WASHING-DAY IN LIKOMA.

Perhaps there are some of you who have lately begun to take in African Tidings, and so have not read those delightful letters which some months ago appeared so regularly about Likoma life, and you may like to know how some things appear to a newcomer.

Whit-Monday was a holiday here, as in most English schools, and as Monday was the regular washing-day I took advantage of it to go down to the Lake to see how the work was done. Imagine yourself at the seaside with the waves lapping gently the sand at your feet, but with the water such a beautiful blue as one rarely sees in England. Look across the water, and the mainland, which is only six miles distant, seems quite close. Now turn your back to the sea and you will see, not rows of bathing vans but a collection of reed huts (with little more cubical space than the vans) planted on the sandy soil at a safe distance from the water, overshadowed by tall baobab trees, and with rocky hills in the background.

At the edge of the water were several dry goods boxes, and in front of each, squatting close to the waves, was the washerwoman belonging to it, her long garment tucked up so as to be kept dry (as you girls love to do with your dresses when you are paddling), though at times it fell down, or an extra big wave came and rolled up her back as she was soaping the things (you see, her back was to the water), which, to an onlooker, appeared rather aggravating. But she only laughed as if she enjoyed it.

Each article was dipped in the lake, placed on the box, and soaped all over. An African does love to play with soap. Then it was dashed on the box, or kneaded about with the hands, but not rubbed. She next dipped it again in the water, walking out a little into the waves if it were a large garment, so as to escape the sand somewhat, and, of course, all the...
lather sailed gaily away. Another soap­ing, another dashing, another dipping, a
slight wring out, and the article was
spread on the sand to dry.
I think the number of soapings and
dippings depends upon the amount of
soap available rather than upon the
cleanliness of the clothes.
Small things, such as pocket-hand­
kerchiefs, were tied together, I suppose to
keep them from being easily blown away.
And then the women sit and smoke until
the things are dry, when they bring them
back and get their day's wages. As the
sun is so powerful the water is never
quite cold, but we thought that if we
could have the washing done at home in
hot water it might be an improvement, as
the pockets and hems would not then be
filled with sand. We obtained permission
to try it.

In the girls' ground is a kitchen where
the boarders cook their food, this kitchen
being four walls, with a galvanised iron
roof resting on supports, so as to leave an
open space between it and the walls. On
the floor a few logs were lighted, above
which was suspended a large iron cauldron,
the chain being fastened to a thick branch
resting on opposite walls. The water had
to be fetched from the lake—nearly a
quarter of a mile—so to save time we bor­
rowed all the buckets of water already
brought for the day's personal use, and
filled the cauldron. We used baths in­
stead of washing-tubs and bowls. The
women put their hands very gingerly, and

with a little squeal, into the hot water, and
shrank back when they found that it was
warm. Then I gave them a practical les­
on, but the number of waters, the wrong
and right sides of the clothes, and, above
all, the rubbing, did not coincide with their
notions as to what "washing" ought to
be. We have no "blue," so merely have
to do without it. In the meantime one of
the men had driven in some posts and put
up a line. This line is native made, being
plaited flat instead of twisted round like
English clothes-lines. And now here were
lines and clothes all ready, but not a single
peg! I thought of all the gipsies from
whom I had refused to buy those things,
and wished that one could have appeared.
The best substitute I could think of was
safety-pins, which rather puzzled the
women at first. They thought the correct
way of "hanging" was to throw the things
down over the line, so I had to show them
how to pin them on properly by a single
hem, one of the women holding an umbrella
over my head whilst I did so. There was
a delightful breeze blowing, and I felt
quite pleased as I saw the things fill out,
A TRAVEL UP COUNTRY.

Think that we need fear no wet washing-day for six months or so.

As I unrolled my sleeves and looked at my sodden hands, I felt proud and satisfied with my morning's work. But the women didn't; when they presented themselves at the pay-master's, they told him that I had made them put their hands into hot water, had made them rub, and their backs ached; and for these reasons they asked for a half-day's extra wage, though they had finished by noon! You will be gratified to know that they didn't get it. We are still doing our washing at home, and each week it becomes less trouble both for the washerwomen and for ourselves.

Likoma, July 3rd, 1899. M. S.

