NOTES FROM NEWALA.

Newala,
July 18th, 1899.

This time of year the forests are a little disappointing except where there is water; then the trees and creepers become more beautiful. There are a few very beautiful flowers about, and a good many handsome butterflies. But perhaps just now one is most conscious of the ants. We several times passed lines of the black ants that would give one a very bad time if one trod on them; they are so quick that they would be all over one in a minute, and they bite horribly I am told. If they are not touched they do not mind being watched. Certainly they are very wonderful creatures. They seem to have a little valley made for their march, which is often quite arched over with ants on guard, so that they walk in a tunnel, their brother ants helping to form the walls and roof of the tunnel. Sometimes there is no roof, and one can see millions of them hurrying along in a continuous stream.

The other most noticeable kinds of ants are these: (1) whole trees (and big ones) are thrown down and eaten up by the white ant that is such a nuisance to us. I find, though, that these will not work in the open, but always make a tube of earth or something in which they can move. If one keeps a sharp look-out, and always brushes away the tubes or passages, one's things are fairly safe. When one sees these tubes running up the trees, it means that the ants are working up till they find a nice place for entering the tree, when they will gradually destroy it. In their homes and breeding-places are mounds and pillars, sometimes quite eighteen feet high, and sometimes with big bushes growing out of nearly the top of them; the earth of these ant-hills is, I believe, good for building with. (2) An ant that throws up earth in a circle very like small Roman encampments; these are small, but the perfection of the circle strikes one much.
Sometimes we passed through country where lions were often seen, and one night we had to have fires all about the camp to keep them off. I was rather disappointed that we never heard them roar. One of the guides killed a snake which he said was poisonous; it was four feet long. The rats have been more objectionable than ants, or lions, or snakes, at present. When we got to Mkoo we did not have our tent put up, as we thought we would sleep in the Deacon's house, the owner being away at Mkunazini preparing for the priesthood; but the rats turned us out and we slept on chairs in the baraza, and were very comfortable, except that now and then one heard the rats moving about the legs of the chair.

I was much interested in seeing a birds' nest quite round and covered at the top, only to be entered by a tube which hung down about a foot, I should think. One of these was built at the end of a long creeper, so that any snake that wanted the eggs would have to first descend the single line of the creeper, then go down the tube of the nest, and then up the tube inside.

The most trying day was the last but one. The porters were keen on getting to Mkoo, and went ahead with the Bishop in his net. We walked from 7.30 to 2.30 with only twenty minutes' rest; it was hot, of course, after nine o'clock. It being Sunday we had service in the morning before starting, and again in the evening. The Bishop's rule is not to start a journey on a Sunday, but if a Sunday comes in the middle of a march, then he goes on marching, but has services. He preached in the morning, while the native teacher translated into Swahili, and a second native turned the words into Yao.

On the march it is very delightful to come to places where we have teachers, and which are sometimes visited by us; the people greet us so nicely, and come running out of their way to speak. At Masasi the whole school came to meet the Bishop, and accompanied us with great
shouting for about a mile; and the same thing happened here, but with rather less noise. I feel sure that it is not fancy where one notices a very real difference between the young people and children who belong to the Mission and those who do not.

I shall not easily forget how delightful it was at the end of the fifth day's march to hear the Chiwata bell ringing for Even-song as we came there just at 5 o'clock, which is their time for service. You can imagine a little the impression the bell would make whilst one was still in the woods which had always before, except once, led us to the heathen villages, the one exception being the Roman Mission at Mujanga's (near Pamitana). When we stopped in the afternoon at little groups of huts, not being able to speak to the people, I turned myself into a show; many things I had about me seemed quite new to the boys, and sometimes I had a large group round me. My knife, with its many parts, the compass on my wrist, a tiny looking-glass, a match box and a wax match, my silver pencil and other things delighted them. It was very quaint to see the little chaps looking at themselves in the glass, and making them scramble for bits of biscuit amused both the porters and myself. Biscuits are great things; a great big porter, probably the father of many children, will be most glad to get half a hard lunch biscuit. At Mkoo the chief, Matela, came to call on us twice. We fed him on two lunch biscuits, and a cup of cocoa with heaps of sugar in it, and I gave him about a quarter of an ounce of tobacco. Hugh had not come up, so we could not talk much; but he seemed quite content to sit beside the Bishop in silence. He is a big, tall man, and I am glad to say does not dress himself up in any ridiculous fashion; his smartest dress seems to be a rug. Mkoo is an important place just at present, having a larger population than Newala, and Matola now lives there. Mr. Simpson had been staying there for a month, and was instrumental in preventing Matola from joining the rebellion of a neighbouring chief, Machemba. Matola was saying that he could not continue to pay the German tax, but Mr. Simpson showed him that the German rule was a benefit, and that it was quite hopeless to rebel against it. Matola is not a Christian; but his uncle, also named Matola, who was chief before him, was a Christian, and became interested in our teaching in a rather curious way. He was listening once to a sermon being interpreted into Yao, and suddenly said: "Oh, that's very badly done, let me do it"; so he interpreted the rest of the sermon, and then gradually came to be instructed.

