



## QUEEN VICTORIA.

**T**HE great and good Queen has been called to lay down her rule over many millions of subjects, whose colour of skin and variety of language are so different. There must have been thousands of the natives of Central Africa who did not know our late Sovereign by name; many only had the idea that our chief was a lady, and they were utterly astonished that Englishmen, so far away from their homes, could reverence and love our Queen as they did. More than once has the question been asked, "Was she a great general who could lead her warriors to war?" "Was she a person of commanding presence and imposing speech, that she could inspire her subjects with such loyalty and obedience?" And the answer always came, "She led them by her pure life, by her love and sympathy for all, whether in prosperity or adversity, and by her true love and worship of the King of kings throughout her long and glorious reign."

So it was then that the colonizer and the native were drawn by very close ties to honour and respect such a woman, of whom they will never see the like again, who did so much for the spread of Christianity throughout her vast Empire.

What more can we in our little magazine say of her? She most probably never saw or even heard of AFRICAN TIDINGS; but *we* knew and loved and honoured her, and we knew too that she was interested in Africa, as she was in every part of her dominions, and so we put this little tribute of affection for her memory, praying that she may indeed have joy and peace amongst the blessed dead who die in the LORD, and who "rest from their labours."

And we are sure that our Most Gracious King will also love Africa, and strive for the good of his people, black as well as white; so with all our hearts we say—

**GOD SAVE THE KING!**



## MEDICAL WORK AT KOTA-KOTA.



MEDICAL work at Kota-Kota is as yet only in its infancy. There has never been a doctor there, except once for six weeks when the Administration sent Dr. Barclay, who was ill himself all the time; and there had never been a nurse there till April, 1899.

The Mission boys had been told that there was a "dona asing'anga" coming, and about 7 o'clock on the morning after my arrival, a small crowd had collected on the baraza, each member with some sort of an ailment to be attended to. Among them was a woman who wished to have a tooth drawn, a feat which I had never yet performed. I explained to her as well as I could that I had no instrument, but some zealous person produced a small pair of gas pliers, and, as it were, challenged me to do my best. I felt that my reputation was at stake; if I faltered now I should lose my chance of inspiring confidence in these people I had come to live amongst. So with a trembling heart I seized the weapon, grasped the tooth, and drew it successfully! I certainly was never more astonished in my life, and the patient was supremely grateful.

For some days patients were attended to on the baraza, but the dispensary was preparing, and as soon as possible we moved into it. It consists of a fair-sized room, where the bottles and medicines are kept, and a partly closed-in baraza where the patients are dressed and dosed. Every morning at 8 a.m., I go across to it, preceded by a very small boy, who brings the hot water, puts out the dressing tins, etc., and then sits down to watch the proceedings. All sorts of cases come in; but the schoolboys are attended to first so that they may not be late. Sore toes and legs, coughs, headaches, swellings, eczema, and other such slight ailments are easily attended to; but often they develop symptoms which quite baffle my diagnostic powers. No boy may be absent from school on the plea of

illness without permission from me, so that when I see a disconsolate figure wrapped in a blanket, I know it means a note to the priest-in-charge asking that the invalid may be excused. A blanket is a sure sign that the wearer considers himself too ill to do any work.

Next, the workpeople get attended to, and last of all the people from the town. These last have to pay for their medicine; they may bring eggs, or rice, or fowls, or tomatoes, or even building materials; so that I often have a very strange conglomeration of things on my table.

The dawa closes at 10 a.m., and after that hour only urgent cases are seen. Sometimes there are sick people in the village who have to be visited in their own homes: once I had to go every day for three months to dress a woman who had gone to sleep by a fire and got a severe burn on her leg.

So much for the native patients.

When the Europeans are ill they want a great deal of attention, and I feel rather more like a nurse, and less like an inefficient dispensary attendant.

