OUR FORTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

It is forty-five years since our Mission was begun, or rather, since our first workers went out to Africa, and what a number of changes we have seen, and how our friends have multiplied! We should want something considerably bigger than the Church House or Holborn Town Hall to hold them if they could once be all gathered together; but as this is an impossibility in this world (though in some beautiful future we hope all to meet and know one another), we must try and describe the day for the benefit of those who were absent.

In the early morning, while the London streets were yet quiet, our friends were wending their way to St. Paul's, where in the crypt they met for Holy Communion. The Bishop of Southwark was the celebrant, and was assisted by both the Bishops of the Mission. There were ninety-nine communicants, while in other churches throughout England the Mission and its needs were being pleaded at many altars.

Then all breakfasted together, and there were many cheery greetings and warm handclasps from home workers and home-coming workers from abroad. The 11 o'clock service at St. John's, Red Lion Square, is always a great joy. The music is most beautiful, and every one must have felt the inspiration of the hymn, "Lift up your heads," as the long procession wended its way down and up the aisles. The choir on these occasions is entirely voluntary, and the whole service is one of love and beauty.

The Bishop of Zanzibar preached from the words, "IN HIS TEMPLE EVERYTHING SAYS GLORY."

One of the things he told us was that our great duty is to make all men see that 'Jesus lives,' and so we must be very careful not to lead careless or self-indulgent lives ourselves or we cannot teach God's glory to others.

At 3 p.m. the Church House was well packed, and the meeting began with the hymn, "Uplift the Banner," after which the Bishop of Southwark spoke. He mentioned the changes which had taken place in the Mission since the days of Livingstone, when it was little more than a forlorn hope started in a vast unknown land because a few heroic people felt they must do something and begin somewhere; and then he summed up in a few words the extension of the work in Zanzibar and Likoma during those years. The Bishop also spoke of the destruction of Masasi and the splendid way in which the natives had behaved all through the trouble.

Space will not allow us to tell you of the two Bishops' addresses, but you will all like to know that both Bishops thanked the home workers for the work they were ceaselessly doing in season and out of season to keep the Mission going.
After the meeting was over, two hundred of our workers had tea together at the office in Dartmouth Street. The office presented a very gay and festive appearance, with the writing tables covered up with flowers and tea things, and all that spoke of business smuggled out of sight. One very interesting object was the Bishop of Likoma’s pastoral staff, made from an elephant’s ivory tusk, sent as a peace offering by a Nyasa chief, and containing a piece of the pastoral staff used by Bishop Mackenzie. Another thing you would like to see is a model of the Chauncey Maples; but the office is full of objects of interest. There was Evensong at 5.30 in the Chapel, which, you know, is dedicated to “All Souls,” in memory of those who have given their lives for God in Africa.

The evening meeting in the Holborn Town Hall was well crowded, and Canon Scott Holland, in the chair, made us laugh, and made us think, as he always does.

All who are very much interested should get the July number of Central Africa and read the speeches for themselves. Both the Bishops, Dr. Howard, and Mr. Kisbey spoke. The latter pleaded for more men to go out to the Mission. “Jesus shall reign” was a fitting close to the meeting, sung with great energy by every one.

And so our Anniversary has come and gone, and now let us all try how far we can advance the Kingdom of God before another finds us, for surely each one as it comes round shows us more and more how little we do and how very much there is to be done.
THE CALL TO CHURCH

Lift it gently to the steeple,
Let our bell be set on high;
There fulfil its daily mission,
Midway 'twixt the earth and sky.

As the birds sing early matins
To the God of nature's praise,
This its nobler daily music
To the God of grace shall raise.

home we are so accustomed
to go to church when we
hear the bells ring, that we
should be startled to hear
any other sound summoning
us to daily service; but as
metal from a tree, between two branches,
and this was vigorously attacked by a
small boy with a stick, or anything else that
came handy.

Many of the lakeside villages have
a sort of railway station bell, which a
small boy labours round the village with,
making as much noise as he possibly can.

