THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF S. PETER AT LIKOMA.

THE Feast of S. Michael and All Angels, 1905, was a grand day for the Universities' Mission.

Long ago when some one in Zanzibar spoke of the Church on the Slave Market as the Cathedral, seemed hardly likely to be realized in our day, but now so gloriously fulfilled.

The whole Mission staff from the various stations around Lake Nyasa assembled on this joyful occasion to the number of forty, and they all went into Retreat together on Tuesday evening, for such a tremendous event demanded a solemn preparation of prayer and meditation. (See page 23 for a Likoma girl's description of the Retreat.)

On Friday morning the congregation as-
Frank George, who joined the Mission in 1899, and the whole work has been done under his supervision. The work of building was started March 2, 1903, and the foundation stone was laid on June 27, 1903.

The Cathedral would be a magnificent one—ese England, but when one considers that everything except the iron roof and cement is of native work and obtained locally one is struck dumb with wonder at the sight of it.

N.B.—Next month we hope to give a little description of the interior of the Cathedral.

Our readers will like to have the picture of Padre Harrison and his boys. One of his fellow-workers writes of him: "He was so good, so bright, so strong, so energetic in all his work. There could be no slacking where Padre Harrison was. He kept others up to the work, and he was always ready to help, nothing was too much trouble. He was as ready to help the carpenter with a difficult piece of work as he was to visit a sick person, or to sit patiently and listen to a long story. What a splendid example for us all!"

The architect of the Cathedral is Mr.
HIS LAST REQUEST.

The following letter from Padre Harrison arrived Dec. 8, three days after the cable announcing his death, so that it seems to come to us as a last message and request from one who gave his life for the people of whom he writes.

"He is following letter from Padre Harrison arrived Dec. 8, three days after the cable announcing his death, so that it seems to come to us as a last message and request from one who gave his life for the people of whom he writes.

From men and boys have enlisted; you who live in a Christian country and have Christian homes can hardly realize the isolation and burden of this single-handed combat. Pray for them then, not only once but daily in your prayers—that they may remain steadfast to their promise and face boldly the great temptations that must befall them.

"Every prayer which you shall offer for

In case our readers have not got African Tidings for November 1901 handy, we give a very brief account of the "Admission Service" and request then made to them.

"The Service took place at Msalabani. Twenty-seven were given crosses, two of them were men presented by a neighbouring teacher, seven boys from the Magila day school, and eighteen were Shambalas from the schools on the Hills opened the previous year. They were all very attentive throughout the Service.

"It is no easy service to which these

them will be a smooth stone in their sling with which to strike and conquer the Giant of Evil.

"Yours affectionately,

"A Padre."

Such was the appeal made four years ago; now read with joy and thanksgiving the sequel.

Dear Readers,—

In African Tidings for November 1901, appeared a letter from a Padre entitled "An Admission Service." The letter bore a request for your prayers. It found an
answer amongst many readers unknown to the writer, and now in November 1905 from a grateful heart, comes a message of congratulation and encouragement. The end is not yet achieved, but, that those who have prayed, and are praying, may take heart and pray on, and that others may learn the value, the joy, and the privilege of prayer, it is well that you should know how God has been pleased to grant that for which we asked.

Look back again to the plea made four years ago, realize again the special difficulties conflicting those souls. Read again of what you should be doing to help. Then humbly thank God that out of those twenty-seven catechumens twenty-one have already been baptized. Yet so the fight is fiercer still and your prayers must not fail them that they may use the means of Grace.

Of these twenty-one, ten are now communicants, ten more have just been confirmed, the other one was prevented by illness.

But what of the other six?

They still need your help, perhaps even more. Three of them are still coming to be taught, they have got behind because for a long time they went away to live in another part of the country far from any Church or teacher. One of these three will (D.V.) be baptized at the coming Feast of the Epiphany.

The other three have fallen away. One has married a heathen woman and relapsed, another, in spite of warning, insisted on entering the customary heathen rites for lads and so had to give back his Cross, and the third shrank from the effort to stifle the lusts of the flesh and withdrew.

This is why we so much want your prayers, for the last as well as for the first of those twenty-seven, for if we Christians have Christ's Will at heart, we can't be happy till all are His and He is theirs.

Again yours affectionately,
A Padre.
him medicine, and he had a good night, and we hoped God would let him get well; but on Tuesday he was ill again, and we went and prayed for and with him until he died. We are all very sorry, because he used to work so hard amongst the people, and brought many careless people back to God. Now he is gone. I am afraid I shall not get about as much as he did. I am getting old. But we are glad for him that he is at rest.

