MISSION NEWS.

ANON DALE tells us that in Zanzibar some of the Arab women now know enough to be baptized if they expressed their wish to be, but that there are "mountains of difficulties in the way of their baptism when every other member of the household is a Mohammedan—they could never come to church without their husband's leave, and it is extremely unlikely that they would get permission. But the work among them is going on with great courage and perseverance." We at home must remember that it is just these mountains which faithful prayer can remove. Canon Dale has regular days at Ng'ambo when Mohammedans can go to him to inquire and ask questions about the Christian Faith. At first only a few came, but now there are over thirty men, and at the last meeting they said they had not come to discuss, but Canon Dale should tell them what he liked about Christianity. So he read them the Gospel account of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. It must be God's will that these Mohammedans should come to a knowledge of the Son of God.

Kiungani began school again the end of July with ten boys from Kilimani, one from Pemba, twenty from Msalabani, seven from Korogwe, three from Msalu, seven from Korogwe, three from Msalabani, seven from Korogwe, three from Misozwe. Canon Weston says they are greatly helped by their assistant schoolmaster, Augustino Ramathani. There are four students at S. Mark's College.

At Mbweni seven catechumens were baptized on the eve of S. Bartholomew; they had been taught for a long time and were very anxious for their baptism. Their witnesses chose their names for them and looked after them so well. You know that the first baptisms in our Mission were on S. Bartholomew's Day in 1865; of the nine boys then baptized by Bishop Tozer, the Rev. John Swedi is at Mbweni, Owen is in the Mission Printing Office at Mkunazini, and Robert Feruzi is caretaker at Tundaua, Pemba.

There were five baptisms at Pemba the same eve.

At Msalabani they kept their Harvest Festival on August 5, and on the same day sixty hearers were made catechumens and received the cross. Among them were boys, young men, and married men, girls and married women, and they were the firstfruits of the out-schools at a considerable distance from Msalabani. Three teachers are now at S. Mark's College, Zanzibar, preparing to be made Readers to work in these districts, as they are too far off for the people to come to church every Sunday. The Archdeacon hopes that the deacon, John Saidi, will be ordained Priest next year.

At Korogwe they had their Harvest Festival on August 5, and at the Holy Communion at 7 a.m. the beautiful large church was well filled with Christians from Korogwe and Ziguia, some of them walking forty or fifty miles to be present. The offertory was over nineteen rupees (about £1 5s.) it is going to be sent to Masasi to help build the new church there. They are very pleased to have Padre Kisbey back among them.
ET me tell you the story of a Pemba child. She was called Asha, and her father, who was an Arab, neglected to provide for her in infancy, so her mother claimed her freedom and brought her pretty little girl of about four to live on the Mission Shamba. Pemba mothers are generally called by the name of their eldest child, and Mama Asha, who was quick and industrious (with a shrewd appreciation of the value of pice), soon learned housework and became a good “dobi” or laundress, while Asha played around. One day her old master called on the Padre but though mother and child were in the room, he took not the slightest notice of them.

After a time the English teacher fell ill, and Mama Asha was one of the two women who helped nurse her during the night, lying on the floor of her room. Women’s work is generally all done in the morning, and in the afternoon they do their own cooking and housework. As Mama Asha had done double work she was offered double wages, and though she was persuaded to take it the tears came into her eyes and she said, “I nursed my Bibi for love and not for money!” Great was her delight when she was offered a trip to Zanzibar, and little Asha was able to attend for a little while the big school she had so longed to see. Time passed, and Mama Asha was prepared for baptism. The choosing of the Christian name is always a difficulty, and Mama Asha referred it to her Bibi, who said she thought the best name was Mariamu (Mary). Mama Asha went away quite satisfied, but returned next day to say she wanted another name. She was asked why? “Because you said Mariamu was the best name, and I want it for my child. So little Asha became Mariamu and her mother Anna.

But poor Anna was deeply superstitious, and when little Mariamu was dangerously ill with inflammation, and wrapped up in jacket poultsies, she was missing one morning, and the nurse found she had been carried miles away for native treatment, which fortunately she survived, though her mother had to be very seriously talked to on the subject.