It is at all times very anxious work, for there is no doctor, and no amount of nursing experience will ever make up for that. Not only members of the Mission come to me to be nursed, but any other Europeans who may be living near, or passing through, apply to us in case of illness; indeed, the most serious cases I have seen have been people whom I hardly knew, and never saw again after they were well and had gone away.

So far there has been no hospital at Kota-Kota—now, there is not even a sick-room for Europeans; they have to be nursed in their own rooms, which means discomfort for them, and a great deal of extra running to and fro for the nurse. Native patients cannot be taken in at all. I am home just now on furlough, but Miss Glover, who is taking my place, will no doubt develop the work much further; and a hospital, both European and native, will soon become a pressing need. But hospitals cost money,

and then they have to be furnished. Lent is just coming on: would not that be a nice opportunity to devote some of our pennies to the furnishing of these hospitals! If I could go back in October and say that the money was provided for the fittings, I think that the Bishop would be more likely to consent to the building.

K. MINTER.

February. 5th.

### IMPRESSIONS ON COMING HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME FROM ZANZIBAR.



ELL, undoubtedly the first thing that struck me, after the smallness of the trees between Southampton and London, was people's clothes! I arrived in London in the middle of the season, and went (in borrowed feathers) to a smart exhibition that very afternoon. There I did expect to see smart dressing, and rather enjoyed it; but when it went on day after day, wherever I went, above ground or underground, Sundays and week-days too, it bored me indescribably, and it was a positive relief to get into a back street.

The quantity of people in England, too, was appalling. I had thought to realize fully when I landed that there were 200,000 of us fighting in the Transvaal, and to find England a considerably sadder country than the one I left in 1897; but the crowds of hurrying folk never ceased or diminished, and what was happening in South Africa made no impression on their numbers.

Then what seemed to me trifles were spoken of as of so much importance—the colour of your drawing-room paper, the time of your tea, whether you saw a particular person that day or not.

Folk in England don't know much of African distances, for so many people asked me if I had seen much of the war, not realizing that Zanzibar and the Transvaal are 2,000 miles apart, and that the only difference the war made to us was when an

occasional man-of-war passed our way, and landed and paraded troops, and brought us our mails, and that our news of it all came *via* London.

Another thing that struck me as odd was the having such a complete holiday. During the time of one's furlough one has no duties except to rest and get strong and fit to go out again. I never felt so completely in sympathy with all the trippers and holiday-makers at the seaside in my life, nor so entirely grateful to all the caterers for one's amusement; and one laid one's self out to enjoy and be amused by everything as one never did before—by everything, that is to say, except the niggers, for they, with their sooty faces and red lips, are such a gross parody on our dear brown people, with their beautifully formed limbs, exquisite colour, and large, liquid, black eyes.

The music in church was, and continues to be, quite all the joy I anticipated it would be. Somehow out there one loses one's ear for classical chamber music; but for certainly two years I had longed for the thrill a deep organ pedal note gives one, and to hear again the psalms exquisitely chanted as they are at some cathedrals and churches, and I was not disappointed.

People who always live amongst historic associations can scarcely realize the miss it is to live in a land where a ruined Portuguese fort and a ruined chapel, possibly Portuguese, of uncertain date, represent all the history there is. I did not know myself how much I cared for memories and memorials of olden days until I went again to Canterbury, and knew that I was standing "where the saints had trod," not where Arab slave-owners had carried on their traffic in human kind; and when one went to Lincoln for the great Bishop Hugh's seven-hundredth anniversary, the thought of all that has gone on in that ancient city from British and Roman times, through the noble saintly Hugh down to our own day: coupled as that cathedral will ever be with our own Mission's Bishops, Tozer and Steere—well, it was altogether overwhelm-

ing. The souls beneath the altar were crying louder and louder, "Lord, how long?" before the heathen are gathered in, and we may all fall together before the Throne on high.

People said, "Does not the apathy of people in general about Missions strike

haunt one is the feeling that all these good people at home think of us as saintly folk, who have "taken our lives in our hands" (and all the other nice things which are said of us), and to know that nearer contact must disillusion them and show them that some of us, at any rate, are not saints at all, only sinners who have all the pleasures of two continents instead of one only.