Thank you so much for your prayers, which help us.

Your affectionate Friend,

H. W. Woodward, S.S.M.

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LATER MEMORIES.

PERHAPS you will say that the two memories which I am now going to write about, are so slight that they are hardly worth telling at all—and, perhaps, if you know your U.M.C.A. History very well, you will accuse me of not taking the Bishops in their correct order, for Bishop Mackenzie, as we all know, was the first Bishop, before Bishop Tozer, of whose early days I told you in African Tidings of November—and Bishop Steere came after Bishop Tozer. However, in my own life, the one glimpse I had of Bishop Mackenzie came a little later, for I was just a “grown-up” girl when one of my uncles took me to a missionary meeting, at which Bishop Mackenzie was the important speaker. I have uncle spoke to the Bishop, and we who were with him were allowed to do so as well.

The picture I have before me, and it is a picture I should like to make you see if I could do so, is of such a wonderfully noble, bright, earnest man. In thinking of the crowded room in which I met him, which was rather dark because so many people were there, I seem to see a ray of light, coming from him: I dare say it was partly that he had a somewhat bright colour, and his hair was not dark, but I think that there was also a great light in his own mind, and spirit, which was leading him onwards, burning like the beautiful glow of a rushing rocket, which some of you may have seen, if you have been by the seaside, when the Coastguard officers and men were practising their life-saving apparatus.

My other memory, which is of Bishop Steere, was of an entirely different kind. It was (as it happened)
in the same town, though not in the same house. Have you ever watched a river? and if you have, do you remember how sometimes it rushes along full of life, and sometimes it looks dark and still, but in both cases it is going on and on, in its journey to the sea? Well, I can only liken my remembrance of Bishop Steere to one of those still, deep parts of a river. I am afraid some of us were disappointed, for we thought he was too quiet, and too silent, but that just shows that we ought never to judge hastily, for Bishop Steere was not one atom behind the other great Bishops who have given their lives to Central Africa.

So now I have told you what I can about the three first Bishops—namely, Bishops Mackenzie, Tozer, and Steere.
A VERY OLD STORY.

HEN I was a small child (it seems an immense time ago) missionary literature was not nearly so interesting as it is now, and the magazines were very meagre and poor productions, the letterpress either very dull and uninteresting, or else rather amazing in its exaggeration, the pictures crude and often astonishing.

I had an aunt who was deeply interested in Foreign Missions, and she was most anxious to interest me in them also, but with very small success, for I did not care in the least for that sort of thing, and nothing would induce me to have a missionary box; my pennies went to very different objects. My aunt always sent me every month a little long green book with accounts of Mission work abroad fully illustrated. I quite forget its name, and if the little periodical is still in circulation, it has so changed its outside and inside as to be no longer recognizable.

I used to look at the pictures, though I never read anything but the stories. There was one picture which impressed itself upon my memory, and one story which I have never forgotten, I don't quite know why, to this day. The two had nothing to do with each other. The picture represented an Indian god with a most horrible and hideous face; it had, as far as I can remember, six hands and six feet, and each hand strangled and each foot crushed a tiny struggling baby. Those babies broke my heart, and then to think that any one could worship a creature that so treated them, it awoke the first spark of missionary interest in me. The story was as follows:

A little girl went to a missionary meeting where a black man gave a lecture. She was deeply interested in all he told of his own country, its people and their customs. He spoke also of the beauty of the trees and flowers and fruits of his own land, and contrasted them with the hideous evil of the people's lives. He specially described the cocoanut palms, and the child was full of pity for him having to leave such a lovely land to plead his cause in cold and uncongenial England. When the meeting was over she put her sixpence into the collecting plate, but she had a great longing to do something for the man himself. The day before the meeting had been her birthday, and among her presents was a cocoanut which she had long wished to possess—she was greatly looking forward to drinking the milk, eating the fruit, and making a cup out of the shell, all of which she had heard could be done with this precious fruit. But when she got home she looked at her cocoanut with other eyes. It came from the black man's country—if she gave it to him might it not give him a moment's joy and remind him of his own country? The struggle was very hard, she would rather have given him any of her other presents, but finally unselfishness and the wish to give joy to another triumphed.

I cannot remember the end of the story, but there was a picture of the little girl, dressed as was the fashion then, in a little full frock low in the neck and short in the sleeves and rather long in the skirt—her hair tied in two bunches and hanging in fat curls. She held the very large cocoanut in both hands and was running towards a stolid, ugly-looking man, very black and woolly-headed, dressed in complete English costume.

