BOYS' HOME, KILIMANI, ZANZIBAR.

The Home stands high on what is dignified in Zanzibar by the name of a Hill, surrounded by mango and palm trees, overlooking the high road to Mbwene on one side, and going down a steep, and to booted Europeans an almost impossible, pitch on the other side to the sea. From the back baraza you have a magnificent view of the harbour. The coming and going of "men of war" and steamers causes much excitement among the boys, who frequently gather on the cliff and cheer them loudly as they pass.

The objects of the home are threefold. First we try to provide a real home and a mother's care for the very smallest boys who are brought to the Mission. Whether they come from slave dhows—and this happily is becoming very rare—or belong to mothers who have died in the town or hospital, or to our own married Christians, who for one reason or another cannot provide for them—never mind how tiny or helpless or miserable, they are all the more welcome, and the care and love which comes into their forlorn little lives soon shows itself in the confidence and happiness of our babies.

Secondly, we provide an education for the children of our native Christians living on the Mbwene Shamba, or in other parts of the island. These are an ever increasing

Miss Mills and five of her "grandsons."
(The children of her old boys.)
number. They come to us at 7.30 in the morning and leave us at 6 in the evening. Thus, while the boys have all the advantages of school training and a regular and healthy life, the parents are not relieved of all responsibility.

Thirdly, and this is one of the hardest parts of our work, we have for the last three years taken in released slave boys, and boys who come of their own will to be taught, who are too old for the higher education at the college and too young to go at once to the Industrial House. These boys are taught to read and write, and if unable to be further educated are taught basket work, at which some of them have become very clever. Their work is sold in the town, and over £60 have been earned by them in the last two years.

To meet the need of increased numbers, the Home, which was originally built to hold thirty boys, has this year (1901) been enlarged by a new wing, which gives us four rooms and a front baraza running the whole length of the house, enabling us to take in fifty boarders. A small and very simple chapel has been added, dedicated to "the Holy Child," and here the chaplain of the Home (Rev. Frank Weston) holds his classes, and the short services, morning, noon, and evening, are said.

The boys do the entire work of the house, including cooking for the Europeans. They get up at 5.30, and having rolled up their sleeping mats and said their prayers, run down for a dip in the sea. A short service in chapel follows, and then all fall to work. The older ones arrange the school, do the European bedrooms and pantry work, and clean the lamps, while the small ones sweep the house inside and out, and generally tidy up. One boy has the care of the Chapel and arranges the altar vases, another has charge of the clothes, another of the donkey and cart; one sees to the drawing of water for the house and washing, and some look after the pigeons, goats, and poultry which form our farmyard. All the work has to be finished by 8 a.m., when the bell rings for breakfast, followed by school at 8.30.
Our schoolroom is one of the prettiest rooms you ever saw; it has ten windows looking out on the sea and shamba, all shaded with wide overhanging eaves, so that neither sun nor rain disturbs us.

School goes on till 10 a.m., when there is a break of an hour. The elder boys wash their clothes, and the babies play; some of the delicate ones are regaled on bread and milk to cheer them up for the next half hour, when they have finished school, the elders going on till twelve o'clock. The next ball, if we are fortunate enough to have one, or work in their own gardens, which cover the slope in front of the house and are an unfailing source of interest and pleasure for them. After a shower of rain they are like so many little farmers rushing out to inspect their crops. Supper at 6 p.m., and at 7.30 they all go to bed.

I have spoken only of the secular life of the boys, but I trust no one will misunderstand and think we attend only to outward things. It seems to me quite impossible to write of the spiritual lives of our children: they are too tender and sacred and lie so near the Heart of God that they can only be prayed over and watched and guarded with the tenderest care.

Visitors to Kilimani are always struck by the happiness of the boys’ faces and their good condition; it is indeed wonderful to see the difference in them after a few years at the Home.

The staff at Kilimani consists of two ladies, and two non-resident native teachers.
Clever boys generally go to Kiungani College when they are twelve or thirteen, those who cannot get beyond a certain standard to the Industrial Home when old enough. It is our constant effort to train the boys to take a pleasure in helping in every possible way, whether in play time or out, and many of them are very useful and handy.

