ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

Holy Saturday.

This part of the journey we expected to be trying, and it is, though not more trying than we thought. I will just give you a little account of how we live, and of things in general. The boat is about as long as three canal barges, and about twelve feet wide. It draws very little water, and is propelled by a waterwheel (like an old mill wheel) at the stern. There are two decks. We eat and sit on the top, and sleep on the one below. The captain and the engine driver are both Scotchmen, but all the others on board (except our own party and a Dr. Daniels, one of the black-water fever experts) are blacks. One of them is just now ironing at this table with no more clothing than a loin cloth, and a small bracelet on his arm; those who wait at table wear a flannel vest extra. It is quite a weird sight when we stop in the evening to see these blacks get on to the bank and sit there round fires jabbering away; their tongues go nineteen to the dozen.

We stop near the bank every evening at six till sunrise, and during this time the boys enjoy themselves. It is difficult to understand what they say, or to make oneself understood. This morning I tried to teach one of them the English words, coat, waistcoat, shoes, socks, button, and a few others. I was a little bit glad to find that he had as great difficulty in pronouncing English as I have in pronouncing Chinyanja. At 6 a.m. they bring tea and a biscuit to us in our cabins. These cabins are not too roomy; they are not more than nine feet square, and contain four berths each. Our necessary

luggage has to be hung or lodged in any bit of available space there may be; and the floor is often a sight, being generally damp, if not quite wet. The berths have mosquito curtains, but in places two or three of the holes have run into one, and the “terror” goes in and out at his pleasure. The first night on board was very hot, and the mosquitoes very hungry, and I was not very well, so I did not enjoy it; but I have slept very well since, thanks to cooler weather and some alteration of the mosquito net.

The views are varied. Sometimes one might think the country we look upon is England. At long intervals we pass kraals, or native villages, and the people turn out to have a look at us. Hippopotami often show their great snouts above the water, but so far only one crocodile has shown himself. Locusts are very numerous. I walked a little on the bank this morning before we started, and could scarcely step for them. The hippo flies are also numerous, and there are myriads of insects with wings, of all colours; most of them bite. Last night we caught fire-flies—a sort of magnified glow-worm with wings. This morning one of our party shot a duck; they are very plentiful in these regions. All sorts of birds are to be seen—storks, pelicans, flamingoes, tailor-birds, etc. Bamboo grass grows in rich profusion along the banks. There are some large trees of the palm kind; just now there are some very tall cocoanut palms in sight.

We get plenty of food, for which for the most part we are indebted to the economical Yankee, who eats what he can and cans what he can't. We have canned, or potted, everything—butter, milk, fruit, fish, sausages, vegetables, etc. The only fresh food available is goat-meat and chicken. We have had no bread since the day we left Chinde; there is flour on board, but no soda or baking-powder, or anything of the kind to make it light.

By the bye, I ought to have told you before, at Chinde an old Zanzibar girl was found (now married) with an un-baptized infant. Her husband is a Christian, and she had some Christian neighbours there; so having said what I could, through an interpreter, about the duty of bringing up the child in the Christian faith and practice, I got out my baptismal shell, and baptized the little one "Reginald George Gray." I do not know the surname. Dr. Howard was one godfather and a native Christian the other, and Beatrice, the teacher's wife, was the godmother.

Easter Monday, 9 p.m.

We are now well in the Shire River, and the country on our left hand is under English protection. We are still (9 p.m.) steaming ahead as hard as we can go (about five miles an hour, I think), in order to reach Port Herald to-night. We left our last night's anchorage at 3 o'clock this morning. To-morrow our skipper hopes to reach Chiromo.