Everything as it comes round in its season in England is a pleasure—the long summer evenings, the scent of the limes, the roses, the bright fires as autumn comes on and the days get short, even the smell of the Christmas evergreens, and certainly the dear Christmas bells and carols, though they do rather shorten your night—and yet, my readers, I know that dear as one's native land is to one, delightful as it is to be with your kith and kin and friends again, yet much—yea, most—of one's happiness this year is only the reflex light from that bright tropical land which, even in one's dreams, keeps calling to one to go over the seas and help again. And it will be a red-letter day—red as our flaming *Mbweni hibiscus*—when one reaches it once more.

E. M. NELSON.

January 7th, 1901.

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"Men are not born to die and be saved. but to live and save others."



STREET IN ZANZIBAR.

you?" To this I must give a most decided negative. On the contrary, I have been struck over and over again by people's interest in U.M.C.A. and other Missions, and in me as being a worker in the Mission-field; and the kindness which I have received from utter strangers has filled me with wonder and gratitude. What does



## FIRE AT LIKOMA.

**I**N case no one else remembers, I will just write a line to tell you about a narrow escape we had at Likoma. We were all in church at Mattins on Advent Sunday, when we heard a cry of "Moto" outside. Barnes beckoned to me to go and see what it was, but I had hardly got outside when a great volume of smoke swept past the church, which emptied in a twinkling. We had started the Creed, but I don't suppose any one knew how far they had got in it. Fortunately, acquaintance with fires from their youth makes the natives almost by instinct hurry to the scene and give any assistance they can. Arrived outside the church, one could see nothing for the smoke, but running across the football ground we were relieved to find that the only thing on fire was a reed house used as the boys' kitchen. The danger was not over, however, for there was a strong east wind blowing, and sparks were flying freely towards my house on one side of the football field, and still worse on the other side to the main group of station buildings, which includes all the boys' and teachers' dormitories, school, European dining-room, store, and kitchen, carpenter's shop, and printing office. It was clear that nothing could be done for the building on fire, while the sparks were the main danger. Promptly, boys were posted on the roofs armed with bamboos to knock off any sparks which might fall there. This is the regular native way of protecting their houses, unless they resort to the more

radical method of stripping off all the grass. The latter is of course effective, and is easily done in a native hut when the grass is just laid on; but it is not practicable in the case of a large, properly thatched roof.

The danger did not last long, for in ten minutes it was all over, and we were able to go back to church, leaving a few boys to mind the remains of the fire, and to make arrangements for cooking a fresh mid-day meal in place of the one that had been burnt up.

The site of the kitchen had wisely been chosen fully eighty yards from the other



BOYS AT LIKOMA.

buildings, which saved us, in spite of the strong wind. The fact that all except one of the houses in danger were built of stone was of little moment, for had all the roofs been burnt it would have been quite impossible to get grass and timber to replace them for another six months on account of the rainy season being close at hand.

ROBERT HOWARD.

December 19th.

ZANZIBAR.

"I SENT you among my negatives one of two Somali, or rather Barawa, boys. They had been coming to school for some time, and church, and were very intelligent, and keen on Christianity. Well, the little one died

about six weeks ago. It was very sad, his dying without being baptized after all; but I am sure he was a perfect little Christian at heart. The worst part is, that in spite of every effort, I have not yet got the bigger boy back since. I am afraid some pressure is being put upon him, though the parents seem willing for him to come. I expect he will come eventually; he has crept back to church two or three times

since 1896, Mr. Chambers' plan of building a parish church nearer to the village, and using the present building as a chapel for the boys, will soon become a pressing necessity. W. H. KISBEY.

*December 26th.*

The sketch by Miss Hine gives a view of the new buildings at Msomba, on Lake Nyasa, which were opened on September 29



HOUSES FOR TEACHERS AT MSOMBA.

lately, so I hope it is the thin end of the wedge." E. C.