Of course the great principle of our Mission is never lost sight of, and we have already among our old boys a deacon (Rev. Denys Seyite) and several teachers, while another deacon, Rev. Hugh S. Mtoka, has been called to his rest after some years of good and faithful work in the Rovuma country.  

D. Y. M.

Doubtless most readers have formed some mental picture as to what the school is like, but I don't think that many have formed a correct one. It is large, oblong, a rough stone wall on three sides, the fourth (one of the long ones) being entirely open except for pillars which uphold the roof on this side. The roof is of grass. There are no windows, light and air being ample without. We cannot boast of much in the way of decoration or apparatus, but by degrees additions are being made, and the more ingenuity and patience required only enhance the value when obtained. We have not yet arrived at the "art gallery" stage of English schools, but are modestly proud of the few coloured pictures—Scripture—which adorn the walls. To the black children they give much pleasure as well as assist the teacher, and so serve their purpose. A few sheets, alphabet, readers, tables, a couple of good maps—kept rolled up when not in use—two ball frames for counting, an old almost useless globe, are suspended from hooks or nails, and with a time table and syllabus of work, complete the pictorial part.

The furniture until quite lately consisted of two tables—for first and second classes—flanked by forms. The tables were made from boxes, two boards being required for the width. As the boards sloped to the middle it was not exactly ideal for writing, but had the negative advantage in that pens and pencils did not roll on to the floor;
and by degrees one got accustomed to the lurching caused by unsteady legs. It was rather painful watching girls struggle to write when the forms were so low that their eyes were on a level with the table, and as it was looked upon in the light of an insult when asked to sit upon an erection of bricks (wobbly, I'll grant), it was a great relief when the forms were re-shod and made the right height. A third table is now added, and one worthy of the name in every respect, and the satisfaction of the girls as they were seated upon the brand new forms could only be excelled by that of the poor European who for months had been endeavouring to teach them to write on paper as they sat on the floor, slate on lap and paper on slate—a most back-aching work.

We have two black boards and stands, a couple of healthy chairs, a third that you might venture to sit upon if it were supported by the wall, and boxes into which the slates are placed when not in use—these boxes being seats for the younger teachers—a cupboard for the books and grass mats, which are the only seats for the lower classes. The grandest article of furniture is a harmonium, but it is ornamental rather than useful, having now sunk into a chronic asthmatical state. The boys call it the "Steamer," likening its tones to the hooting of the lake steamers, so it is only at rare intervals that it is ever required to break into panting wails.

Besides the building and furniture H.M.I. is required (at home) to report upon the warming apparatus, and I have often thought it a great pity that the poor struggling voluntary schools could not have one as easy and cheap as ours. It is the acme of simplicity and economy, and requires nothing but the moving of the girls from the school into the sunny quad. They feel the cold very much at times, and huddle shiveringly together, looking so pitiful as they stand first on one foot and then on the other, making their bits of cloth cover as much of the body as
possible. But a few minutes in the sun puts them in a glow, and the work goes merrily on.

It seems so unlike an English school that I daresay you will be surprised when I tell you that we are subject to "inspection," and that without notice too. Our "inspector" takes up a splendid position for seeing the whole of the school, and often has been present for some time ere we are aware of his advent. His reception differs from that given to H.M.I. at home, but is nevertheless both marked and touching; so much so, in fact, that he is too much overcome to live any longer, and his first open visit is usually his last as well. It is rather sad to have to state that in spite of his handsome appearance, his stealthy manner causes anxiety, and one is apt to feel a slight shock on seeing the "inspector" enter by the roof as ours does. As I said above that he rarely pays a second visit, you will not be surprised to find that he is "green"—poor snake!

M. S.

"MISSIONARIES ARE A CURSE TO THE COUNTRY."
BY THE REV. DONALD FRASER, LIVINGSTONIA.

The following story will show one reason why African Missions should be ahead of commerce in the rapid development of that continent. Other striking lessons may be drawn from it.

