much in Africa. There are not the same attractions to draw one out as in England—no possibility of shopping, and the nearest European friend to call upon is probably four or five miles away, so that, unless you are a very indefatigable walker, walking is soon given up altogether. I think it is a pity, for almost everybody would be better and happier for a little outdoor exercise.

But there are some fidgety people in Africa—as in England—who, if they are cooped up within doors all day, get so cross and irritable that they try to blow the cobwebs out of their brains by taking a walk, lest they should make themselves very disagreeable to their friends and neighbours.

There are several roads in the island of Zanzibar which are fairly good, either for walking or cycling, and besides these there are numberless tracks only wide enough for walking single file. You soon get used to talking to some one before or behind you, and carry on a conversation as easily as if you were walking abreast. As a rule the tracks are the pleasantest for walking, because the greenery on either side is so much more restful for the eyes than the glare of the white dusty road. These narrow paths lead from one cluster of native huts to another—sometimes we find ourselves in a good big village.

When we want a change we try a new footpath, but we generally find that "all roads lead to Rome," and to-day's track leads us to the same spot as yesterday's did.

Occasionally we get lost, but it is as a rule easy to guide ourselves by the setting sun. Often we are quite repaid for the effort of starting out by a most glorious sunset. African sunsets are worth seeing! The natives of all the villages round know us by sight, and if we do get lost they are most kind and good-natured in helping us to find our way back. (They are of course Mohammedans or heathen.) Great is their amusement, on asking us where we are going, to be told we are only going for a walk. It is an idea quite strange to the African mind that any one should find pleasure in walking unless they have business to call them out. The African idea of rest after work is to lie down and bask in the sun.

Sometimes we come across lapsed Christians in these villages, who have perhaps married heathen and almost forgotten their Christian teaching; then we try to do something towards bringing them back again.

We made up our minds once that (by way of giving an object to our walks) we
would make a collection of African wild flowers. We were to start our collection 
seen. We waited eighteen months without getting any rain, so the collection has not 
yet been begun. Perhaps next year we may be more successful. Most 
of the wild flowers we have seen on the island of Zanzibar are very 
small, but some of them very beautiful.

A. M. S.

Miss Foxley wants, for her little day-school at Mkunazini, sewing 
materials, patches and pieces, also thimbles, as her little boys sew as 
well as her girls. She would also be glad of some good strong toys and 
things for musical drill. (Miss Molesworth teaches singing and musical 
drill.) Handkerchiefs and beads would be greatly appreciated; also an 
alphabet on bricks for the little ones. Perhaps some children in England could spare some of their toys for Miss Foxley.
THE GREAT FAMINE AT MAGILA.

[Our readers will rejoice to hear that since the following letter was written, Archdeacon Woodward tells us that he hopes the famine will be practically over by August, as the crops were ripening and had, up to the time of his letter, escaped the locusts.]

At present there are about 280 to 300 people at Kiumba, the village which the people have built for themselves, all living on what we can do for them. All the early bad cases have gone, but I should say that quite 250 to 300 have died since the first day we sent them there. Some have picked up and are looking quite strong, and are able to do a little work every day. Many of them must die, but we hope to save the greater number of those left now. One thing struck me very much when I was there last—that was the absence of babies; only one was to be seen, yet when nurse and I were last there we were simply besieged with mothers with babies asking for medicine, milk, etc. All these little mites are no more.

The photo of the three children I took early one morning. As we were sitting at breakfast we saw a most pitiful object passing by the door, casting in longing eyes. Father Woodward jumped up and called the boy to stop, and we were all shocked at his emaciated state—just skin and bone. The photo does not half show his condition; he was given a kisibau of one of the boys, as he was almost minus clothing. We gave him a dish of food, which he ravenously devoured, and then I got him to stand between two of our Mission boys so that we might see the difference.

Thank God, things are brightening up a little now. Vegetables may be had, water is fresh, and if only the locusts will leave the corn alone there is every prospect of a good harvest in August, and oh! how one hopes it may be so, for it is sickening going on day after day as we have done for months! No one, unless they have been in a famine-stricken country, can have the least conception of the horror of it all.