On Easter Eve we anchored off a place called Shupanga (it is marked on the Mission map), where there is a French Mission Station. Our skipper went to visit the good priest in charge, and by-and-by a messenger arrived to say that Father Torrens would be very glad to see us if we cared to visit the station; so off we went. Fancy me leading the party, after the negro guide, wearing a white cassock and cincture, and an umbrella-shaped hat about eighteen inches diameter across the brim! Father Torrens is a Jesuit. He has one other priest with him, and two French laymen. He is a great authority on African languages, and has written a large book, which is, I believe, one of the most useful of its kind. He received us very kindly. He occupies a building originally built for Portuguese barracks. In one of the rooms—now used as a printing office—Mrs. Livingstone died. She was buried a few yards from the house, and we visited her grave. As near as I can remember the inscription on the stone ran thus: "Here lie the remains of Mary Moffat, the beloved wife of Dr. Livingstone,
ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER.

who died at Shupanga House, April 27th (I think), 1862, aged 41 years, in hope of a joyful Resurrection by Jesus Christ.”

Another room of this house is used as a chapel, and we were allowed to enter and kneel once more in a Christian Church.

On Good Friday we held the following services: at 7.30 a.m., Litany and Ante-Communion; at 10 a.m., Morning Prayer and Sermon; at 1 p.m., I read some meditations on the Seven Last Words, and afternoon of yesterday I conducted a service for the African boys with the aid of an interpreter, and at 7 o’clock we had Evening Prayer and hymns. The skipper, engineer, and Dr. Daniels all attended, and after the service we sang hymns.

10 o’clock.—We have just stopped, and I hear the skipper shouting in unintelligible language to his boys. No doubt we are at Port Herald. I’ll go and see what it looks like in the dark.

THE ZAMBESI AT SHUPANGA.

we sang hymns. This service lasted 1½ hours. At 4 Mr. Barnes held a service for our boys, and at 8 we had Evening Prayer and a reading. On Easter Day I celebrated at 7, and all communicated, except three of the African boys.

Really the flies, beetles, moths, etc., to-night are beyond endurance. They tickle and bite in a way I can’t describe, and they settle all over me and my paper and everything; the fire-flies are as impudent as any. In the

Easter Tuesday, 2.30 p.m.

We started off again this morning at 6 o’clock, and are doing very fair speed. The current is strong, and with the kind of propeller already described fast travelling is out of the question. Yesterday morning we got stuck on a sandbank for a few minutes. I can readily understand how easily a boat might get stranded very badly and be immovable for weeks. We are not likely to be thus delayed, as the river is
full, the rainy season being not quite over even yet. We have had several deluges of rain, and if we don't get another in a minute or two I shall be surprised. It has been fine and hot all the morning, but we have had some spells of really cold weather since leaving Chinde.

Native villages are now overtaken very frequently, one after another. The houses look like so many small hayricks. At every village we see a great many children, and generally maize, bananas, and millet under cultivation. There are fish weirs, too, near the villages, and several native boats (dug outs) to be seen. The blacks can easily keep up with us in their dug outs. If there are any empty canned meat tins we throw them to the natives as we pass their kraals. They consider them great prizes, and there is always a race and a scuffle among them for the possession of the treasure. Our skipper told me this morning we should reach Chiromo this afternoon by 4 o'clock he hoped. I hope to post this at Chiromo. I do not know whether we shall stay at this place all night, but I hope we may. I am longing to stretch my legs. This is our sixth day in this punt. If only there were a bicycle track to Nyasa! At Magomero Bishop Mackenzie first started the work of the U.M.C.A. Dr. Livingstone conducted him there. It is not far from Chiromo, I believe; at any rate at Chiromo the Bishop died, and if we stay long enough we shall try to find his grave, although I believe I have read that no one now can tell the exact spot.

F. W. Stokes.

ZAMBESI RIVER,

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF BISHOP MACKENZIE.

The letters received from the large Nyasa party giving accounts of their visit to the site of our first Bishop's grave are so interesting that we print both Miss Minter's and Mr. De la Pryme's accounts. We hope very much that our friends will help us to erect some memorial stone or cross that will permanently mark the sacred spot.

THINK it may interest the readers of AFRICAN TIDINGS to hear about our visit to Bishop Mackenzie's grave, so I will try to give a short account of it.