Some years later Anna took the law into her own hands and suffered for it. Having entrusted twenty rupees to an Indian jeweller to make bracelets, she was naturally aggrieved when a year passed and

PEMBA CHILDREN WITH THEIR TEACHER, MISS BARRAUD.
the order was not executed. So instead of consulting the Kathi (magistrate) she went to the shop and took possession of the Indian's box, who prosecuted her, and she was imprisoned. She appeared to think this very unjust, and after a time she went to a distant shamba, neglecting all her religious duties, and some months afterwards news came that she was dangerously ill. The Missionary went to see her, and on his arrival found a terrible din going on. The medicine man was supposed to be driving out the evil spirit which possessed her, and the poor woman was almost dead from exhaustion. Padre Mackay persuaded her to be brought back amongst Christians, and she completely recovered. Mariamu has grown into a big girl, and is now quite a help in the school. Let us hope that she may be strong enough to keep her mother in the faith to which she has returned.—E. K.

HOSPITAL LIFE.

IV. TRUSTFUL PATIENTS.

I HAVE often told you how suspicious the natives are as a rule, but I have met a few striking exceptions. Some years ago a man came into the dispensary complaining of his back. I turned him round and found that he had two large swellings. He said he had been ill for over a year and that he had tried native medicine without success. Then some one passed through his village (it lies more than twenty miles from Kota) and advised him to come in to the Mission and ask for medicine; so he had made the toilsome journey on foot and there he was, and very tired he looked. It was a case which required operation, and the Doctor was not with us just then, though he was expected a week later. So we explained to him that nothing could be done then, but that if he would come back again a week later the Doctor would do something for him. As the dispensary boy graphically described it: “They will give you medicine to kill you, and then the Doctor will cut the swellings out of your back and then he will mend the holes with a needle and cotton, and then he will bring you to life again and you will be well.” Now I daresay that you
HOSPITAL LIFE

will not think that explanation was calculated to inspire confidence, but it did, and the following week back he came, bringing a relation with him to see fair play, so to speak. And the operation was done. True, he did not heal up quite so fast as he expected, but he was a splendid patient and bore the painful dressing without a murmur. He was in hospital about five weeks, and then went home quite healed. He has been back several times to pay me a visit, and to assure me that when we send a teacher to his village he will be warmly welcomed.

Just after last Christmas one Sunday evening a party of men came in bearing a lad in a hammock. They had come from Kasungu, eighty miles up country. The patient had been ill for eighteen months with a bad knee. It was swollen to an enormous size, and he was quite unable to walk. He was very tall—we nicknamed him Longlegs on the spot—he had a nice face and a most sweet expression, but looked very ill and "dreadfully thin. The Doctor was not there, so I explained to his people that I would take him into hospital and give him medicine, and that if he did not get better I would take him to Likoma to see the great man who knew how to cure many diseases, and I gave them till the morning to think it over. They were soon comfortably installed in an empty hut, and busily cooking their food. In the morning they came to tell me that they had decided to leave the boy in my care, and that I might take him to Likoma if I liked. I suggested that one of them might stay with him, but the old father remarked that they had seen me, and had used their eyes, and heard what the hospital patients said, and they were satisfied, and that the boy could remain alone. Now they had come eighty miles to a strange place where they knew no one. Some had never seen the Lake or a steamer before, and yet they were willing to leave their relative in my hands, and felt quite sure it would be all right. Surely this shows that Christianity has a far-reaching influence. They would never have left him with strange natives, as they would have known that in a heathen village he would be left to die. But because they had seen that in the hospital the law of kindness ruled, and that men helped their neighbours although they were of different tribes, they were willing that their boy should stay. I don't suppose they could explain how they felt; very likely when they got home the boy's mother would be very much
alarmed to think of her son cut off from all his tribe. But he was quite happy. Even the steamer did not upset him much, and he thought Likoma was a very nice place when we got there. He had his doubts of the Doctor at first, but they vanished when he found that his timid request for a particular kind of porridge was complied with; and since I left for furlough I hear he has gone home very much better. K. M.

PLACES OF INTEREST ON A MISSION STATION.

THE PRINTING OFFICE.

"What is printing?" asked a boy. "Can you write?" was the answer. "No, but my brother can." "Have you seen writing in a letter?" "Yes, once." "Well then, have you ever seen the inside of a book?" "Once." "What's the difference?" "It is better written." "The first is the writing of a man, and the second the writing of a machine, and that is called printing." This is an African definition of printing which the native mind can comprehend.

Another boy, who was in love, expressed disgust at the amount of paper soiled by the printers in order to make books, which no one wanted to read, excepting in school, whereas the white paper could have been much better employed in his opinion for letter writing.

