NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

On October 4, 1905, a college was opened at Nkwazi in the Likoma Diocese for preparing teachers for Holy Orders. Augustine and Eustace, two deacons whose portraits were in AFRICAN TIDINGS for March 1903, have gone there to be trained for Priest's orders.

A scheme of instruction for native women teachers has been started at Likoma. The first examination was held at Christmas and the results were very encouraging. One teacher, Rahel Kabefu, who failed in arithmetic, pinned her examination paper above the door of her house to remind her of what she must do next time.

The three head boys in the school at Malindi are hoping to go to S. Michael's Training College in June. In the last school examinations the boys at Lozi School did better than those in any other school. Four of the boys have been made catechumens. At Unangu they are sending out some of the older Christians to preach to the heathen in the villages round, the Good Tidings which they have received. Padre Yohana does this once a month, sending ten men and ten women with a teacher to help them. They like doing it very much.

From Masasi we hear that there has been an incessant coming and going of people to welcome the Archdeacon. Sexagesima Sunday was a very happy reunion. Only 250 people could get into the little school which was used as a church, but it was a fine day and the rest of the large congregation arranged themselves all round the building and followed the service very heartily and reverently. 140 made their communion and they were all full of gratitude to God for His goodness in bringing them together again after their troubles.

Our last letter from Canon Porter tells us of his safe arrival at Masasi, and he hopes before long Mr. Sims and Mr. Tomes will join them, and the new church and buildings will be begun. He also says that there has been an abundant rainy season, and there is a fair supply of food, so we hope that now there will not be the famine they dreaded.

A Schoolmasters' Conference for native teachers has been held at Msalabani. There were thirty teachers present; it lasted for three days, and the teachers had five hours lectures a day, and this in tropical Africa is really hard work. On February 22 there was a short but severe hurricane at Msalabani; part of the ladies' house and verandah had the roof blown off, and the boys' kitchen sat down bodily on the top of the fire and the food, but not on the top of the women who were cooking. An old bedridden woman who had not been out of her house for a year was made a catechumen at Korogwe; the service took place outside her hut; Padre Prior gave her the cross, and Arthur and some of the other teachers were witnesses. The old woman's name is Rika.

Five boys were admitted as catechumens at Kigongoi on Sexagesima Sunday.
S. DOROTHEA’S ORPHANAGE.

A LETTER TO THE CORAL LEAGUE.

With this picture the children of S. Dorothea’s Orphanage send greetings to the members of the Coral League, many of whom are their special friends. There is no need to say the girls are enjoying good health, you can see for yourselves they are no longer suffering from effects of famine!

Do you not think they have grown since their last appearance in African Tidings? (See A.T. for December 1899 and March 1900.) They are now a bonnie set of girls, full of life and happiness. Two have been married, and three others are contemplating matrimony shortly. In the centre are the Rev. John Saidi and his wife Josefin, who live at the Orphanage and have charge of the girls; they are very fond of them, and look upon them quite as their own. John always speaks of them as “my children.”

There are twenty, so it’s a large family for them to see after. The children are doing very well in school, five of the elder girls are helping us. The two girls at the back, Priska Magoda and Marjorie Makawa, are pupil teachers and doing excellently. The other three are monitors.

S. Dorothea’s is now a Christian household. The last to be baptized was Olivya Mwaika, who is not really one of our famine children; she came to us in 1903. This is her story: During the famine of 1899 all her people died excepting one brother who was quite a youth and unable to look after his little sister. The child was taken in by a heathen who fed and clothed her as she was quite homeless. After the famine was over the man refused to part with the child unless money was paid him for her maintenance, etc. The young brother was unable to do anything, so he turned to the Mission, thus hoping to save his sister from becoming a slave, as in this case she would have been, but, thanks to kind friends at home, the money was sent us and we were able to pay off the debt, and little Mwaiko became a Mission child. She has had two years’ teaching, and was baptized at Pentecost of last year. She is particularly happy at the Orphanage.

There is nothing exciting to tell you of the children; they are very like others of their own age, getting fits of naughtiness, when they now and again have to be punished, but as a rule they are really very good.

You will see they are all wearing the garments known as sheeties, and not the
little frock or 
teitei.

