ON leaving Jerusalem I took ship from Joppa to Haifa. Only about eight hours' run, but the worst was that we put into ports at night. The many lights in the harbour looked very bright. Cook's men were soon on board, and carried off my boxes to the boat. There was such a crowd that I was one of the last, and on getting to the landing-stage the boat bumped up and down so much that I was quite glad to clamber up the side.

It was very dark, and nearly all the passengers were gone, when one of Cook's men returned to hunt for me. He had passed my things through the Customs, and I was soon in a Haifa carriage with two horses hurrying through the streets. On and on we went in the darkness and it was past midnight when I drew up at the gate of the Mission Hospital, on the slopes of Carmel, but not very high up.

Vol. VIII. No. 112. Feb., 1899.
deep blue sea in the distance. I was standing in wonder and admiration when the door opened, and our dear friend Miss Allen stood before me, looking so well, and not a bit changed since I had seen her last.

We soon made our plans to visit the Sea of Galilee, and in about two days a guide was found, three horses hired, and we started off on our tour; such strong, sleek horses, and a man Miss Allen knew well.

On leaving Haifa we followed the range of Carmel for some time, then striking across the plain of Esdraelon, we forded the Kishon (which is not high in the summer).

Leaving Harosheth of the Gentiles on our left, we saw before us Little Hermon, and far away to the right Ain Jennin (the way of the Garden Gate mentioned in Scripture), Shunem being almost in front of us. We saw also Shimonia, the place of Simon Maccabees.

It was getting dark as we passed by Maratah (the village of St. James and St. John), and we could just distinguish on our right the lights of Nain. Our guide took us a short cut into Nazareth—down, down the side of a mountain we went, too dark for us to pick our way between the rocks, and after a few stumbles our horses reached the bottom safely, and we were soon standing at a clean little German inn.

We were late; dinner was over. "Never mind, the landlord would soon get it ready for us." Our rooms were well furnished and spotlessly clean, and at dinner our landlord waited upon us.

The following day our horses rested, and we wandered about and visited the sacred sites. Nazareth is beautiful. Mountains on all sides. We climbed the slopes, and looked down on the city, and thought how they had wished to thrust our Lord down from the brow of the hill.

We then visited the Latin church built over the site of the Virgin's house. I was taken in to see the rock kitchen behind the altar; and one of the brothers very kindly took me to what remains of the synagogue where our Lord preached, and where they have raised an altar; also to a church built over the carpenter's shop, and down a long way to the Virgin's well. In the afternoon we visited the Greek Church of the Annunciation, where they have a well of water under the altar, which they say is the spring where the Blessed Virgin was drawing water when the angel appeared to her.

The next day I had a splendid ride with "Fadlo," our guide, up Mount Tabor. As you rise towards the top, it becomes very steep, and great stone steps have been cut out in the solid rock. It was pretty to watch the horse mounting with great ease, and at the steepest points peering down into the valley below, not seeming to know what fear was. At the top we watered our horses and rested perhaps two hours. Constantine's three churches upon the summit lie in ruins. I visited the Latin and Greek churches, but they are not very striking, and after a picnic lunch we retraced our steps, the horses taking us down without a false step. At this time of year Palestine is hot and there is not the charm of spring flowers, but on the other hand, the roads are clean, and of swamps there are none!

On all sides we saw preparations for the German Emperor's visit. At Haifa a new pier, and here roads levelled, and new
bridges. But no emperor could have such a happy time as myself, with such a companion as Miss Allen, who seemed to know every inch of the ground and all Bible places.

The next day we were in the saddle early, as we had a long ride before us. After climbing the slopes of Nazareth, we saw Sefurich (Sepphoris) on our left, and after a good ride we watered our horses at Il Reneh. Then, descending the mountains, we turned to our left, and visited the village of Cana of Galilee, where, in a very interesting old Greek church, we saw two of the stone water jars used at the Marriage. They are preserved with great care. I have since seen others of the same pattern in the ruins of Cesarea, so they must have had a regulation shape for the Jews’ purifications.