Although things are better, they are still very bad, and must be for months to come. Still, the death rate is lower, food is slowly coming in from the fields, and people look brighter and seem to have a little heart again. There is scarcely a single child in either of the schools who is not mourning the loss of relatives, and some of every relative and nearly every friend as well. On Sunday last, out of the fifty women and girls in church, only about ten or twelve were dressed in bright garments; all the others were in kaniki (dark blue cloth), worn by the natives when in grief or trouble.

MAGILA, June 14th.

L. M. DUNFORD.
On Whitsun Eve, at five o'clock, the first instalment of catechumens were baptized—two other boys had been baptized for special reasons before, but these are practically the first lot of Christian natives of the place. The ceremony was performed in the most primitive and inspiring way.

The candidates—the first-fruits of persevering patience and unwearying efforts—assembled in the church for the first part of the Baptismal Office, together with those who are adherents of the Mission, both from this village and neighbourhood, where we have schools, numbering all told upwards of a hundred or more.

At the termination of the former part of the Office, a procession was formed, preceded by the processional cross gleaming in the rays of the declining sun, followed by the native catechists and candidates for baptism, a large banner bearing the emblems of SS. Peter and Paul, the Officiant, and a gathering of Christians and catechumens (most of the Christians were on their way to Blantyre seeking work), singing “The Church’s one Foundation,” until the broad river of the Upper Shiré was reached. It was necessary to enter the water to the depth of two feet, when the candidates alternately came and knelt down, and were immersed in the name of the Blessed Trinity.

Returning to the church, the Te Deum was sung as an act of praise. After the candidates appeared in the church, clad in clean white visibau, the remainder of the service was concluded.

On Whitsun Day, six of the boys who were baptized the previous day took part in the procession as choir boys, clad in scarlet cassocks and white visibau, for the first time. The psalms and canticles at matins were chanted antiphonally by men and boys carefully, and with a good deal of spirit, much to their credit; but it required a great deal of patient practising beforehand.

The sanctuary was tastefully decorated by the teachers for the Feast of Pentecost. The offertory was decidedly good. I think nearly every schoolboy saved up sixpence for that purpose, and all our catechumens brought some kind of offering—either a fowl, or a small basket of ufu (flour), eggs, or ground nuts.

A few days ago I went up to the hills for a picnic with the boys, and I was perfectly astonished to see what huge crops of grain, chiefly millet, there are in the gardens. It is almost ripe; at any rate we need not fear our old enemies, the locusts, this year. With all this abundance around us, one does not forget one’s friends in the Usambara district, and I wish it was possible to help them. With us, just now, grain is plentiful and very cheap; too cheap, in fact, as so much goes to make quantities of native beer, and with this lovely moon there is a good deal of drunkenness going on among us. This week, too, the Queen’s birthday is being observed, which, with all its festivities, causes no end of trouble in the village; and it is not quite easy to keep our own people clear of a misguided persuasion, for somehow a native dance has a great charm and fascination for them.

Perhaps you have already heard we have added to our farmyard in the shape of two donkeys. I have nearly decided what names to give them, but I am afraid the boys will find the names difficult to pronounce, unless we stick to something plain and simple, such as Bob.

John George Philipps.

Mponda’s, May 26th.
TO THE PATRONS OF CHILDREN.

THE REV. SAMUEL SEHOZA'S WEDDING.

On May 11th, the Rev. Samuel Sehoza, of Misozwe, was married to Louisa Makanyasa by the Rev. F. Evans, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Cecil Majaliwa. A great many people assembled at Mbweni for the wedding, and there were great rejoicings, with drumming and dancing in Miss Thackeray's shambatill half-past four in the afternoon, when the wedding party was invited to a feast by Bwana Owen Makanyasa and his wife Barbara, the parents of the bride. The bride and bridegroom were driven into town, and at Ng'ambo there was more drumming and dancing, and much scent was poured on the people.

Bwana Owen was one of the early Mission boys; he is now head native printer at Mkunazini. His wife Barbara has been to England as ayah more than once.

TO THE PATRONS OF CHILDREN.

