UR readers will be very sorry to hear that the Rev. W. G. Webster, who was in charge of the new station at Kigongoi in the Usambara country, and who was invalided home some months ago, is not allowed to return to Africa on account of his health. He will be a great loss to the Mission, and Kigongoi has now no European priest. The health of Archdeacon Woodward is also a cause for great anxiety, and more priests for that part of the Mission field are sorely needed.

Three Priests have offered themselves for the work of the Mission, the Rev. H. A. M. Cox and the Rev. C. W. Ker for the Likoma Diocese, and the Rev. E. W. Corbett, Vice-Principal of Dorchester College for Zanzibar Diocese. The first of these started for Nyasa on June 23, with Miss Ethel Parsons, a nurse, also for Likoma, and the Rev. W. Kisbey, who is returning to Korogwe.

The Bishop of Zanzibar hopes that a permanent church will soon be begun at Masasi; the foundation stone was laid last S. Bartholomew’s Day, to which saint the church will be dedicated. The Bishop says: “We do not need money for the building, that has already been given, but we need many prayers that what has been begun in faith and out of love to our Lord, may, by His help be perfected, that as the building up of the spiritual Church has gone on all these years, so the material building may not fail of its accomplishment.”

We hear from Masasi that Easter was a very happy time, and that the number of Communicants in the Archdeaconry reached a total of 942. Mr. Porter was travelling about visiting the out-schools, and between seventy and eighty people were being prepared for Holy Baptism. But we are sorry to add that the Archdeacon’s health is by no means good, the anxieties of the past year having greatly told upon him.

At Likoma we hear that the Cathedral was crowded on Good Friday; it looked like a sea of black faces. The Deacon Eustace took the Three Hours Service, and all the people seemed very attentive to what he said.

Three hundred pounds are wanted to finish the Mackenzie Memorial Church at Chiromo. Bishop Mackenzie was our first Bishop, and this church will be the first to greet any one approaching Nyasa. Hundreds of persons will pass it every year, and many who do so will kneel there to pray for themselves and others, and some who do not know our Lord Jesus Christ may be led to know Him by it, while from that altar many will receive Him in the Blessed Sacrament to strengthen them on their journey as they pass into a strange and unknown land, while others will come to give thanks for God’s protection during their stay in that same country and for being brought thus far in safety on their return to their homes and their friends. It will be a church of many prayers and should surely also be a church of many gifts.
ONE very important branch of the medical work at Lake Nyasa is the training of dispensary assistants. It is of necessity a very slow process, and at the present time there are only two reliable boys as the result of more than five years' careful training — Edward and Rafael. Am­ brose, the dawa boy at Kota Kota, is still too young to be absolutely reliable, though he gives promise of being a valuable help to us later on. There is an account of Edward published in *Stories of Africa*. Since then he has made great strides, both in knowledge and in the power of observation. He and Rafael have both worked under the superintendence of the nurse. Twice a week one of them goes over to the College and sees patients there, bringing any serious cases back with him to be admitted into hospital, and treating himself such cases as he knows how to deal with. In the afternoons they have a class for instruction in simple anatomy or physiology, and after that go to visit any patients who may be under treatment in their own villages. It is a very common thing for the doctor or nurse to receive an urgent summons from an outlying village, and on arrival there to find that the patient is hardly ill at all, and certainly not in need of immediate treatment. The doctor's plan now is to send one of these boys to report on the case first, and this often saves...
him a long unnecessary walk in the sun, to say nothing of waste of his valuable time. It also gives the boys a chance of using their powers of observation. They have to take notes of the patient's condition, and find out the history and probable cause of his illness—a somewhat lengthy process—and one that the doctor is glad to have done by deputy. Here is a small extract from a letter by Edward, to show how well he is getting on with his English:

"But I am very sorry to hear that you not come here on this journey. When shall I take my lessons? Now I have finished the physiology. I don't done it very well, but I want to begin again. Now I am learning the next book, 'Five Ambulance Lectures.' Now I finished to know about the framework on all limbs, how many bones. Now I am learning about the nervous system. Miss Medd is very kind to me to teach me this book."