Then there was the small hand­
bell that would usually stand
on a teacher's desk, its ordinary
task being to call attention
when the head teacher desired
to say anything. Unangu built
a sort of belfry of its own with
much toil, and hung one bell in
it.

Lift it gently to the steeple,
Let our bell be set on high;
There fulfil its daily mission,
Midway 'twixt the earth and sky.

As the birds sing early matins
To the God of nature's praise,
This its nobler daily music
To the God of grace shall raise.

Kota Kota has also set up a
bell, with a little roof to itself,
on the roof of the church, some­
where in the centre, while
Mponda's, through the kindness
of Mr. Philipps' friends, have

there are no bell foundries in
these parts, we get what we can,
and use it to call the faithful
to prayer.

Likoma, through the liberality
of Mr. Glossop and his friends,
possesses two fine bells, which
surely have no rival in the
Diocese. For a long time St.
Michael's College used the cast­
off shell from Likoma, there was
only about three-quarters of this,
and there was no tongue or
crapper within, so the poor rem­
nant was duly beaten on the out­
side. Malindi hung up a piece of
erected on a horizontal bar their bell, which was made in the Whitechapel Foundry.

Wayside villages and new stations, possessing no bells, have to make use of whatever they can lay their hands upon. Mtonya uses a native drum, a goat-skin tightly drawn and pegged down on a wooden frame (see *African Tidings*, May): the natural use of this instrument is to call the people to the immoral dances, where much beer is consumed and other sins sinned; now Christianity has put it to a better use, and the sound is the call to things of the soul, not those of the body.

Various kinds of horns are used, some of great length, into which water is first poured before any sound is forthcoming; but after this they nobly do their duty, so that the slothful cannot plead "I did not hear the call."

Gongs have been introduced into the country, and brought into use, as being less breakable than the more familiar bell.

But whatever the instrument used to call people to church, the natives soon get to know the sound and come with great regularity to worship Him who is the Giver of all good things.

A. G. De la P.

**HOSPITAL LIFE.**

No 1.

**THE WOODEN-LEGGED COOKS.**

Now that the medical work up at the Lake has really begun to be firmly established, we are obliged to employ quite a staff of assistants of one kind and another, and perhaps the most important of all of them are the cooks. The two ladies who fill this office, one at Likoma and one at Kota Kota, are the proud possessors of a wooden leg each; and, as their histories are rather interesting, I think you may like to hear them.

To begin with Annetta, the cook of Likoma native hospital. About four years ago she was brought over from the mainland in a canoe to see if anything could be done for her. She was in a dreadfully thin and starved condition, and her leg was terribly ulcerated, and had been for I am afraid to say how many years. Her friends had neglected her a good deal, and she was altogether a most pitiable object. She was
taken into hospital, where she soon made herself quite at home, and before many weeks had passed she was greatly improved in appearance; and you would hardly have recognized in the clean, smiling person, already beginning to get quite comfortably stout, the poor creature who had arrived so short a time before. Her general condition improved very much, but not the ulcers. They got better and then they got worse again, and though endless trouble was taken over them, they showed no sign of healing completely. This went on for over two years, during which time Chipyela, as she was then called, was instructed and duly received the cross, and was being prepared for baptism. Then the doctor thought that the time had come to suggest amputation of this obstinate leg; and after some delay, the patient consented, and the operation was performed. As soon as she was healed a wooden leg was made in the carpenter's shop, and Chipyela was rejoicing in her restored powers of locomotion. Then came her baptism, when she received the name of Annetta. But there was sad trouble that night, for when she wished to go to bed the straps which kept the leg in place had shrunk, and she was unable to remove it! Nurse was appealed to, but in vain; her strength was unequal to the task; and, not until Mr. Crabb and Mr. George were called to the rescue, could the limb be removed!

One of the first things Annetta did was to stump off down to a village where a girl lived with a leg almost as bad as her own had been, and to try and persuade her to have it off. In this, however, she was unsuccessful.