Kind friends, please note there are twenty children, each child requires two sheeties, which means forty garments, and as these only last one term for school wear, they need three sets every year, or 120 sheeties!

We are quite out of sheeties; it is a case of "Mother Hubbard and her bare cupboard." I hope our working parties are making us some this winter.

A SCHOOL OF BABIES.

L. M. Dunford.

A SCHOOL OF BABIES.

WE DI GANGA school is really a crèche for some of the infants, as the mothers are away all day hoeing in the fields, so they come to us to be out of harm's way.

I never reject them however small they are, for the younger they are the better to learn Christian ways.

Each fat babe has a little bit of calico tied round it, and they look such darlings when they put their hands together to say their prayers and sing their hymn. Then they have Zigua Catechism or a Scripture story, then letters, paper folding or writing and drawing on sand trays. Lessons with acting songs and drill are put in whenever they begin to want to roll off their seats or drink water! We do have distractions though. Some of the babes have to rampage about and play with a ball or rag doll when they cannot settle to anything else. Nikola, a little white boy (his father is a Greek), has begun to come to school; he wears brown boots and a sun hat, and the other children think him very grand. He begins to cry because he gets frightened by all the brown children. Then two or three other children have babes on their backs, and they too start crying. I try to teach reading with Nikola sobbing on my shoulder, and two out of the four pupils stamping up and down soothing wailing babies. Occasionally I have to make excursions to the other rooms to see whether Roda is keeping her babes in order, and to look over the writing of two elder girls.
Perhaps it is a good thing school only lasts two hours, though I long at times for afternoon school. Alas! we have dwindled to eight or ten children this week. They are all sowing seeds, and as soon as that is over they have to scare birds and then chase away pigs and monkeys. Then comes three weeks' continuous rain, and there will be no children. D. A.

AFRICAN PORTRAITS.

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 he had done produced by the teacher 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, and took the name of Oswald. He 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. J. C. W.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

URING my visits to an Indian woman whom I was teaching, a poor old slave frequently crept in, and after shutting the door with great caution, and peering suspiciously all round, would steal up to me, grasp my hands, and sitting as close as she could possibly manage say, in a tragic whisper: "You will not let them cut my throat, and bury me in the pit they are digging for me, will you? Listen, listen, do you not hear them?"

This somewhat startled me at first until the Indian lady told me that the poor old woman was mad, and this was her craze. She belonged to an Arab lady, but very often would spend whole days with her.

This continued for several weeks, when one morning on our return from the early Celebration, we found Mama Mhuibui sitting
huddled up inside our door. She crawled up to me, saying with a would-be winning smile: “I have come to live with you, Bibi, and then they won't come and cut my throat and bury me in the pit.”

She refused to come upstairs with us, so we gave her some food under the stairs, where it was dark. After breakfast, with great difficulty I persuaded her to accompany me back to her friend Bibi Fatuma, she clinging tightly to my arm all the way; but as we neared the house she came to a standstill, and steadily refused to move another step; so, as a little crowd began to collect around us, there was nothing for it but to return to S. Monica’s, and on the way thither she almost got into my pocket as she declared her enemies were just about to cut her throat.

She remained downstairs all the morning, creeping in on her hands and knees amongst the children while they were in school, and almost frightening them out of their wits with her rolling eyes and weird gestures.

This could not go on for an indefinite period, so, as she steadily refused to return to her proper abode, I went to the Roman Catholic Sisters to ask if they would receive the poor old creature in the House of the Poor, at Walezio, which is under their charge. Then I paid a visit to the Arab lady to whom she belonged, and who, after a little hesitation, gave me permission to take her to Walezio, provided she returned to her when cured of her madness. It was too late to take any further steps that day, so she remained with us for the night, though we had a little difficulty to persuade her that the hall door could not remain open all night; however, after a while she agreed to sleep outside under the trees, and in the morning, directly the door was open, she crawled in to the kindly shelter of the stairs.

In the afternoon I hired a carriage—for Walezio is about five miles out of town; and then the next move was to inveigle her out of the house and into the carriage!—truly a task requiring much patience and diplomacy; but at length, by dint of persuasion and tambun (a mixture of tobacco, lime and areca nut wrapped up in a betel-nut leaf, and which they chew) she was beguiled into the carriage, and we set off, and at last arrived at the House, where the kind Sisters took her under their care.