After the rinderpest in South Africa, and the consequent stagnation of trade in Rhodesia, a number of men wandered up to British Central Africa in search of cattle. Ignorant of the hardships of the long march, they were tempted on by romances of the abundance of cattle to be found in Angoniland at ridiculously low prices. The first men who came were daring young Englishmen, who had walked on week after week in search of this fabled cattle-land, which was ever fading into the more remote interior. With an endurance through that long journey which was heroic, they had slept on the ground at night, had lived on native food, and had tramped till their boots were worn away and their clothes were in rags... Strong, alert, high-toned men they were, making this daring venture—one, that he might soon have a home for his wife; the other, that he might return to his mother in England. These first-comers bought about two hundred cattle with their hundred pounds. But only one arrived back in Umtali. The hardships of the way killed the younger and stronger of the two. But the news of the possibility of getting quantities of cattle at about ten shillings a head, and selling again at ten pounds, soon brought a flood of adventurers into the country. The prices began to leap up. At last all the surplus cattle were bought, and the natives, surfeited with calico and beads, refused to sell more.

When matters had reached this stage, a young man, a native of Natal, whose name was Z—, came into the country to buy for the North Charterland Exploration Company. He was disappointed to find that the people were unwilling to part with their stock, and that those who were ready to sell demanded four and six times the price he expected. So he began to force the sales. He took possession of about forty old guns which he found in a native village. These, and others he had brought with him, he distributed among his followers, and then marched through the country, emptying some of the kraals of their cattle, and giving in return a nominal payment, or nothing at all.

Rumours of this high-handed proceeding were coming to me from time to time; but at first I paid no attention to them, thinking they were merely native exaggerations. At last complaints began to flow in daily; so I sent a note to some of my senior teachers asking them to go to the affected district, and investigate the truth of these reports. Next day a group of teachers and
other lads came running into the station, breathless, and some of them bleeding from wounds. They soon told their story. Daniel, the eldest son of the Angoni chief whose war-party had met Livingstone at the lake, had gone along with some other lads to make inquiries. After having heard many a story of robbery, he determined to remonstrate with the white man himself. This was his mistake. For, knowing well the strong feeling that Europeans have against any interference from a black man, I had only asked Daniel to find out from the natives whether the stories were true. But, acting on his own suggestion, he and several of his friends went to speak with the white man. Taking off his hat, and sitting down before him, Daniel began by saying, "Why do you go through our country taking cattle you have not paid for?"

Z replied, "Who sent you to speak to me?"

"My master sent me," answered Daniel. "Then," said Z, "tell your master to come here if he has anything to say." And he drew his sjambok and lashed Daniel with it. The other lads leaped up, angry at the unprovoked insult, and seizing their sticks struck at Z. He then whipped out his revolver and emptied it among the natives. They fled in all directions; but he climbed an ant-hill, and fired shot after shot with his repeating rifle after the runners. The servants of the white man also gave chase, and with clubs and axes left their marks on the terrified men.

When I heard this story I wrote a letter to the nearest Government Collector, and sent off some of the boys to the lake with it, urging them to travel night and day. That evening there was a good deal of excitement among the people. But it rose higher when runners came in to report that some men were missing, and were thought to be killed, and that Z—- had fled during the night, taking all the cattle with him. My teachers also sent notes to say that the Chief and his warriors were going out to follow after Z—- and punish him. I forthwith sent off other messengers to the lake, calling on the Collector to come as quickly as possible, and telling him that I might not be able to prevent the army from doing harm to the white man. At the same time I sent word to the Chief and to the teachers urging them to use all their influence to keep the people quiet until the Collector should arrive.

Next day I heard that a few lads, armed with clubs, had started after Z—— to recover their cattle. They had come upon about sixty head in charge of some of Z—-'s followers; but these men, on seeing the pursuers, had cast away their loads, deserted the drove, and fled. But no blows had been struck. The teachers of that district told the lads to put all these cattle together into a village kraal, and forbade the owners to claim them until they should receive instructions from me. They also gathered together the boxes of gin, and other articles which had been thrown away, and did not allow any one to touch them.

