MISSION NEWS.

We have most interesting news from Likoma. Since the Bishop’s return he has held eight Confirmations, confirming 212 candidates. At Likoma there were more women than men, which is a very wonderful thing in Africa.

On August 19 the teachers Antonio and Petro, the firstfruits of S. Andrew’s College, Nkwazi, were set apart to be readers, the service taking place in the Cathedral. Both these readers will have to meet special difficulties as they have gone back to places where Mohammedan influence is very strong; so we would ask for your prayers for them that they may be helped and guided in all their work.

The work at Mtonya is very encouraging, and the Bishop hopes to open up new stations if they can only get teachers. The opening of these stations is very important, as they form the chain which will some day reach right on to Masasi.

From what are called the River Schools we hear of good progress being made, the son of one of the chiefs is being prepared for the catechumenate, and boys and girls have been made catechumens; villages are clamouring for schools and teachers, and crowds of boys are waiting to be taught.

From Zanzibar Diocese the Bishop sends us an inspiring account of the work at Masasi. He writes from there in October:—

"I expected to find desolation and ruins, instead of which I find a row of beautiful new houses and a new school-church. Some familiar objects are still missing, among them the women workers’ house, but these will follow in due time. The church is full on Sundays, and there will be over a hundred to be confirmed before I leave the end of November. The building of the new church is making rapid progress. I am hoping when I next come to Masasi to consecrate it, and at the same time to ordain to the diaconate three Readers—Paul, Reuben and Benedicto. It will be the first Ordination held at Masasi, and will be one of the great events in the history of the Church here. May that day, to which so many look forward, find all who are now here able to enter into it, thankful for the mercies of the past, hopeful for the days to come."

We hear from Msalabani that the natives are erecting a wooden cross ten feet high over Padre Harrison’s grave, at their own expense. They hoped to have it ready to put up on the anniversary of his death, December 5; they all loved him so much, and he still lives in their hearts.

Mr. Hopkin has made a water-wheel in the river at Msalabani, which turns a circular saw, and will save the Mission much expense, as they can now cut their own planks.

Padre Kisbey expected to have a large baptism at Korogwe at Christmas. He had been visiting a place fifty miles from Korogwe called Kwa Sonyo, where a school has been opened lately. The teacher is Leonard Mwaimu. The chief received Padre Kisbey with great kindness, and gave him a cow and a goat. Three of the Christian teachers in this district were once Mohammedans. The Padre says he returned from his journey full of hope for the work there.
A LAKE-SIDE CONFIRMATION.

The Bishop of Likoma's first visit to the Kobwe district after his return from England was when he came to hold a Confirmation just before Michaelmas. Candidates came from eleven villages, and were over 100 in number. The Chauncy Maples had brought down some about ten days previously, and they were put up at the expense of some relations of theirs in the village.

Others came over in the morning from Ngofi in Mr. Smith's new boat Chikulupi. The Padre who was in charge of all the arrangements was also in this boat, and when there was no wind, and the rowers were making very little headway, we were afraid the Charles Janson would get in first, and as she was bringing the Bishop from Likoma, it would never do to keep him waiting. However a breeze did spring up finally, and the boat beat the steamer by a few minutes, but not quite soon enough, for the calico (canvas) boat, as the natives call it, could not discharge her passengers from the sailing vessel as quickly as the Charles Janson's iron boat.

A great crowd of men and boys met his Lordship on the beach and followed singing, then all at once a host of women, with their babies, pounced down upon him, and a dozen hands would not have been sufficient to greet all those who thronged around. Here and there the procession stopped as a Christian knelt down upon the sand to receive the Bishop's blessing.

The church had been very nicely decorated with leaves of varying colours - green, lemon, mauve, pink, red and brown were the various tinges of colour that brightened up the place.

It is always difficult to get Africans to keep their place in a procession, or anywhere else, so that for only three to get out of order was a thing to be very thankful for; especially as it is very difficult to remember the names of those to be presented, who are seen perhaps only three times, as the teacher of each village does most in the way of preparing them for Confirmation, and the priests only call at a place about once in three weeks.

There was one blind candidate, who followed slowly up in his row until he was the first, and it was a pleasure to me to step forward and guide him to kneel in the right place.

One old man had come to me in a great state of mind a few days before to say that his godparent was away from the district, and would that make any difference to his being confirmed, because he did not know if it was permitted for another to present him. His mind was put at ease on that point.