This church is well worth visiting, full of quaint old pictures, and the aged Greek priest took us round, and with real pleasure pointed out everything to us. He would (in his hospitality) have detained us for coffee, but we had to press on.

We now crossed the plain of El Battauf, rested and lunched under a grove of olive trees, near the slopes of Lubia.

Our daily picnic was a great amusement, and we never knew what we should find for lunch, as it was packed up for us by our landlord.

Starting again at two, we descended towards Tiberias, and passed quite close to the Mount of Beatitudes, and far off, high up in the mountains beyond, stands Safed, bringing to one’s mind our Lord’s words, “A city set on a hill cannot be hid.”

Down, down we went, in and out, till we reached Tiberias, where again we found a very clean German inn, though at present only half built.

Leaving our belongings we rode on to the hot springs which Josephus speaks of, two miles out from the town, and all along the way we could trace broken columns of the past glorious city. The water is scalding, and our horses sadly wanted to drink of it, so our guide took them down to the lake and refreshed them, while we gathered shells.

On the morrow we hired a boat, and crossed over the Sea of Galilee to Tell Hum, thought by the Latins to be Capernaum.

Here we lunched and sketched, and our horses having come round, we mounted early, and rode home to our inn. This was a beautiful ride, past the spot where Bethsaida once stood. We crossed many streams dashing into the lake, then mounted nearly to the top of a hill through a path hewn in the solid rock, which was once a viaduct. We now descended into the land of Gennesaret, green, and fresh, and beautiful, gay with pink oleanders, blue veronica, and tall white squills, with the deep blue lake always on our left.

After a long ride we passed through Magdala, still keeping the same name, and then, over the old Roman road, we passed the Valley of Doves, and so on back to Tiberias.
Here we found it so very hot (the lake being 800 feet below the level of the sea) that next day we retraced our steps to Nazareth, which I was only too glad to see once more.

Our next day's ride was one of the grandest, and a long one too. We were eight hours in the saddle.

Leaving Nazareth behind us we passed once more the village of St. James and St. John, and could see quite clearly Nain on the hills to the left. Then striking more to the right through the plain of Jezreel we crossed the Kishon much higher up. A group of small boys were bathing, and dodged in and out among the reeds, peering out and laughing merrily as we passed on.

Again we crossed the plain, this time to the foot of Carmel, leaving on our right Tel el Kasise, the place where the priests were buried. Now we mounted up and up to the place of Elijah's sacrifice, and here I felt a little disconcerted, for at the steepest climb my little horse turned round and looked down the precipice to see what was delaying horse No. 3. But on and up we went till we stood by the well from which the water must have been drawn to pour on the sacrifice. One wonders to see water up so high in a dry summer.

One more little climb and we reached the top. How I wish my readers could see that view.

Beneath is the Plain of Esdraelon stretched out before you, with the Kishon winding through it. It must in
the spring be a perfect garden of flowers.
To the left, some distance off, rises Mount Tabor; then little Hermon, with Nain on its slope, and in front, in the plain, Shunem; far off in the distance the range of Gilead and Valley of Jordan.

Then nearer again the mountains of Gilboa and Jezreel stand well out in the plain. Here we rested for a time, and thought of the prophets of Baal and Elijah’s wonderful sacrifice. But we could not rest long as we had a long ride before us, for instead of descending to the plain, we resolved to ride all along the ridge of Carmel till it ends near Haifa.

It was perhaps the most varied and beautiful ride we had. Now we rode through green woods, fragrant with bay trees, then down into rocky valleys and up again, turning this way and that, at one time catching a peep of the sea, and again looking down over the plain. We rested once under some grand old oaks. These mountains must once have been covered with them, though few are standing now. Our next halt was to see Laurence Oliphant’s house, which he built right up here, a beautiful spot, but very far from the outer world. The sun was getting low when we reached the extreme end of the range, and as we descended it was a cheering sight to see the lights of the Mission Hospital. Thus ended a most delightful ride. I am sure no emperor could have had so happy a time as Miss Allen and myself.

