A TRIP IN THE "CHARLES JANSON."

In May I had the unexpected pleasure of visiting the other stations on the lake, by means of a trip in the Mission steamer. The bishop had been down to Mpondia's, and on his way back was going to hold confirmations at several of the lake-side villages. Sleeping on cabin seats, and washing of a morning on open deck over a pail, remind me that one is not in one's own home.

The steamer calls at a village, generally situated in a natural harbour. The boat is lowered, and we go ashore. If the station possess a flag it is run up. If school is over, the teachers and boys come down to the beach to welcome us, and a general shake-hand all round takes place; and the salutation, "Moni," or "Morning," is exchanged. Never mind what time of the evening it may be, the greeting is always the same, except amongst the most enlightened. We proceed to the school, inspect it, examine the registers, and perhaps take a class, or hear a teacher teach. Then there is a walk round the premises to examine the buildings, hear any news, talk over business, and the spiritual condition of the village. If it is towards evening we stay the night there, take evensong, and in the morning there will be a celebration, when perhaps some of the Christians from the neighbouring villages will have walked over for the service. Then aboard again with the teachers, who have come to receive their month's wages, paid to them in calico, cloth, beads, or soap, and sometimes in money, as they desire. Perhaps, too, they will take back with them slates, pens, copy-books, etc., for the work of the school. Then up with the small boat, "koka (haul) n'anchor," and we are off to the next station. Often while thus running will Mr. Eyre hold his daily service, unless there is too much rolling; and a fine thing it is to hear the sailors, stokers, and cabin-boys singing the chants and joining in the prayers.

At some places there are great cases of stores to be dropped for the Europeans, or bamboos or mats to be taken from one station to another, or a teacher goes home for a short holiday, and requires a passage, or some native who is ill is being taken up to Likoma to be doctored, or one of the staff is taking a trip for his health, just to freshen him up. There are the mails to be carried—an important item here—so that the Charles Janson has work of a very varied assortment.

A native confirmation is an impressive sight. At Mbweka we arrived one evening at about five, went ashore, and told the candidates to come on board and go on to Utonga (some nine miles on) to be
confirmed, and then walk back. They came at once—no packing up, no food taken, no "Oh, my husband won't know where I am"; but just as they were, men and women with babies on their backs, just leaving a message as the explanation of their absence. What a fuss there would be in England if the rector of a parish asked his candidates to do this! Yet do not the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," remind us of these natives who came on with us, trusting that their neighbours of Utonga, though they did not very likely personally know them, would give them a night's shelter and some food—such is the African hospitality one to another.

When the bishop was addressing them at the service how earnestly they listened, these dusky natives, who then came forward to receive the laying on of hands—not as in England, dressed in pure white, but with bare heads, and often with only a waist-cloth, and a baby at their breast. Though of many a colour, we are indeed, as St. Paul and science tell us, all "of one blood."

At Kota Kota we were taken to the hot springs, whence they get all their water—water which is, indeed, such that one cannot bear one's hand in it. Here, too, is a regular game of football every Saturday between the Mission and the Government station, in which, if there were an African evening daily, we should hear the street-boys generally calling out, "Defeat of the Government!"

We visited at Chiteji the old chief, who was head of his village more than forty years ago, when Livingstone visited the spot and called on him. He was, as you may expect, very old and feeble.

At various places we would pick up the archdeacon and Mr. Barnes. The latter has been showing his magic lantern with
EASTERTIDE AT LIKOMA.

My first Eastertide at Likoma I shall ever remember. The Eve of Easter began with a service at 2 p.m. on Saturday. This was a baptismal service. The church had been previously decorated and looked quite festive. The altar had on its white frontal, and the white flowers in the vases added brightness and glow to the scene. The font where the baptisms were to take place is situated in the south transept of the church. It is a font for immersions dug out of the ground and lined with brick. This had been cemented and made water-tight for the occasion. At the side of the font is another space dug out and bricked for the officiating priest. The edge of the font also had been decorated with green leaves and white flowers, and this added its share to the festive appearance of the church.