A boy suddenly walking into the printing office and seeing a page rapidly thrown off, asked how so much could be done in such a short space of time, and how was it possible for the machine to write the words so clearly without any mistake? He was, I am afraid, taken in by the answer, "It's English," and so he never heard of the time and trouble that it takes to set up type.

The native is very shy in correcting those who are over him; he will allow a mistake to pass, when all the time he knows that it is wrong; thus many mistakes have been printed and circulated, even though the native type-setter has been asked if it was correct. But rather than contradict or correct his superior he will tell an untruth, and allow hundreds of his fellow worshippers to make mistakes in their prayers and
One of our great drawbacks is, that we have no books for the boys to read out of school; this is not the printer's fault, but owing to the scarcity of interpreters to produce books of the same kind that English boys would read out of school.

African Tidings for June under the head of "African Portraits," the pictures of two boys were given, Barua and Mdachi. This was a mistake, they should have been Mdachi and Sempoli. This month we give the real photograph of Barua, and reprint Mdachi and Sempoli with the little histories of all three.

**Barua.**

Barua is a boy from Willie Swedi's school in the Mkuzi district. His teacher came to the priest in charge at Msalabani some four years ago, and begged him to consider the case of two boys in his school who were very diligent, and he thought deserved a chance of going ahead with their studies. Barua was one of them, and the work produced by the teacher which he had done was so good that he was admitted into the school at Msalabani. Since then he has proved himself a good and conscientious worker, and there is every prospect of his eventually obtaining a teachership. He was baptized at the Epiphany this year by the name of Oswald.
is supported by Salisbury Diocesan Collections.

Mdachi is one of our small boys. He also entered Msalabani School by examination and is doing very well indeed. We hope he will soon be baptized as he has been a catechumen for some time. He is an orphan and went to the Soko School, from whence he entered this school. He is very sharp at his work and is obedient and diligent, and quite one of our most promising boys. Mdachi is maintained by Stockton, Shifnal.

Sempoli—baptized William—was a boy from the out-school near Msalabani called the Soko (market) School. He is rather a big boy, and entered the school according to the new régime, viz. by competitive examination, he being one of some dozen boys who competed for the six vacancies in Msalabani School.

He is a very promising boy, and we hope will eventually make a good teacher.

The patron of Sempoli is S. Stephen's, Westminster.

J. C. W.

A NEGRO'S SERMON.

Poor lil' black sheep dat strayed away
Don' los' in de win' an' de rain.
And de Shepherd He said: "O hirelin',
Go find my sheep again!"
But the hirelin' frown—"O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am black an' bad."
But de Shepherd—He smile—
Seems de lil' black sheep
Was the onliest lamb He had!

An' He says: "O hirelin', hasten,
For de win' an' de rain am col'
An' dat lil' black sheep am lonesome
Out dar so far from de fol'—"
But de hirelin' frown—"O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am ol' an' grey!"
But de Shepherd—He smile—
Seems de lil' black sheep
Was fair as de break ob day!

An' He say: "O hirelin', hasten
Lo here am de ninety an nine
Is dat lil' black sheep ob Mine!"
An' de hirelin' frown—"O Shepherd,
De rest ob de sheep am here!"
But de Shepherd—He smile—
Seems de lil' black sheep
He hol' it de mostest dear!

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness
Wer' de night was col' an' bleak—
An' dat lil' black sheep He find it
An' lay it again' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown—"O Shepherd,
Don' bring dat sheep to me!"
But de Shepherd—He smile—an
He hol' it close,
An' dat lil' black sheep was—me!

"The Kingdom of Heaven has no entrance fee, but its subscription is all that a man hath. How far do we realize this awful and glorious secret of the Gospel? How deeply have we entered into this sacrificial passion which crimsons the pages of Holy Scripture? The Love which passes knowledge demands a gratitude which passes limits."
A COMMOTION AT KILIMANI.