M. A. BERKELEY.

---o---

THREE STORIES.

KNOW you like stories for AFRICAN TIDINGS; here are three:

LOST AND FOUND.

Many years ago, probably before the Mission came to the Lake at all (but I don’t know), a woman living at the village of Limbwe was carried off by an Angoni raiding party. She was sold to the coast, and became one of “the lost,” as described by Archdeacon Johnson in the Holborn Town Hall. Later she was set free by the German (or English) Government, and handed over to our Mission in Zanzibar. There at Mbweni she was in course of time baptized (name Eunice), and again in course of time placed under the care of Denys Seyiti on the mainland at Kichelwa.

This year some Limbwe men went up for work to Ndondo, the German Government station, inland from Langenburg. They were sent down to Dar-es-Salaam to bring up goods, and there one of them ran across Eunice and recognised her; and now she has come back with them to her home and relatives, she a Christian, and many of them on the verge of baptism (we hope to have our first baptisms at Limbwe at Christmas).

THE CROCODILE HERO—THIRD RESCUE.

I think I told you how Richard Mzinda saved the schoolboy from the crocodile some months ago, driving it off by thrusting a pointed bamboo into its mouth. Last Tuesday this same crocodile seized a little boy, and killed him. Richard was there, or was sent for, and he went into the water up to his shoulders, wounded the crocodile with a spear, got between it and the open lake, and drove it towards the shore at the point of the spear, where it was finished with an axe. The broken point of the bamboo, with which he had wounded it months ago, was found still sticking in its jaw. They reckon that this crocodile has seized eight people, of whom three only survived.

ROUGH-AND-READY SURGICAL TREATMENT.

An Englishman at one of the forts up behind Kota Kota had mortification set in, in one of his fingers. He had no instru-
ments for amputation, the only remedy, and was far from any help. But he had a Snider rifle. With this he got a friend to blow off his finger for him, and he is now getting better.

JAMES S. WIMBUSH.

s.s. "C. J.," Lake Nyasa,
October 4th, 1898.

--- o ---

THE BURNING OF KWA-SIGI VILLAGE.

WA-SIGI, one of our prettiest island villages of the river Pangani, has been destroyed by fire. The name may be a familiar one to the numerous subscribers to African Tidings who read their magazine from cover to cover, for mention has been made of it from time to time in its columns. The river there divides into two main streams, one broad and lake-like, the other narrow and rapid. Standing where the river divides it was a picturesque sight, enhanced by the numerous cocoa-nut palms in the background waving majestically above the native huts. Alas, the scene has been changed; and the ruthless flames of fire have demolished both huts and palms. The fire occurred by a woman injudiciously putting some oil near to a fire, and the flames catching the oil leapt up beyond control. Fortunately it does not take very long to build huts, but the natives have experienced a serious loss of food; for the Ziguas have the foresight to put by a reserve stock sufficient for six months. It is remarkable that there are so few conflagrations of a similar nature, considering how near the huts are to one another—it is difficult to squeeze oneself between two huts sometimes—and also how inflammable is the material of the hut, mud and sticks and a thatch of dried grass. At Kwa-Sigi the Mission has a stone house, and the school there has lately been re-started after having been temporarily closed. The chief of the town is most friendly and respectful, and Kwa-Sigi should prove a fruitful field for a native priest some day. There are numerous villages built on the islands and on the Shambala mountains in the near vicinity.

W. H. KISBEY.

Kologwe, November 1st, 1898.

--- o ---

WHIT-MONDAY AT MAGILA.