Some while before the time fixed for the service had arrived, the persons to be baptized, with their sponsors, had assembled in the transept. The men and boys, with their male witnesses, were arranged on one side of the font, the women and their witnesses on the other. Nearer the font knelt the candidates, and behind them in a row stood the witnesses—one witness to each candidate. Punctually at two o'clock a procession of choir and clergy, with the Bishop, entered the church and proceeded at once to their places near the font. Then the Bishop gave a short address. The address ended, the Bishop descended to the level of the font and blessed the water. Mr. Glossop baptized the candidates: first the boys, then the men, then a baby, and lastly the women were each in turn immersed. One of the men was blind. The candidates entered the font by steps at one end and ascended thereto from by steps at the other end. After the immersions, a hymn was sung. When all the candidates had put on a change of dry clothing, the Bishop received them into the Church. The baby (Gideon) was first presented to

For a pleasant time, for a month's change, commend me to the C. J. and her officers.

A. G. D. L. P.
the Bishop, then the rest of the candidates were received in the order of their immersion. As they were received into the Church each person passed on and joined the congregation assembled in the nave. The baptized numbered 8 boys (including the baby), 5 men, and 16 women—29 in all. The service, which was then continued, was concluded with the hymn, “Now thank we all our God.” The candidates, as usual, presented themselves for baptism fasting.

At 6.30 there was a full choral evensong and procession.

On Easter Day the bells began to ring early. The first service was at 6.30. There were 34 communicants. At 8 o’clock there was a High Celebration. At this service the Bishop celebrated, Mr. Smith acting as deacon, Mr. Glossop as sub-deacon. The communicants numbered 31.

Altogether the Easter communicants numbered 217. The Communion of the people was divided over Easter Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday for convenience’ sake. The villages on the island were grouped together, and the persons composing each separate group presented themselves as arranged for. The offering during the Octave was given to the Magila Paimine Fund. The offering to “a new arrival” was indeed strange; it consisted in a great part of “kind.” In front of the entrance to the chancel could be seen at the several services little baskets containing native flour, eggs, beans, and ground-nuts. In order to have something to give as an Easter offering, many people had come to the station a week before to ask for work. Work was given them to do; a result of this could be seen in the alms dish. Among the little silver and larger amount of copper was a large number of cheques (“vibaru’a”). Each cheque meant the result of a day’s work. The cheques are given in wages and pass as currency on the island.

While the Island of Likoma was thus taken care of at Easter, the other stations were not neglected. Archdeacon Johnson was in the villages on the mainland further south. The steamer with Mr. Eyre was at Msumba. At Msumba, Augustine, the na-
EASTERTIDE AT LIKOMA.

On the first day of Easter, the Rev. Archdeacon Eyre, who is in charge of the station, celebrated at Msumba in the morning, and in the afternoon held a baptismal service on the Lake shore. The steamer's boat was used as a font, and the persons baptized numbered between 50 and 60. Mr. Coupland also was on the mainland in the villages opposite Likoma for Easter Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, while Mr. Smith went to the Island of Chisumulu in the Patience on Tuesday, and celebrated there evening of Easter Tuesday, and with her arrived Archdeacon Johnson, together with Mr. Eyre, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Sandy (Mr. Sandy is employed in the erection of the slip for the new steamer at Chindamba's). Mr. Coupland also returned here in the Mary, and Mr. Smith got back to Likoma on Wednesday afternoon. A small ox was purchased on Tuesday for 10s., and with this we decided to make merry. It was killed on Wednesday morning. Part of it was kept for our use, part sent to the steamer, and the other part was given to the native boarders on the station. At 7.15 on Wednesday evening we had an Easter reunion. There sat down to dinner ten Europeans, viz., the Bishop, Archdeacon Johnson, Revs. Glossop, Coupland, Smith and Eyre, Messrs. Kelsall, Lewis, Sandy and myself, and a very pleasant evening was spent. Not the least important in making an enjoyable meal was a Christmas pudding which had arrived here just a week before for one of the members of this Mission station.

The health of the Mission staff here has been, and is up to the present, very good.

CARADOC DAVIES.