HERE was such a commotion at Kilimani a short time ago, and such a feat performed! Miss Stevens was busy on the baraza when William Madebe came tearing up the stairs shouting, "Bibi, bibi, there's a great big snake in the chicken house." Miss Stevens didn't think much of it, for William is rather given to see things with large eyes, but she took up a club which she keeps handy for these emergencies and sallied forth with all the boys at her heels. She counted on finding one of the usual snakes which often crawl about the premises among the grass and shrubs; they are about fourteen inches long or so, and not very formidable, but when she got to the chicken-run, lo and behold, a monster some eight feet long, and twelve inches round, was coiled up in the middle of it, evidently having gorged itself with one or two fowls, and was now having a rest. This was rather more than Miss Stevens had bargained for, and she did not feel quite able to cope with it herself, so they managed to drive it into the roost and one of the boys went to call a man, who soon arrived stick in hand and gave the beast a good blow. Up went the snake's head, and Charles called out "Hit it, Bibi, hit it on the head." Miss Stevens hit it with a will, and then between them they managed to kill it. It was a real python, and when Miss Stevens told the story she said she had no doubt his wife and children were somewhere about the place! But let us hope they will have the kindness to keep their distance, for they are not desirable playmates.

OUR AFRICAN MAIL

NEARLY jumped with joy when I saw the things sent from the Croydon Toy Afternoon. The needles and scissors are a perfect boon and all the other things delightful. Yesterday we had a lot of things sent from S. Paul's, Bunhill Row, and to the great delight of the boys there were about thirty flutes. They bought them up at once, so we are having a regular musical evening. I never saw such a sight as the mangoes are, full of flowers from top to bottom, but unless rain comes soon they will all brown off. (Mangoes are to African boys what apples are to English)."

MHWENI.

"We have just taken Augusta Mwasomba into the house as a boarder. Her adopted "mama" died quite suddenly lately, so the child seemed a suitable case for us. She is only seven years old and a dreadful pickle. She is supported by All Saints' Parish, Stoke-on-Trent. We hope Panya Baruti will be baptized before long, her mother, Akijaliwa is to be baptized next month (August). I do not know who sent us the old tennis balls, but we are very grateful to the donor."

MSALABANI.

"The Sunday after Lammas Day, August 1, was kept as a Harvest Festival. There was
also a great ingathering of catechumens and some sixty boys and girls received the cross. Their faces looked so earnest and serious that one felt they were making a good beginning, but they will need the prayers of the children at home to help them to persevere."

"About fifty out-school boys came in for an examination last week and the most successful ones will be drafted into the central school at Msalabani. The younger schoolboys challenged them to a football match, and though they had not the ghost of an idea how to play, they accepted. They looked such a ragged, unkempt team beside the Magila boys, who had gay kisibaus and football 'shorts,' and of course they were defeated badly, but they lost neither their pluck nor their temper."

**Likoma.**

"At Easter I examined the Infant School very thoroughly, even down to the babies."

"We gave prizes of books, knives, or balls. A little boy named Mattiya, who did not get a prize, begged for a ball a month later. When I said I had none, he put on the most coaxing expression and said: 'But if we make a Kezemu?' (examination). He is about four years old."

"Among those present at the prize-giving at S. Michael's College, last, but by no means least, was Alexander Arthur Kangati, commonly called 'Touche Pouche' (here, there and everywhere) in a smart white frock and red sash. He and his mother have been living here lately, as his father is at Nkwazi reading for deacon's orders. His mother went in for the women teachers' examination at Whitsuntide and did well in Scripture, but could not manage the sums!"

"I have got such a quaint old woman, named Salome, here. Archdeacon Johnson brought her and asked me to give her a home. She was at Magila in the Sisters' time and helped them in the Dispensary. She is now my housemaid and looks after things. I find her very useful, though I cannot understand a word she says; she seems to speak all sorts of queer languages. She says that she belongs to these parts and has discovered her father and sister here, whom she found, or rather who found her, quite by accident. Salome was stolen away when very young, so did not remember her home or her parents. She has been well taught and wouldn't miss Church for anything. She is very quaint, and so superior, quite the lady in her manners. She can't read, but always takes a book to Church and follows the psalms in some unknown tongue, but I notice a hymnbook answers every purpose! The hospitals are so nice now, I enjoy going in to sit, talk, or play with the patients, and they are kept so clean and nice. The Bishop's house is almost ready; it looks smaller than the old one, but Mr. George says it is the same size."

We have heard of the safe arrival of the Bishop of Likoma, who had a very joyful welcome. The girls made flags of coloured cloth and danced before him right up to the Mission house. The people said, "England loves the Bishop," meaning that he looked so much better for his visit. Confirmation classes were on foot, and he was going to hold a confirmation at Malindi. The Likoma women teachers had their examination in June, and nine passed; eight of them had failed in the first examination last year.