Edward is married now, and has a little baby, to his great joy. At present he is at Kota Kota, helping Mrs. Williams. He is absolutely honest and steady but very slow.

Rafael is a very clever boy, much smarter than Edward, but not so nice to deal with. He is quite capable of preparing everything for a small operation, which saves the doctor a good deal of time. His "bedside manner," however, is not equal to Edward's, though he is a greater help in many ways.

Ambrose is still a little fellow, with very large eyes which threaten to come out altogether if he is much surprised! He is wonderfully careful, and very quick; but, of course, he is only allowed to do quite simple dressings, and give ordinary stock medicines. I was very proud of him when Nema (see AFRICAN TIDINGS, July) had her leg amputated. He had to assist the doctor while I gave the anaesthetic, and to hold the leg, fetch various things, etc., etc., and later to continue the anaesthetic while I helped the doctor; and he did everything that was required of him quickly and quietly, never losing his self-possession in the least, though he had never seen any large operation before, and cannot be more than fourteen years old, if so much.

He had a dreadful experience once. A certain mixture had to be made up. It was a very busy morning in the dispensary, and I was in the middle of a large dressing. So I bade him bring me the bottle containing the drug, and a glass to measure it in, and watched him measure it carefully into the graduated jug we use. It was a colourless liquid and a deadly poison. He had done it often before under my superintendence. "Now fill it up to two pints," I said; meaning, of course, that he should add the water as usual; and I went on with my dressing. A moment later I saw him give the dose, and as the patient drank it my eye fell on the bottle which had contained the drug—it was empty! He had filled the jug with poison instead of adding water. Almost before she had swallowed it, I had an emetic ready, and in three minutes I felt fairly certain that her life was saved, and that she did not even know that she had been in
danger. But Ambrose was looking at me in a frightened, troubled way, so I took him outside and told him quietly what he had done, and that even yet she might die, and then I sent him off to church to pray for her, and for me too, as it was entirely my fault for not having watched him to the end. She recovered all right, and got quite well soon after, and remarked when she went out that the nasty burning medicine Ambrose gave her had done more good than anything else.

These boys have peculiar temptations. We ask your prayers for them, as well as for the sick people they are learning to serve. K. M.

**A CONTRAST.**

OME people say one religion is as good as another, and if by *good* they mean keeping the soul comfortably at ease and thoroughly satisfied with its state in this world and its prospects for the next, then Mohammedanism is decidedly a better religion than Christianity. But if *good* means something that is not utterly selfish, that affects the well-being of the bodies and souls of others, the assertion is utterly untrue.

Let me tell you two little stories to illustrate what I mean.

One drenching afternoon, about half an hour before sunset, I had occasion to go to one of the Indian shops near at hand. In the very middle of the road, lying in pools of filthy water, lay a poor Swahili man. People and donkeys were going backwards and forwards and simply moved to one side or stepped over him as they passed, but no one took the least notice of him. I asked with some indignation how long he had been lying there.

"About two hours," was the answer; "he is the servant of an Arab who lives a mile away, he has an epileptic fit, he will die."

"But have you not sent to his master, or to the dispensary at the shore, to ask for help?"

"No; it is not our business."

"Cannot you move him into shelter under the eaves of one of these shops?"

"He does not belong to us: he might die there."

"Will you allow him to lie there if I move him, until I can send for some *askari* (soldier-police) to carry him to the dispensary?"

"Yes; he may lie there, if you will promise to take him away soon."

Seeing me try to move the man alone, an Indian and a Swahili appeared to feel slightly ashamed, and came to my aid, and between us we moved the man under shelter.

"Who will take a letter to the shore, if I write it?" No response.

"Who will go to the shore with a letter if I pay him for going?"

"I will go for six pice," (two pice more than the ordinary charge), said a Swahili near.

So the six pice were paid, the letter written—the Indian shopkeeper actually produced a piece of paper gratis for the purpose—and the poor man was shortly afterwards taken to the native dispensary. There he died next day, but at least he was warm and dry and comfortable.

This is the way one religion treats the sick and suffering, now for the other.