Interpreting the two addresses of the
Bishop is no light task, as so many words in connexion with religion have to be paraphrased—as one native said, "we have not got a word for things that don't exist among us, such as conscience and patience"—and translation sometimes blunts the force of the expression.

Vehicles on the water were in great request afterwards, and some by lake, and others by land, returned home with their teachers, and we hope this great occasion will remain a red-letter day in the memory of each one of them for ever.

A. De la P.

KOROGWE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

It is quite a long time since we heard anything about the little Girls' School at Korogwe. Miss Abdy was ill and was obliged to go to Magila, and now Miss Blackburne, who was with the industrial girls at Mbweni for a long time, is taking charge of it. The children have just begun school again after the holidays, with an attendance of about 16—22 being the largest number.

Miss Blackburne says it is quite a nice little schoolroom, cool and airy, and the children are delightful, but it is a little hard for them to have a complete stranger to teach them, and they are changing their native teacher also, as Roda is going for a holiday, and Violet—an old Mbweni girl—is coming in her place. On Saturday afternoon some of the children have a sewing class, and on Fridays the mothers come to sew. We shall probably soon have a cry for patchwork from Korogwe, for a patchwork quilt or sheetie, as the women call them, is to them the most desirable form that needlework can take. In her last letter Miss Blackburne says:

"Four of my children have received the cross since I came and ten women; it will be intensely interesting seeing them go on step by step as one prays they may do." (There have never been half this number of women catechumens admitted at one time at Korogwe before.—Ed.).

A GREAT CROWD OF MEN AND BOYS.

THE OLD, THE POOR AND THE SICK AT MBWENI.

In our Christian village at Mbweni, we have many sick, incapable and aged folk who are entirely dependent on the Mission for their daily bread. Their wants are few and simple, one good meal a day with perhaps a little something at midday, a sheetie, or two if they can get them, to clothe them, a hut to sleep in, a native bedstead with a mat to lie on, a little medicine when sick—these are not luxuries, but still they cost something.

Nora Maua is one of these old people; as
will be seen from her portrait, she is a very frail old woman, and thin is no word for her. She was a released slave when she came to Mbweni a few years ago. At first she lived with another woman, but she was too old to do her share of work and so they did not get on very well together. Nora therefore had to take up her abode in the Mission workhouse with two other destitute women. The poor old lady is quite past work. She was baptized on S. Bartholomew’s day in 1906, for though she had been a catechumen for years and had been under instruction ever since she came to Mbweni, she seemed almost too old and ignorant to learn, and could only take in a very little bit at a time. She is always so grateful for any help she gets. We are hoping that Nora will be adopted by the patrons of Yusuf Sulimani, another of our sick poor, who has died quite lately; he was a nice man who had been suffering for a long time from curvature of the spine. He taught himself to read, and when he was too bad to go to Church he might always be seen on Sunday sitting at the door of his hut spelling out psalms and hymns, and one of the padres used to go and read and pray with him.

We have three of these poor people without any patrons of their own, and should be glad to hear from any one who would adopt them.

ORDINATIONS.
LIKOMA DIOCESE.

It is always one of our greatest joys to hear of an Ordination in Africa, for each native priest or deacon brings us one step nearer to that for which we all look and hope and pray, a PERMANENT AFRICAN CHURCH, with
its own bishops, priests and deacons. And so it is with great thanksgiving to God who has so blessed our work at Likoma, that we hear the Bishop hoped on the Feast of S. Thomas, December 21, to ordain Augustine Ambali and Eustace Malisawa to the Priesthood, and Leonard Kangati to the Diaconate. Our readers have had photographs of the two former, and we now print one of the new Deacon with some of his school-boys, he is in the middle of the back row.

**ODDS AND ENDS.**

**ABOUT MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.**

HEN the Charles Janson was returning to Likoma after one of its voyages, a little stowaway was found on board. He was a tiny boy and was quite unabashed. He wanted to go to Likoma to see his brother who was living there, so simply climbed on board from a canoe. What could be more natural?