We have about sixty boarders, and perhaps a dozen day boys in the school. Nice
fellow they seem: one is a leper, and a few others also have ugly skins, but it is a great mistake to think that chocolate is a bad colour for a skin (most of our people are not black, but a kind of chocolate brown). This morning I was so struck by the colour and appearance of one of the boys that I really stopped in shutting my window for some seconds to admire him (without his knowing it). I do enjoy colours very much. To-day I caught in our court, or quadrangle, a chameleon, a wonderful creature; it was changing its colour continually. Whilst on the sand it had yellowish green stripes on its sides; these disappeared when it was in my hand and frightened, but yet it sometimes changed a little; and when I put it down again the stripes came back, and first became rough crosses and then took other stripes, and the white line that runs between the fore and back leg grew longer and broader. Its eyes were very strange—two great balls (great for the size of the beast, but really only about the size of a very big flea) stick out ever so far, covered with skin, and in the skin there is the tiniest hole through which he can place anywhere so as to look right down his back, or up to the sky, or sideways, or forwards, without moving his head. His tail, when he is happy, sticks out a long way behind, but doubles up when he is frightened, and when in my hand it rolled up.

F. E. Z.

WAYS OF HELPING.

In the volume of *African Tidings* for 1898, on page 104, appeared an account of a “Novel Collector,” a beautifully dressed little brown doll in grand Zanzibar waistcoat, kanzu, and cap, who held out his hand so invitingly towards a soda water bottle that no one ought to have refused the invitation. Now he did not ask people to drink, for the bottle was empty, but he silently appealed for threepenny bits to be put into the bottle and fill it quite full, so that the whole contents might be sent to 9, Dartmouth Street, to help the Mission.

Perhaps many of you thought you would like to have such a nice sort of collecting box, but the cost made you feel you could not manage it. Well, I can tell you now of another collecting box, which any of you could make for yourselves at a cost of only a few pence, and which looks so quaint that I feel sure you could induce many to help, who would not care to put into an ordinary collecting box.

The picture shows a box that was lately made by a lad in Leeds, who hopes in a few years, when he is properly trained, to offer himself for work in Central Africa. He got an old cigar box from a friend, and placed round it a bit of red calico. On this you see he has glued the heading from a back number of *Central Africa*. In the top of the box he made a hole, and stuck upright in it the case of a match-box, gluing it firmly into the hole and sticking on it a nicely written description. One little doll dressed in bark cloth from Mponda's on Lake Nyasa, was fastened in a standing position close by the match-box, and on the other side a second little figure was placed sitting on the sanded surface of the cigar box. This last doll, you can see, has a dress which is rapidly going out of
fashion, but which could be seen a few years ago at Kwa Sigi, near Kologwé. The dress is merely a kilt made from dried grass, which hangs from the waist nearly to the knees. From the sand rises a palm tree cut out of a bit of stiff cardboard and painted, the lower parts of the trunk being fastened to a small block of wood, which in its turn is glued to the box.

But the most ingenious arrangement is at the back of the box, where the Cathedral at Zanzibar is seen through an opening in a grove of palm trees, painted on a slab of cardboard. The cathedral, cut from the cover of Central Africa, is fastened to a second slab about an inch behind the first, and tinfoil is stuck at the back so as to reflect light on the picture of the building, just as in dark streets, sloping mirrors throw the sun's rays into gloomy rooms. You can get the tinfoil from a stick of chocolate or a piece of toffee, but you should try and get prettier dolls than those in the picture, for it is very unfair to make people think that our African children are as ugly as the dolls used on the box.