A few days afterwards, I was walking about our shamba, when I met two boys, whom I had left a few minutes before in the midst of an uproarious game of "rounders" leading a blind man, with a long stick.

"Why, my boys, where are you going?"

"Oh!" they replied. "Some bad person made this poor blind man go the wrong way. He wants to go to the Beluchi village, and he has been sent all up here into our shamba (garden). So we are going with him now, to show him the way."

They had left their merry game to walk half a mile out of their way in order to help a stranger whom they had never seen before, but then—they were Christians.
RICE GROWING AT KOTA KOTA.

[As rice is one of the chief articles of food in Africa we think this account of its cultivation will be interesting to our readers.]

The country all along the lake shore in the neighbourhood of Kota Kota is very swampy, and has proved a good district for rice growing. The cultivation of rice entails a good deal of work; fields have to be prepared for months before it is time to sow the seed, and then there are many stages to be passed before the rice is ready to be sold.

The usual time of year to dig up the fallow ground is in July or August. This is very hard work, as the ground is full of weeds and roots, but the people work away, burn all the rubbish, and get the rich black soil into good order. When the first rain falls the seed is sown in beds, and when the young rice plants are large enough to be handled, they are planted out in the fields. By the time the rainy season is at its height the fields are all under water and the young plants make rapid progress. The natives with a large bag on his shoulder. I inquired where he was going, and he said, “I am off to watch my rice field,” and he told me that his bag was filled with stones to throw at a hippopotamus if he should appear.

Many of the natives build little huts raised on poles and sit there by day to frighten off the birds, and by night to drive off hippopotami.

This year we have had a good quantity of rice and it looks splendid. Yesterday I went to Lozi and passed through a field; the grain was just changing colour and looked like a field of barley ready for the reaping. The natives spend their days in

There are the hippopotami which have to be driven away.
the fields, which makes it very difficult to fit in time for teaching. This Easter we had several women candidates, and the only time we could arrange a class for them was just at sundown. When the rice is ripe the natives reap it by cutting off the ears with a knife; they will go all over a large field and cut off all the ripe ears leaving the others for a few days longer. The rice is then threshed and made up into bags holding about 50 lbs. each.

The Government take a good deal of rice for hut tax; every native has to pay three shillings per year for his tax, and this he can pay by growing about 100 lbs. of rice.

Most of the rice grown here goes to Zomba to feed the native soldiers, so there is always a good demand; already four hundred and fifty tons are ordered, so Kota Kota people will be busy for some time yet.

J. P. C.

DISTRICT VISITING IN LIKOMA DIOCESE.

OT along crowded English streets, but a little way along the S.E. shore of Lake Nyasa shall you accompany me, in thought, as I make my first visit to the people in their homes. I was going to a little hamlet where the people were strangers to me, as they had not been to school like most of the women to have a look at the white woman. I was trying to think what I should say, when one of my scholars joined me; and according to the custom of the people inquired where I was going, and what my business was. Being satisfied on these points he volunteered to accompany me, and on our arrival introduced me to the assembled ladies. As there was no box to offer me for a seat, the newest mat was brought out of the hut and laid on the baraza, and I took my seat. The grand-

mother of the family placed herself on an other mat near to me, and called her daughters, who were pounding corn, and the children who were playing about, to draw near. Then, instructed by my guide, they each—beginning with granny and going down to the baby—said, "Moni Dona" (morning, lady), and did their best to make a salute. The baby was too young to talk, but his tiny fat fist was laid against his forehead for the salute. Then I was put through my lesson in their form of salutation, after which we all had to laugh. Laughing is a sign of good feeling; and as there is always something comical about these visits, it requires no effort to satisfy them of this friendly feeling. We talked about the crops, the work the women were doing, and then about the children; for as in other places mothers and grannies are always pleased to talk about their children. Then I showed and explained the sacred picture that I had brought, and asked a few questions to see if they understood. As long as the picture itself was under consideration they grasped what I meant, so that I ventured to launch out into, for me, a long sentence, and again inquired if they understood. "Oh, yes," granny replied; but a feeling of thankfulness had hardly time to rise, for she turned to my guide, and almost in the same breath asked, "What is she saying?" I listened carefully whilst the lad interpreted, beginning with "She says," and when he had finished I was a little surprised at their not having understood my words, as he had made so few changes, and I followed quite easily all that he said. But the few alterations made all the difference to them.