We went up the river in a small steamer with its paddle-wheels in the stern. We expected to see hippopotami and crocodiles in great numbers, but were disappointed; now and then just the head of a hippo appeared above the water for a few seconds, and then he would disappear to rise up again in a different spot a few yards off, but never on the bank, or as you would see him in the Zoo. The crocodiles, too, would slip into the water at our approach, seemingly afraid, but in reality, if we were to land, only too ready to snap up a native as he waded to shore in the shallow water— one pounce, and the beast and his victim would sink, never to appear again. The crocodile keeps its prey until it begins to decay and then eats it. When we passed Liwande we were told that two days previously the chief's daughter had been lapping water with her hand at the river bank, and had thus been seized and devoured.

Every few miles we passed a village. The natives generally came out to stare at us—a white dona (lady) being a great scarcity in these parts. The children would run along the bank and call out for something to be thrown to them; they were greatly pleased, and a scramble would ensue, if an empty tin, with the paper round it describing what it had contained, was thrown to them. Their houses were made either of mud or reeds. The country round for the greater part of our journey seemed swampy and uncultivated, the grass and the corn round the houses often reaching a height of ten to twelve feet, and the former was so strong that at night the boat was often tied up to a clump of reeds.

At Chiromo there was a native band belonging to the Portuguese Government, who came round and played tunes of an evening; their instruments were rather of a tin whistle and native drum description. They were unable to play "God save the Queen."

Every European at night was challenged...
by the native guard, who acted as police when wanted, in the usual military manner, "Halt! Who goes there?" On receiving the answer, "Friend," the reply came, "Pass, friend; all is well!" This was said in very broken English.

Our next stopping-place was Katunga's, where we were obliged to disembark as the river has falls. We were carried in "machilas"—hammocks slung on poles with an awning overhead, and carried between two natives on their shoulders—generally twelve form a team, the rest trotting along by the side carrying their food and shouting and singing most of the way. They will carry you for about ten minutes without a change, and will go fifteen miles without a rest. Our journey lay for the most part through a forest—here and there climbing a bit of rock, with projecting solitary boulders in places, which appeared to have been hurled down by volcanic eruption from the heights above; now down into a glen with a rushing stream dashing over loose stones, through which one was carried for the first time in fear.

Towards the end of our journey the men
had to wade through mud and water, at times up to their knees, for a distance of two or three miles. Sometimes they would slip, at other times come down on their knees—altogether it was a perilous journey. We stayed at Mandala, a hill opposite to Blantyre, and the white dome of the Scottish church looked very picturesque in the distance. On a close inspection the red brick church, finely built with its different variety of architecture, looks just as if it had been made in England and planted down there by a miracle ready-made.

Part of our journey to Matope was most perilous, in a four-muled trap mostly made of iron; even "the boldest held his breath for a time." The drivers would certainly earn their living in London as a driver of a fire-engine or a butcher cart—round corners where there is only room for one trap, over large, loose stones, through streams with rushing water. At one stream we had to get down and throw stepping-stones into the water. After we had crossed the mules followed, leaping up with the trap a sheer two feet of rock out of the water. In one trap the harness broke and had to be mended with the driver's bracelets; in another two were thrown out in crossing a stream—luckily they touched earth lightly and safely on the bank, while the third trap broke down altogether, the wheel collapsing entirely.

When we reached Matope there was no boat, so most of us had to sleep in the store shed in hammocks among the bales of cotton and cases of soap, with rats running about, and natives of both sexes on the floor around us. The face of the poor agent, who lives alone, was a sight to see when he found himself stranded for two nights with eleven extra Europeans, and practically no food in the larder. We passed Fort Johnston, which is only a fort by name, the site having been moved.

The new position is not fortified; it boasts, however, of the only pier, a wooden one, in British Central Africa. There is also a gunboat of Her Majesty's stationed there, the Gwendoline, with native sailors and British officers. But a short distance from here, at Mponda's, the most southerly station of the Mission, our party was divided up—some to remain, some to proceed farther north. In spite of having had to rough it occasionally, our health was of the best, for we all escaped fever.

A. G. de la Pryme.

Mponda's, May 17th, 1899.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—

Two members of the "SS. Philip and James Children's Mission Army" had, just among members of their own household, a little sale of what they had themselves made. Elsie is only twelve and Phyllis eight, and they realized 4s. 6d.