JOTTINGS.

The first-fruits (Indian corn) were offered in Church at Magila on June 18th.

Some of the Mbweni girls in the Industrial Wing have been making grass baskets, selling them, and sending the money to the famine sufferers at Magila.

Lucius Bihato, of Misozwe, was made Reader at Magila on May 22nd. There are now sixteen Readers working in the Mission, eight belonging to each Diocese.
TOPSY-TURVY Land this is indeed, and I often feel as if I had gone with Alice down the rabbit hole, and had got into the land where all the creatures behaved so extraordinarily, and where the baby turned into a pig, and trotted into the wood! My baby did not do that quite, but it did something like it—it vanished!! The doctor had given very particular instructions as to a certain medicine, to be given regularly at stated hours, and at the appointed time I proceeded to the ward where the little Greek baby reposed, under the care of an African yaya. But no baby was to be seen—the cot was empty, and baby and nurse had vanished! They reappeared after an absence of several hours, quite serene, only having taken a walk, and enjoyed the fresh air; but how were the doctor's orders to be carried out? And this sort of thing is the way in Africa. You find your patients nearly as often with their heads where their feet ought to be as in the right position. A child may lie quietly in bed while he is very, very ill, but before you have quite begun to realize that he has taken the turn, and is beginning to get better, you find him—or, worse still, the doctor finds him—sitting on the baraza amongst the other patients, and when you have chevied him back to bed, he will in a few minutes be sitting on some one else's, watching with great interest a game of draughts. A patient comes in, apparently very ill, with great oppression of chest. You make a mustard plaster and put it on. On your return to take it off you find it on the floor some way from the bed, but you also find the patient cured! An antiseptic dressing is produced from under the pillow in the most matter-of-fact manner, as if that were a much more reasonable place for it to be than on the wound. And then the castor oil bottle! Patients in England have, as a rule, a great dislike to medicine, especially to castor oil—and here, too, "medicine time" is sometimes the signal for the clashing of the wills of patients and nurse—and yet the castor oil bottle seems to get very quickly empty. At last the problem is solved.

Perplexed nurse in a very doubtful tone: "I can't help thinking that the patients must
steal the castor oil, it seems to diminish so very rapidly."

Experienced matron in a brisk voice: "Of course they do if they have the chance, but not because they like it to drink, but to put on their bodies outside."

In spite of all these difficulties our patients get well very quickly, as a rule, and the hospital itself is a delightful place, built in the way to get as much air as possible. It is open to the air all round at the top under the roof, and when the clothes are hanging there to dry it occasionally rains garments down in the hall! Visibau and shukas, towels and tea-cloths come fluttering down like great white birds. And when there is a heavy shower of rain the water is drained down into the hall, which receives an extra washing. It strikes one at first as very funny to drain the rain from the roof into the house! But what can you expect in Topsy-turvy Land? After a time one is surprised at nothing, but, like Alice, take everything as it comes with the greatest composure.

A BABY DISPUTE.

THINK I told you we had many difficult matters to contend with here in Bonde, and I fancy you will be interested in a little story I have to tell. Do you remember my saying in my last letter that the people were deserting their children and leaving them in the roads, and in the forest, as they had no food to give them? Well, many of these little ones have been found and brought to the Mission, and we have taken them in. I have several little stories to tell you of them. To-day I am going to write of a little baby girl who was found in the thicket not far from the Mission premises.

At midday, as I was resting, I heard "Hodi! hodi! Bibi" at the foot of our stairs. I listened, and then I heard several little voices; so I got up and went to see what was the matter. At the bottom of the stairs was a group of about ten little girls (school children) surrounding a woman who was holding a baby in her arms! They all looked most important and bubbling over with excitement.

"What is it you want? It's not school time yet!" "No, Bibi, but we have brought you a BABY! We found her in the woods. We saw her mother throw her away, and then she ran, oh, so fast, up the hill, and never once looked back at her baby. We were very frightened, and we went and found this woman, who took the baby up, and we said, 'Let us take the baby to Bibi!'" Then I took in the whole scene, and came to the conclusion it was another case of baby desertion.