I spoke a little upon the reason of being there—that they might learn to know and love the Lord Jesus; and then saying "good-bye" returned home, after promising to go again, feeling sure that they would remember a little, and longing for the time when they would be Christians. Just at first it is a little difficult, for the old women
who have never been accustomed to Europeans cannot tell what to make of us. More than once a child has come to me and asked, "Are you a man or a woman?" "Is the Padre a woman also?" "And the one who gives us medicine?" And as the child shouted the answers to the group of women who had sent him, it was easy to see that he had come to gain the information. To their eyes, a white dress differs little, if any, from a white cassock; and the face seems to afford no clue to either sex or age. A fellow worker, ten years my junior, was staying with us, and went with me into a village. The following day hot and strong was the discussion as to the exact relationship between us. "She is your mother, is she not?" and when the answer was in the negative an exultant voice cried, "But, she's your grandmother!" It is only fair to add that the "grandmother" was some six inches the taller of the two. The very old, ugly women are so interesting, and one becomes so fond of them, especially those who cannot get about much; and it cheers one very much to see how they look forward to a visit, where at first they felt only fear or dislike. They crave so for a little salt, and it is to them as much a treat as a little tea is to the very poor in England. Some of them are too old to learn much, and many of them used to think that to become a Christian meant going to school and learning to read. And that was why one longed to visit them instead of spending all day in the schools.

M. S.

THE LITTLE CHURCH.
we stayed with Padre Chambers, and he prepared me and Herbert for baptism, and after four months came our day to be baptized, the festival of Easter. All the people were called and they were told: “Go that you may see our firstfruits in Korogwe.” And the bell was rung in the town and they all came, men and women alike. We were abashed because we wore kaniki (dark blue cloth), and we stood near the font outside the church and we were baptized, and all the people looked on; and when we were baptized we put on white kanzus and we held little tapers, and we went into the church to finish the prayers. Ah, we were very tired that day because of our fasting. After this we began to serve Padre when he celebrated the Holy Communion.

And we stayed with Padre Chambers very many days, and one day he journeyed to Misozwe and we went with him. And Padre began to be ill there, and we helped him as well as we could; and the doctor went to fetch people to carry him to Msalabani, and they came and we put him into the hammock, and we walked and walked till dark; and that day there was no moon, and we groped and groped until at last we saw a lamp in front, and we reached Msalabani at half-past ten and our invalid was taken to a room and we slept. And in the morning I went to him and he began to say comforting words. “Thank you very much, Charles; you have helped me much, now call a messenger that he may carry a letter to Korogwe.” And in it was written: “I want all the boys to come.” And many boys came, and when they saw Padre they all cried that day. And he began to say words of comfort, and he said: “Now, my children, I think we shall meet again in another Life.” And all the children bent down and wept because of Padre’s words. And the second day he began to make his feast for his children, biscuits, tea, bread, fruit, and everything was put ready, and we ate and we finished. And Mr. Lister came, and he began to say: “Let us go to Zanzibar,” and nine of us went with him and
Padre Chambers, and we returned to Korogwe to say good-bye to our mothers, and then we started off to Zanzibar; and there we carried Padre Chambers to a steamer that he might go to Europe.

And we stayed in Zanzibar, and Padre Kisbey went to Korogwe; and masons from Zanzibar went to build the little stone church, for Padre Chambers had left the plans of this church. And when it was nearly finished Padre Chambers came to look at the church, and he was very pleased; then he got ill again, and he was sent in a hammock to Msalabani and then he rested a little in Zanzibar, and he went on a steamer to go to Europe, and he died on the way. When we heard that our Padre was dead the bell tolled and the letter was read aloud, and we all bent down and wept, and we were filled with grief. In the morning we went to the church, and we prayed that he might rest in peace.