*December 28th.*

#### KOLOGWE.

OURS has been a very happy Christmas. On the Eve thirty-four adults were baptized, and on Christmas Day three infants. The church was so full at the celebration on Christmas morning that some had a difficulty in getting into the church at all, and the communicants had similar difficulty in approaching the altar. Although the church has only been opened

for training native Teachers for the Likoma diocese. Hitherto the senior lads have had to make the long and expensive journey to Zanzibar for higher training.

#### UNANGU.

You will be interested to hear our new church was solemnly dedicated on All Saints' Day. A great procession started from the old church, the whole congregation of Christians and catechumens joining in behind the Bishop, and proceeded to make the circuit of the new building singing psalms. Arriving at the north door,

the proper antiphon and prayers being said, the Bishop struck the door three times. It being opened he entered, first proceeding to the chancel steps, followed by the lengthy procession, where the *Veni Creator* and *Litany* with special suffrages were sung. The procession was then reformed, and going behind the altar completed a circuit of the church. Returning to the chancel, certain prayers were said and the altar consecrated, after which the Bishop with his chaplain (*Padre Yohanna*), staff bearer, and servers went to the west end of the church to say the formal sentence of dedication. After the hymn, "The Church's one Foundation," the celebration of the Holy Eucharist followed, at which all the Christians communicated.

The church looks substantial, and is a large building for this part of the world—nave, five bays, choir, two bays, apsidal chancel, and west end. The cost seems very little in comparison with churches in England, still I do not doubt the Bishop will be rejoiced to receive gifts from friends interested in Unangu.

F. GEORGE.

*November 5th.*

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### TEBE.

**T**E is a very little boy now, and he was even smaller when I first made his acquaintance. On that occasion I grieve to say he was engaged in fighting with another little boy, and although I don't think they hurt each other much, they were both very angry and tearful when I came upon the scene. I could not grasp them both by the collar, because they hadn't any,—little boys don't wear much in *Kota-Kota*,—but I took them both by the hand and conducted them to my baraza to hear the matter out.

I don't know now what it was all about—my *Chinyanja* was not sufficient to understand such a complicated affair; but I told them gravely that it was wrong to fight, and that they must shake hands and be

friends. But they both thirsted for blood, and it was a very long time before they would cease to glare at each other; then, suddenly, the comic side of it struck Tebe, and his solemn little face relaxed into the most ravishing dimples, and he stretched out his fat little hand to his antagonist. I loved him from that hour, but tried hard to be like the lady in *Shakespeare* who "never told her love," lest I might spoil him.

Soon after that Christmas came, and the distribution of cloth and *kisibaus*; and when Tebe presented himself to me the next morning arrayed in scarlet and white, I was struck absolutely dumb with admiration. He did not require any words from me, fortunately—he quite understood what an impression he had created.

Then came a day when candidates for the *Catechumenate* were to be chosen. The school lists were looked through, and it was found that Tebe had been 70 times out of a possible 73! But he was such a very little boy that Mr. Stokes hesitated about admitting him, and appealed to me about it. We decided that it must depend upon whether he knew the *Ten Commandments* or not, and I was deputed to find out. To my great disappointment he said he did not, with a most emphatic shake of his head. So the number was made up without him, and the boys came on to my baraza that I might hear them say the *Commandments*, and ask them a few questions before teaching them the words they would have to say at their admission. Tebe stood humbly outside the wall watching the proceedings; but when the last boy had finished, my small friend walked boldly in and recited the *Commandments* from beginning to end in a clear, distinct voice. He then explained that he had not understood when I asked him about the "*Matauko*," *i.e.*, *Commandments*: it was such a long word!

So he was admitted, and in church always sits in the front row of the *catechumens* within half a yard of me; and if I look round I generally find his eyes fixed

upon me, as if to assure me that he really is behaving well.

The post of dawa boy became vacant, so I offered it to Tebe, and he accepted it with evident pleasure.