Ever since the work at Kota Kota first began, old Nema has come to be taught. She had a shockingly bad leg, so she has been a daily patient at the dispensary since it began, and she won all our hearts long ago by her continual cheerfulness and her love of work. Since the hospitals were opened she has been the cook, but at the beginning of last year her leg began to get much more painful than it had ever been before, and I saw that she would soon have to give up if something were not done. She would not hear of amputation. How should she carry water? How should she pound the flour? No, she had rather die. Then came the news of Annetta's courage, and Nema looked glum and frightened and still protested. So we invited Annetta to pay Nema a visit, and she came. I went round to the hospital on the night of her arrival, and found them both seated on the floor. The wooden leg was removed, its straps and fastenings were being carefully examined, and then Nema passed her hand over the stump very gently and began to cry. I said nothing. But when Annetta had gone back I asked Nema what she thought of her. "Oh," she said, "she walks like a European! It is good to walk like a European." By which she meant that the leg made a noise when walked upon, and people could hear Annetta coming, just as they can hear us who wear boots, but not the natives with their nice bare feet. So in order to walk like a European she had her leg off. She was most amusing as soon as she came round from the chloroform. All the most important old ladies of the Christian community were summoned to come and wait upon her. They had to fan her and arrange her pillows, just as she has seen me do for European patients. The dear old thing can't read, but I found her piously studying a hymn book held upside down, and I am sure she thought it was the proper thing to do in times of illness. She soon became impatient to have her bandages off, but was told that she must wait at least ten days. She now has her wooden leg, and one more joy has been added to her. Being unmarried and so not having any children, the glory of being called "mother of somebody" has never been hers.¹ But

¹ In Africa when a woman has a child she is called Mama John—or whatever the child's name may be.
KOROGWE IN OLD DAYS

The following account of Korogwe was written by Charles Magaya (one of the two boys mentioned), and translated by Miss Abdy.

When we think of Korogwe now with its beautiful Church and hundreds of Communicants it fills us with courage and gratitude. Charles is now married and lives at the foot of the hill to Kwe di Ganga.

"When the Europeans came Archdeacon Woodward was the first, and he came to Korogwe village and pitched his tent under a tree, and he told the Chief he wanted a piece of ground that he might build, and the Chief said: 'Do you want that land on this side or on that?'; and he said: 'I want it on this side, on the left.' And when he had finished to choose the place they all returned to the village, and they feasted the stranger with eggs and flour and fowls and goats, because they were rejoiced that he was going to build. Next morning he sent men to cut down the undergrowth, and when they had finished they built a little hut, then he went away.

"We waited a month, and then we saw another European and his name was Mr. Herbert Lister, and he came with a teacher, and they pitched their tent near the hut, and they began their work of persuading children to be taught. The first day they coaxed the children, and they did not get one; then they got one boy, and he stayed a month with them and slept in the tent, then he went away because he had no companions. Mr. Lister came into Korogwe village every day to persuade the children and in the evening he went back to his tent, and he had not got one child. At last I, Charles Mattayo Magaya, came, and I persuaded a friend whose name was Herbert Benyamin Kidungwe, and we went to him, and we got kisibaus and handkerchiefs and caps, and in the morning we went into the village to greet our father and mother. And my father said: 'Why have you gone to live with him? You will be taken to Europe.' And we were very sad when we heard this and we returned, and we said to Mr. Lister: 'Behold we shall go to Europe, take back your kisibau and shuka and cap.' And he said: 'Not at all; your father is telling lies only,' and we slept. In
HERE are many things aboard the Chauncy Maples which to the land parson appear strange, yet the sea parson soon gets into the way of things, and they become part and parcel of the routine of his daily life. Almost every other day our boats have to bring off firewood, as we burn wood not coal, and it is no uncommon sight to see one of the clergy in his white cassock, seated somehow on a boat-load of rough wood, being punted back to the steamer after his work on shore. More than once the boat gives an ominous lurch, and you find yourself being slowly overturned into the water; but as yet no serious accident has happened, and we hope and trust that none may happen in the future.

Or again, the time is evening, a lantern is seen coming towards the shore from the village up on the bank, there is a cry of

"At last there were nine children and the school got on a little; then Mr. Lister was called by Bishop Smythies to go to Zanzibar, and Henry Nasibu, a teacher, came and he prepared me and Herbert to receive the cross, and we went to Msalabani and received the cross there."