CHARLES MAGAGA,
An old Korogwe Boy.

KILIMANI.

"We had a fine Good Friday and Easter for a wonder. I had all the old boys working on the shamba to breakfast here, Tom Petro, Hilary, Ambrosio and the others, they seemed to like it very much. Since Monday it has rained every day, and all day and all night too, and it has been a perfect nightmare of wet and discomfort, some of Thursday's wash still hanging on the lines trying to get dry!

"On Monday I took the boys into town on the roundabout, and let them go on the Bridge to spend their pocket money. It looked fairly promising when we started, but came on to rain when we got to Mnazi Mmoja. We got to the roundabout and were under shelter; it was very slow work, but at last the boys got their ride. Then, as there seemed no chance of its getting better, we started to return to Kilimani, and got wet to the skin; the boys rather enjoyed it. The path was a rippling brook all the way from Mazizini. When we got home I made the boys get into dry clothes, and dosed them all round with quinine and hot tea, and none of us are any the worse for it. We went into school on Tuesday as they could not play out of doors.

"The following Tuesday we made another attempt with better luck. The boys spent their money, buying knives, made in Germany, for 1d. or 2d., and whistles and pistols. Then we went round the town on the tram, a Parsee who was there, arranging that I as well as the boys should go half price.

"After that we visited the lion and tiger in the Victoria Gardens and got back quite dry and very much pleased with ourselves."

KOROGWE.

"Is it not sad! Mangaya, a little girl of twelve, who has been coming to school on and off, is to be married in a month's time. Her parents are heathen, so it is no good expostulating. But I hope I shall not lose her altogether, for she has learnt to pray, and perhaps some day she will learn more. The C.M.S. have a good motto: 'Seed-time is our time, Harvest time is God's,' which is very true and most comforting.

"One thing has been very cheering this week, and that is the way the elder girls have come to school. It is an answer to the intercession for the school in AFRICAN TIDINGS. Before, they have always begged off once
We have begun school again as the rain has stopped. Roda the teacher has one bridge of her island broken, and has to make a detour of four miles to get round by another bridge, so she is going to teach the girls and babes in her own village, and I have a little class of eight elder girls here; perhaps she may be able to send her island children to me later on. Yesterday I thought I would try and get out to Nyumbu, so I donned my jack-boots and girt up my skirts; it was hard work, the mud squelched up to nearly the tops of my boots and once or twice they seemed as if they would be left behind. However, the girls and children listened well when I got there.

"While buying an umbrella the other day some Masai came in with great circles of wood in the lobes of their ears, and a scanty garment draped over one shoulder. They sat down, and after much consultation bought an old cotton umbrella sheath for three farthings. I wondered what they wanted it for. It was for a purse; it took some minutes to stow away all their money in it and then I fancy it was tied round the waist."  

Kigongol.

"The custom of this country is that the fruit of the papai tree is not sold, but any one can help themselves to it. Knowing this we sent a boy once or twice with a basket to collect some. But one day he refused to go, as he said the natives objected to his filling a basket. It was of course quite natural that they should, and though we were disappointed at not getting our papai we could not help laughing at the humour of it." (A papai is the size of two oranges joined, and tastes like an over ripe apricot.)

Chiromo.

On the journey to Nyasa.—"Chiromo would be a magnificent place to start a school in.

We went for a walk along the banks and were followed by crowds of children, but this was the case at most of the places along the river. We used to land for meals, and the villagers came to watch proceedings, the children standing in front. They always behaved very quietly, and when the cooking was over and we began to eat they were motioned to stand at a longer distance off. After the meal we held out a spoon with sugar in it. As we are not sugar eaters we felt we might give a little away. The little boys came for it, but the girls required a more pressing invitation, and then remarked sadly that it was not salt."

EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

ILL our readers pay great attention to the intercession this month for the Magila Archdeaconry, which is passing through a very anxious time? Please also note what is said about Miss Abdy's Girls' School at Korogwe with regard to the intercessions made by the readers of African Tidings (see "African Mail").