To a small boy who has never had one halfpenny of his own, two whole pennies a week seems boundless wealth.

a dose. Is it bitter, he warns his friends of the fact, but encourages his more distant acquaintances to try their luck, and squirms with pleasure when he sees their wry faces. He knows that for little babies there is a sweeter brand of cough stuff, and will wait till the last dose has gone out of the "grown-ups" bottle, and then put in a



LAKE NYASA AT KOTA-KOTA.

He has to fetch the water, roll the bandages, sweep the floor, take away the dirty dressings, run messages, and be generally at my beck and call; and he does all his work in the most conscientious manner.

He is also the self-constituted medicine-taster to the community at large. He watches carefully when I make a fresh brew of cough mixture, and at once develops a tickling in his throat, and requires

petition; and I know of nothing more charming than his dimpled little face suffused with smiles at having outwitted me.

One day I went suddenly into the dawa, and saw him putting a bottle back on the shelf. I have always forbidden him to touch any bottle, so I asked at once what he had been doing. He pointed to the Syrup of Squills, which was all sugary round the stopper, and said "This"; and



he licked his finger and rubbed it round the stopper, and then sucked off the sugar with great enjoyment.

When I was leaving for England he watched all the packing operations with great interest, and came in for many treasures, making himself as useful as possible all the time.

When the time came to say good-bye, I said: "Don't forget me, Tebe. You do love me a little?"

"No!" he declared, and the head was very emphatically shaken. I looked disappointed, when he added: "I love you a great deal."

K. M.



**T**HE great white Queen is dead. The news has rushed through Africa, and caused sorrow and wonder in every corner of the continent—sorrow at the loss, wonder that she has lived so long and been so great. Everywhere one heard her name mentioned with respect and admiration. At her Jubilee, Zanzibar, in common with all other parts of the continent where Englishmen lived and were respected, the people entered into the celebration with the greatest joy and enthusiasm. Pre-eminently she was the "Mother of her people," and this real title accounts for the extraordinary devotion and admiration of all over whom she held sway—black and white.

We mourn too for our Bishop of London. Not since Bishop Jackson's day have we had a friend at Fulham who was readier to help than Bishop Creighton. Twice he gave up the greater part of two days—at

the dedication of our chapel in 1897, and at the 1899 anniversary when he preached. These and other kindnesses endeared him to us in a special way.

We hope our readers will make a careful note of Thursday, May 23rd (the octave of the Ascension), which will be kept as our 40th Anniversary.

A very happy suggestion was thrown out at a recent meeting of our secretaries which we should like to see carried out. The Mission collect, together with a short office of intercession, is said at the office every day at ten o'clock; and all who are helping the Mission are asked to say the collect at the same time.

A friend writes to the Editor: "I hope to get a peep at the *Golden Ship* when it is out, but I don't think it can come up to *Letters from East Africa*. What a success that little book is! People are for ever writing to me in its praise, and it has stirred up fresh interest and new friends in every quarter." The number of copies of our leading books sold during the past year were: *Letters from East Africa*, 1,396 copies; *A B C*, 1,127; *Memoir of Mr. Chambers*, 786; *History of the Mission*, 524; *Golden Ship*, 625. The total number of volumes sold during 1900 was 6,601.

We must indeed be very thankful to be able to state that there was an increase of £400 in the general fund of 1900 as compared with 1899. The total income of the year was £29,002. Of this the patrons of children contributed £4,657. Magila seems to be the station best supported, £1,109 being given for the boys and girls' schools there; £578 for Mbweni; £554 for Kiungani; £439 for Kilimani; £313 for Masasi; and £1,000 for Likoma diocese.

## THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

**M**Y mother bore me in the southern wild,  
And I am black; but, oh! my soul  
is white.

White as an angel is the English child,  
But I am black, as though bereaved of  
light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap and kissed me,  
And, pointing to the East, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun: there God does  
live,

And gives His light, and gives His heat  
away,  
And flowers and trees and beasts and men  
receive

Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space  
That we may learn to bear the beams of  
love,

And these black bodies and this sun-  
burnt face  
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For, when our souls have learnt the heat  
to bear,

The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His  
voice

Saying, 'Come out from the grove, My love  
and care,

And round My golden tent like lambs  
rejoice.'

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me,

And thus I say to little English boy,

When I from black, and he from white  
cloud free,

And round the tent of God like lambs  
we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear  
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;

And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him, and he will then love  
me.

WM. BLAKE.



MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

**H**AVE been asked many times,  
especially by children, "What do  
you do at Mweni at Christmas  
time?" and I have had two or  
three letters lately asking the same question;  
so let me tell you something of what we  
have done this year—no! I mean last cen-  
tury!—to amuse our girls here, big and little.

Our preparations for Christmas began on  
Monday by a grand clean-up of the whole  
house, garden, and playground during the  
morning. In the afternoon many of us  
were busy decorating our chapel and the

church in the village; and, at five o'clock,  
we had Festal evensong at the church.  
I am not going to say much about our  
Services, because you have all heard a good  
deal about them, and I suppose every one  
knows that we begin all our festivals  
with a choral celebration of the Holy Com-  
munion at 7 a.m.—the first hour, as it  
is called here. The church is always  
crowded to overflowing, and every one  
joins most heartily in the singing; but  
there is no need for me to tell you all this:  
to-day I want to write about much less  
important things, viz., our amusements.

At breakfast, when we come back from church, we find a few cards and little presents on the table even here, and afterwards the children and a few friends from outside stroll round from one Bibi's room to another, and wish every one "Hapi Krisimasi." Beyond giving out such presents and letters as have come from friends in England for the children, we do not do much to amuse them on Christmas Day. They have a feast of fruit—sugarcane, dates, mangoes, bananas, or whatever happens to be most plentiful, and also a little roll of bread, and perhaps some



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, MTWANI.

"mandasi"—a kind of sweet cake made of macaroni stuffed with honey—and everybody seems quite happy without further entertainment. But there are three days' holiday to follow, because every Saint's day is a holiday here. We have no homes to go to here, you know, and several weeks' holiday does not seem to do children good who always live in the same place, so we play on every Saint's day and work the other days. Well, one of these days we had our "Bazaar"; that

is, we turned out all the toys which friends have sent us since last Christmas, and arranged them on four tables in the long passage which connects the school-house with the industrial house. Then, half a dozen at a time, beginning with the pupil teachers to head industrial girls, they all walk through, and each girl picks out some present for herself. We had a long table full of dolls, but it was empty at the end; and there were no scissors left nor any bags with cottons, needles, and thimbles in them. Knitting-needles with wool enough to knit a boy's jersey are very popular presents, also ink-bottles, penholders, and writing-paper. This "Bazaar" occupies almost the whole afternoon, and gives an immense amount of pleasure.

We had intended to have some sports on one of the other holidays, but we had such heavy rain every day during Christmas week that we could not manage it. However, on New Year's Day we were fortunate enough to have nothing but a slight shower in the morning; so we announced the sports for that afternoon. The Arch-deacon and Mr. Brent, from the Clergy House, kindly promised to help, and they had some famous obstructions put up for an obstacle race. You all know what that is, and I need not describe a flat race, nor a three-legged-race; but how many of you could tell me what is a kopo race, or a debe race? Not many, I fancy. A kopo is a small enamelled-iron tumbler, and it has to be filled with water and carried on the head without touching it with the hands; also it is not allowed to spill more than a very small quantity of water. We only used six kopos, so that the race had to be run in a great many heats, and the winner of each heat received the large prize of two pice =  $\frac{1}{2}d$ .

