornwall with 5.

COMPETITION FOR OCTOBER.

Seniors.

1. What workers are wanted in the Mission and what can each do? (See Catechism.)
2. What is the present state of Masasi?
3. What is “the best profession” and who chose it?
5. Tell the “African story” in your own words. What is the moral?

Juniors.

1. Describe M. A. J.’s landing at Likoma.
2. What is “the best profession” and who chose it?
3. Tell the “African story” in your own words. What is the moral?

Answers to be sent by October 25 to MISS NELSON, 6, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.

Marked “Competition.”

RULES.

1. Competitors will be divided into two classes. Class I., Seniors, those over 13 and under 17. Class II., Juniors, those under 13. Three Certificates will be given in each Class every month. When four Certificates are obtained they may be exchanged for a Prize.
2. One side only of the paper to be written on.
3. Name, age last birthday, and address, to be written at the top of the first page.
4. Every paper to be signed by a parent or teacher to certify that it is the unaided work of the competitor.

INTERCESSIONS.

THANKSGIVINGS: Let us give thanks—

For the work of our Hospitals (p. 109).
For that work at Masasi has begun again (p. 109).
For the increase of Schools in Likoma diocese (p. 109).
For the baptism of Mubinya (p. 112).

PETITIONS: That it may please Thee—

To give the Bishop of Zanzibar a safe return to his diocese, and to protect all Missionaries who are travelling, especially Gertrude Blackburne and Mary Greenwood.
To soften the hearts of the Nyasa chiefs to receive the message of the Gospel (p. 110).
To guide in the paths of righteousness the boys at Kiungani College.
To bless the Students at St. Mark’s Theological College (p. 109).