Another member of my "regiment," Ursula, has been working for more than a year for a sale she made up her mind to have, and on June 8th her mother allowed her to hold it in their drawing-room. I
hear she made the capital sum of £6 Is. 6d. She got the little sale up entirely herself, and being only thirteen, I do think it is very good of her.

They all wish the money to be for the famine fund. Perhaps you would kindly acknowledge the sums in *African Tidings*. The SS. Philip and James Mission Army was started in 1873, long before the Coral League was thought of, and supports two children in Central Africa—a girl at Likoma and a boy at Mkunazini.

Yours very truly,

M. Una Charsley.

Oxford, June 12th.

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LESSONS FROM INSECT LIFE IN AFRICA.

THE ANTS AND THE COCKROACH.

East Africa, where it was my privilege to work as a member of the U.M.C.A., is to my mind an ideal home for the naturalist, and many a lesson may be learnt from the humblest of God’s creatures in that beautiful and wonderful land. I have often thought when in Zanzibar what an amount of pleasure they lose, who in England shudder at the sight of a black beetle, or seem ready to faint if a wasp comes in at the window! How many boys and girls even think only of how they may kill the “nasty, horrid things.” I hope that when this paper has been read not a few of the readers of *African Tidings* may see something to admire in, as well as some lesson to be learnt from, these tiny creatures, created by God, in which hitherto they have either taken no interest, or only thought of as creatures to be wantonly crushed under foot.

In Zanzibar, as one’s windows are open night and day, the insects claim an equal if not a greater right to occupy one’s house; and without them life would lose much of its charm as well as interest. I suppose, Mr. Editor, most of your young readers know what a scavenger is, but I wonder how many of them would associate that long word with the tiny word “ant,” and yet that is one of the duties fulfilled by these little creatures. Many a weary hour on a sick bed in Africa has been beguiled and many a lesson learnt by watching these silent little teachers from God.

A cockroach has been killed and the remains left on the floor of my room. There is no need to sweep it up, for a tiny scavenger in the shape of an ant, on the look-out for work as well as for something wherewith to fill the family larder, espies it and immediately rushes to tell a companion, and by and by one notices little
LES SONS FROM INSECT LIFE IN AFRICA.

groups of ants coming in a wonderful way from various parts of our white-washed walls, but all following in a downward direction. A piece of news has been communicated to them by one or two others who have made an important discovery and are fussing about as if unable to control themselves. The excitement spreads, the heralds of the good news lead the way followed presently by quite an army; where they come from is a mystery!

One instinctively follows their march to see what they are after, and looks on with admiration at the undaunted manner in which they attack their prey, a monster in size compared with them, to move which one would imagine would be an impossible task. But no (and here our lessons begin), courage comes to the rescue; and we all know that union is strength, and we find that when these two are joined together success is not far off. They all seem to work together in perfect harmony too, each doing its very best just where it is most needed. Dozens hang on to the head, legs, wings and body, and their united efforts win the day as well as the prey. They begin to drag it slowly over the floor till they reach the wall, and one naturally thinks that is as far as it can possibly go; but no, their store house is somewhere near the ceiling, and they actually begin the herculean task of dragging it up the whole length of the wall. At times the effort seems too great for them, and one regretfully sees one or another of the brave little ants letting go as if exhausted, and the monster cockroach dropping down a little bit; but faithful comrades come to the rescue over and over again, and put fresh strength to the task, until, after many a hard struggle, their courage, patience, and perseverance are rewarded and the prey is safely stored in the larder. I am sure none of us will grudge them their well earned reward! I may some other time have another talk about insect life in Africa, but I think the tiny ant will furnish us with sufficient lessons for this paper.

Who of us, old or young, does not want courage as well as patience and perseverance to face the work given to us by God whether at home or abroad? Especially would I ask your young readers, Mr. Editor, when they feel tempted to say "I can't do this or that" to think of the little ants. Surely no boy or girl would like it to be said of them that a tiny insect has more courage, more patience, more perseverance than they! Every one, young and old, can help to spread the good news of God's love to man in heathen lands; but I fear that many who have the courage to begin the good work lack the patience and perseverance which overcome difficulties.