On the Monday after Ascension Day, a great event took place at Magila—a Christian wedding. It may seem strange to mention this as a rare event, but so far the women and girls have not had the same chances as the men and boys, and too often when there is a wedding, the bride is only a hearer or catechumen. But on this occasion the bride, like the bridegroom, was a Christian. Until her marriage she belonged to the Magila Girls' School, and the wedding of a girl in the first class was an excuse for a school treat much too good to be missed. In the following week, Monday and Tuesday being Holy Days were of course holidays, and it was decided that Whit-Monday should be the girls' Siku Kuu (festival).

When the morning arrived, we spread out on a big table in the sitting room a goodly array of presents from the well-furnished store-cupboards. Friends in England have been very good in keeping up the supply, and we could feel a pleasant confidence that the shelves we cleared would be filled up again for the next Siku Kuu. About 11.0 the children arrived, but the first thing on the programme was a meal, and that meal was not cooked. Sitting still and waiting seems to come easy to the African child,
and it was a pretty sight to see the group, numbering forty or fifty girls, and about a dozen small boys, sitting just beneath the baraza on the steep hillside. Their patience was rewarded about 12.0 by platefuls of rice, with just a little piece of mutton as kitoweo (relish). It was eaten, of course, with the fingers, and very neatly too, though boiled rice would appear to us difficult to manage without fork or spoon.

The meal over, the children came up on to the baraza, and then began a very important part of the proceedings. Miss Boyd, at the door of the sitting room, called out the names of two or three children who had attended most frequently since the last Siku Kuu. These were let into the room, and had the great advantage and glory of first choice among the treasures spread over the table. When they had made up their minds—a work of difficulty to some of them—they went out, and three or four others took their places. And so the choosing went on, always in order of merit—the merit of attending school regularly. With no Education Acts or school attendance officers, and with many pressing engagements, such as the cultivation of shambas, pounding corn, etc., it is naturally difficult to get the children to come regularly, and as they have, of course, no clocks or watches and very little idea of the value of time, punctuality is perhaps a thing beyond reasonable expectation. So, though every one was to have something in honour of the occasion, the advantage of an early choice was turned into encouragement towards better attendance. The tiny children seemed to look upon it as a very solemn ceremony, and required a good deal of help in fixing on one out of so many treasures. Balls, looking-glasses, boxes, writing-cases, and bead necklaces seemed in highest favour.

When all had chosen, we left them in the enjoyment of the “new toys,” while we and the native teachers had tea together. It was just about half-past two, which may seem a strange hour for tea, but Africa is rather like “Through the Looking-glass” land, and after a day or two one is more struck by things “just like England,” than by the most topsy-turvy arrangement.

The next event was the visit of a dwarf, who caused much wonder and a certain amount of alarm. Perhaps some of our readers have made the acquaintance of similar gentlemen, and know how they are manufactured: out of two pairs of arms and one head, with a table and curtain to hide all the unnecessary members of the two performers. Evidently it was a new idea at Magila, but it was not long before some quick eyes had caught sight of the real owner of the hands stretched out for them to shake. And then there were mechanical toys to be shown off—a green crocodile, which ran along the floor in pursuit of the little ones, the wonderful clown and donkey, and many others such as may be seen any day performing their antics on the London pavements.

But Siku Kuu, like other days, come to an end. The children assembled on the baraza and sang songs, which they clapped themselves with sincere and well-deserved approval, finishing up with “God save the Queen” and “Hip, hip, hurrays.” Oranges and bananas were handed round and tied up in corners of garments, and then, with much hand-shaking and warmest “kwa-heris” (good-bye), the children dispersed, leaving behind them the impression that it was a real pleasure to entertain such nicely-mannered guests.

---

JOTTINGS.

A touching little incident of generosity comes to us from Dr. Palmer. He was staying in a country rectory, and at dinner handed one of our hymn papers to a little son of his host. The lad seemed much struck by the tattered look of the ragged little African, and kept it carefully by the side of his plate, quietly contemplating it. Later on, the boy sought Dr. Palmer in the library, and coming timidly up placed a
half-crown and two pence in his hand. "Please that is to buy clothes for the African boy." The doctor afterwards discovered that the boy's private savings box had been opened, with his mother's permission, that it contained two half-crowns and four pennies. Just half of this sum had been carried as a present for the African boy.