Later in the evening the Chief sent in runners to say that some of his people, who were hoeing in a garden, had been shot dead, and that he was no longer able to keep his warriors from going out to punish the trader. That night I sent back messengers to the Chief and senior teachers telling them that on no account must the army go out; that the trader was probably a British subject, and must not be harmed; and that on Monday morning early, if the Collector had not arrived, I should go out myself to the disturbed district.

Through these anxious days I had been alone, with no other white man in the country, and I could not leave the station. But on Saturday, to my relief, Mr. Murray arrived from the Institution. Leaving him in charge, I started out for the Chief's kraal, in company with Dr. Scott, of Bandawé, who had kindly come to offer his help. We had waited for six days for an answer from the Collector, but none had come. We started out between three and four in the
morning, and hurried over the twenty or thirty miles as quickly as we could. As we went along the path the people came out to us with tales of their wrongs, and demanded with vehemence the punishment of the white man. An old man, bent and blind with his ninety years, was carried to the side of the path. He told how Z——'s men had entered his village, had taken all his cattle, outraged the women of the village, and after stripping him of his little trinkets, had whipped him and knocked him down.

When we arrived at the Chief's head village, we found about two thousand men waiting for us in the kraal. We sat down, and the Chief called on some of his people to tell their stories. They rose one after another, showing wounds from bullets and clubs, and the long cuttings of the lash on their backs; women and girls were there who had been outraged; and headmen told how their cattle, sheep, and goats had been seized, and their people murdered.

Then when all had finished, the Chief rose and spoke. He asked why they had not been allowed to pursue and kill the raider. Were they to understand that our Queen allowed her subjects to come into a friendly country, and commit these atrocities, without his having power of redress? And now the criminal was leaving their country with hundreds of their cattle, sheep, and goats, and we would not allow them to arrest their own property!

I replied that as the trader was probably a British subject, serious complications would follow if they did him harm; that I had sent runners to the nearest Collector, but no answer had been received. I could only explain this silence by surmising that he recognized that the Angoni were still an independent people, and were outside his sphere of jurisdiction. They must not think that our Queen approved of such raiding by white men; but that she stands for justice and for peace. Then I suggested that as the Collector had not come, and as the cattle would soon be out of their country and beyond their control, a company of
fighting men should go out in the morning and stop the cattle, and that Dr. Scott and I would go with them, on certain conditions—namely, that we choose the warriors; that we alone have dealings with the white man, for they were not going to fight, but to ask him to come back to settle the dispute in open court; and that no beer should be drunk on the way to inflame their passions. These conditions were at once granted.

Next morning the regiments gathered. They dashed up to the kraal gate, some of them adorned with the wild feather head-dress, and all fully armed with spears and shields and old muzzle-loading guns. Before they had gathered, however, a messenger arrived to say that the Collector was at Ekwendeni, and would start in the morning for the Chief's kraal. We sent out a special lot of carriers to meet him and bring him on with all speed. When he arrived he explained that he had been delayed by the rain. The Chief and his people gathered together on the following morning, and again went over their tale of woe. And the Collector, through his interpreter, made a strong speech to the people, denouncing such filibustering, and asked for a company of warriors to go out with him and his police to pursue Z's party. That afternoon they started off, and with easier minds Dr. Scott and I returned home, leaving the whole affair in the hands of the Collector. It is a rule of our mission that we should not interfere with civil matters, and beyond expounding what we believe to be the laws of justice and peace, we leave the administration of them to the proper native and European authorities.

After a few days the Collector returned without his captive. Z had a week's start of his pursuers, and was out of the country long before they reached its borders. The new telegraph line was set a working for Z's arrest. But he had taken the bull by the horns, and had lodged a complaint against us at the first Government station he had come to. He told how Angoniland was in a state of great unrest, and required immediate pacification by British arms; how the missionary had sent out an impi to attack him, and they had seized a great number of his cattle, boxes of gin, and other things; how he had been wounded on the head and body, and had barely escaped with his life. Where he told it his story was accepted as truth. The Central Africa Government, however, began to investigate the whole affair, and a few months after Z was brought back to Ekwendeni for trial before the sub-commissioner, Captain Pearce. Mr. Knipe, the Collector, whose kindly manner quickly won the confidence of the people, prosecuted. The prisoner was charged with nine serious crimes, and was found guilty of eight of them.