Since I came to work in Zanzibar for the U.M.C.A., it has been borne in on me how very real the children regard that bond to be which exists between themselves and their patrons in England, and I fancy it might both interest and encourage other patrons to hear what my experience has been.

To begin with, I must say that I was not myself a patron. It was our Sunday School of 350 children, of which I happened to be the superintendent. When I first called a meeting of the teachers, and suggested that we should try to do something for Missions, they responded warmly, and we agreed to call a meeting of the children, and propose to them that we should try to raise £7 a year, and have a child of our own in Africa. They too were keen, and we received that evening enough promises of support to warrant me in writing to Father Woodward and asking for a boy. He was in England at the time, and very kindly came and spoke to the children on Sunday afternoon during school, and in due time it was arranged that we should have Mhina, a Bondi, only a catechumen. The children's subscriptions were brought every Sunday most regularly. Some gave as much as 1d. a week; others 1/2d. a month. After a while Mhina was baptized and called Nicholas, after our church. The children wrote, but of course I always forwarded their letters, and so Nicholas got to know my name, and regarded me as specially his friend, though in reality I only gave my 1d. a week. In due course we flourished so much as an Association that we took a girl as well, Rhoda Mwa Juma, an Mbweni girl, and sent our second £7 to Miss Randolph, and workboxes and cottons and footballs and knives to our children. Then, alas! my connection with the school ceased, owing to my change of residence; and the disappointment was keen when I heard, a month before I left, that Nicholas had run away from Kiungani, whither he had gone to complete his education. I simply dared not tell the children. We had prayed for him in school always by name, and many I know mentioned his name in their private prayers as well. Their pennies, too, had been given at the cost of real self-denial, so, as I knew it would be very hard to continue to collect £14 a year, I proposed that they should now only have the one child, Rhoda. They continued for two or three years to send the money for her, and then everything came to an end, altogether a very unsatisfactory piece of business.

Now comes chapter the second. Five years all but three days from my leaving that Sunday School I arrived here to work. After the strangeness of the first few days had worn off, I began to ask after our children. "Oh, yes," I was told, "we know Rhoda. She has married nearly a year, and is living at Kiungani with her husband, Arthur, a teacher. You will be
able to see her." And in a week or two I did see her, my own brown child. I could not speak a word of her language, and she could only understand a few words of mine; but Miss Margaret Berkeley interpreted, and we smiled and nodded and shook hands, and appeared mutually satisfied.

A few weeks afterwards I heard "Rhoda has a little girl," so I bicycled to Kiungani to inquire, and by that time I knew just enough Swahili to ask her how she was. The next day came my first Swahili letter to this effect, "Please, Bibi, will you be godmother to our little girl? and we should like to call her after your name. I am your own child Rhoda." Two or three months after this, to my great sorrow, Arthur gave up being a teacher, with the prospect of Holy Orders, and took work as interpreter to the English consul at Kismayu. He and Rhoda both came over to tell me as soon as it was settled, shook his head sadly. "He has almost entirely severed his connection with the Mission. He is working for a German in Tanga, and never goes inside a church." There seemed nothing to be done, as I could not go to Tanga. One could only wait and pray and hope. Then I found that Nicholas' own brother Michael was a clerk in Zanzibar, and, moreover, engaged to one of our nicest girls. So when next he came to see his lady-love, I asked to be told. Michael said Nicholas had no work
just then, and he thought of asking him to come to Zanzibar. I begged him to do so, and wrote a note too, saying I should so much like to see him. In a very few weeks the boy appeared, saying he had understood his English mother was here, and so of course he had come. It is too soon to speak with any certainty, but it does really seem as if that little note of mine, just because I represented his patron, written in atrocious Swahili, were going to be a turning point in the boy’s life, as if it had just roused his sleeping conscience, for he has settled down to good work in town, and is making up his mind to be a Christian again, not an indifferentist, and if he continues to go on well, will be allowed to marry a good girl in our Industrial Wing, to whom he has become attached. The others already laugh, and call her my daughter-in-law.