(To be continued.)
“boati, boati,” up get four dusky rowers, and the padre, perhaps at nine at night, is rowed back to his quarters on the steamer. The night-watchman hears the splash of the oars, and at the open gangway holds a lantern to show the steering priest where to approach the steamer, and to give him a helping hand aboard.

On the morrow, about 6 a.m., the boat sets out again shorewards with the same passengers, and all things necessary for a Celebration of the Holy Communion in the church on land.

Occasionally, when the steamer is rolling a bit, you find it hard to keep your legs without clinging on to something; and during the service, perhaps while singing a hymn, it certainly does not look dignified to have to take up such a position, more especially if you are before the altar. In England, if you go anywhere to take duty for a friend, or to preach for the Mission, you find everything provided for you at the place where you stay, but if one of us goes ashore for a few days here, he is obliged to take all things necessary for services, besides his bedding, food, cooking utensils and crockery for his meals.

School work on board seems rather a novelty at first, for the certificated teachers come on, from time to time, for a period of three months, to be coached up in the subjects they teach ashore. The chapel, with the east end screened off, serves as a schoolroom, and its level is not very much above water-level, so that at times when crossing the lake you look out on to a vast expanse of water on either side. Under these circumstances arithmetic on the blackboard, brings to our minds the old rhyme—

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
and sums have been known, even with the best of our teachers, not to have quite the right answer attached beneath.

An open market, when we are in harbour, goes on gaily around the steamer, men and boys in many canoes coming round and holding up articles of food for purchase, and the noise of those haggling over the price sometimes evokes from the padre in school a shout for silence, which is taken up outside by other voices until peace and quiet are restored.

You are often awakened of a morning by the sound of a hymn in the teacher’s dormitory at prayer-time, and one of the last things you hear at night is the Evening Hymn, after which silence reigns supreme.

A. G. DE LA P.

Easter at Msalabani.

E had our first service at 6.30, in the Oratory, and then the bells rang out for the Celebration at 7.30. The Church looked so beautiful: palms behind the altar and all the vases done with pale pink monthly roses. The nave had been decorated by the boys in true African fashion, palms tied against the pillars and bits of fern and croton tucked in at any odd corners, and a quaint little string of flowers over the rood screen. The church was packed; it was hard work to
find room to kneel. The women and children had on their most gorgeous sheeties and their side looked like a flower garden, while the schoolboys looked very gay too, for they were all in scarlet shukas and spotless white kisibaus. Then the choir came in—such a long one—singing Hail Festal Day. It was beautiful to see all the choir and servers going up to the altar for their communion; the whole sanctuary seemed alight with the dark green background of palms, and all was so reverent. The service did not seem long, though we were not out till 9.30. Then we had to see about mixing our jugs full of tea and condensed milk, as we had been asked to get tea for one hundred boys and teachers. They drank and ate till they were satisfied. After the boys’ feast we all had lunch together. At tea the Swahili cook sent us over a grand cake with pink whipped up egg on the top. After Festal Evensong I walked up to Hegongo. On the way home I turned into the little cemetery; Padre Harrison’s grave looked so lovely, covered with flowers. I found the quad full of boys enjoying themselves, beating gongs and drums, while about eight dragged a little trolley to and fro with shrieks of laughter; a tremendous noise, but no one minds. Then the Angelus rings and there is perfect stillness, and then once more the noise starts. The Archdeacon is so clever at teaching; the boys can now typewrite tonic sol-fa; and with their sewing machines they can make kanzus, and are even going to try English garments.

On the phonograph he gets a record of a chant or antiphon, and then if an outside teacher comes in who does not know it, it is put on and he listens until he can sing it correctly.

They have just been planting Bermuda grass on the football ground at Magila. It looks so fresh and beautiful; it is like our English grass, but it creeps along and the sun does not have the same effect on it. The blue convolvulus is everywhere, and always lovely. The flowers greet us when we come from church in the morning, but as the heat increases they fade and die. D. A.