A pleasing feature of the trial was that not a single mis-statement or contradiction was made by the Angoni witnesses, in spite of all the cross-examination. It was far otherwise with the native servants of Z who came to give evidence in his favour. One of our teachers, in telling his story, said that at first he thought Z's men were askari (government police). "What made you think that?" the Commissioner sharply asked. "Because they were lifting cattle without paying for them," the witness naively replied. There was a laugh in the court at this unconscious sarcasm.

The judge summed up in a long and able speech, in which he censured Z in the strongest language. He found him guilty of leading an armed party through a country friendly to Her Majesty, and that his party had seized cattle, had outraged, wounded, and killed the natives. He was then sentenced to pay a fine of fifty pounds, was bound over to keep the peace in a recognizance of twenty-five pounds, with a bond of one hundred pounds, and was made to pay thirty shillings compensation to the nearest relative of each one who had been killed, as well as compensation to
those natives who had been assaulted, outraged, and robbed. The man was subsequently expelled from the country for the repetition of his crimes.

The effect of this trial was to greatly increase the feeling among the natives that the British Government is there for their protection, and that the whiteness of a criminal's skin will not save him from punishment.

But when Z--- left the court along with his friend, a gold prospector, their remark to one another was, "These missionaries are a curse to the country. They are spoiling it for other white men."

Reprinted by permission from "The Missionary Record of the United Free Church of Scotland."

BISHOP HINE,

\[\text{WITING from Unangu on May 29,}\]
says: "Dell is up here with me taking photographs, which, I hope, will give you an idea of the beauty of the church. We had splendid services on Whit-Sunday. I go at the end of this week to Mponda's for the launching of the steamer. After that I am thinking of paying a visit to Fort Jameson, six days inland from Kota Kota. A large colony of English people are up there, and the resident collector sent down recently to know what diocese they were in, as they wished to have Church privileges. So I think I will try and pay a visit to see what can be done. I am the only bishop north of the Zambesi who is in any way in touch with North Rhodesia. Mr. Stokes would go with me. We might manage a quarterly visit perhaps.

UNANGU.

The Rev. Yohana Abdallah writes on April 12, in English: "I had very big Baptism at Easter Eve; about 61 people were baptized. It was a very great day, and of great rejoicing too. Our Bishop is coming to confirm before the day of Pentecost. On April 15 I go to Utonga, about two days from here, to pay visit to some of the teachers. I put in this envelope a photo of my house, and behind the house is Unangu Hill. My church is finished; it is very nice, and big too, but it has no furniture. Please thank all those friends who sent me parcels last year, and that I should be very thankful if they had to do it a second time, for I need white kisibaus and some toys, and some sheeties (dresses for women). All these will be received with great gratitude. I am sending three of the boys to the "College" at the lake shore, to be taught there. Our chiefs here are very afraid of the Portuguese officials, and..."
they do not know what to do. My mother from Masasi is here; she came last September, and walked all the way. She has spent Christmas and Easter with me here, and she is going back in August (D.V.). Now it is harvest time for Indian corn, and sun begins to be hot; and very cold at night."

**Comet seen at Likoma.**

"We had a treat here on May 3, at about 6.15. I was crossing the quad, when the boys called my attention to a beautiful comet which was just setting. It was in shape like the one depicted on plate xvii. in Ball's *Story of the Heavens*, and which was seen in 1882. The one last night was some distance below Orion."

H. S. M.

**M**ost warmly we welcome the appointment of the Rev. Gerard Trower, of Christ Church, Sydney, to the bishopric of Likoma, and offer him our prayers and good wishes. Owing to legal formalities it is to be regretted that the consecration cannot take place for some weeks.

We welcome the second edition of Miss Ward's *Letters from East Africa*. We fully endorse Canon Scott-Holland's verdict, that "it is the most charming, fresh, and delightful book that has ever been written about Mission life." Those who have not taken the trouble to read it are depriving themselves of both pleasure and profit.