So I think you will agree with me that these children do regard their patrons with very special affection; and surely the moral for patrons is that, however unsatisfactory their children seem to be, they should not be given up, and even if the home organization which supports them fails too, that is no reason why those who care about missionary work should cease to care for their individual child. On the very slightest acquaintance, Rhoda asked me to stand for her baby, and looked to me to help her. Without having seen me at all, Nicholas came at my bidding. So please, dear patrons all, will you remember your work is a very real and a very high one? and never allow yourselves to think it “doesn’t matter” if you give it up.

Ellen M. Nelson.

Mbweni, May, 1899.

"Where the Saints have Trod" is a little book we should like to recommend, by Miss E. M. Blunt. It is published by L. Wilding, Castle Street, Shrewsbury, at 1s.

MISS THACKERAY tells us that “a little girl about nine years of age was received at Mbweni School on June 1st. She came first to the Hospital as an outpatient with a bad foot, then begged to be taken in and said her mistress had given her leave; this proved to be untrue, so she had to be sent back when she was cured. However, after some time the child ran away to the Mission; she was kept at Mkunazini till her freedom was obtained and registered by the authorities. She came to Mbweni with her slave name, but said she did not want to be called by it any more, and after a little difficulty her own name, by which she had been known at home, was extracted. She belongs to the Matumba tribe, and has come all the way from the country west of Lake Tanganyika. She says she was playing on the shore of the lake when she was seized by an Arab, who held her mouth to prevent her screaming, and then she was carried down to the coast and brought to Zanzibar and sold. She seems to be quite at home and happy now.”
Kota Kota.

For holy week and Easter I gave an address each day on the events of the day, beginning the Saturday evening before Palm Sunday. We also had Chinyanja celebrations of Holy Communion each morning till Thursday. On Good Friday, matins at 6.15; Litany and Ante-Communion with Story of the Cross at 9; the three hours, 12-3; Evensong at 6; and the Stations of the Cross (lantern) at 7.30. On the great Sabbath, matins at 6.15; Ante-Communion and Sermon at 8.30; Festal Evensong and Sermon to Christians (at end of service) at 6. Easter Day, Holy Communion at 7 (18 native communicants); matins, 11; English Service, 4; Festal Evensong at 6. Also Chinyanja celebrations on Easter Monday and Tuesday. We had a feast on Monday Evening till 10.30.

We had a leopard on the baraza the other evening at 7 o'clock, when we were at dinner with door and window open. He was after the fox terrier, chased it over from the other house; we heard the squeals coming closer, and then a race past the door along the baraza, through the wash-up place and into the kitchen; then a yell from the boys in the kitchen; and a moment afterwards the boys came running along to the house. We had the mosquito net down, so could not see the beasts go by, but we went out at once on to the baraza as the boys came along. The leopard had chased the dog right into the kitchen, but the fire and the scream of the boys, who saw him, frightened him and he made off. We did not know where he had gone, so got lamps, and Mathews went to the carpenter's place to get his gun, while I searched the woodstack behind the kitchen with my shot gun and a lamp. Then we both searched round outside the fence, but could not find him. We saw a deep scratch in the ground where he had sprung over the fence when he ran away, and also his marks in the sand at the end of the baraza where there are no bricks. Such is life at Kota Kota. The night before, when we came out from Evensong, the boys said they could smell one in the bushes at the end of the church, but we could not find anything.

April 18th, 1899.

H. J. H.

I left Zanzibar on March 20th, and arrived here exactly a month afterwards—really a marvellously quick journey. It seemed so strange to be settled in a house again, after travelling for so many days.

We had a very pleasant time on the river, a large party of ten working at Chinyanja, and enjoying the varied scenery. It is not an exactly excursion life on board the river-steamers, but not so bad as it might be.

We four ladies all had to sleep in one cabin, and we had so much luggage that there was very little standing-room, so we had to get up and go to bed one by one. The whole process, therefore, took some time.

We spent a few days at Mponda's, waiting for a steamer to bring us on. Mponda's is one of the newest of the mission stations, you know. Mr. Philipps started it, and worked it up wonderfully; it has a pretty little reed church and a large school.

It is a very large village. I think the work there can be extended very much, and, no doubt, will be.

Great excitement was shown at the ap-
pearance of white ladies. I think the whole population turned out to see us when we took our first walk.