* * *

E are very sorry to hear that there has been another outbreak of the disease called beri beri at Kiungani, and the boys were obliged to be dismissed for their holidays earlier than usual. We have asked for your prayers that it may please God to preserve the College from it in the future, for it is a very terrible and deadly disease, though we are thankful to say there have been no deaths from it this time.

* * *

The Bishop of Likoma started for his Diocese on June 9 and travels by the Cape. Two priests have offered themselves for work at Nyasa; one was to leave England on the 23rd June, the Rev. H. A. M. Cox.

* * *

St. Mark’s Theological College, which was at Mazizini near Kilimani, has now been removed to Kiungani and Mr. Weston will again be in charge while continuing his work at Kiungani.

* * *

The offertories and collections on our Anniversary amounted to £120, and £12 16s. 8d. worth of books etc. were sold.

* * *

The pupils at Seabury School, Worthing, gave a charming entertainment at the Heene Room on May 10. They acted two scenes from “Cranford” and a Fairy Play, and the result of much zeal and energy is the large sum of £25 17s. for the funds of U.M.C.A.
A BOY'S PROMISE

PART II

"Andrew will have to be on his back for at least six months," Humphrey's mother wrote, "and even then neither of the doctors could say that he would be quite all right."

Humphrey was horrified. He could not imagine anything more dreadful. "On his back for at least six months!" He knew that for himself he would rather die. Poor Andrew, he could not bear to think of him.

But after a week or two he got used to the thought of his friend lying there cooped up in his little home, flat on his back. And as the term went on and the letters from home said less and less about the invalid boy, his condition began to slip altogether out of Humphrey's thoughts.

Something else was fast slipping away from him in the busy rush of school life—and that was his missionary zeal.

He had come back to school honestly meaning to carry out the Archdeacon's four suggestions. But very soon he excused himself from number one. There really wasn't time for any extra prayers at school—besides, he had forgotten most of the things which the Archdeacon had asked them to pray about.

As to number two, he had tried to influence his two special friends, Allington and Forbes; but Allington had said decidedly that his father didn't approve of Foreign Missions and so he couldn't have anything to do with them, and Forbes had said, "Yes, I expect it's an awfully good thing, but I'm working up for my exam. you know. I can't bother about anything else this term."

Suggestion number three fared a little better, for Humphrey did begin to put aside a few pencees for the Mission, but there are so many ways of spending your money at school—a great many of them are not altogether selfish ways—and the little missionary hoard remained very small.

Then there was the last suggestion; but Humphrey argued with himself that though, of course, he would very much like to be a missionary, his father and mother would very likely say they couldn't spare him, so he didn't see the good of thinking about it, and he didn't think about it.

And so the term went on, full of interests and excitements in school and out of school, and at last the boys began to count the days to the summer holidays.

The holidays reminded Humphrey of Andrew and Andrew reminded him of the Mission, and he began to wish he had not been so slack.

His first question when he got home was "How's Andrew?"

"Well, poor fellow," said his mother, "he doesn't seem to get on very fast. He's very good and patient, and they get him out in the garden sometimes now."

Humphrey went to see him the next day. He was lying flat on a long couch at the open window. Humphrey thought he looked ever so much older than when he had seen him last, ever so much older than himself, though the two boys were really the same age.

He felt rather shy of him, and to hide his shyness he talked very fast about anything and everything that came into his head.

Andrew lay listening with a look in his face half of pleasure and half wistful.

Suddenly Humphrey stopped.

"Well, I am a brute to go rattling on like this. Tell me something about yourself. Is it very bad, poor old fellow?"

Andrew turned his face away.

"It's not so bad now, sir."

"Oh! don't for goodness sake 'Sir' me, Andrew! You're a much better and finer fellow than I am. I never could have stood it like you. My mother says you're most awfully good about it!"
"Oh, no! I'm not; I'm afraid Mrs. Spencer doesn't know."

"Oh! but I know you are; it's like you."