"The Likoma Deacons, Augustine and Eustace, have passed their first examination for the priesthood, and Leonard Kangati for deacon's orders at S. Andrew's College, Nkwazi."
UR readers must not forget the Day of Intercession for Missions, on the Eve of S. Andrew, November 29. We ought to think about this day beforehand that we may know what we are going to pray for; it would be a good plan to look through the back numbers of African Tidings so that we may remember the things we have been praying for through the year and all those mercies for which we have to be thankful. God waits to send down showers of blessings on our work—let us determine to have those showers at all costs.

We would ask for special intercessions for the work among Mohammedans in Zanzibar—for the out-schools round Msalabani—for the work at Masasi—and for priests to fight the Mohammedan influence in the villages round Kota Kota.

For a children's Intercession Service nothing could be better than a little paper book, “The Children's Book of Intercession for Foreign Missions” with a preface by the Bishop of Gloucester, which can be bought at Mowbray's or at our office.

* * *

The Mission Kalendar for 1907 is now ready. We think our readers will find it very interesting this year—it has portraits of some of our native clergy, with the stations at which they are working, two pictures of Likoma Cathedral, and short papers on how to do various things for the Mission. With a pretty blue ornamental cover the price is only 1d.; bound in cloth, gilt lettered and interleaved 6d.; as a pocket book bound in leather 1s. 2d. We have also a 1d. Sheet Almanack, with a beautiful picture of the Holy Family.

* * *

Beautiful Christmas Cards can be had at the office, large coloured ones for 3d. each, and uncoloured at 2d.

* * *

The brown dolls which we have been selling so cheap lately have now come to an end, and we shall not have more.

* * *

There will be two Sales for the Mission this month at which we hope to see a great number of our friends. November 7 and 8 the Coral League has a stall at Kensington Town Hall, admission 1/- on the 7th, 6d. on the 8th. Special terms will be made for parties visiting the Sale.

On November 14 and 15 we shall have a stall at the united sale for Missions at the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square (not the Church House as previously stated). We have had some very attractive toys sent from Burmah for this stall and there will be a number of useful articles made from native bark cloth which the Bishop of Zanzibar brought from Uganda.

* * *

The Autumn is a great time for entertainments, and should any of our supporters think of getting up African Tableaux, they could not do better than read an account of some in African Tidings for December 1896, which were given at Bradshaw. It gives very full directions and a list of pictures which can be acted.

HOME NEWS.

A SMALL sale of work done by the girls of the U.M.C.A. Working Party at Horsham, was held in Miss Ethel Hodgson's garden, on Saturday, September 15. The children, who have been very regular in their attendance, were all present, and
other friends of the Mission. The stall of work made a good show of petticoats, shirts, and other useful garments made by the children; there was also a fancy stall and a tempting tea table. The sum of £9 3s. 6d. was realized. By an oversight a doll most beautifully dressed by two devoted Mission workers was not put on the stall; the price was 12s., and it is hoped this will be added to the proceeds later. The doll has since been sold.

* * * *

Some of you may have heard of the Church Congress which this year was at Barrow-in-Furness. Numbers of Bishops and Clergy were there, and a great number of Churchpeople; they met together to discuss and hear about Church matters in which we are all interested. During the week the U.M.C.A. had an Exhibition at S. George's Hall. It was very nicely arranged; there were two large rooms, one on the ground floor and one upstairs. In the lower room we had African Tableaux every afternoon; they were acted by the children belonging to S. George's schools, and a great number of children from the different schools came to see them, and seemed to like them very much. There was a bookstall, and a large coloured picture of Kilimani, with little dolls to represent the boys. Then upstairs we had African curios, which Miss Schofield explained to the many people who came to see them; a number of curios and mats for sale, and quite a lovely stall of brown dolls beautifully dressed; there must have been over 126 of them—boys, girls, women, babies and choir boys—and we took £8 at this stall alone. About twelve boys from S. Luke's were helping us all day, and very useful they made themselves. We heard afterwards that one of these boys came without his breakfast every morning, he was so afraid of being late, and another gave up a job of 8/- to help us, and yet another in his spare time painted a large banner to hang over the door. That is something like being keen on helping missions, isn't it?

Our Exhibition was opened on Monday, October 1, by the Bishop of London, who went round the stalls afterwards and bought an ebony stick from Zanzibar.