When Miss Medd and Miss Bulley were visiting Chizumulu they found such a lot of girls in the school, and they were all so delighted to see them, they clapped their hands and danced in front of them. Miss Bulley counted eighty in one school and fifty-four in another. At this place the teachers’ classes had to be held in a tiny stone house, which did duty for dining-room, class-room, store pantry and dormitory! and the classes were often interrupted by the arrival of the daily milk, which seemed to be brought at the rate of a quarter of a cup at a time, and each time the jug was brought forward, filled up a little more and replaced on the table. One day the class was much interrupted by Ponche ponche (see African Tidings for November, 1906), who came in covered with ink, having paid a visit on the sly to Miss Bulley’s tent. Another time this young man was found asleep on the bed; he seemed to think that the tents had been put up for his especial benefit, and when they were taken down at the end of the visit he sat down and wept because the little houses were gone!

The Christian women who live a long way from a Mission school find it very hard to part with their boys; there was one poor mother who kept on saying, “My only child, my only child,” as she tried to make up her mind to let him go and be taught the Faith as she had learnt it in our schools and which she had learnt to value.
MISS JONES' GIRLS.

In June 21, 1865, the first native girls came to the Mission School in Zanzibar. Miss Tozer and Miss Jones arrived in Zanzibar with thirteen or fourteen children released from a slave-dhow by H.M.S. Wasp, and who had been presented to the Mission, nine of them being girls. Miss Jones entirely devoted herself to these girls, and, as Bishop Steere once said, "lived among them." They still show very evident signs of her careful teaching.

Kate Mabruki (called in old records Kadamweli), was among this first batch; she helped Miss Brewerton so well in nursing the plague sufferers last year. From the first she was always looked up to as head girl, and even to-day we go to her for suggestions and advice in dealing with difficult cases among the women. She married Francis Mabruki, a subdeacon who did good work at Magila but unhappily did not continue very long on the upright path; he now lives and works at Mombasa. Kate is sitting on the left, as you look at the picture. On the right is Mary Ahangu; she also was one of the first Mission girls. She is now a widow, her husband was Connop Makungila; they were married in 1870, the same day as Kate and Francis. We read in Bishop Tozer's letters how a little later Connop caught smallpox, but recovered; they had one child, John, who was educated in the school for little boys at Mkunazini, and his mother always helped Miss Mills with her needlework, and when she offered to pay her, refused to take anything, saying, "Are not you taking care of my child, bibi?"

The three women at the back of the picture from left to right are, Agnes Sudi (Namuro), Emily Kalinga (Idaiah),
and Esther Uledi (Msimu). They all entered the Mission later in the “sixties.” Agnes’ husband—Litala Sudi—is at Mombasa; for many years he was cook at Mkunazini, and he accompanied the traveller, Mr. Thomson, as cook, on one of his journeys into the interior. Agnes has several children, her daughter, Elizabeth, being married to George Swedi, the son of John Swedi, the first native deacon.

Emily is the widow of Samuel Retford Kalinga, who was a Reader in the old days. Esther’s husband—Christeas Uledi—(these are all among the earliest ‘Mission boys) is at Mombasa; her son is head steward at the hospital and husband to one of Padre Cecil’s daughters.

People ask what becomes of the old Mission children; here is a tiny part of the answer: there are many other girls of Miss Jones’ time that we can trace, but these five happened to be living in Zanzibar city on S. Batholomew’s Day, 1906. On that day they came to a tea-party, given to them on condition that they would speak nothing but English: the girls of those old days spoke English, dropped curtseys when they said good-night, and even now call their “bibis” “Ma’am.”

So they came to tea and had a proper English tea-party, with iced cakes and their initials in pink sugar, and every one received a handkerchief map of the Mission in bright colours, several of them twisting them round their heads forthwith, as you see in the picture: the maps make a very fine “leso.” Their manners were charming, and the conversation most entertaining, and though in English never flagged. If Miss Jones were still alive she might feel well repaid for all the trials, storms and tempests, physical and mental, which she suffered in those bygone days if she could but see some of the “girls,” who grew up under her care, as they are now.

[Emily and Esther are the two with map handkerchiefs on their heads.]

**OUR AFRICAN MAIL.**

**Mbweni.**

“If any bits come for patchwork will you remember me (Miss La Cour)? I often make quilts myself for the old people, and a good many of the Shamba women work here once a week and sew quilts or garments for their families, so there is a constant demand for patchwork.”

**Kiliman.**

“We were going to have a bonfire and fireworks to-day (Nov. 5), but down came the rain; the big tank is full and the little one is running over, I fear the bonfire has no chance. The mangoes are beginning to get ripe, so I have laid in a stock of Epsom salts and such like things in preparation. The little white lilies are in full bloom again, we have had none since Easter. The boys are getting quite scientific: we have set up a butterfly net, which is in great request the minute we are out of school. They are getting quite clever with it; if a butterfly is venturesome enough to come within sight a big cry arises, ‘Where’s the net, here’s a butterfly, quick, it’s going,’ and off they rush to try and capture it.”