Archdeacon Johnson has been waiting a long time for his new mission steamer. The steamer is ready, but the money to carry it out is wanting. Suppose every reader of African Tidings, old and young, were to apply my story of the "ants and the cockroach" to themselves and the steamer, each giving something themselves (not necessarily a large sum) and trying hard to get others to give, even although it meant perhaps a good deal of time, trouble, inconvenience, and perhaps self-denial. The happiness of knowing that by our united efforts we had safely carried the steamer to Lake Nyasa and enabled it to begin its good work there, would indeed be a good reward, and the task would soon be accomplished. I trust it may be so, and that the contributions to the Steamer Fund from the readers of African Tidings will be as numerous as were the ants on the walls of my room at Mbweni!

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

J. H.

** The Editor of African Tidings will gladly send Steamer Cards to all who will kindly adopt this useful hint. If every reader would collect 2s. 6d. it would amount to £2,500.
A NEW-COMER'S WORK.

BEFORE leaving England I was told two things which especially struck me: (1) "You missionaries have no work to do; you sit about and smoke all day." As I am not a smoker, that part is wrong, and work, too, has been plentiful. (2) A woman in East London, where I was working, said, "Oh, you are too much of a feather-bed gentleman to be any use out there." I did not agree with her, but since then I have at times felt there was some truth in her words, and that the work of a priest out here is very often more like that of a layman; and I have felt on more than one occasion that I was a layman in the first sense of the word: after being three days at a station with one man, to find him in bed with fever, and all the workmen coming for orders and advice. To begin with, the science of medicine was never even dipped into by me, and the art of nursing was novel; moreover, the cook was absent for a few days, so that work, with the aid of the schoolboys, also fell to my lot. Now to eat food is one thing, but to cook it is quite another matter—at least, so as to be presentable for table, especially for a sick invalid in bed. Then outside the house one had to argue with the natives in Chinyanja (very often the sign language played a prominent part) as to how many bamboos was a man's load? how much of a fence should they be able to put up in a day? Then the bricklayers came; they were building a kitchen-chimney, or rather rebuilding it, as it had been put up wrongly in the first place. Now to see men putting brick upon brick is an easy matter, but to tell them how to build an arch, and then show them the way to do it, is not part of the education of a public school, or of Cambridge University—yet it all comes in a day's work out here. Then, to crown all, the shepherd arrived to say that a cow was
dying, what was he to do? What was I to do was a more likely question. Yet all’s well that ends well, and I got through my difficulties somehow, having added ‘a great many fresh words to my vocabulary.

Then schoolboys will be schoolboys, I suppose, all the world over. It is natural, I suppose, to play tricks upon new-comers, whatever be the colour of your skin; and yet how are you with your knowledge, or rather ignorance, of the language to stop them doing something, or rebuke them for mischief done. A friend outside the Mission said, “Give it to them strong in English; they will see that you are angry, and it will answer your purpose better, as they cannot laugh at any mistakes you may make.” Then when you think you will have a quiet time to study the language, or prepare some few sentences to say to the boys and girls in school, or to some of the natives who come to the services, there is a knock at the door, and some one begins to chatter as fast as he can. You tell him to speak slowly, but it is no good, and a long time is spent before you arrive at an understanding. Then one must rush round the Mission ground to keep various people up to their work, for I am sure the expression “work like a nigger” only refers to when you are in sight. And so, with a vocabulary in the pocket, one gets through the day, and at night counts up how many fresh words one has learnt.

A. G. D. L. P.

THE CHILDREN’S PAGE.

Kilimanjaro,
September, 1899.

My dear Children,—

I am afraid I have let a long time pass without sending you any letter; but I had, in company with many others, rather a bad time after Easter, and had to spend a good many weeks in my bed. We have several new boys whom I do not think I have told you anything about yet. The biggest of them is Mambo, who only came two weeks ago. He was a slave boy, and spent some weeks at our hospital with a bad sore. When it was cured he said he wished to stay in the Mission and not return to his master. So his freedom was obtained, and after staying a day or two with Padre Chambers, he brought him here. All the boys love Padre Chambers, and Mambo thought he had got a very poor exchange for him, and at first wept bitterly, assuring us he did not wish to stay here, but would run away. We were at our wits’ end to know how to make him happy, for he was too big to be comforted like a smaller child. At last Miss Stevens told him he should have a shamba (a small piece of ground for a garden). It was a happy thought. His whole face beamed with delight; he had got property here—he was one of the owners of the place! He was provided with a hoe, and he set to work then and there with a will, and has been quite jolly and contented ever since. Of course you cannot expect very much from a boy as old as he is (quite twelve years, I should think), who has lived so long in the town; so whoever adopts him for their child must remember that he will all the more need their love and prayers.
Juma and Yohana Mkwenya both come from Kichelwe. Juma is a very pretty boy, perhaps nine years old; he is not yet baptized. Yohana is very small and very thin, and has something of the old man about him, as though he had found life hitherto a bit of a struggle. He is rather a dear little fellow, and has a very pretty smile. His father is a cook in town; he and his mother come to see him on Sundays, and bring a very nice baby brother with them.