* * *

Miss Woodward, Secretary of the Children's Fund, would be glad if those patrons, to whom she has lent letters of information about their children, would kindly return them at once. It greatly adds to her work making so many copies of these letters, and there are other patrons and friends waiting to read them.

* * *

We have just published a new game called U.M.C.A. Quartettes. It will be a splendid way to learn all about the Mission. Miss Nelson will tell you all particulars next month. The price is only 1s.
THE CHILDREN’S PAGE

WORK AT HOME.

THE visit paid to Pontypridd by the Rev. W. H. Kisbey on the 16th and 17th May did much to rekindle local interest in the work of the U.M.C.A. Mr. Kisbey preached at Evensong on the Wednesday, and on the Thursday spoke at a well-attended meeting in the Parish Room in the afternoon. At six he addressed the children in the Parish Church, and in the evening addressed a second meeting in the Parish Room. Thus do we give rest to our missionaries on furlough. Mr. Kisbey goes back to his work in Africa accompanied by a heightened interest in his labours, and in tangible proof of that interest a violet frontal for Korogwe is to be made and worked by one of our ladies. The collections for the Mission Funds amounted to £112s. 3d.

S. MATTHEW’S, EXETER.—At a small meeting held in our Parish Room, May 28, 1905, twenty members joined the Coral League, and soon after fifteen more were enrolled. This year eleven more have joined. During the winter a small working party, consisting of twelve of our Sunday School children, met fortnightly to make shukas for the native boys. Some more experienced workers made chikwemba, so our contribution of work consists this year of seven chikwemba and seventeen shukas. We have had an interesting address from the Rev. F. Hodgson, when the collection and sale of literature brought in over £2 10s. A few collecting boxes were taken. During Lent the boxes in Girls’ and Infants’ Sunday Schools produced £1 7s., and a class of small boys, meeting weekly to “do something” for Missions, brought 3s. 8½d. In Lent ten fresh members joined the Coral League. Miss Houghton’s Women’s Bible Class contributed 7s. 7d., and Miss Harding’s Young Women’s Class 10s.

The Editor of AFRICAN TIDINGS offers a Prize of 10s. each for the three best Missionary stories suitable for AFRICAN TIDINGS.

Manuscripts to be sent to Miss D. Y. Mills, 9 Dartmouth Street, not later than September 1. They must be legibly written, or typed, on one side of the paper, the name and address of the writer written at the end of the Story.

No story will be read that is not perfectly legible, and nonsense will not be looked at!

If manuscripts are to be returned, Stamps for postage must be sent.

THE CHILDREN’S PAGE.

GRANTHAM, July 2, 1906.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

First let me thank very warmly all those kind people who sent me old bound volumes of CENTRAL AFRICA and AFRICAN TIDINGS. I have received sufficient to supply the wants of all those who asked for them, and look forward with pleasure to sending them off to-day. The copy of the Report for 1881-1882 I am taking the liberty of keeping myself, containing as it does Bishop Steere’s sermon at the last Anniversary before his death.

I think perhaps you don’t realize the course of events before a convert is baptized. If a person comes to the preachings and seems interested, he (or she) is asked if he would wish to become a hearer. If he does, his name is written down, and his attendances regularly marked. If after a year or so his conduct has been satisfactory he becomes a catechumen. He is admitted a catechumen in church at the West End, and at that time is given a cross. He remains a catechumen for about two years, during which time he is being taught for his baptism. At the end of the time he is baptized, and takes his place with the other Christians in the body of the church. It is only the children of Christians who are baptized in infancy.

It was very delightful to me at the Anniversary to see so many of the competitors, though I naturally wish very much that a great many more of you could have been there. To me the day is always the one in the whole year to which I look forward with the greatest pleasure, and I am never disappointed. I do not know if it is so in other Missions, but certainly there is an extraordinary bond of sympathy between all those who work in any way for the U.M.C.A., and on entering
the big hall at the Church House or the Holborn Town Hall, one knows at once that all in that big assembly are one’s friends—that they care for the same things that you do yourself, and pray daily for the same objects. There are many of us necessarily who can never meet face to face in this life, however many Anniversaries we attend, but I always feel sure that in the other world, if God gives us grace to attain to that blessed place, we shall know each other and rejoice to meet. I wish as many of you as can would get the July Central Africa (1d.) and read the speeches for yourselves, and you know I am always ready to send you anything of this sort if you ask me for it.