Are there many of us, are there any of us, who would give half we possess? What a wealth of generosity there is in children's hearts sometimes.

Main curiously inconsistent some of us are! We willingly give one penny a day for our newspapers, and even the poorest will have a half-penny paper in order to follow the exploits of the army, or of our football teams. Yet if people are asked for Is. a year for a Missionary Magazine, which gives a record of the doings of a gallant band in Central Africa or elsewhere, the subscription is thought much too high. It sometimes happens that the Mission which tries to spend all its income (save 9 per cent., which it is forced to deduct for expenses) on the work for which it is distinctly given, is asked to grant free copies of its Magazines. Our friends will understand that if we did this generally it would add enormously to our Home Expenses, and we therefore rightly refuse all requests of this kind.

A Cable reached the Dartmouth Street office, on Saturday, January 7th, asking for three nurses. Miss Brewerton was expecting to go in February, but she at once packed and set off on Monday morning, January 9th, at ten o'clock. That was promptitude we must all admire. With Miss Brewerton was Miss Dunford and four lady workers: Miss Annie Gibbons, Miss Sarah Ensor, Miss Martha Ivett and Miss Mary Molesworth. We wish them happiness in their new work. Let us too put their names on our prayer list. They need our help as well as our good wishes.
other prisoners they receive a small sum daily for food, just enough to live on. From the court yard inside the gates open the men's cells, of which we were shown three or four. They are large stone rooms with thick matting on the floor, on which the prisoners sleep. The occupants of two of these cells were out working; they are employed in various public works, gardening, building, etc., and while out of doors are joined together by a long chain fixed to an iron band round the neck to prevent their running away. Women also used to be employed in the same way, but the chain-gang system was considered unsuitable for them, and was discontinued some years ago. It is certainly more healthy to work in the fresh air, even with a chain fixing you to your companions, than to sit all day idle in the suffocating atmosphere of a room where numbers have slept, with the thermometer registering between 80° and 90° in the shade. In one large corner room, with many windows high up in the wall, we saw a great number of prisoners guilty of more serious crimes. Some of these were in chains, long links bright with constant friction. They looked more cheerful and intelligent than the others, and of higher social position; probably their wits rather than their animal instincts had got them into trouble. Some of them were enjoying extra food brought by friends, and all were ready to return our greetings and seemed glad to see us. At that early hour, between 9 and 10 a.m., the courtyard was almost empty, but in the afternoon, when the chaffering for food goes on between the prisoners and the sellers of cakes, fish, fruit, and other cheap provisions, it must be a lively and noisy scene. The officers were most obliging in showing us everything we wished to see, wondering greatly no doubt at the eccentricities of the British woman. One could but feel thankful for the wise and merciful government that restrains and punishes crime without giving way to revenge or cruelty.
For European prisoners there is a separate new building, which I have only seen from the road. It stands in a pretty garden, but of course the windows are too high up for the naughty people inside to see the flowers. M. A. C.

---

**OUR AFRICAN MAIL.**

**Magila.**

The Rev. Fr. Woodward writes:—

"The distress here is increasing very rapidly. Just think of it. There was no harvest worth speaking of last August owing to the long drought. No harvest this Christmas, and now none to be expected before next August! Food in many houses is quite exhausted. Able-bodied men can get plenty of porterage work, etc., but many have such sores from the jiggers they can't walk. Then the women and children, they are already suffering keenly. What little rain we had fortunately brought green food, but is not enough for the corn. I dread to think of what may happen. The Bishop writes me not to take in more boys. Certainly we have no more room, but it is piteous to turn them away; still the girls have to bear it."