**Msalarani.**

“During the holidays I have been trying to run round to the girls’ out-schools. The women teachers are doing splendidly, and they make up in keenness for lack of knowledge. The schools are delightfully informal. The school-house changes according to the season to the shadiest patch of ground, and they sit in a sort of V, the babies in a solemn row on one side. Sometimes when the boys have finished we go into their school. It is a very trying time of year for out-schools. Heathen customs are in full swing. One teacher was offered two rupees for each boy he would allow to share in them.”

1 The Editor of **African Tidings** would be very glad to receive some packets of patchwork for the above purpose, at the office.
AFRICAN BOY GARDENERS.

II.

HERE is a very big garden or shamba at Kilimani besides the part which the boys call their own. We are very proud of our flowers and trees. Our small gardeners have to do all the work in the garden, very big, and covered thickly with leaves. When the leaves first come out they are a lovely delicate pink, and when the sun shines on them the tops of the trees are rosy red. Then they turn a fresh beautiful green, and the flowers come which simply smother the trees with small greenish blossoms in very big spiked bunches—they are so sweet.

When the nights and early mornings are very hot you feel quite choked with the smell of mango tree, leaf and fruit.

MANGO TREE, LEAF AND FRUIT.

and I can tell you that it is no small business. I wonder what you would think of it all if you could come out and have a look. All round our house there are mango trees and cocoanut palms. I think I have told you before that mangoes are to African children what apples are to English, but they are quite different to look at. The tree is them. After this the leaves turn a rich dark green, and look almost black in the shade. Then the fruit begins to form. Very often, when it is only like a little green ball about
as big as a walnut in its husk, they fall down. I daresay you know what pigs some little boys are—well, so are African boys. If you will believe me they pick up these hard unripe mangoes and eat them just like you pick up green apples. The day boys are the worst at doing this; they smuggle them in their shukas and then distribute them to the house boys, and towards evening there will be a weeping and a wailing—"Bibi, I am ill; I have a pain." Bibi knows quite well what that pain is and what to do for it. We had all sorts of little dodges to try and prevent these mangoes being brought to the house. One was to make the boys unfasten their loin-cloths as soon as they arrived. It caused great excitement as one by one the shukas were undone and all the mangoes fell out rolling here, there and everywhere, and the boys standing round shouting "Loo oo! eh we!" and running after them and handing them to us in dutiful obedience. But when the fruit is really ripe it is a glorious thing; it hangs on strings like oranges on a Christmas tree. The best kind, called a dodo, is as large as a small baby’s head, green and shiny, but cut it open and it looks like an apricot; it is full of juice and very sweet and nice, but it has rather a big stone. What a time the boys have with them. If they hear the wind in the night they chuckle to themselves, knowing that the ground will be covered with fruit in the morning, when first thing so many boys are given vikapo (native baskets) and sent to pick them all up, and then at breakfast time they are divided round to all—two, three, sometimes as many as four each. You may be sure there are many boys who clamour to pick them up.

When we first came to Kilimani the old ladies in the village thought they would like a share, so almost before it was light they came and carried them all away; not one was left for the poor boys. Of course we had to stop that. So one morning quite early all the big boys went out and hid in the long grass. Presently up came the old women and began collecting the fruit in their sheeties as hard as they could. Then the boys leapt up with a shout and a yell, and oh, how those old women fled! We call them old, but they did not show much sign of age as they ran helter skelter down the hill as hard as their legs could carry them, dropping the mangoes as they went.

When the rains and the winds come, off come the leaves and the young gardeners have a very hard time for several weeks sweeping up all round the house with the little brooms called "fagio"; even the babies help, and we make great bonfires of the dead leaves and branches.

D. Y. M.
CHAPTER II.

SUDDENLY enkindled enthusiasm does not necessarily die out during a night's rest, and Marjory's waking thought was her missionary scheme, and the first thing she looked at was the little bundle of Missionary literature which had been given her yesterday. Not a word upon the subject did she say to Eva, Katie or Nurse during the process of putting on Sunday frocks and pinafores, and she was so unusually quiet during the dining-room breakfast, which was one of the Sunday institutions with the Leighs, that her mother looked at her more than once wondering if she were knocked up by the excitements of the Deanery party. But after breakfast, when she got her favourite brother Roy to herself, she led the way to their nook in the potting shed and there unfolded to him her hopes and plans and there received her first check.