Now this has told you what a lad has done; a girl has done very well too with her box lately, by a little perseverance and energy.

She was at a Board School in one of our great cities, and used to bring her box to school and persuade her friends there to put in something regularly each week. She got help, too, from others, for as she went to the station from school, the money in the box would sometimes rattle and knock against the sides, and people would say, "What have you got there?" Out would come the box, and the owner would say, "It's a box for Central Africa, won't you put in a penny?" People often did not like to refuse such an invitation, and thus, without worrying others, this energetic girl collected nearly nineteen shillings in six months.

But it is not only boys and girls who can thus use ingenuity in collecting. There is an old woman in a manufacturing village, who knows how to heal cuts or sore places, and give remedies for simple ailments, and when boys and girls come to her with cut fingers or colds or bruises, she gives them the plaster or medicine that is wanted, and tells them to put their pennies into her missionary box. She is not rich, and might very reasonably keep the money for herself; but she feels, as I hope all of you feel, that one must do whatever lies in one's power to help on our Master's work.

R. W.
Famine Orphans

Fifteen have died, and nine have gone away for various reasons, some having found friends to whom they could go, and others left because they did not wish to live in “the Mission” after there was food to be had in the country.

These remaining are of course the nicest, as well as those with the strongest constitutions, and very nice little girls most of them are. Each child has a story attached to her, and I will try and tell you of one or two of them.

In the back row, taking the tallest girl first, is Mamhando, Masingano, Magoda, Mboni Makajembe, Madaungo, and Mfumbwa.

The first row, Mtendewa, Kizizi, Mgingindo L., Nezaa, and Mwashiti.

Now Mamhando is one of our latest arrivals, only coming on August 3rd. She is sister to the fourth child, Mboni Makajembe, a poor little starved mite who came in the very earliest days of the famine, who was so weak and emaciated that I never thought we should save her. I well remember one afternoon Archdeacon Woodward calling me and saying, “I have brought you another child for the Orphanage; can you find a corner for her? I was very sorry when I saw how big she was, as I was only taking little mites, but as soon as the Archdeacon told me her story I decided she must be added to the list. She had been found hidden away in a house not far off, and on the next day was to be carried off and sold into slavery; the poor
child was very frightened, and begged hard I would let her come in, and then she told me her little sister was with me, and that she was called Mboni. So I said, “If you come, remember you will not be able to do as you please; you cannot leave without permission.” Her answer was, “Where should I go? I have no friends left. I shall not want to go away, I have no father, no mother, no one! If I can come and live in the Mission I shall not want to go away.”

noon, as we were going our round of visiting, etc., we met a poor woman just outside the gates leading a small child by the hand; both were in a deplorable state! The woman was simply a living skeleton, as also was the child. We stopped and inquired where they had come from. The woman said, “Ah, Bibi, I was coming to you with my little girl. I am a Masakini.¹ I have no friends, no one left to help me or to look after my little girl.” I said,

She was sent down to the Orphanage, and I have never regretted taking her; she is one of the nicest girls, most willing and useful, helping the others in so many ways. She attends the class for hearers, and soon I hope will be admitted to the catechumenate, and some day I trust will become a Christian.

Mwashiti is the little girl at the end of the first row. She is a dear little thing, and you will like to hear her story. One after-

¹ A poor person.
house, so she will not be alone.” How the poor mother's face brightened! “And you, where will you go?” I asked. “I am dying, Bibi; I shall not live long,” and one could see how too true her words were, her poor hollow cheeks and sunken eyes spoke only too plainly that the end was not far off. So nurse (who on those days always carried paper and pencil on our visits) wrote the poor woman a pass and sent her to our sick village. But the parting from the child was one of the saddest sights I have seen. She took the child by the hand and gave her good advice, telling her to do everything she was told by the Wazungu (Europeans), and to try to be a good girl—and thus they parted, the mother fully realizing it was a parting for ever in this life! I held out my hand, and the little child placed hers in mine in perfect confidence, and was willing to be taken off she knew not where, and by three white people! I could but wonder at her faith and trust in us, and I thought to myself, “Is there any little white girl of her size and age in England who would have done likewise?” that is, gone with three black women whom she had never seen before, and of whom she knew absolutely nothing. I think not! What do my readers say? The poor mother watched us go, and then she turned her face and set off towards Kiumba. A few days after we heard of her death. Upon reaching the Orphanage I found my big family eating their evening meal. Room and food was soon found for the little stranger, and in a few minutes Mwashiti was seated in their midst with a platter of food before her, and was soon busily engaged in diminishing the contents thereof.