We arrived here about 3.30 p.m., and very soon after we landed we set out on a search expedition. One of the English residents kindly procured a canoe for us, as we had to cross the Ruo River in order to get to the spot where we believed the grave to be. A small native canoe will only hold four people safely, so that only two passengers could go at a time. There is a slight feeling of insecurity about canoeing, we found; it requires very careful balancing, and the river swarms with crocodiles, so that one might expect something worse than a wetting if one got upset. However, we all got over safely, and having procured a guide, through the kindness of a Portuguese official, we started on our walk. We passed through two or three villages and tried to gain some information from the villagers, but all we could gather from them was that two Englishmen had been buried near the river, and that a cross marked their resting-place;
that one of them had lived there seven years, and that they were hunters. This was rather unsatisfactory, and as they told us that we should have to go through a bog to get to this cross, and as the sun was about to set, we decided to wait till the next morning and then try again. So once more we were conveyed across the Ruo in the little canoe, and landed safely on the other side. There we found an Englishman who told us that he knew exactly where the grave was, and he offered to accompany us in the morning to find it, and to send a party of natives before us to make a path through the long grass. Needless to say we accepted his offer most gratefully, and at 6 a.m. in the morning we were all ready to start out once more.

This time we were all packed into a sort of antiquated house-boat, very dirty and very wet at the bottom. We landed at the same place and passed as before through the Portuguese settlement and one or two native villages, through fields of maize, and on to the edge of the jungle, where we found the natives had made a path for us. It was slippery walking over the long stems of grass which they had flattened down, and it was very wet, but we would have willingly undergone much greater discomforts to arrive, as we shortly did, at the spot where a small iron cross marks the grave of the founder of our Mission. They had cut away the overgrowth by which the grave had been covered, so that there was quite an open space, but we felt how impossible it would have been for us to find the place without help. I must remind you that African grass grows to the height of from eight to twelve feet and is thick in proportion.

You will remember that Bishop Mackenzie died on the little island which lies at the junction of the Ruo and Shiré rivers, and that his body was conveyed to the mainland by Mr. Burrup and two natives, and buried about fifty yards from the bank of the river. We were able to go to the spot where they probably landed, and to realize in some degree the difficulty of the task which they accomplished, for the bank is about six feet from the water, and very steep, and Mr. Burrup was weak from fever at the time. But they did it, and placed a wooden cross to mark the spot. This was afterwards replaced by the iron cross which now stands there. We could see it as we stood by the river bank, because the grass had been all beaten down, but generally it would be quite hidden from view. There are some trees behind it, but they cannot be said to form a very satisfactory landmark. We hope, therefore, that something may shortly be done to mark the place effectually. It is sad to think that there should be such difficulty in finding a spot which is naturally so interesting to every one connected with the Mission. In the meantime arrangements have been made for keeping the path clear of grass, so that the grave may easily be reached.

Chiromo,

April 5th, 1899.