"Well, if you like to sew for half an hour every day, I suppose that no one will object, and as you usually seem to pull out your work two or three times before the stitches are good enough to please Miss Hawke, I dare say one frock will last you about a year, so that you will not be ruined by materials, but as to giving up half our Saturday money to teach the little niggers—well, I don't see it. Lots of people have more money than we have and they ought to give. Perhaps we could rise to a penny a month, but half! That is rather a large order. You see fellows at school have expenses which you girls don't have. Jack and mother both say that it is quite settled for me to go to school at Christmas, so that it is no good for me to begin giving. Besides, I have been saving up to buy that schooner of Jeffreys ever since last October, and I am still five shillings short, so you see that it is impossible for me. However, I won't put you off—There is the Cathedral bell! We must rush or we shall be late, and it is my turn to walk with mother," and off went Roy.

Marjory rose and slowly followed. Perhaps half the weekly money was rather much. She would ask Eva and Katie. But when she reached the house she found that they had walked on with their father and she was left to walk with her eldest brother Jack, of whom she stood a great deal in awe.

"What a jolly day we had at the Deanery," she began.

"Pretty fair. I dare say it was fun for you kids," he said, "but of course I rather grudge the time from cricket, and they actually wanted me to run in the feather race with all those giggling girls. The idea of such a thing!"

"But the Missionary Meeting, you liked hearing that Miss Westall?"

"Oh well, she was right enough I dare say, but I don't care for sermons on Saturdays as well as on Sundays; still it was very noble of her to stand up and yarn away like that on such a grilling day, so I stumped up a threepenny bit, which was very handsome considering my trip to the Channel Islands with Uncle Ned next week."

By this time they had reached the Cathedral and so the conversation had to come to an end, and Marjory entered the old grey door with just a little feeling of disappointment in her heart that she had not found her fiery enthusiasm shared by her brothers.

"However," she thought, "I will ask Eva and Katie what they can do when mother lies down this afternoon and the boys go out with father. Accordingly in the afternoon, when the three little sisters were seated under the elm tree at the bottom of the garden, Marjory unfolded her plan. She was not altogether successful, nor yet altogether disappointed. Eva could not promise daily work as a rule, but thought that she might help Marjory to make a pinafore for
sale during the holidays, and Katie, though with ready will to help forward any project of Marjory’s, pleaded pitifully for exemption from needlework. “You know our work hours are the times I dread most. I always prick my fingers, and my stitches never will come the same size. It took me a whole term to hem that duster, and when it was finished Miss Hawke said that it was not good enough to show to father and mother with our term’s work, and when Roy saw it he said it looked as if it had been used to black shoes with.” As to the money Eva reminded Marjory that there were father and mother and the boys and Nurse to give presents to; and how about the flannel for old Nancy down at the Alms Houses? Every spare penny was wanted to make up a set of woollens for her before the winter. There was only part of August and September in which to collect the half, to which mother had promised to add the other half, and by then it would only want three months to Christmas and they would be wanting to buy their cards and presents, and “Nurse always says that charity should begin at home,” she added. Marjory had quite forgotten old Nancy, their father’s old nurse, and so she agreed to dropping the idea of contributing money, but on Monday she started the pinafore for the sale and worked hard all that week. Then came the annual month at the sea, and it was so hot, and there were excursions and picnics, and I am afraid that but for Eva’s help the pinafore would not have been finished by the time they went home. With her help, this was done, but when it came to sending it off, the Missionary Magazine with the address was nowhere to be found and Marjory readily agreed to Eva’s proposal that the pinafore should be given to Nancy’s grandchild from London.

Thus bit by bit the dream vanished, and the fervour failed, and it seemed as if the seed had died away and would never revive again.

(To be continued.)

QUARTETTES.—One of our friends writes to us: “I think the game of Quartettes is just splendid and am ordering a second set.” We may point out that three of the sets are complete with three cards only; this was done so as to include all the chief centres of work.