**Umbara.**

Padre P. Limo has had Umbara Church and house put in order, and he has placed the teacher, J. Klements Sekiabi there, as he hopes to re-open the school.

**Kologwe.**

There is no European at Kologwe. Rev. John Mdoe is in charge, while Rev. Samuel Chiponde is helping at Magila, where they are very shorthanded. Rev. W. H. Kisbey, Bro. Russell, and Bro. White have had to come to England on account of their health.

**Kiungani.**

At S. Andrew's, Kiungani, there was again a gathering of the old boys on S. Andrew's Day. The Rev. Cecil Majaliwa preached the sermon.

**WORK AT THE PRINTING OFFICE, ZANZIBAR.**

The staff consists of Owen Makan-yassa, the foreman, who has been in the printing office for many years, Amini Dodo, Andrea Andani, Martin Zanga, and Paul, the bookbinder. And then there are five apprentices, who are called wanafunzi, and who are apprenticed for three years. Our day starts at 12.15, * with the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, at which all are able to attend. After service the boys have their breakfast, and at one we start work in earnest.

Just now we are very busy, as we are doing the Swahili Kalendar, which has to be finished in time for the new year. The first thing the men who are employed on it have to do is, some of them have to set it up into type, while another man prepares it for the press. At present we are not able to use our big press, on which we are able to print eight pages, as it is damaged.

The other fundis are, some of them, engaged in helping Paul in binding the new service books, of which they did one hundred last week, and, considering that they are not used to European tools, they did them very well.

Then two of them are employed with the press (when we are able to use it), the man laying the sheets and a boy rolling, *i.e.* putting on the ink. The latter generally contrives to get as much on his kisibau, or apron, as he puts on the forme, and then afterwards the demand for "sabuni" (soap) is enormous. The boys make the rollers and keep the office tidy, and it is the duty of the youngest to open and close the office, and to fetch water.

We have at present over two thousand books to bind, of various kinds. And we have work to be printed for H.M.'s Judge, the Church Missionary Society, for the townspeople of Zanzibar, in addition to

* I have used the Swahili mode of reckoning time, in which 6 a.m. is the same as 12 in the West. — H. S. M.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

four or five different books for the Mission.
The boys are intelligent and industrious,
and seem desirous to learn; but like boys at
home they are very fond of a Siku Kun
now and then, and they enjoy, too, their
practical jokes.

The office is closed from six noon until
eight o'clock in the afternoon, when all
return and go through the same routine
until 10.30, when work ceases.

H. S. M.

December 19th, 1898.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

NEWALA SCHOOL-BOY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

Since I wrote to you last, I have moved
about 200 miles away from Zanzibar,
having been sent by the Bishop to work
at Newala for a few months. This place is
quite different from Zanzibar; but I must
tell you, I think, a little about my journey
here. Of course, from Zanzibar one comes
to Lindi in a steamer, which takes about
three days; then at Lindi I found some
twenty of the Newala people, who were to
come with me to carry the luggage, etc.
You see, there is no such thing as a railway
to take you along at a flying rate: I had a
donkey to ride, but first of all he sunk in
the mud, and then a stirrup broke, and
then something else broke, and at last, on
the third morning, we found he had run
away during the night, so I had to walk
the rest of the way whether I wanted to or
not. I am glad to say the donkey was not
lost altogether, he was found making his
way home all by himself, in a very con-
tented fashion! Well, we left Lindi about
two on Saturday, October 1st, and had about
four hours' walk—and such a walk—once
(as I told you) the donkey sank in the
mud, and soon after I sank over my shoe-
tops myself, and shortly after had to wade
through a river. If you had seen me, I'm
sure you would have laughed! I wore a
very large hat, and a pair of dark spec-
tacles to help keep off the glare of the sun,
and I'm sure I must have looked very odd
indeed!