I have a great affection for that little girl. She taught me a lesson which we must all learn if we really want to help others.

*Contributed.*
OME nine years ago one of the Sultan of Zanzibar’s soldiers brought a little boy to the Hospital and asked Nurse Whitbread, who was then in charge, to take him in.

The soldier said that he had found the child looking half dead on Mnazi Mmoja road, and on asking him what he was doing there, the child told him his master had turned him out because he was too ill to do any work.

The poor little fellow had apparently been some days without food, and was in a most emaciated and wretched condition. Of course Nurse Whitbread took him in and bestowed upon him that loving care with which she treated all her patients, but especially the children. Heri—for that was the boy’s name—got gradually better, but was still weak and ill when Nurse Whitbread drove him in the donkey cart to Kilimani and left him in the Boys’ Home.

For a whole year poor little Heri never laughed, seldom spoke, and lay all day on a couch made up for him on the Baraza looking the picture of woe and misery, with a drawn and puckered face which might have belonged to any old man between sixty and ninety.

Then he began to revive and sit up and take notice of what was going on. Soon he was talking and laughing with the other boys, his health greatly improved, and before long he was playing in the shamba as merrily as any of them. He was baptized by the name of “Samwil Aidan.” He was a useful boy with his hands and could do any sort of work, and was specially good at making the little baskets which some of you may have seen in England. But in school he could do nothing at all; he seemed to have no brain power, and he could not even learn to read or write, and it is very seldom that a boy cannot write from a copy.

He was confirmed some years ago, and it was a great business teaching him. He was most anxious to learn all that the other candidates did, and generally at spare moments met you with a book in his hand and a request that you would hear him repeat what his godfather, a native teacher, had been drumming into him. After his confirmation he was made house boy, and his duties were many and various. It was quite astonishing the amount of work he managed to get through in the day, doing it all with wonderful regularity and precision. He very seldom forgot anything, or left anything undone, and he was very trustworthy, always telling you if he broke a plate or cup, though he knew he would have to pay for it out of his wages. He was also a very clean boy and never seemed so happy as when washing...
his clothes, himself, or his pantry. His wages were not very large, and out of them he paid for his board and lodging; he was now living with his godfather as he was too old to sleep in the Home. He also put by a certain sum every month for his wedding expenses later on. He was certainly a very good boy, and attended all his religious duties without any reminding, making his communion every fortnight and preparing himself for it most carefully. We often noticed how bright and happy he looked on these days.

Last year Samwil went to Pemba for a month’s holiday, and when he came back he was sadly changed. The doctors think he must have had sunstroke; his memory was entirely gone, he forgot everything and at times behaved in the most extraordinary manner, and was very sullen and taciturn. He was in hospital for some time and seemed to get better, so went back to his work at Kilimani. But as he could not be trusted to remember anything he had to do, it was impossible to keep him there and he has now gone to Pemba. It is hoped that an outdoor life and work on the shamba may suit him better and that this mental trouble may be only temporary.

MORE than fifty years ago a great German traveller, passing through the Usambara country, cut out a large cross on the bark of a tree, “To take possession of the land for Christ.”

But it was not until nineteen years afterwards that the first Missionaries left Zanzibar to found a station somewhere among the “mountains of the north.”

In 1867, the Rev. C. A. Alington crossed to the Mainland, taking with him Vincent Mkono, one of the elder scholars in the Boys’ School at Zanzibar. Landing at Moronqo, they found there Khatibu, Dr. Steere’s Swahili tutor, and immediately pressed him into service as interpreter, upon which the little band of three struck inland, towards Vuga, the headquarters of Kimweri, the King of Usambara.

On all sides of them, as they set out on their march, lay a beautiful rolling country, richly varied, finely wooded, and here and there rising into volcanic mountains, perhaps 6,000 feet high, some with bare granite heads, towering up in fantastic forms, others clothed with turf or jungle to the summit, while ferns and magnificent trees abounded near the coast.

There are four ranges of mountains in the country, running north and south; it is watered by four rivers (the Zigi, the Mkulumuzi, the Ukumbini, and the Luvu) and peopled by four native tribes, the Bondeli (nearest the coast), the Zigas, or valley folk (who live towards the Luvu), the Wasambas, or Shambala (a mountain race, found high on the three inland ranges), and the Wakalindi, who share with the Shambala the innermost heart of the country.

Arrived at Vuga, Kimweri bade the Missionaries go back and get leave of the Sultan to build a station there. This they did, but returning to Kimweri in January (1868) they were told that he could not have white men in his capital, though they might build nearer the coast.