Upon turning round to leave we noticed another little child looking eagerly and hungrily at the scene before her. On seeing us she came forward and begged for food. Ah! shall we ever forget that terrible cry of “Nipe chakula, nataka chakula?” (“Give me food; I want food”), I think not! Upon making inquiries we learnt she too was destitute and starving, as well as friendless, and so she was added to the list, and room made for her, but, alas! she was only with us a short time; not having strength to recover she passed away about ten days later. It was nice to see how willing these poor children were to share their food with the unexpected arrivals—for it meant less dinner for the rest; but no one murmured, and all willingly gave a share to the starving new-comers.

Now I am going to tell you of two of the most naughty. The little girl in the white “teitei” and the one on her right have given us lots of trouble. They would steal. First it began by stealing their companions’ food, and then when the corn began to form in the cobs they would go to the gardens and fields and steal the corn (long before it was eatable). Time after time I had to threaten to have them whipped for it, and alas! one day I was astonished to see one of our women come in with her arms full of unripe corn, which she said Kizizi and Mtendewa had stolen. She was most indignant, and stormed away (and well she might, for it was hard when there was no corn in the country to see it being destroyed in this manner). What was I to do? I could see strong measures must be taken, so I sent them off to be whipped, telling them if they did it again I should myself administer chastisement, little thinking I should have to keep my word. But about two weeks later, much to my distress, I had to whip both the culprits for the like offence. Can you imagine how hard this was? but the result was wonderful. I have never had a single complaint since—it was most efficacious. I believe the disgrace of being whipped by their Bibi had more than anything else to do with the complete cure; and I hope they will not fall into that evil again; any way, they are fat and plump enough not to do so from hunger. You would hardly have been surprised at what they did could you have seen them a few months ago.

I want you to observe the feet of these
little orphans, and then I think you will understand how our nurses spend their time. All are bandaged, and you will ask why? These are the effects of "jiggers." In a recent number of African Tidings you will read about these creatures. All my little girls are suffering both in feet and hands with terrible sores. These sores often spread and spread until half the foot or hand is destroyed. The two small children, Nezaa and Mngindo, are both very bad. Little Mngindo (the centre figure) has both hands tied up; and one was opened yesterday by Nurse Smyth, who says she fears the child has blood poisoning. She was very brave, and bore up wonderfully, Nurse says, for it was a very painful operation.

Madango, the fifth child in the back row, is just recovering from a very severe illness. For days Nurse thought she would die, she was so ill; but she fought against it, and is now quite bright and is getting strong and well. She is a very funny little girl, either down in the depth of despair, or in such bright spirits there is no checking her, full of mischief and fun—we call her the "Imp." The children don't know the meaning of the word, but they always laugh when we use it.

All the children have to present themselves every morning for inspection, and we have promised them each a necklace of beads on Saturday next if they are all clean and presentable every day. We have lots of battles over the bath! but I fancy if we had feet like these poor children we should want a lot of inducement to make us go to the river every day to bathe! Later on I must try and send you the photo of the orphan boys who are left—alas! they are even less in number than the girls.

Will all my little Coral League readers pray for these poor fatherless and motherless black children?

L. M. Dunford.

Magila, Sept. 20th.

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Death of a Native Deacon.

Death of a Native Deacon.

We learn from Archdeacon Carnon of the death of Hugh Swinton Mtoka, on August 29th, one of the native deacons who for four years has been working in the Rovuma district. About twenty-two years ago he came to the mission as a poor, miserable-looking little slave boy from H.M.S. London. He grew up first under Miss Mills' care, and then under Archdeacon Jones-Bateman and Mr. King. He was ordained deacon in 1895.

Archdeacon Carnon, writing of the funeral, says: "It was evident from the behaviour of the people how much they were feeling the loss of one whom, though not of the same tribe as themselves, they had learned in the few years to rest upon as teacher and friend."

Magila.