Then, as he caught sight of a little brown box on the table behind him, "And you've got a missionary box, too! Do you know, Andrew, I'm afraid I've been dreadfully slack about that business. Have you done those four things the Archdeacon said?"

"I've tried."

"Well, I haven't—at least not properly. Don't you find it's awfully hard?"

"Yes, I do. You see, of course there's plenty of time, but somehow it seems harder to pray lying down like this, and so often my back aches or my head aches. And then, you see, I don't know anything that's happening, and it's dull going on praying when you don't know."

"Oh, dear! what a brute I am! I promised to lend you those magazines, and I never have. They sent them to me at school, but I'm afraid I haven't read them much."

"Thank you very much, sir, but I've really managed all right. One day the Rector talked to me about the Mission a little, and he told me that at the Holy Communion was the best time of all to pray for it, because then we are pleading Christ's Sacrifice as He is pleading It in heaven. So now whenever the Rector comes to give me my Communion, or whenever the Church bell rings for the Holy Eucharist, I try to remember."

"And I suppose you've done the other things too?"

"I've tried to," said Andrew again.

"Well, I do think it was fine of you to stick to the whole thing like that."

"I couldn't help it; I promised God. You see there's not much I can do, sir. But there's just this little bit of work He's prepared for me to walk in. How could I give it up, after all He has done for me and all He's always doing?"

The next day Humphrey met the doctor just outside the village.

"Doctor Barford, I want to ask you about Andrew Chalmers. When is he going to get well?"

"I hope he will be able to walk a little in six months' time, but he will never be quite well again. He will always have to be careful."

"Does he know?"

"Yes, he does; he asked me. He's a plucky fellow."

Humphrey went on his way across the fields in a brown study.

Andrew knew, and yet he had said, "How could I give it up after all He has done, and all He's always doing?"

Yet, he, Humphrey, had all but given it up, though he owed so much, so very much more.

"I promised God," Andrew had said.

And then and there, out in the fields, under the blue sky, Humphrey promised God too. He will keep that promise, with God's help, till his life's end.

(Conclusion.) C. M. V.

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** GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY **

We gladly note that East and Central African Missions have formed one of the subjects of instruction and study in connexion with the Reading Union of the Girls' Friendly Society during the past winter. Great interest has been manifested, and the knowledge of the U.M.C.A. shown in certain papers we have been privileged to see makes us both thankful and hopeful. In some cases most useful needlework has been done for the Mission.
MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

Some of you solved the Acrostic quite correctly, which seems to me very wonderful, for I never could do such things when I was a child. However, for the benefit of those who did not find it out, I print it again, with the solution.

You realize, do you not, that Mrs. Pickett's missionary box was worth its weight in gold, because it taught her to be thankful? The Psalm says, "A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful," and those people who cultivate a thankful spirit are always the happiest in themselves, and the ones who give most happiness to others. The other sort, grumbly people, are so very disagreeable and trying! Mind you all try to be amongst the thankful ones.

Please will you each find your copy of the U.M.C.A. It?. Catcehism (or ask me for one if you do not possess it), as you will want it for answering the questions this and the following months. It would be a very good thing to learn it all through if you could, it would make your knowledge of the Mission so exact and thorough. I know one school where the children are regularly taught it as part of their Sunday lessons, and I am sure these children must know far more about U.M.C.A. than ordinary children.

Always your affectionate friend,

ELLEN M. NELSON.

1. Here was quelled France's boastful might.
2. A land in southern ocean bright.
3. Where gold and diamonds thousands seek.
5. Here was made sure the Stuarts' fall.
6. Here did Charles V a Diet call.
7. The fairest bay, they say, of all.

Solution.

|   | A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I | J | K | L | M | N | O | P | Q | R | S | T | U | V | W | X | Y | Z |
| 1 | A | 1. Agincourt. | T |
| 2 | F | 2. Fiji. | I |
| 3 | R | 3. Rand. | D |
| 4 | I | 4. Illimani. | I |
| 5 | C | 5. Culloden. | N |
| 6 | A | 6. Augsburg. | G |
| 7 | N | 7. Naples. | S |

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

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