Silanga is another Kichelwe boy, rather older than Yohana. I do not think there is anything to tell about him just now.

Then you will be glad to know that Wilfrid, the little Bishop, has at last come to live at Kilimani. He has been with his mother at Kiungani for a long time. When the boys went for their holidays, Wilfrid evidently found it very dull, so one evening he ran into my room and said he had come to stay. When I asked him how he came from Kiungani, he said, "I came by myself." His mother has not been to take him away as she always did before, and she seems to have settled down to work on the new schoolroom they are building at Kiungani, carrying mortar and stones. Masudi is another boy who we are very glad to have here. He is the only son of David Susi, who some of you may remember was such a good and faithful servant to Dr. Livingstone, the great African traveller. David Susi died when his little boy was a baby. He was very anxious his child should be brought up a Christian, and his wife promised he should come to us when he was older; but she is a Mohammedan, and did not like giving her boy up to Christians. Masudi is now eight years old, and came to us of his own accord, and I suppose his mother would not prevent him, as she had given her promise; but when Miss Clutterbuck went to talk to her about her boy, she was not to be found. Masudi is rather a baby for his age, and very easily teased, but he is improving and getting on.

Just now, tops are all the rage with us. Every boy has one, cut out of wood, and you can see them all over the shamba, whipping them round. Pieces of rag are in great request among them. With these they make two or three thongs and bind them tightly to a short stick, and then smack the tops all over the place. We have been obliged to cut down a big mango tree, as it was all dead and blighted, and the thick ends of the branches cut into capital tops. Most of our old boys who have passed up to Kiungani have gone to Pemba for their holidays, as they have no homes of their own to go to. They are staying with Canon Key, and seem to be having a very good time, to judge by the happy letters which I have had from some of them. I will translate two, that you may see what they are doing. The first is from Leonard Faraji, who went to Kiungani last year.

WEIL,
September 2nd, 1899.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—
I send you salaams, and I hope you are better of your illness, and if not, God will cure you.
I am very well, and so are all of us, and Benedict the same. We like this place very, very much, and Padre Key is very kind to us, his visitors. He takes us to see everything, and we have gone everywhere. There are valleys and hills and rivers here, and many, many clove trees. I have no time to write more. I send my salaams to Miss Stevens and Walimu, Leonard, and Sheldon, and to Paul.
I am, your child,
Leonard Faraji.

The next is from an old day boy:—

MY DEAR BIBI,—
Many salaams, and after salaams I send you my news. I am here at Pemba, Bibi. It is a very beautiful place; but there are a great many hills, and I get very tired. You cannot walk five minutes
without climbing a hill, but the country itself is beautiful, and there are great numbers of beautiful clove trees. The people of Pemba like very much to cultivate tobacco. Pemba has a great many islands. We have walked all round and about it. Padre Key is very good to us; nor does he get tired of walking with us. He has taken us inside and outside of the island, and is not tired.

I am, your loving child,
HENRY S. KELEZA.

Henry is a very delicate boy, and, after the flat country of Zanzibar, I have no doubt he does get tired climbing hills.

I have a nice piece of news with which to finish my letter, and that is, that three of our old boys, Obed Farjila, Augustine Ramathani, and Gerard Kandochi, hope to become teachers at Kiungani when the school reassembles. We are all very pleased about this, and we are going to have a holiday in their honour, as Gerard and Augustine are the first day boys to become teachers.

Your affectionate friend,
D. S. Y. MILLS.

Miss Mills asks for a few knives (one blade and loop), trumpets, guns, small lock-up boxes, etc., as Christmas presents for sixty-eight boys from 15 to 2 years.