So the cooks both at Likoma and Kota Kota have only one leg each. Curiously, I know another cook, an Englishwoman, who loves U.M.C.A. very dearly, and is always working for it, who has also had the misfortune to have one leg amputated. It shows, doesn’t it, that even if we are afflicted God will find us something to do for Him provided we ourselves are willing.

A native teacher, Sheldon by name (formerly of Kilimani), has just gone from Zanzibar to Mtoni on the mainland opposite. He married Gladys, a very special child of mine, at Mbweni. She was my room girl, and always kept it beautifully clean, and nursed me most devotedly when I was poorly, never leaving the house if she thought there was a chance of my wanting anything. She writes to me that when she knew there was to be a change at Mtoni she prayed earnestly that her husband might be given this work, and she rejoices that her prayer has been answered. Think of her sometimes, for she will be among many heathen and away from the English Missionaries, and will, I am sure, often be lonely. Jasper Olivier has exchanged four Certificates for a Prize; he chose the U.M.C.A. Atlas.

Always your affectionate friend,

ELLEN M. NELSON.

RESULTS OF JUNE COMPETITION.

Seniors.
Full marks, 53. Alice Cameron, 52; Olive Cram, 47; Mimi Clarke, 44; Ada Faulkner, 40; Joseph R. B. Baser, 36; Olga de Lavelaye, Louie Scantlebury, 34; Mary Cound, Elizabeth Worster, 33; Mabel Botterell, 31; Annie Bradshaw, Mabel Weatherill, 28; Doris Bradley, Samuel Court, 27; Lily Vance, 26; Florence Bambridge, 22; Elsie May Yardley, 18; James Taylor, 16; William Pratt, 5.

Juniors.
Full marks, 30. Bessie Slocombe, Norah Smallwood, 29; Emily Stephens, 27; Eric Dyson, 26; Horace Baut, Hannah Colwill, Robert Vinter, Ruth Vinter, 25; Eda Colwill, Gladys de Lavelaye, Minnie Scantlebury, 24; Ivy Lilian Boyes, Jasper George Olivier, G. J. Berryman, 23; Nona Clarke Sarah Cound, 21; Lily Portman, Gladys Muriel Page, 20; Rosa Edworthy, Clara Faulkner, W. G. Knight, 19; May Phillips, 18; Lizzie Johnson, T. F. Middleton, Lilian Snell, Alf. Scoffield, 16; Marjorie Beesley, E. Davies, Frank Parry, 15; Anna Watson, 14; H. E. Middleton, 13; Alfred Gimes, 12; Fred Motte, 7; May Pratt, 5; Oliver Pratt, 4.

COMPETITION FOR AUGUST.

Seniors.
1. Describe the life on the Chauney Maples.
2. What do you know of Korogwe in old days?
3. What was the Boy’s Promise, and how did he keep it?
4. Mention anything you know about the Anniversary (not the order of the day).
5. What do you know of the cooks at Likoma and Kota Kota Hospital?

Juniors.
1. Describe the life on board the Chauney Maples.
2. What do you know of Korogwe in old days?
3. What do you know of the cooks at Likoma and Kota Kota Hospital?

Answers to be sent by August 25, to—
Miss Nelson,
10, Avenue Road, Grantham.

INTERCESSIONS.

THANKSGIVING: Let us give thanks—
That the girls at Korogwe are coming more regularly to School. (See page 93.)
For a happy Easter at Masasi. (See page 85.)
That three Priests have offered themselves for Mission work. (See page 85.)

PETITIONS: That it may please Thee—
To restore Archdeacon Woodward’s health and to send more priests for the work in the Magila Archdeaconry. (See page 85.)
To bless and teach the dispensary assistants at Likoma. (See page 86.)
To grant Baptism and Confirmation to the catechumens at Masasi. (Page 85.)
To bless the building of Masasi and Chiromo Churches. (Page 86.)