The above races, and also a potato race—in which each competitor had to carry a potato in a teaspoon without dropping it or touching it with her hand—took place in the playground, a large sandy space under

the trees in front of the school-house; but the last two events came off on the sea-shore. The tide was rather a long way out. Where we stood there is a strip of sand, but between that and the sea there is a wide space of slippery rocks and large pools of water. Four girls at a time were supplied each with an empty oil-tin—a "debe"—and were told to race to the sea, fill the tins to a certain line of paint inside, and come back again. The splashes, tumbles, and scrambles made a great deal of fun; more than one girl fell plump into a pool, upset all her water, and had to fill her debe again before she could return. This was the merriest and noisiest of all the races, and very few won prizes. We gave three pice each to winners of debe races, and one girl who fell and cut her hand and foot rather badly also had three pice, although she did not come in first, because she was plucky and made no fuss about it; and the whole afternoon I heard not one grumble, nor did any one say "It is not fair." Then it began to grow dark, but all the little ones began crying out that they wanted to run a debe race too. We did not think it safe for the very small ones, but a happy idea struck some one. "Let us send them all to hunt for crabs, and the first one who brings back a crab shall have a prize." So the Archdeacon announced that the last event was a crab race, and the children shouted with delight and raced all over the rocks hunting for crabs. Before long one of the smaller girls came racing back with a very little crab and threw it down triumphantly before us. So we rang the bell, and all went up to the house, rather tired, rather hoarse with shouting, and some of us *very* wet, but all very happy and quite satisfied with our Christmas sports.

M. M. B.

MBWENI, 6th January, 1901.

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MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

A few of you do not seem to have noticed the words of the Bishop of Albany (on page 134) about

Foreign Missions being "The Life of the Church," but thought I referred to a church building.

U M B A  
M O A B  
B A L L  
A B L E

were the square words wanted in January number.

#### RESULT OF THE JANUARY COMPETITION.

*Seniors.*—Full marks, 32. B. Webb, 32; S. Aldersey, 30; P. Haigh, 26; C. Wilson, 23; R. Butler, 22; C. M. Wilson and M. Rood, 21; N. Lodge, 20; Z. Stronge, 18; M. A. Jenner and R. Shepherd, 12; G. Hunter, 10; and F. King, 5.

*Juniors.*—Full marks, 16. F. de Renzi, 14; H. Webb, 13; B. Wilkinson, 11; E. M. Thicke and A. Monckton, 10; M. Sparling, D. Smith, A. A. Gegg, E. M. Frost, and J. Wellington, 9; G. Butler, E. Orton, D. Evans, and W. Farthing, 8; J. P. Batten, A. Drummond, and G. Court, 7; T. B. Oliver, E. Whitcombe, A. Edwards, D. Gale, K. M. Gale, E. Drummond, and C. Watts, 6.

#### MARCH COMPETITION.

##### *Seniors.*

1. What kind of people are to be found in Zanzibar, and where do they come from?
2. Why was September 8th a great day at Kota-Kota?
3. Write a short account of Mkuzi in your own words.
4. Why is it the duty of all Christians to help Missionary work in some way?

##### *Square Words.*

My first, too ripe, your hands will stain.  
My next flows through Kologwe's plain.  
And if you close the third with a,  
Part of a throat it then will say.  
And of my last the sire won't die  
When bitten by the tse-tse fly.

##### *Juniors.*

1. What do some of the Masasi people do to get food in this famine time?
2. Which materials were easy to get for building Unangu Church, and which were difficult?
3. Write a short account of the Magila baby in your own words.

#### RULES.

1. Competitors will be divided into two classes, in each of which Two Prizes will be given quarterly to those who have gained the highest number of marks. Class I., Seniors, those over 13 and under 17. Class II., Juniors, those under 13. Certificates are given to those who take the 3rd and 4th place. Holders of Six Certificates are entitled to a Prize.
2. One side of the paper only to be written on.
3. Name, age last birthday, and address to be written at the top of the first sheet.
4. Every paper to be signed by a parent or teacher to certify that it is the unaided work of Competitor.

Answers to be sent before March 31st, to

The Editor of the Children's Page,

8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.