E. K. M.
ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

We arrived at Chiromo in the afternoon, and soon went ashore with the determination to try and find Bishop Mackenzie's grave. We took with us several books and maps, which we had carefully studied beforehand. Meeting an European, we asked him for any information, and he at once offered us all the assistance in his power. I found that I was at Haileybury, at school, with his friend, who was the postmaster. We were told we must cross the Ru— of course there were no boats available. Eventually, however, a native “dug out,” or canoe formed from a trunk of a tree scooped out and shaped at the ends, was found; this took us across, two at a time, with boxes to sit on, and water at our feet. This was decidedly a wobbly adventure, but, to finish matters, we were all, the ladies included, carried ashore pick-a-back on a native’s back. We then had a walk past the Portuguese Commandant’s house with its formidable-looking guns in the front, through some small villages, with a herd of goats feeding, and where the “chimanga” or Indian corn rose on either side of us to a height of ten to twelve feet. Our native guides were uncertain, and talked of two Englishmen who had lived and died there. As it was near sunset, and we were forced, if we went on, to cross a swamp, we slowly returned, with the intention of gathering all possible information. In this we were successful, for a Mr. Richards, who had once been in hospital at Zanzibar and knew Miss Cameron, volunteered to take us all the next morning at sunrise. True to his word, soon after 6 a.m. we started in a boat, half open, half covered as a saloon, which had plenty of water at the bottom and which had a good sprinkling of coal dust, having been used as a coal barge. Most of the journey was the same as on the previous afternoon, natives having been sent on to clear the way after a walk of some distance, when the path grew denser with the high corn around and above us. Then suddenly we came upon about a dozen men who had cleared our track for a space of a few feet on either side; then, at the end of about fifty yards, down a slight incline, we suddenly, round a slight bend in the path, came upon the Bishop’s grave—a slight, irregular-shaped mound with a pretty iron cross, with the inscription clearly engraved on brass in the centre. The surroundings had been, until cleared that morning by the natives, entirely of grass—tall and wavy—which must have completely covered and hidden the sacred spot, while in the background were tall trees, which, though not overshadowing the grave, added a tone of solemnity to the scene. The river flowed at a distance of about fifty yards to the south-west, and the ground between was dense with undergrowth, which the natives were sent to clear. This they did by going forward, six abreast, and beating down the grass under them with their hands and feet, so that in a few moments the growth was laid flat for us to walk over. At the grave-side, with heads bare, the senior priest offered up prayer to Almighty God on behalf of the Mission, the natives with their hoes, and the other Europeans who had come with us, standing by. Several of our party then made sketches of the spot or took photographs, and we returned to the boat much gratified with our visit. We were enabled to make an agreement with Mr. Macdonald, Acting Consul, that the grave and the way to it should be kept clear of grass by one of the natives.

ALEXANDER G. DE LA PRYME.

CHIROMO,
April 5th, 1899.

The Toy Afternoon will be held at Mrs. Fisher Watson’s, Coombe Lane, Croydon, on Tuesday, July 10th. Presents of toys and games for Africa will be gratefully received and will be included in Mrs. Watson’s next Mission parcel.
The meeting at the Church House, presided over by the Bishop of St. Alban's, was even better attended than last year. Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir Arthur Hardinge, Consul-General at Zanzibar, and Dr. Browne, of the Medical Board, made good and valuable speeches, which we shall hope to see published in full. Dr. Browne said:

"The health statistics of the Mission instead of holding men back should be the clear and most convincing call to them now to come forward and raise the burden from the shoulders of those who in a tropical climate are, almost to a man, essaying the hopelessly impossible task of doing two men's work."

Many intimate friends of the Mission welcomed the opportunity to go to the Office after this meeting for interviews with members of the Mission; the tea on such a hot summer's afternoon adding additional attraction to this pleasant adjournment.

How the people poured in for the evening meeting! The well-tried Holborn Town Hall will not hold us much longer if we grow so large in our numbers. The evening meeting is a standing protest against the proverbial dullness of missionary meetings. Peals of laughter, again and again repeated, proved to outsiders that something of the very first order was going on inside. Were a second proof wanted, I would mention that the members of a Ladies' School, at Ascot, spent the day in London, and were present at the morning service, and both the afternoon and evening meetings. An old scholar mentioned she was going to a dance and couldn't come in the evening. She was greeted with an astonishment that was almost scornful. What! you prefer a dance to Canon Scott Holland!

If the Canon makes us laugh he can draw out our hearts—if not our tears—in passionate longing to be more true to our best aspirations. Listen to this:

"Let us pledge ourselves to-night to the faith of Bishop Smythies, loyal, not to him—he
would be the last man in the world to ask us to be loyal to him—but loyal to that which was in him, to the power of the loving Lord who made him what he was; loyal to the light that shone in his eye; loyal to the sweet, tender humanity that came out from Christ's living humanity and gave sweetness to his smile; loyal to the strong power of the Lord that empowered him; loyal to the Christ; loyal to Him Who claims the whole of the great African Continent for His own; loyal to Him who has waited so long through all these centuries of lust and murder and crime and tyranny; loyal to Him who is waiting for the light to break over that black continent; and waiting for the time when the powers of evil shall be withdrawn; waiting for the day when He Himself shall speak with all His power to those who wait for Him."