I made all inquiries, and found that no one knew much of the woman, but she had been seen about in the market for several weeks. Well, I thought, what is to be done? It won't do to take in babies ad lib. So I went to Archdeacons Woodward, and asked him to send an "asikari" (soldier) to seek for the woman and bring her back, and we would see what was to be done. But it was no good; nothing could be seen or heard of the mother; she had evidently disappeared, and there was nothing to be done but find a home for the baby. Only two days before, I had taken in a little baby boy of about the same age, and had placed him in my orphanage with the woman in charge, who has also a little baby of her own, so I felt I could not ask her to take a third baby.

I sought for a Christian woman who
would take the little girl and look after her for me. At last, after a good deal of difficulty, I got my baby fairly comfortably settled with a Christian man and his wife, who have no children of their own, and the child was very happy. All arrangements were made for the child being baptized the following Sunday afternoon, together with you have my baby, I have been told so.” Then I asked how came it she had lost her baby? After hanging her head and looking very ashamed, it all came out, and she confessed to having left her child in the thicket by the river, as the children had said. “Why did you leave your child to die, or to be eaten by wild beasts?” I asked her, and she answered me, “Because I had no food for it or for myself. I was not able to get food.” I scolded her soundly, and told her she had lost the child, and did not deserve to see it again.

But, lo! on Sunday morning, as I came out of Church, I found a woman waiting for me on our baraza. She immediately accosted me, “Nimekuja Bibi, I have come. I want my baby.” I at once guessed who she was, and was ready for a battle. “Baby! what do you mean? What are you talking about?” She looked very surprised, but replied, “Bibi, I know several others, and I was quite happy about the little mite.

By this time several of our Christian women had arrived on the scene, and she had a lively few minutes, for African women know how to use their tongues as well as European. I could not help feeling a little sorry for her, but we had not finished
yet!! What was to be done? Here was the rightful mother claiming her child, and I knew the foster-parents would not be willing to give it up. I decided to send for the foster-mother and child, and let them fight the battle out between themselves. Whilst the messenger was gone, the Archdeacon arrived. I related the story to him saying, "Padre, what is to be done? I have given the child to Adelina, and she won't be willing to give it up. Must I give the child to its mother? Will you settle the affair?" "Wait," he replied, "we shall see how they can manage it between themselves." The mother was looking on with a very anxious and puzzled air, and no doubt wondering what was the meaning of it all. Just then, to our astonishment, Arthur Faraja, the foster-father, arrived, carrying the prize in his arms, and looking quite ready to do battle for it.

The mother of the baby held back looking much ashamed. Turning to the Archdeacon, I said, "Let us see if the child recognises and wishes to go back to its mother." Calling the mother forward the Archdeacon told Arthur to hold the child up so that she could see her mother. He did so, and never shall I forget the scene which followed. For a moment mother and child looked at each other, and then the little mite set up a most piteous cry, turned away her little head and cuddled up to Arthur Faraja, showing plainly that she did not wish to go back to her mother! Then arose a cry from all around, "Ame-kataa, amekataa, Bibi." "She refuses, she refuses, she does not want her mother, etc.; it serves you right, you do not deserve to have the child, we are very glad, and we hope you won't get your baby again." The poor mother was having a just punishment for deserting her child, but she stormed away, "It is my child, give her to me, I want my baby, etc." Now, what were we to do? We could see the new owner was quite unwilling to give the baby back. The mother had publicly confessed to deserting her child. The Archdeacon came to the rescue. Turning to Arthur he said, "Whose child are you holding?" "My child now," replied Arthur. Then the Archdeacon said, "I think we must resort to Solomonish Judgment" and see if that will settle the matter!" But Arthur ran off down the stairs holding the baby tightly clasped in his arms, and saying in a determined voice, "The child is mine now!"

We were all left standing with the mother, who looked very disconsolate and wretched, crying out, "Mtoto wangu, kweli, Bwana," etc. "It's my child, master, really!" She was much laughed at by the women, who certainly showed no sympathy, and all seemed to agree that she deserved to lose her child. The Europeans looked at each other, and then the Archdeacon once more came to the rescue, saying, "Go and follow him." And off she set as fast as her legs would carry her down the stairs and out through the quadrangle like a deer! But Arthur and the baby had both disappeared, and so ended our battle for the present!