I have been several times since to see her, and poor old Mama Mbuibui seems very happy. The Sisters say she gives little or no trouble, except when she thinks her would-be murderers are near, and then she becomes violent and noisy, but a few soothing words soon calm her; they say also that she is most kind to the other inmates, and helps them in many little ways, and when she has any gifts of food or tambun, always shares it with the others.

J. C.
BOARD, LODGING, AND TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

"Heigh Ho—the wind and the rain,
For the rain it raineth every day."

These lines were evidently written by one who had been in Scotland or the tropics.

Part of the duty of the priests connected with the Chauncy Maples is to be put ashore at some village on the east coast of Lake Nyasa, with food, bedding, cooking utensils, crockery, clothes, and all things necessary for ministerial work, and the last instructions generally are, "We will pick you up in about a fortnight's time at M——," a place about thirty miles or more down the coast.

The work to be done at the place where you go consists of taking the various classes, examining the schools, preaching, taking services, hearing all disputes, settling marriage cases, and at times examining the buildings to see if they require repairs.

This done, there is the packing up of goods and chattels, arranging them into convenient packages suitable for the porters' heads, and then the start.

It reminds me rather of the local circus, where everything has its place, and the constant wear and tear to material soon leaves its mark after a short period of daily travel.

It frequently happens that you cannot choose your time of tramping to the next destination, as examining schools has to take place between 9-12 and 2-4, so you may have to travel in the middle of the day in order to be ready for work at the next place, and you often run the risk of showers or excessive heat. At this period of the rainy season the path or road is generally reduced to a footpath by the overgrowth around and is often little more than a swamp, or perhaps the black mud has a smooth shining appearance on which it is difficult to obtain a secure foothold. Here and there you come to a mountain stream rushing down, carrying all before it, which a few weeks before had been a dry sandy gulley. Sometimes the porters are not near, and the first comer carries you on his shoulders, staggering over the rough stones, hindered by the strong current, till you are not certain that you will not tumble over his head, and get a gratuitous bath; but all ends well, the other bank, sometimes
left between them and the roof. At times the school, or church and school in one, forms the sleeping abode of the wanderer. It is wise to ask the teacher for a safe spot to set up your mosquito net, as a hurried shift in the night to avoid a sudden rain storm is not always pleasant. One encounters at times many night visitors, and as a member of the Zanzibar staff said, the net keeps out far more than the dreaded little buzzing insect that is so much to be feared.

At some places there is a table, and generally a stump of a tree to sit upon, or an old packing case is an excellent substitute, but Mr. Swinnerton is doing great things in the bettering of the housing of the poor clergy.

In the dry season most of our discomforts disappear, and to any one who is interested in botany these walks abound in objects of growth which one does not see in the old country, and the expeditions give you a good chance of getting to know more of those among whom we work.

A. G. De La P.

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H. M. MAILS.

The postmaster on board the Chauncy Maples finds his task somewhat embarrassing at times. The home mail comes aboard at Malindi in two or three large mail bags. Sorting for those on board does not take very long, for generally the other Europeans crowd round and help or otherwise, and show signs of pleasure or displeasure, according to the height their pile of letters and papers rises, or fails to rise to.

But it is the up country mail that causes the bother; one generally knows at what station the various Europeans are situated, for Kota, Likoma, and the College generally receive their mail by the Charles Janson or Gwendolen, so that the delivery for the rest of the Diocese is not usually a very heavy one, but it is the native mail that persists at times in going astray.

A letter arrives, for instance, for Lewis P. Ngoo, L. Nyasa, and on taking it to that village, one learns that he has moved some fifty miles south, so the new direction is written upon it, and the letter waits perhaps for a month, until the steamer next calls at that village; when, unless it is accidentally overlooked, it is at last faithfully delivered.

Another letter is for John K. Msumba. On inquiry, one learns that he has gone down to the coast for work for six months. “Will any one keep the letter till his return?” His wife declines, as the rats will be sure to gnaw it to pieces, will the postmaster keep it until he comes back? So the document waits in the hope one day of delivery.