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MY MONGOOSE.

I have a little animal called a mongoose. He is something like a rat in size, something like a bear in his walk, and something like a squirrel in his playfulness. I call him Rikki-tikki, because that is what he always begins with when he wants to make any remarks. He was very wild when I first had him, but I tied him up to the leg of the table in the native ward of the Hospital, and never let any one feed him but myself, and very soon he was quite tame. He is a most discriminating little creature. All the Bibis wear white frocks, but he never mistakes any one else for me, and if he is ever so fast asleep he will jump up at the sound of my voice and run to me, that is to say as far as his string will allow. For I grieve to say that he is always tied up now. There was a time when he was allowed to roam at his own free will over the Hospital, and for a week or two he behaved as a good little mongoose should. But then, alas! his inquisitive little nose led him astray, and many tragedies ensued.

I think the first time he transgressed was in my room one morning when I was at breakfast. There was a mail homewards that day, and I had just addressed all my letters and left them on my table. Whether Rikki thought I had not addressed them properly I do not know, but he got upon the table and tried to improve them. He thought that fingers were made before pens, so he just dipped his little paws into the ink and added a few remarks of his own. When I came back he was seated demurely on the window sill and welcomed me with great delight. The next day he took a walk by himself on our baraza, where there are several choice ferns. It must have occurred to him that it is a good thing to hoe up plants sometimes, because he set to work and hoed away at three or four of them until he had put all the earth on
the ground, and left the poor plants standing upright indeed, with just enough mould to cover their roots. Well, even the best of gardeners make mistakes sometimes. I told him how wrong he had been, so the next day he thought he would avoid green things; but he could not resist the look of the china cupboard. The door was slightly open, so in he went, and played at rolling the cups about; then he espied a china teapot! What could that be? In his hurry to look inside he wasn’t quite gentle with the lid—you wouldn’t have known it for a lid afterwards. However, he got into the teapot, which was what he wanted, and there I found him, standing bolt upright, and chortling away with all his might. I think he felt like Wellington after Waterloo.

I tried to keep him tied up after that; but one day he got loose and repaired to Miss —’s room. She had been turning out old rubbish, and had left a large basket full of things to be thrown away. Into the midst of it went Rikki! In less than three minutes he had the corks out of various bottles and laid them on their sides so that the contents might run out, and when I arrived on the scene of action, guided by his grunts of satisfaction, he had nearly finished bathing himself with the dregs of a blacking bottle. It took some time to get that off with soap and water, and he sneezed a great deal, but I don’t think he minded much.

Soon after, he went into the dispensary and found something very attractive in the shape of a large jar on the lowest shelf, with a movable top. The top was soon off and Rikki inside. We heard a great sneezing and grunting, and out he came as white as snow and very frightened—it was starch powder.

I could tell you many more things about him, but space will only allow of one more, and that is his obstinate dislike of seeing a bottle or jug of any description standing up. Directly he sees such a thing he lays it down. It makes him quite angry, so that he is not very gentle, and if the offender be a bottle it generally gets broken. A Retreat was held here a little while ago, and several of the Retreatants slept in hos-

"LIKE WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO."

"HE LAYS IT DOWN."
I missed his lordship one afternoon, and the patients told me he had gone upstairs, so I made a round of the rooms to seek him. In every room I found a jug laid on its side and a small stream of water. Rikki had been round after the people had washed, and tidied the jugs, just like any housemaid. I found out afterwards that this had happened each day, and no one could imagine who had done it.

K. M.

THE GREAT FAMINE.