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MY DEAR CHILDREN,

Many thanks to those of you who have written to me about the Grantham railway accident. I know you will be glad to hear that no one belonging to me was injured. We learnt in Africa to look upon death with different eyes to those with which we regard it in England. Those who volunteer for the Mission know that they must expect either to die at their posts, or to a great extent lose their health; most of us, if we had our choice, would prefer the former. These accidents teach us that death meets us here in England as surely and as unexpectedly as
in unhealthy Africa, and that wherever we are and whatever we are doing, we should try so to live our daily lives that, when our call comes, we shall be able to meet it without fear.

Do you remember sending Mrs. Halliday stamps for a Children’s Hospital? She wanted a million, and received 50,000 through AFRICAN TIDINGS. She has completed her million now, and gained a sum sufficient for the treatment of two children in the North Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney. It is very nice to have been able to help in this.

You must not speak of the Mohammedans as if they were heathen. They are not—for they do not worship idols. They worship God, but they think that Mohammed their prophet comes next to God, and they do not believe that our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ is God, and that He became Man for our sakes to redeem us from sin.

I have started on my winter’s travels, though I have not gone very far as yet. You must be very particular all this winter in sending your papers to me at 9, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W., by the first post on the 25th of each month, otherwise I am afraid they will not get looked over till the next month, if at all.

I think the holidays have been very good for you all, for I have received fifty-seven papers this month, and they are unusually well done.

Your affectionate Friend,
ELLEN M. NELSON.

RESULTS OF SEPTEMBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.
Full marks, 46: Olive Oram, 43; Alice Cameron, Mim Clarke, 42; Mabel Botterill, Olga de Lavelaye, 36; Lily Vanson, 34; Doris Bradley, Louise Scantlebury, 33; Olive Ashbourne, Lizzie Champ, 39; Joseph R. B. Baser, 38; Elsie Colwill, Mary Cound, 27; Maude Lurkins, Julius S. Prince, 26; Mabel Cockerill, 26; Winifred M. Boys, R Hawling, 24; T. F. Middleton, 22; Samuel Court, 21.

Juniors.
Full marks, 35: Stephen Vinter, 32; Norah Smallwood, Ruth Vinter, 30; Mildred Charmain, 29; Ina Colwill, 27; Rose Edworthy, 26; Gladys de Lavelaye, May Phillips, 23; Gladys Page, — Faulkner,* 25; Lily Snell, 24; Eva Hall, 23; Nora Clarke, Hannah Colwill, Minnie Scantlebury, Beatie Slocombe, Anna Watso, 22; Emily Stephens, 21; Sarah Cound, 50; Winifred Knight, 19; Horace Bant, 18; Harold Middleton, Elsie Yardley, 16; Sidney Smith, Noel Vinter, 15; Ivy L. Boys, Alfred Gimes, Ivy Sybil Moore, 14; Albert B. Walker, 10; Dorothy Barnett, Florence Evans, Raphael Moss, 9; Lily Davies, 8; William Pratt, 7; Harry Moss, 6; May Pratt, 4; Oliver Pratt, 3.

* This paper had no name or address, but it was signed by “A. Faulkner—Sister.”

COMPETITION FOR NOVEMBER.

Seniors.
1. Who are Sulimani and Mgwamula?
2. Name three Mission boats, and say what you can about each (half-page foolscap).
3. For what do we specially remember the Rev. A. N West, Sir John and Lady Key, and the Rev. C. A. Alington? (See Catechism.)
4. Describe District Visiting in Likoma. (See AFRICAN TIDINGS for August and October.)
5. Write an account of Mubinyo.

Juniors.
1. Who are Sulimani and Mgwamula?
2. Describe District Visiting in Likoma. (See AFRICAN TIDINGS for August and October.)
3. Write an account of Mubinyo.

Answers to be sent by November 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—
1. For the baptisms at Mbweni and Pemba on the Feast of S. Bartholomew. Page 121.
2. For the safe arrival of the Bishop of Likoma in his diocese. Page 129.
3. For the ingathering of catechumens at Msalabani. Page 121.

PETITIONS:
That it may please Thee—
1. To keep firm in the faith those who have been baptized.
2. To lead all catechumens and hearers in the way of righteousness.
3. To grant that we may ask such things as shall please Thee on the Day of Intercession, November 29.
4. To help us to make Thy Way known upon earth, and Thy saving health among all Nations.