DOLLS.—Mrs. Hodgson tells us that she has made the splendid sum of One Hundred and Twenty Pounds by the sale of African dolls in 1906. When we remember what a fidgetty job the dressing of these dolls is and what a time it takes, we are quite lost in wonder at her marvellous industry, for we know that doll dressing is by no means her only occupation or work for the Mission. One of these dolls makes a charming present.

TABLEAUX.—Many of our readers know the story of “Only a Doll” in our African Stories series. But they may not know that it makes a charming little play or series of tableaux, bringing in both English, African and Indian children. We know of two places where it is being acted this season. We think “A Naughty Boy” might be successfully adapted in this way.

SALE OF WORK.—We want our readers to remember that we hope to have a Big Sale of Work at 9, Dartmouth Street, this year. It will probably be in October. There will be a Stall for the Coral League, and it will not be too early to begin working for this at once, if really nice things are to be made.
December 29, 1906.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

I am so glad to be better and able to look over your papers myself again this month.

Alice Cameron has changed four certificates for a prize during the past month, and made an excellent choice, i.e. Bishop Steere's Life. It is the most inspiring book, and will well repay any one who takes the trouble to read it.

Your affectionate Friend,

ELLEN M. NELSON.

In the marks for the November Competition (see AFRICAN TIDINGS, January), Norah Gumbly should have been credited with 10 marks and Oliver Pratt with 2. We are very sorry for this oversight.

RESULTS OF DECEMBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.

Full marks, 51. Alice Cameron, 44; Ada Faulkner, 43; Lily Vanson, 40; Mimi Clarke, Louie Scantlebury, 39; Emily Stephens, 37; J. B. Baser, 35; M. Botterell, Lillian May Davies, 34; Florence Bambridge, 33; Anna Watson, 32; Doris Bradley, 31; Mabel Cockrell, 30; Mandie Luckings, 29; George Clark Vaux, 28; Thomas Middleton, 27; Olive Ashbourne, 26; Ronie Long, 25; William Pratt, 24; Mabel Cockerill, 23; Maude Lurking, 22; George Vaux, 21; Thomas Middleton, 20; Olive Ashbourne, 18; Maria Long, 17; William Pratt, 16; Samuel Court, 15.

Juniors.

Full marks, 32. Ruth Vinter, 31; Ina Colwill, 30; Nona Clarke, Robert Vinter, 29; G. Edwards, May Phillips, 28; Horace Bant, Hannah Colwill, Minnie Scantlebury, 27; Lily Snell, 26; Rose Edworthy, Resenie Slocumbe, 25; B. Harrison, 24; Clara Faulkner, 23; W. E. Knight, Arthur E. Olivier. Kathleen Pieny, 22; Agnes Hickman, Norah Gumbly, Ivy S. Moore, 21; Eva Hall, 20; E. Davis, Winnie Brown, 19; Marjorie Beeley, Muriel Page, Albert E. Walker, 18; H. E. Middleton, Nell Vinter, 17; Florence E. Emma, 16; Fred Mothe, 15; Nancy C. Luckings, 14; Frank Parry, 12; Alfred Gimes, 11; Marie Richardson, 10; Leonard Bant, May Pratt, 9; Oliver Pratt, 8; Harry Moss, 6; W. Naylor, 5.

COMPETITION FOR FEBRUARY.

Seniors.

1. Mention the names of twelve stations in the Mission, and state where each is (see Catechism).
2. What does the Rev. H. Maynard Smith tell us to do in 1907?
3. What is the last news from Korogwe and Masasi?
4. What do you know of Tonji, Acland, Sanke and the infant?
5. Describe an African boy's gardening.

Juniors.

1. What does the Rev. H. Maynard Smith tell us to do in 1907?
2. What do you know of Tonji, Acland, Sanke and the infant?
3. Describe an African boy's gardening.

Answers to be sent before February 25 to—

MISS NELSON,
9, 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 progress and encouragement in the work in Likoma Diocese. Page 13
For the rebuilding of Masasi and the steadfastness of the Christians throughout their troubles. Page 13.

PETITIONS: That it may please Thee—

To strengthen and bless Augustine Ambali, Bustace Malisawa (Priests), Leonard Kangati (deacon), Antonio and Petro (Readers), and to grant that they may have grace and power to lead many souls to Thee. (Pages 13 and 16.)
To help with Thy Holy Spirit Paul, Reuben and Benedicto in their preparation for the diaconate. (Page 13.)
To call and prepare more boys for teachers in the River Schools (Nyasa).

THE COLLECT FOR THE MISSION.

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