Upon making inquiries later on, I was told that the mother went to Arthur's house and absolutely refused to leave without her child. Arthur and his wife held out bravely for two days, and then they gave in, much against the foster-father's wish; but the foster-mother told me that the baby was troublesome and cried very much at night, and she had all the bother, for Arthur slept soundly however much the baby screamed. So I gathered that Adelina was not quite unwilling to give up her charge. The mother carried off her child in triumph, and we have of course lost all sight of it.

I was very sorry to lose the dear little mite, but—who knows?—some day it may come back to us and become a Christian. "God's ways are not our ways," and we must leave it in His hands. Another time I will tell you of some of the other deserted Bonde children.

L. M. DUNFORD.

MAGILA, July 25th, 1899.
FOR SCHOOL GIRLS.

Dear Friends,—

By the last mail, a book—which I had tried in vain to secure when in England—was sent from Dartmouth Street with the suggestion that I should pay for it by writing a letter to African Tidings.

Of having bright and healthy class-rooms and buildings, which they could consider their own; not a room here and there where they were driven for a few hours' teaching, and afterwards as summarily expelled from the premises in order that a lot of boys might have greater freedom for their play!

Naturally, I am anxious to pay my debt at once, but—naturally too—I am conceited enough to expect more than the book as my share in the contract; and, so, appeal to the readers of African Tidings to make good the deficit.

More especially, I appeal to those readers who are—or have been—school-girls; and who, when at school, enjoyed the privilege of having bright and healthy class-rooms and buildings, which they could consider their own; not a room here and there where they were driven for a few hours' teaching, and afterwards as summarily expelled from the premises in order that a lot of boys might have greater freedom for their play!

What an unhappy place school would have been to some of you under such circumstances! How few friendships would have been yours if you had only met together with your class-mates during school-hours, and your common interests had been solely in the lessons for the day!

Well, at present, the condition of the girls' school at Magila is far worse. The
names on the register number 150. The only available accommodation is two class­rooms (which are small rooms wedged in between the oratory and the laundry) and neither room ought to contain more than twenty-five children!—the rest have to find shelter in the cloisters, where there are many more attractive things visible than school-books, and many voices louder and more interesting than that of the teacher; then, when school is over, classrooms and cloisters are emptied, and the girls turned out by a back-door!

The question which presents itself now is: Ought such a school to be allowed? It would not be in England, it should not be in Africa where, above all places, opportunity is needed to teach them many things which cannot be learnt merely by studying certain books. Moreover, it is not fair to the ladies, who are devoting their lives to the training of these girls, that they have to work under such depressing and hopeless conditions. Unless some of the children are to be sent away (which God forbid) they must have better accommodation.

The Archdeacon has written to "Central Africa" to urge the completion of a partly erected building hard by, in order that it may become a really suitable and useful schoolhouse for the girls. Nearly all the materials are at hand; the only expense would be the cost of labour and the engagement of a capable superintendent from Tanga or Zanzibar, in order to produce the finished article. Then the girls of the neighbourhood would get a better chance of a Christian education and training which they so sorely need, and, as you will allow, have a right to claim of us who do so much for the boys.

Let the school-girls of Great Britain do something for the school-girls of Africa! Let every one who reads this send up to the office in London some little subscription for the Magila girls’ school as a thank-offering due to God for the privileges and blessings of their own Christian education!

I feel sure that, if you do try to express your gratitude adequately, the Magila girls’ school will soon pass from the state of “should be” and “must be” to a real existence, with a live-long, life-giving work.

Yours sincerely,

Vox Populi.

Magila, July 26th, 1899.

P.S.—Letters to and from ladies always contain a postscript, which, in turn, contains the pith of the letter. It is for the Latin scholars: "Bis dat qui cito dat."

OUR AFRICAN MAIL.

Magila.