A correspondent at Magila says that on October 5th there were 120 girls at school. "It is perfectly marvellous how these children, born and brought up in their native mud huts, have been so well trained. The discipline in the schools is equal to any of our Board Schools at home. Their behaviour in church, too, is better than the majority of our children in England. I am not yet quite accustomed to the dear little black babies on their mothers' backs in church staring up into my face, or the wonderful headgear of some of the women.

"There were twenty patients on the first morning, and to-day (October 6th) I counted seventy. Some had come from villages miles away. The natives are suffering much from "jiggers"; many of them have lost toes and sometimes fingers from this horrible complaint. We want so much old linen for bandages."
Miss Cameron, writing from Likoma on August 5th (whilst staying for a short visit):—“Mr. Davies is rebuilding the south transept of the church, which looks beautiful with its circular and lancet windows. Dr. Howard is building three houses. Everybody else is equally fully occupied. I have been in the printing office this morning, where they are binding Exodus. The Archdeacon has finished the Chinyanja Bible now in MSS.”

It is now nearly a year since Miss Gertrude Palmer started for Japan. After spending some months at Tokyo, she was sent to Nagano. She writes, July 2nd, 1899:—“I am right in the heart of Japan now, living in a Japanese hut, with one lady worker, and it reminds me rather of our life in Africa. I cannot even buy a bootlace, though there are heaps of Japanese shops. We have no European priest or missionary besides ourselves. There is a Japanese clergyman, but he has been away for six weeks, and we have had no celebration. Next Sunday we expect Bishop Awdry. It takes a whole day to come from Tokyo by train, the carriages crawl along so slowly. Food is difficult to get; vegetables, meat and fruit are very scanty; no fruit is obtainable in hot weather. Just now the heat is beyond words. During the last few days we seem to be living in a flood. They have let water run completely over the fields. Men and horses have raked over the slush, and to-day I see little tufts of vivid green showing where rice is planted. A week ago it was dry and covered with golden corn. The present arrangement breeds mosquitoes in millions. The people get wonderful crops, and are most industrious.”

The Girls’ School, Likoma.

The boarding-school was discontinued some eighteen months ago on the departure of the ladies (February, 1898), the girls returning to their homes and merely coming to school for lessons. The instruction was carried on by native teachers, Kathleen, the head, being one of Miss Thackeray’s girls. At the present time there are only three girls living here, none of whom have friends to take care of them. On taking charge of the school last May, I found 130 names on the books, but the average since then has reached only 62. This is partly accounted for by the majority of the children having been on the mainland with their parents to get in the cassava harvest.

The first class contains 15 girls. The three R’s were the only subjects in which I examined them, and of these reading is decidedly the best. No prizes were given for the work, but at the beginning of the term notice had been given that dresses would be presented to those girls who attended well. As before a school feast in England, some few came diligently last week, but only to be disappointed, for dresses were distributed by Mr. Glossop only to those who had made 75 per cent. of attendances. Out of an average of 62, 53 received them, showing that they are either fond of school or are capable of persevering towards an aim. Another cheering thing was to see that the elder girls were in the majority, several not having missed once.

The chief feature of the day to the girls is the musical drill. We have it early in the morning to insure punctuality; very rarely does a girl arrive late now.

The school hours are from 8 to 12 a.m.; there being afternoon school for the pupil teachers only (six, three teach alternate months), who have more advanced lessons as well as English. Last evening—St. Bartholomew’s Eve—nine of the girls were baptized.

M. S.
My dear children,—  
The last letter I wrote to you was from Newala; since then I have returned to Zanzibar, but I've still got a little more news about the work at Newala that I think may interest you, so I'm going to tell it you now.

It's about Mjombi's village. (The villages are generally called after the chief, you know.) Well, this place is about two-and-a-half hours' walk from Newala, and I used, as a rule, to go there each Tuesday. I used to arrive about noon, and when I got there, a boy used at once to begin running about ringing a bell to call the people to the teaching. After a bit perhaps some twenty, more or less, would arrive at the school, and then we had our class. First they repeated the Commandments and "Duty" in the Yao language, and then I used to explain things to them, and teach them about God and sin and the need of repentance, etc. Then they answered to their names, and I used to go back to Newala and arrive there somewhere about 5 o'clock. Of course, I used to say all my teaching in Swahili, and the teacher in interpreted it into Yao, as many of them do not well understand Swahili.