Then there is the insufficiently addressed letter “to James K., Universities’ Mission, Lake Nyasa. Probably there are six James K.’s scattered throughout the Diocese, and the stokers and deck-hands, on being appealed to, differ strongly as to which is meant, and the letter probably goes to three or four of the wrong James’s first, before the lawful owner is able to read the contents.

Then there is the illegibly written letter, which might be for any one, and as there is no dead letter department here, guesses are made often wide of the mark, and some-
times there is no delivery at all of the mysterious epistle.

So we reach the end of the first half of our journey, the top end of the lake, and the post office is empty, the accommodation for letters is only the top berth in a small cabin, there is no other space available.

Then commences the return journey, and one picks up the mail for the south, the mines, and England. Often a native towards the end of the trip will come up with perhaps half a dozen notes, all without envelopes, and among them is one for Harriet Jones, 23, High Street, England; you remark that none of these have envelopes, or stamps upon them, and that this particular note is insufficiently addressed—where did it come from and who is the sender? He answers that he hopes the Mission will provide covers for the letters, and stamps also, that he does not remember where he got that particular letter from, for it was given him by some one on shore and somewhere—but where—he forgets. It is returned to him with instructions to find out further particulars, and to present it fully addressed.

We have no scales or P.O. Guide aboard, and so the weight and correct postage has often to be guessed, with the result that a month or so later, there is returned some letter written across in blue pencil by the Government Postmaster insufficiently stamped, for it is a rule of this country that no letter leaves its boundaries understamped. The Postmaster has neither salary nor uniform, he does not stamp his mail with a post-mark, but he signs himself.

G. De la P.
**Korogwe.**

"A few days ago our teacher Roda was ill and I had all the children. They are getting much more disciplined though they still delight in pinching each other! I sat the five babies in a corner with a rag doll and two woolly lambs to play with, when suddenly I saw one of those very poisonous emerald green snakes. There was no stick at hand to kill it with and I was terrified lest it should slip round to the corner where the wee babies sat, so I called out to the elder children to tuck up their legs, and picked up the small ones and put them on the form, and ran for a stick, and Charles came hurrying up and killed it." *(Charles was one of the first Christians at Korogwe.)*

**Likoma.**

Miss Medd writes of Jamesi (Robert James) who some of our readers will remember: "I have Bishop Maple's special child 'Jamesi' here. I am so glad to have him and hope we shall be able to keep him at least this year so that he may be able to be confirmed when the Bishop (of Likoma) returns. We may be able to keep him longer, but all his people live at Nkamanga on the west side of the Lake and he has been at the Scotch School there. He is very backward in reading, but his writing is good. He is quite a big boy and very good looking."

**Chetnole.**

A small Sale of Work and fancy goods, done by the Sewing Class, which was held on Saturdays throughout the winter, took place in Chetnole School on April 18. The Rev. T. L. Jenkins, Vicar of Leigh, very kindly gave a short address on the objects of the Mission and told us why all should support it. Some acting was done by the Misses and Master Chadwick, and as all the fittings for the tea stall and the acting were kindly given by Mr. Neal the money taken, £3 5s. 4d., was clear profit. Also 9s. 3d. was collected at the work parties in one of the U.M.C.A. boxes, and 11s. 2d. was received in donations, making a total of £4 5s. 9d. The money is to pay for the schooling of Raphael Chuluka. The following members of the working party kindly helped as stall holders:—Miss Andrews, F. Bartlett, M. Broadway, E. Chiles, L. Crabb, T. Dean, L. Hunt, L. Lloyd, E. Patch, L. Townsend and M. Travers.

On May 9 we sent five workers to Africa—Miss Choveaux and Miss Coates to Zanzibar, Miss Bennet to Hegono, Messrs. Wilcocks and Brown to Nyasa.
A BOY'S PROMISE.

PART I

He missionary meeting was over and the people were streaming out of the little village hall into the frosty star-lit night. They came out silently, for a spell lay upon them—the spell of one man's enthusiasm in a great cause. With some of them the spell had vanished long before they reached their homes, with others its influence lasted for a day or a week, but with some few it will remain all their lives.