In July 3rd reports reached us that small-pox had broken out in the sick village (Kiumba). We knew it was in the country; it has probably been brought up from the coast. By the 10th there were 48 cases in the one town. We are doing all we can for them. A native Christian woman is in charge, and gruel is sent over once or twice a day. Three of the little orphan girls have already died of it.

We have vaccinated numbers. Tomorrow we are sending about 100 people to Mheza to be vaccinated by the doctor from Tanga.

Miss Dunford adds: “We had only one nurse and no hospital and no accommodation for nursing outside our own little domain. It has been decided to close the schools and send away for the present those children who have homes. This is a great blow, as it will break up our school for an indefinite period. About 200 girls and 130 boys have gone off in various directions. On July 11th we had 6 more deaths. So far as we can see we shall have very few left soon at Kiumba. At Mheza and other places there are many cases and deaths.”

July 12th.
THE CHILDREN’S PAGE.

Mbeweni, Zanzibar, July, 1899.

My dear Children,—

I think it will amuse you to hear what wonderful creatures we have here in Zanzibar, or rather what wonderful appetites they have. The creatures are rats, big and brown, with long tails. Nearly every night, and very often in the day too, we see what looks like a bit of string sticking out behind the chest or cupboard, and if you touch it, away it goes. You say, “Oh, I have got a rat in my roof or under my bed.” One of the ladies had a doll sent her from England for the little ones to play with when they go to her bedroom. She was taken ill, and went away to the hospital, and when we went into her room, oh, the poor dolly! All its lovely golden hair was eaten away, and its pretty wax face and neck were gone too. “Rats again!” we said. The children here are very much afraid of what they call “watun wabaya,” or “bad people,” and they think these people come at night and ring bells, shake locks and windows, and beat on our drum. We said, “Those are only rats, who come and knock things about”; but they say, “Oh, no, you have not been in Africa a long time, and you don’t know. We know.” And so they say, “Hide the bell and the keys, so that the bad people won’t be able to find them.” Sometimes a very big kind of rat comes, called a “buku”; it is nearly as big as a cat; it gets into the class-room and eats the teachers’ meat and fish. The children kill them whenever they can.

Our rats eat very funny things. One of the ladies had a dress she was very fond of, and when she wanted to put it on, she found a hole nearly as big as her hand. “Rats again!” Sometimes they fancy paper is nice, and will bite the backs off the books. Last week they ate part of the india-rubber pipe of a bicycle pump. When one lady had a pretty new cover for her washing-stand, a rat came and ate a big bit out of the edge. To-day I think we have found the most wonderful thing: a rat has been eating our tea-pot, a metal one; the edge of it was all jagged, where the rat had been biting it, like some fine trimming of points, like “Norman arches.”

One day last week we set a trap (which is made of wood with a very strong wire loop which “breaks the rat’s back” when it touches the biscuit or bait), and when we looked two rats were caught with their noses on one bit of biscuit. This kind of trap is very good, as it kills them at once; but you have to mind you do not get your fingers in when you set it, for it bites very hard. Now I think you have heard enough about rats, so I will wish you good-bye.” I. M. A. N.

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RESULT OF THE AUGUST COMPETITION.

Seniors.—Full marks, 40. F. E. Smith, 37; K. Lillie, 36; D. Trott, 35; L. Perman, 34; C. M. Wilson, 30; K. Purdon, 25; E. Jones and F. M. Rawlinson, 23.


OCTOBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.

1. What are the chief events noticed in AFRICAN TIDINGS for September?
2. What are the chief events noticed in AFRICAN TIDINGS for September?
3. Read Mr. Gee’s letter from Newala, and then write a little account from memory of the locusts and the wedding mentioned in it.
4. What does Mr. Gee ask you to do?

Juniors.

1. Where is Mponda’s, and what took place there on Whitsun Eve?
2. Read Mr. Gee’s letter from Newala, and then write a little account from memory of the locusts and the wedding mentioned in it.
3. What does Mr. Gee ask you to do?

All answers to be sent before Oct. 31, to

The Editor of the Children’s Page,
8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

See August number for the Rules.