When we got here only Mr. Mathews was on the station; Mr. Hancock had gone to Likoma for the Conference, so we got nicely settled in while he was away. I had got my dispensary open, and had my first fever before he came back.

There is a charming Church here, so very pretty that I shall be sorry when it is replaced by a stone one. The permanent one is to be built over Bishop Maples' grave.

The school is built of brick—the boys' school that is. The girls have only a reed building. Not very much has been done with the girls as yet, because there have been no ladies; but now Miss Cameron has taken them in hand, and will, no doubt, work them up.

The Bishop came to see us last week. You know he is a doctor. I was trained at his hospital. He held a confirmation on Saturday evening—the first I have seen since I came to Africa—truly an impressive sight. The children seemed to feel the importance of it.

My chief business is, of course, nursing; people come to me with their ailments, and I prescribe as well as I can. I even go so far as to draw teeth. I have also been able to nurse European neighbours, who have been ill—a thing one is glad to do, because they are very good to the mission.

Whitsuntide is upon us nearly. We are going to have a lantern show on Whit-Monday, I believe. The boys are looking forward to it very much.

I wish you could see our beautiful lake, it is an ever-abiding joy to look at it, the lights and shades are so wonderful. Of course it is a great event when a steamer comes in, especially the Charles Janson. I think the people are glad to have ladies here. The household arrangements left room for a good deal of improvement.

May 18th. K. M.

Mr. J. P. Clarke writes, May 1st: "I have only been here eleven days, but I have been very much impressed by the work Mathews has done. He was trained as a cabinetmaker, yet here he has made bricks and built a splendid Boys' School. We intended to make 500,000 bricks this year, but the great difficulty is firewood, which is very scarce in this district. Mathews went out twelve miles on Friday and arranged for 600 yards (firewood is bought by the cubic yard). It is too early to begin making bricks; we do not expect to start till the end of this month. Miss Cameron and Nurse Minter are here, and the dispensary work is increasing very rapidly. The natives who are not Christians have to bring something in kind for treatment—one fowl or six eggs; some of them bring more. Mr. Stokes is quickly learning Chinyanja. He has already given two short addresses on the Sundays. He has had one of the teachers to correct them for him. Mr. Sharp, Her Majesty's Commissioner, paid Kota Kota a visit on Saturday afternoon. We took the boys to the Boma after dinner, and succeeded in getting there without being seen, and sang 'God save the Queen.' The Commissioner was very pleased and thanked the boys."

Night Nursing.

The moonlight nights are most lovely, but sometimes we do get a dark night, and last night it was very dark indeed; but as an extra good lamp had been granted me, I settled myself most comfortably to enjoy my home letters, which had just arrived. I was much engrossed in one of them, when I was conscious of a bat flying close round me, and it even knocked itself against my face. I really could not stand that, so I retired from the baraza just as a cat sprang up from somewhere and began tearing round after the bat. I had hardly got down the baraza steps, when I heard an awful crash and saw the baraza in total darkness. Of course, every one woke up, and Miss Brewerton flew out to see what
was the matter. She declares that I said
that the bat had knocked over the lamp,
but I really thought the cat had jumped
up and thrown it over in its efforts to catch
the bat. However, when we got a light,
we found that a picture had slipped down
and overturned the lamp, which was
smashed to atoms, while the picture itself
was uninjured. No sooner was that mess
cleared up, and I had returned quietly to
my letters, than down came the rain in

pouring torrents. This compelled me to
go all round the wards shutting the
windows. I never realized before what
tropical rain was like. It makes such a
noise, and the whole place seems to be
flooded in one minute. It rained all night
at intervals, so the garden looked nice and
fresh this morning. The creek looked like
a great band of silver in the beautiful
moonlight night, and the palm trees like
trees out of fairyland. I used to go and
sit on the roof to enjoy it all. The cathe-
dral looks more beautiful in the moonlight
than at any other time. Certainly the
cold English moonlight gives one very
little idea of what an African moon can be.
On the dark nights I constantly see fire-
flies and glow-worms sparkling about like
will-o’-the-wisps. I don’t think we can
have had it so hot here as you had for the
anniversary; there is always a fresh air,
and one never gets the stifled feeling of
London heat.