A Letter from Archdeacon Woodward to a little Girl,

MY DEAR ELIO,—

Thank you very much for your letter, and especially for the "monies" which you sent for our little boys' dinner. Only two days ago a little boy who was very hungry, tried to come to Magila, and he got very near, and then he was too hungry to get up the hill, and a naughty man who saw him there never told me until he was dead. People do not love each other very much in heathen countries. The horrid locusts did not do much harm this year.

We had a leopard in our garden a week or two ago—like a great big cat, and very fierce. One of our boys shot a great long snake. Ask Mr. Viner to show you the photograph of the skin. Once I nearly trod on the tail of a snake longer than two men put together!

We often hear the lions roaring at night; and a few days ago we had to kill our donkey because it was ill, and we did not bury it but took it to the bottom of the hill, which was better than burying it; for in the night we heard the sound of hyenas coming, and they soon found the body and buried it after their fashion; and when they had done all they could millions and millions of little black ants came and cleaned the bones. Good-bye.

Go on saying your prayer for the black boys, and God will bless you too.

Yours affectionately.
H. W. WOODWARD.

Answer to enigma:—
Zanzibar.
Ambali.
Mongoose.
Barnaba.
Easter (Eve).
Shangani.
India.
ZAMBESI.

RESULT OF SEPTEMBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.—Full marks, 18; D. Trott and L. Perman, 16; C. M. Wilson and M. Rawlinson, 12; A. H. Lillie and B. Wrixon, 10.
Juniors.—Full marks, 15; M. K. Trott, 14; R. Butler, 13; D. Winchester, 10; W. Phillips and W. Hay, 8; Z. Strange and C. E. De C. Stretton, 7.

Prizes for three months' answers:—
Senior Prize.—Dorothea E. Trott, of Over Peover, age 14.
Certificate.—Lada Perman, of Wilmslow, age 13.
Junior Prize.—M. Kitty Trott, of Over Peover, age 11.
Certificate.—Rhoda Butler, of Weybridge, age 12.

November Competition.

Seniors.
1. Give an example of some of the difficulties of the Confirmation candidates at the Lake villages.
2. Write a short account in your own words of the baby dispute at Magila.
3. Mention one of the natural sights at Kota Kota.
4. In Zanzibar and elsewhere, where the native schools are taught, you may find my first three letters, in some slavers caught. When boats go on the Shire, they are quickly urged along, as the boatmen do my second to the oft repeated song.

In time's quick fleeting measures, that are too quickly past, can be found just two small letters, that form my scanty last.
Where boats must come to anchor, on the bank
my whole is found.
Near the lone grave of a hero, which we count
as sacred ground.

Juniors.
1. What was the Likoma offertory at Easter?
2. How did some of the Zanzibar girls help the
famine sufferers?
3. What kind of troubles do the nurses have
sometimes in Zanzibar?

Answers to be sent before Nov. 30th to the
Editor of the Children's Page,
8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

The Children's Fund.—There are now attached
to the Mission, 12 readers, 142 teachers, 2,242 boys
(684 of whom are boarders), and 1,003 girls (89
boarders). 727 of these teachers and children have
patrons.

Almanacks for 1900.—A Pocket Kalendar 1d.
The same interleaved, bound in art cloth and gold
lettered, 6d. and a Sheet Almanack, with illustrated
border and central picture, 1d., may be had from
the Office.

Our Bookstall.—We call particular attention to
three books shortly to be published by the Mission.
"Letters in Africa 1895-1897," by Miss Gertrude
Ward, with 8 illustrations and a map, price 3s. 6d.
(by post, 3s. 9d.), will awake many memories in the
minds of those who have read Miss Ward's charming
letters in our pages and elsewhere, and will
furnish a ready answer to those who ask "What
shall we read at our working party, etc.?" It is
very tastefully printed, and no better Christmas pre­
sent could be given. "East Africa in Picture"
is a beautiful reproduction of 100 photographs
taken on the spot by Dr. Palmer, with letterpress
by Miss E. B. Ashwin. Printed on art paper in two
editions, 3s. 6d. and 5s. (by post, 3s. 10d. and 5s.
4d.). This book is exactly adapted for a school
prize or for a Christmas gift. Special terms will
be quoted for school prizes. The "A B C or
U.M.C.A." which Miss M. Woodward has prettily
arranged, gives a concise pictorial history, arranged
alphabetically, of the Mission, while its price 1s.
(1s. 3d. post free), will ensure its finding an entrance
everywhere.