Then all these people are supposed to come up to Newala on Sunday morning for the service in the schoolroom for "Hearers," that is, the people who are just beginning to learn about the true God, and have not yet been made Catechumens and received the cross.

One day the chief Mjombi himself died; he had been ill for a long time, and was quite an old man. I had seen him once or twice, but he had never expressed any wish to be taught Christianity, so he died just as he had lived. I suppose they had a great deal of heathen ceremonial in connection with his burial, and when he was buried they built such a grand tomb; he is buried just in front of the house where the chief lives always.

Here is a picture I took of his tomb; the actual grave is in the middle, and those cloths that are put on the top are by way of honouring him.

This is written in rather a hurry, I am afraid, but you must excuse that.

Your affectionate friend.

Ernest A. Gee.

Zanzibar, September, 1899.

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RESULT OF SEPTEMBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.—Full marks, 16. M. Wilson, 8; A. K. Lillie, 7; M. Rawlinson, 7.

Juniors.—Full marks, 24. M. K. Trott, 22; D. Winchester, 20; M. Sparling, W. A. Phillips, and H. C. Thomson, 19; F. E. Stronge, 17; R. Butler, 16; M. A. Rayner, 14; W. Hay, 11.

DECEMBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.

1. What is a "machila"? where do people use them, and why?
2. What towns are passed on the way to Fort Johnston from Chinde?
3. What may a missionary have to do in Africa besides teaching people?
4. What took place in Pemba on Trinity Sunday?
Juniors.

1. What lessons do some of the insects in Africa teach us?
2. What Mission station is near Fort Johnston?

All answers to be sent before December 30th to The Editor of the Children's Page, 8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

Do not forget Rule IV., also that six certificates can be exchanged for a prize.

The Editor of the Children's Page is very sorry that only one prize and one certificate was awarded last time by mistake. Lada Perman is entitled to the Seniors' second prize; Muriel Rhoda Butler earned the Juniors' second prize; Marjory Sparling, Frank E. Gander, and Dorothea Rawlinson and C. Mabel Wilson to certificates.

The Kilimani Child's A B C.

(With apologies to M. E. W., the compiler of the "A B C of the U.M.C.A."

* A is for Africa's land of night,
B is the Bible, a welcome sight,
C is the Child she takes in her arms,
D is her Dawa, much better than charms,
E is for Ebony, we're like that, you say,
F is the Football we all love to play,
G is for the Gourds, in funny shapes grown,
H is the Housework, we do all our own,
I is the Incense that reminds us of prayers,
J is for Jesus, who for little ones cares,
K is our dear home, Kilimani, you know,
L is the Love we to each other should show,
M is the Music we make with a drum,
N is Nyasa from which some of us come,
O is for the Oranges we're all eager for,
P is for Patrons, of whom we want more,
Q is for Queen, her loyal subjects are we,
R is a Reader, which we all wish to be,
S for Seyitt, whom our Bibi first taught,
T is for Thana, Swahili for "thought,"
U is Ugali, made of Cassava root,
V for the Vines that have gourds for their fruit,
W for the Wazungu who teach us to pray,
X is for Xmas, our dear Lord's natal day,
Y for the Yoke poor slaves have to bear,
Z Zanzibar, come and see us all there!

P.

New Books.—Three books have just been issued 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. It is very tastefully printed, and no better Christmas present could be given.

"East Africa in Pictures" is a beautiful reproduction of 100 photographs taken by Dr. Palmer, with letterpress by Elsie 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 of 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. 2d. post free) will ensure its finding an entrance everywhere. Every Member of the Coral League ought to possess a copy to read and to lend to others.

Almanacks for 1900.—A Pocket Kalendar, 1d., by post 1½d. 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 (by post, 2d.). In the Pocket Kalendar the frontispiece represents some of the children in the Day School at Mkuvazini, not Kilimanjaro. Wilfred, the Bishop, is in the chair.

To our Readers.—We have had several kind replies and applications for cards in answer to the appeal for the Magila Girls' School and the new steamer. But we need much more money before we are able to establish the School on a firm basis, or to float the Ship free from debt. The latter will arrive in Africa during this month; and it will then be carried up to Lake Nyasa in 3,481 packages. It is thought that it will take twelve months to put her together for service on the lake. During that time we have to try and get the £3,000 still needed.