Zanzibar, July 2nd.

M.

PEMBA NEWS.

EV. J. K. KEY writes from Wet in
May: “We have had in 21 days
59 inches of rain. The driving
rain peeled off the thin coating
of lime over the exposed part of the
house and left only mud and soft stone, at
the mercy of the rain. I am going to
rebuild it with more stone, and I want to
make three rooms upstairs, with a corru-
gated iron roof and a baraza to land upon.
Fundi Mahommed is quite sure the
foundations will bear the upper rooms
Mrs. Fisher Watson’s Toy Afternoon at Croydon was very successful as well as very pleasant. It enabled her to send toys, etc., to the value of £7 19s. 2d. to Magila, £6 10s. 2d. to Kota Kota, £4 19s. to Mponda’s, £5 11s. 2d. to Masasi. Total, £24 19s. 6d. During the afternoon short addresses were given by the Rev. W. W. Auster, Mr. Viner and Mr. Crouch.

—o—

WOMEN BRINGING UP WATER FROM THE BOYUMA RIVER.
Well, the next morning at 8 o'clock the wedding duly came off, with a nicely-sung service, including of course the Holy Communion, and after the service the bride and bridegroom walked away from church to their house (looking very solemn indeed), each having an umbrella held over the head by a friend. Then the noises began, and went on almost without stopping till late at night—gun firing, and drumming, and dancing, and shouting. Dear me! if you had seen the women and girls at their "dance," how you would have laughed! Many of them looked as grave as if they were at school, or at work! Lots of the women had babies fastened on their backs, but these little things didn't seem to mind being jogged about at all. The "wedding breakfast" was at about 2 o'clock, and lasted about fifteen minutes! It consisted of large plates of very stiff porridge, with pieces of fowl to eat with it. Don't you wish you'd been there to have some?

A few days ago, I heard a cry of "Snake!" and I went to see it: it had been seen by one of the boys on Mr. Simpson's house. It was a beautiful green colour, and was some five feet long! One of the bigger boys got hold of it by the tail (it was nearly dead then, of course) and ran round the place chasing the other boys with it.

I am afraid I tell you a good deal of the funny part of our life, my dear children; but I feel sure none of you forget that there is another side to it all: we have disappointments in our work, and people that we think are good sometimes turn out bad, just as they do in England. A very great many prayers are needed for the Africans, both Christians and heathen: and children can pray if they can't do much else. Fifteen of our school-boys were baptized at Easter; such nice lads! Think of these boys sometimes in your prayers. You have been "members of Christ" for many years: they are but a couple of months old in the Faith, though perhaps older really than some of you.

They have many temptations and need all the help possible. God be with you all.

Your affectionate friend,

ERNEST A. GEE.

NEWALA, May 18th, 1899.

—o—

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

We hope that when the African boys and girls leave school many of them may be able to go and teach the heathen. So they do; others do useful work, such as printing, building, etc. The old oil-tins are only used for mending the roofs of the cottages which have been thatched with cocoa-nut leaf. Bamboos and grass are used on the mainland for the churches and houses.

RESULT OF JULY COMPETITION.

Seniors.—Full marks, 34. D. Trott, 32; C. M. Wilson, 27; L. Perman, 26; M. Rawlinson and A. Carpenter, 19.


QUESTIONS.

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

SEPTEMBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.

1. What has made Chaki-Chaki such a good place for carrying on the slave trade?
2. What are the usual customs at the death of an important native in Nyasaland?

Enigma.

(a) An island on the east coast of Africa.
(b) An African deacon.
(c) A little animal which got up to mischief in the Hospital.
(d) A teacher at Ngofi.
(e) The day on which there are many Baptisms at the Mission stations.
(f) The place where the Ladies' Mission House has been opened this year.
(g) The home of many of the traders in Zanzibar.
The initials of the answers give the name of a river in C. Africa.

Juniors.

1. What is a dhow?
2. What work do the Mission boys Hamisi and Mabuki do in Pemba?
3. What would one see at a native village near the river Shiré?