S regards the famine and the state of the people and the country, things are getting desperate indeed. We are terribly afraid what will follow. Since the rains began all outdoor work has been stopped—result, 1,200 people were left without money or food! The Bishop fully realizes what the famine means and the state of things here, and he is greatly troubled. On Tuesday he gave orders all who had been getting work here were to be fed, and he would pay for it himself; but he cannot do it for long (unless he has unlimited means).

If we have to leave these poor people to themselves, it will mean death to all. As it is it is truly appalling: the deaths since the rains set in have been—on Monday, twelve; on Tuesday, ten; yesterday, ten before 11 a.m.; and I have not heard how many since, for really I dread asking.

Although so many die every day, yet the numbers keep about the same. They told me on Tuesday there were still 300 people at Kiumba. People are coming from the towns and villages miles away. Towns are being quite deserted. Karlo told me yesterday that there was not a creature left in many of the towns beyond the hills—most having died.

The Bishop says if the worst comes, and the famine fund does not hold out, we must sell our chalice.* We hope August will end the famine; if the locusts keep off there is every prospect of a harvest.

There were, I thought, ten or twelve bodies awaiting burial last night. Alas! on making further enquiries from Rev. Samuel Chiponde (a native deacon), he said: “I went to Kiumba with the men this morning and I saw twenty-seven dead, and I did not go to the top of the little hill.” Kiumba is about quarter of a mile off from here. We hope all were properly buried. We have to leave this to the natives. The reason why so many were awaiting burial was that the river yesterday was impassable after about 10.30 a.m. One man, an overseer, who was in charge at Kiumba, came over to tell us of the deaths and to get help to bury and to carry food across to the others. When they got back they found the water had risen and the current was so strong. They tried to cross, and this poor man was carried down stream before the eyes of all and dashed against the rocks.

Two men were found lying dead at our very gates as we came out of church yesterday from early service. They had dragged themselves so far, and then just laid down and passed away. We thought they were sleeping, but when Karlo went to them he found they were both past all help. Now I think you will realize that things are really desperate with us. There are now 170 girls and about as many boys. Then we have thirty-seven orphans who are living in two houses just outside. We want patrons for all these orphan children.

L. M. DUNFORD.

MAGILA, GERMAN EAST AFRICA,
May 4th, 1899.

* We have now enough money in hand to feed them till the end of July.—Ed. A. T.
RA I N AT L AT S T.

AND with a vengeance too! It really began on Lady Day, just some heavy showers, and then several hours' gentle drip, which always makes you think of those words in the Psalms, "Thou sendest a gracious rain upon Thine inheritance, and refreshing it when it was weary," for surely no land was ever more weary than the island of Zanzibar after the long drought. And then began that wonderful parable of the Resurrection, which always seems new and always so miraculous, when dry twigs, and bare branches, and parched earth suddenly shoot and bud and blossom, and that which a few days back looked like a sandy desert has become a flowering garden. Then on Easter Eve we got rather more than we liked—though not more than was good for us—and Miss Clutterbuck landed amid drenching, soaking rain, almost enough to float her up to M'kunazini! Of course we had intended to go in and meet her; but rivers of road divided us from the town, and also her coming was a little uncertain; so we had to give it up. But at 6 p.m., just when the rain was at its heaviest, half a dozen porters arrived, dripping from every shred of their garments, and deposited boxes, parcels, and chairs, in an equally soaked condition, in the hall and baraza, so we knew that she had arrived and would come out to us first thing in the morning.