How is it possible to look at the map of the world and to see how small a part of it is covered with Christian peoples, and yet to be negligent and unwilling to rouse ourselves and slow to urge forward those whom God has personally called to the work? How is it that we do not lay all this to heart, and that we are willing that the Lord should call and we remain deaf to the call? How is it that when we know His Will, when there can be no question at all about the matter, how is it that we busy ourselves with miserable controversies about most trivial matters? How is it that our attention is taken up with such things as these when the great task is upon our shoulders, and we are not stirred at all to carry on the work as the Lord has commanded?—Archbishop Temple.

"The misunderstanding of the native character by the ordinary Englishman or Boer," writes Fr. Congreve in the *Cowley Evangelist*, "is wonderful. A Sister of Mercy was one day begging in Johannesburg for her orphanage at Capetown, and asked alms of a rich merchant. 'Help for your orphanage?' he answered. 'No, sister. When I was in Capetown last week I saw one of your sisters with a string of black children, in red capes, in the street. The shoe-strings of one of them became untied, and the sister stooped down and tied the shoe of a black child—a white lady tied the shoe of a black child! No, I would rather throw my money into the sea than give you a penny.' This was righteous indignation in an honest man who misunderstood, who had never seen, what the Missionaries and a few others see—the image of God in the soul of the African native."

---

**WHEN JAVA SPARROWS BUILD.**

Ear folk at home, full well I know How you rejoice when frost and snow And cold March winds are past and o'er, Soft April showers fall once more— The time when sparrows build.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Just so with us: the "rains" are past,
The bright blue sky shines out at last;
The dark and dismal days are done,
The days we never saw the sun,
Nor man nor bird could build.

The steady heavy pouring rain,
From morn till night—till morn again,
When every path is like a river,
And miserable natives shiver
And fires huge do build.

It all is gone: the fresh wind blows,
The sun with tempered ardour glows,
The fresh buds burst and with one voice
Nature and natives all rejoice,
BUT—Java sparrows build.

They flutter in at peep of day,
And plainly chirp, "We've come to stay:
Just there behind that shelf of books,
A cosy sheltered place it looks
For sparrows two to build."

You firmly hint they can't stay there—
No matter, they will go elsewhere;
Between two bottles, in your hat,
Or your work-basket! surely that
Invites a bird to build.

They steal your letters, steal your rags,
Shoe-laces, cotton, bobs and tags,
All, all are treasure to the sparrow,
The naughty, noisy, Java sparrow
Who seeks his nest to build.

So, all dear friends who love to see
"Birds in their little nests agree,
Though you may think them very pretty,
Do spare us just a little pity
When Java sparrows build.

ZANZIBAR, June 9. M. M. B.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

In Central Africa you rarely see a tree without leaves. The Baobab is the exception, being bare for five months or so in the year. I am afraid the answer was not to be found in African Tidings. Ng'ambo is the opposite side of the Creek in Zanzibar (see cover of Central Africa).

RESULT OF THE JULY COMPETITION.

Seniors.—Full marks, 18: M. W. Wilson, 15; P. Haigh, 14; S. Aldersey, N. Lodge, and J. G. Weller, 13; M. March, 12; A. Mayhew, 7.

Juniors.—Full marks, 20: H. Webb, N. Hayler, and A. Gegg, 17; E. A. Weller and W. Hurst, 15; A. Drummond, 14; E. Hurst, 18; N. Hutchins, 10; E. Drummond, 5.

SEPTEMBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.
1. Give a short account of the work at Kota Kota.
2. In what parts has the rainy season been very heavy this year?
3. Describe a journey from Likoma to Unangu.

Square Word for All.

Fill in the missing words—The Sultan of Zanzibar is an —. In this island you see many different — of people. On September 8, 1871, a lovely spot of about 30 —, with a house on it, was bought by the Mission; it has since become a colony of married couples, with the girls' school in the house, and is called Mwemi. In Zanzibar you can buy — but you rarely get it in Likoma.

Juniors.
2. What are the principal buildings at Kota Kota?
3. Where did a plain become a lake in the rainy season?

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

For Rules, see the August number.