Among those few were Humphrey Spencer, the Squire's son, and Andrew Chalmers, the son of the Squire's coachman. They had both been confirmed a fortnight before and, as they listened that evening, there, had been at the back of both of their minds some words that the Rector had said at his last class of preparation for the Holy Communion. He was talking about the Prayer of Thanksgiving after the Communion, "Next Sunday, please God," he had said, "you will become full-grown members of the Church,—you will enter into full fellowship with her, all full-grown members of the Church ought to have some definite work to offer to God for the good of the great Society to which they belong—something over and above the work which there is to be done in their own hearts—or to which the duties of their daily life call them."

Humphrey had silently puzzled over those words. He knew that when his sister had been confirmed some years ago, she had started taking a class in the Sunday school, but there seemed nothing definite a boy could do, and especially a boy who was only at home for the holidays. Andrew was puzzled too, there seemed still less that he could do.

The words spoken at the meeting that night came to both boys as an answer to the puzzle. There were four plain, definite things they learnt which they could do to help to set up Christ's Church on earth. They could pray for the Mission; they could try to influence other people to care for it; they could deny themselves that they might have something to give to it; and they might ask themselves from time to time the question, "Does God call me to be a missionary?"

* * * * *

Humphrey walked home that evening burning with missionary zeal. Andrew was of a slower, calmer nature, but when he knelt at his prayers at bedtime he made a promise to God that with His help he would do faithfully this work to which He had called him.

Humphrey's sister and his two brothers were much older than himself, and up to the time he went to school he had had no other playfellow but Andrew. Even now he often found that he could say things to the coachman's son which he could not say to anybody else.

The morning after the meeting he went round to the stables to find him. He was alone, very busy cleaning harness.

"Oh! do put that down and have a talk!"

"Can't we talk at the same time, sir? You see it's my work; I'm not on my holidays like you. Besides I want this to look nice. The Squire has ordered the dog-cart round to the Rectory for the Archdeacon to drive the Archdeacon to the station."

"Yes, I know. Of course you must make the harness look as nice as ever you can as it's for the Archdeacon. Look here! give me another rubber and I'll lend a hand. That Archdeacon's a brick, isn't he? Something like a missionary! I saw you at the meeting. Awfully jolly meeting, wasn't it? I mean to go in for it—I mean, go in for the Mission. Don't you?"

"Yes, I do," answered Andrew simply.

"That's all right. Somehow this seems to have come just in the nick of time, doesn't it? I mean after what the Rector said at that last class when he was talking about our
doing all such good works as Thou hast pre-
pared for us to walk in.' You know I had my
preparation for Confirmation at school, but
I'm awfully pleased I was home for those last
two classes of the Rector's. And I am glad
you mean to go in for the Mission too. I can
always lend you the magazines, you see. I'm
going to order both of them.'

* * * * *

The sun was shining brightly but the
roads were hard with frost and slippery in
places.

Chalmers, the coachman, decided to drive
the dog-cart down to the Rectory himself
instead of sending one of the grooms, for
the mare was fresh and wanted managing.
“Jump up behind, my boy,” he called out
to Andrew, “I shall want you for the gates.”

The mare fumed and fretted as she stood
waiting at the Rectory door, but the Rector
was an excellent whip and once fairly started
she went steadily enough for a little way.
But as she came to the bottom of the drive
something startled her and she began to
plunge. Andrew was standing at the gate as
proud and pleased as possible to have a chance
of touching his hat to the Missionary. For
the Archdeacon was as great a hero in his eyes
as in Humphrey’s.

“Go to her head, Andrew!” called out the
Rector. As the boy ran to obey he slipped
on some ice at the side of the road and fell
backwards full length on the hard ground.

The Archdeacon and the Rector were out
of the cart in an instant, and while the Rector
quieted the frightened mare, the Archdeacon
got to Andrew. He lay white and still,
seemingly unconscious, but as the Arch-
deacon bent over him he opened his eyes and
in spite of his pain he flushed with pleasure
when he saw who it was.

“You’ll miss your train, sir. Please
don’t bother about me.” Then as he tried to
raise himself he fainted away again.

At the Rector’s shout for help, Chalmers
and the gardener came running down the
drive, and together they carried the boy into
the house. Andrew soon recovered con-
sciousness, but when the doctor came he
said that the boy had hurt his back, and that
though he hoped the injury might turn out
not to be very serious, yet the greatest
care must be taken of him.