We always hope that whatever other days may be wet Saturday may be fine. It is cleaning day, and washing day, and the choir have to walk into town. Then it is a holiday, and wet holidays are poor sort of things. However, lately we have been obliged to put up with them, and because rain was so very badly wanted, we have even been quite thankful for them; but in all the years I have been in Zanzibar I don't think I have known quite such a night as Saturday, April 22nd. It rained steadily all day long, and of course very little washing could be done, and the boys sat huddled together in the baraza playing a little, singing a good deal, and making a very considerable noise. They declared it was "very cold." They always do when there is no sun! It really was a bit chilly for Zanzibar, and we put them to bed early and went ourselves soon after, feeling quite glad to pull up the blanket. But there was to be no sleep for us. At 12 o'clock the rain, which had been steadily increasing, poured down in perfect sheets, till the whole Shamba looked like a sheet of water, with the house an island in the middle of it. The wind rose higher and higher, and swept round the house in a perfect hurricane. The lightning flashed on all sides of us, and thunder bellowed in the distance. The blinds, which are intended to keep out sun and rain alike, leapt up and down madly, so were entirely useless. The curtains flew over the place, doors slammed, windows banged, everything that could make a noise did make a noise. The boys slept peacefully. Only one of them woke up, Yakobo, who found rain streaming into the school, with great thoughtfulness moved the teacher's desk, and so saved the books and papers from being spoilt. Many of them were lying in little pools of water, and had from time to time to be dragged to a dry place, which did not in the least disturb their slumbers. And so passed the night in a vain effort to keep things dry, and when six o'clock came, and we all ought to have got ready for the early service, the storm was at its height, the sky a peculiar dull copper colour, the roads rivers, the wind roaring, and darkness just visible when it should have been broad daylight. So there was nothing for it but to let the boys sleep on. By 8 a.m. the storm had spent itself, the rain gradually ceased, and then we all turned out to look round. Several cocoa-nut trees and great boughs of mango trees lay on the ground, which was thickly strewn with branches, twigs, and flowers. Most of our shrubs and some of our banana trees were pros-
trate. A wide lake up to the boys' waists lay between us and the sea in front, and another between us and the high road, and some of the corrugated iron had been blown off the storehouse; but besides this there was not much damage done at Kilimani. There was one thing which I have never before noticed: all the shrubs were covered with little butterflies. Directly you went near, thousands of them flew out, white, grey, blue, yellow, and brown.

Sunday night we made great preparations to resist another storm to the best of our power, for it looked very black and threatening; so, of course, it did not come, and on Monday morning the sun shone out again, and all hands had to set to work to clear up.

Yakobo, who is one of our head gardeners, and who has been busy over sweet potato beds the last week, told us with great glee they were coming up, and our cook, Mariko, brought us in a handful of fine tomatoes from his own special garden, where they are just beginning to bear fruit.

The prostrate shrubs were set upon their roots again by Reuben, Antony, and Frank, and with the help of sticks and cocoa-nut rope made firm till another storm comes to lay them low. They have been down once or twice before, so we don't think much of it. The saddest thing was that the bananas which were blown down were the only trees which had begun to bear fruit, and which we have been anxiously watching and guarding for weeks past.

D. Y. Mills.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

By natives I meant natives of Africa—the Angoni. Of course the Arabs who have settled in Africa have been even worse than the Angoni for stealing people.

Answers to the July Competition to be sent before July 31st, to
The Editor of the Children's Page,
8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

RESULT OF MAY COMPETITION.


JULY COMPETITION.

1. Mention some ways in which African boys resemble English ones.
2. How do you get from Zanzibar to Magila?
3. How is the roof of a Zanzibar house often made? How are the cottages roofed?
4. What becomes of the girls and boys when they leave the Mission Schools?

ENIGMA.

(a) The language most used in the Mission Schools.
(b) A large animal hunted at Nyasa.
(c) People beginning to be taught Christianity.
(d) The foreman in the Zanzibar Printing Office.
(e) A river on the way to Nyasa.
(f) The greatest slave traders.

The initials of the answers gives the name of a priest working in the Mission.

The juniors need only answer three questions.

For Rules see African Times for May.

A correspondent writes to the Editor:—"I stopped this letter to go down to tea. When I returned it had disappeared. I hunted wildly, questioned any child who might have been to my room, and finally found it on top of my mosquito net. About eight families of Java sparrows are now building in my room, and they are always carrying about bits of paper. Rats, cockroaches, mosquitoes, and other animals are all flourishing, thank you!"