You can scarcely have any idea, I am
sure, what a wonderful country Africa is.
Just fancy! we left Lindi on Saturday
afternoon, and walked and walked until
Wednesday at noon, through nothing but
forest. We passed about four or five little
"villages," of some dozen houses perhaps;
but sometimes we would walk for four
hours and not see a house, and meet per-
haps one or two people only. And the
way! It is marvellous that any one can
remember the way to go, for generally there
was nothing but a very narrow path be-
tween great high bushes, and there were
thorns to tear one's clothes, and branches
that knocked one's hat off, and stumps that
tripped one up, and twice there was a river
to walk through; and during the day a broiling hot sun to remind you that it was Africa and no mistake! As I told you, we left Lindi about two on Saturday, and arrived just at sunset at the place we were going to spend the night (a little village called Mbarukus). At once the men set about putting up my tent and bed, and the one who carried the folding chair and table undid those, and I was not sorry to sit down and know that I had finished walking for the day. Then the cook made his fire, and out of my food-box I got a tin of meat and some tea, etc., and soon I had a grand meal ready, which I ate by the light of a candle. The porters meanwhile had made lots of little fires, and were making themselves very comfortable round them. Of course, we did not want to sit up late, so by soon after nine all was quiet. Then next morning about four o'clock I was awakened by preparations for starting again. The great thing is to start as early as possible, so as to get as much walking as one can before the great heat of the day begins, so we left each morning at five or soon after, and then it was quite cool, do you know; but as soon as six o'clock came, there was the sun, and immediately it got hot. Well, we generally walked for about four hours, and then rested for a little while, perhaps an hour, and then off we started again, and did four or five hours more, and then we came to our next stopping-place, where it was the same as the first night, only that after that night we generally arrived earlier, and so had quite a nice long rest, perhaps an hour or two, before it was dark. Once our stopping-place was by a river, where there was beautiful clear, cool water, and one could have a nice wash, which was not always the case; it was “a lick and a promise” sometimes, as there were places where we had to be very careful of the water, there was so little of it.

Always, if we stayed the night near a few huts, there were some people sitting round watching everything I did. The children sometimes would come near, but others were quite frightened, and ran away if I seemed to be going towards them.

I got here after four days’ journey; am now quite at home. I think I must leave for another letter some account of this place and the work.

God bless you all.

Your affectionate friend,

October 8th, 1898. Ernget A. C.

My dear Children,—

I thought the December questions were answered very well, as you had to hunt about in seven numbers of African Tidings. Now I want to explain one or two things which some of you did not quite understand. The Rev. Yohana Abdallah worked in the Likoma diocese, but not at Likoma. Question II. asks what offerings were brought to church, the splendid gift of a native Christian at Umtata was not given in church. No one seems to have noticed how a poor woman at Masasi was nearly carried off as a slave. (See A. T. for August.)

After January, prizes will only be given quarterly instead of every month; the marks for the three months will be added together, and a second prize will be given in each class.

Prizes will be given for February and March questions together, and then for every three months afterwards.

The February questions can all be answered from the January number, or the map.

All papers to be sent by the 28th of February, to The Editor of the Children's Page, 8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

The winners for the December Competition were:—

Seniors' Prize.

Bessie Knight (aged 13), Warren Cottage, Tyeland, Midhurst.

Katie Purdon and Mary Crossley, Certificates of Merit.

Juniors' Prize.

Grace Searle (aged 12), Clint Cottage, Branksome, Bournemouth.

Mary G. Guinness and Rhoda Butler, Certificates of Merit. Percy Newnham and Mary Trott, commended.

Competition for February.

1. Give a short description of what Zanzibar is like, in about 140 words Seniors, and about 80 Juniors.

2. What makes building houses such difficult work at Nyasa?

3. When is the rainy season in Newala?

4. Where are Mkunazini, Kota-Kota, Pemba, Unangu, Weti, and Kwangumi?

5. What are meant by Msimamizi, Askari, Jambo, Bibi, Bwana?

Juniors need only answer first two questions.