So the post actually chosen was Magila, now called Msalabani (Holy Cross), a place geographically in the Shambala district, but speaking the Bondi tongue. The Chief was a child, and a son of Kimweri.

Here Mr. Alington began work, in a small temporary Mission house, and in November of the same year the Bishop (Tozer) paid his first visit to Magila, accompanied by the Rev. Lewis Fraser and a layman. The people received them, says the Bishop, as if they had been a circus!
But a few months later Mr. Alington was unavoidably recalled to England, at a time when the Mission staff was at a miserably low ebb. The Bishop managed to spare Mr. Fraser to the newly-founded Usambara Station for a few months, sending another priest to his aid a little later, and Samuel Speare,* a young Suffolk lad, afterwards subdeacon. Meanwhile, another and more serviceable Mission House was built, in four days, by the industrious pioneers, and Mr. Fraser had begun a regular course of instruction among some of the people, the headman of Magila being "almost a Catechumen." A school was started, and all seemed going well, when, to his great disappointment and sorrow, the Bishop, for lack of workers, was obliged to withdraw Mr. Fraser and temporarily abandon the Station.

Next year, however, saw Magila re-occupied, when it was found that a good basis had been already laid, and that several of the natives "came to say the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, declaring that they used it daily." But in less than a month the Station was again abandoned, and no further attempt to re-open it seems to have been possible until three years later, when (in 1872) Dr. Steere, in the absence of Bishop Tozer, received a message begging him to send the Mission back to Magila. "Not in a vision, but face to face, a man . . . stood and said "Come over and help us.""

There were no clergy to send, but only four young subdeacons—Samuel Speare, Benjamin Hartley—and two natives, John Swedi and Francis Mabruki. These four lads held the post for about a year; then Samuel Speare died, in England, and soon after his friend, Benjamin Hartley was killed by some Arab slave dealers.

*(To be continued.)*

* See A Suffolk Lad in East Africa. 9, Dartmouth Street. Price 9d.
The following Composition Exercise written by Grace, a Likoma school-girl, has been sent to us for African Tidings.

"Many Europeans began to be in Retreat. They were silent, they assembled together and prayed to God in their hearts. Every one thought of himself that day. Two Europeans were set apart that day as Deacons, and we had very, very many prayers."

Written by Maud Wandikile:

"Dear Dona, I want to tell you about the Lutiriti (Retreat). The steamer came on Monday, it brought two Europeans. On Tuesday the steamer came and many Europeans, if you count up all the Europeans there were forty. On Wednesday all the Europeans kept silence until Friday. Friday was S. Michael’s Day. Great was the rejoicing because the new Church was dedicated and set apart. On Sunday two Europeans were made Deacons."

Here is a delicious description of a garden at Korogwe:

"The garden here is really lovely. Moon-flowers climb up the wire netting of the baraza and we have a whole row of sun-flowers with red hibiscus and acacia below, so that it looks like ‘the morning glory bed’ in Elizabeth’s German Garden."

Thanksgivings: Let us give thanks—
1. For the cessation of the Plague in Zanzibar.
2. For the Baptism of twenty-one Catechumens at Msalabani.
3. For the example of Padre Harrison’s life, and work, and death.

We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

Petitions: That it may please Thee—
1. To grant perseverance to Padre Harrison’s converts.
2. To grant continuance in well doing to all natives who made their communion at Christmas.
3. To grant that the vacancies in the Mission Staff may speedily be filled up.

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.
MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

I am very glad that the Christmas holidays did not interfere more with your writing in December, and that fifty-five of you were able to answer the questions.

I heard from Bishop Hine for the New Year, and he said that Archdeacon Carnon hoped to be back at Masasi for Christmas, which is very good news indeed.

Mrs. Halliday, 36 Wemyss Road, Blackheath, London, S.E., finds she must alter her scale of charges for old stamps; she will now give 10d. for every 1,000 sent her. She has already received 3,000 from African Tidings.

A lady kindly wrote to tell me how very well the Play After Many Days went off when it was acted in her village. Thirty-six children took part in it and acted their parts extremely well. They did it on two successive nights and each night before an audience of 400. I lent her as many of my curios as I thought would be useful and she says they made the play seem much more real. I should be glad to lend these curios to any one else to whom they would be any good. And the lady says she is so very, very glad she got up the play, as it has made the supporters and others know so much more about the Mission.

Your affectionate friend,

ELLEN M. NELSON.