Humphrey’s holidays were over. Much
as he liked school, he never enjoyed
going back, and to-day it seemed much
harder than ever.

For Andrew was worse. He had gone back
so much during the last week that the doctor
had got anxious, and, at his suggestion, the
Squire had telegraphed for a great doctor
from London.

If only Humphrey could have waited to
hear the verdict it would not have been so
bad.

But the great doctor would not arrive
until ten minutes past three, and his train
started at half-past two.

No wonder that he went off in the most
miserable spirits.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN’S PAGE.

GRANTHAM,
April 30, 1906.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—
At last I know the name of those little red
and black seeds which some of you have
had from me; they are a kind of chicory.
They grow very much like an iris and when
they are dry the pods open and show the
seeds inside just as an iris does in the
autumn. I have still plenty left if any one
else would like an envelope full. I say envelope for my little bottles have come to an end.

I have only received one copy of After Many Days in reply to my request for copies not in use. I think there must be more, and should be much obliged if people will send them. At the performance of this Play at Luton the expenses were only 11s. 10d. so no one need be deterred from acting it on that account. The receipts at that same place were over £5 10s.

So many people applied for the bound volumes of Central Africa which I had to give away that my stock was quite exhausted in three days, and fifteen people who asked for them later had to go without. I could have given away four times the number of volumes, and all to those who wanted them very much. So, please, if any one else has back bound numbers of either Central Africa or African Tidings doing no good will they send them to me and I can promise they shall go where they will be much appreciated.

Mabel Hookway, Lily Vanson, Mabel Bottrell, Ina Colwill and Hannah Colwill, all St. German's, Cornwall, girls, have each exchanged four certificates for a prize. They chose either Black and White or East Africa in Picture.

I find I must remind you yet again not to copy from African Tidings. Read what is written there two or three times and then write in your own words. I always take off some marks if I find children have simply copied the words of the magazine on to their paper.

Always your affectionate friend,
ELLEN M. NELSON.

RESULTS OF APRIL COMPETITION.

Seniors.

Full marks, 29. Elsie Norah Smallwood, Elsie Yardley 27; Ina Colwill, Gladys de Lavelaye, 25; Minnie Sca帐篷bury, Elsie Burbery, 24; Mildred Charman, Elsie Giauville, May Phillips, Lilian Snell, Emily Stephens, Robert Vinter, 23; Horace Bant, Rose EdwArrow, T. F. Middleton, Jasper G. Oliver, 21; Hannah Colwill, Molly Dicker, Annas Watson, 20; John Blow, Nona Clarke, Margaret Evans, Clara Faulkner, Kathleen N. Hills, 19; Lily M. Fortman, Gertrude Heath, Fanny Lursings, Ruth Vinter, 18; Winifred Knight, 17; Maud Lursings, 16; Marjorie Belsey, Audrey E. Lloyd, Gladys Page, 15; Olive Ashbourne, Alexander Cook, Eva Hall, Madeleine Lawrence, Ivy Sybil Moore, 14; Evelyn Belsey, Lizzie Johnson, Winifred M. Watson, Lizzie Wheeler, 13; Lily Davies, 6.

Junior.

1. What did Archdeacon Carnon see on his way to, and at, Masaai?
2. What do you know of Pakuya and Tupu?
3. Describe the seven weddings at Likoma on December 27.
4. Draw a map of Pemba.

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 each 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.

Answers to be returned by June 25 to—
MISS NELSON,
10, Avenue Road, Grantham.

INTERCESSIONS.

THANKSGIVINGS: Let us give thanks—
1. For the reunion of Priest and people at Masasi, and Canon Porter's return there, and that famine has been averted. (See page 61.)
2. For the opening of S. Andrew's College, Nkwazi. (See page 61.)
3. For the progress of the boys at Lozi School. (See page 61.)

PETITIONS: That it may please Thee—
1. To guide and teach the orphans in S. Dorothea's Orphanage. (See page 62.)
2. To grant perseverance to Kiku—a Catechumen at Korogwe. (See page 61.)
3. To protect our Missionaries going out to Africa, May 9, and to bring them safe to their journey's end. Page 69.
4. To further the rebuilding of Masasi. Page 61.
5. To bless our Anniversary May 31. Page 69.