A VISIT TO PEMBA.

The photographs are inserted by kind permission of H. Armitage, Esq., of Pemba.

It is rather difficult to get to Pemba, as large ships are not able to approach in consequence of small islands, sandbanks, and a shallow creek, which runs three miles into the land, forming a mangrove swamp. The principal town, Chaki-Chaki, is situated at the end of it, and for years it has been one of the best places in the world for carrying on the slave trade. Up to five years ago it was known only to Her Majesty's ships of war stationed there to capture slave dhows. Since English rule has been strengthened it has opened up rapidly, and regular communication is kept up with the outer world by means of the Sultan's small steamers twice a month.

After notice has been given that a steamer will leave on a certain day, you must not be surprised if it does not start until a day or two after date. When safely aboard, you generally find it full of passengers—one or two Europeans, Arabs who have been on a visit to Zanzibar, Hindis going up to trade, Swahilis to work, and soldiers to relieve others who have to come down. When we went aboard, everything was beautifully clean—the passengers' cabin downstairs, and the captain's on deck. The captain was a Hindi, and the crew Hindis and natives. As soon as the mail was aboard, we

steamed slowly out of the harbour, at 5 p.m., with a beautiful breeze blowing. First we passed twenty or thirty dhows flying the English, French, or Sultan's further on a disused palace, now falling into decay. In Seyid Bargash's time it was a favourite residence, and contains very beautiful baths. The rooms are long, and in one of them there were nine or ten clocks—not one of them going—and a beautiful carpet, now rotting away. A mangrove swamp reaches up to the garden, which makes it unhealthy. Steaming along in the evening light, the island looks very beautiful, and especially the next palace, which has recently been lighted up with electric light. After passing Mungo-pwani, where the lighthouse stands, we see nothing till the next morning, when we find that we have arrived at Pemba.

How delightful it is to be on a mail boat which has been expected for a day or two: every kind of boat, from a dug-out to a nicely-made English boat, skims over the water to see which can get first to meet us. Of course the large boat wins, as it is rowed swiftly by regular boat boys in a kind of sailor suit. We just managed to get ashore without being carried, and the steamer had to go off quickly, as the tide was running out. Everybody was excited, and the men carrying the boxes on their heads got before us. After about five minutes' walk up a good road with tall
palm trees on either side, we arrived at the Government House at Tundana. It is large, with a fine baraza, and thatched with the dried leaves of the cocoanut palm.

Here we found the first cloves of the season drying in the sun on matting bags, and several natives turning them. In front of the house there is a row of mango trees, through which one can get pretty peeps of the blue sea; and occasionally the French mail can be seen passing in the far distance, carrying letters from England. Next to a beautiful valley is a fine plantation of cloves, and on a pretty hill at a short distance a free people, called the Wa-Pemba, live. It is a delightful place, except for mosquitoes, which are troublesome in the evening. As there are no clocks, a great gong is beaten to call the people to and from their work. It has a pleasant sound, and the man whose duty it is to beat it does it well.

About a mile from here is the Mission school, the first of its kind in this part, and taught by Cherubini Matola, a son of the old chief at Masasi, in such a manner as would do credit to any English school. The scholars are as earnest as their teacher, and a good many arrive before the hour to begin. It was very interesting to watch a soldier who stopped as he was passing to gaze at the figures on the blackboard and listen to the children learning to read. If he had not been so big, I believe he would have sat down amongst them to be taught. Let loose from school, of course they enjoy the delight of freedom, and get into all sorts of schoolboy mischief.

When this school had to be closed for a while, one little girl got her father, who was going to Weti to work, to take her with him to go to school there, and wanted to be taken in at the Mission to live there always.

On Saturday the Commissioner sent his boat to take us up the long creek to Chaki-Chaki, so that we could attend a celebration early next morning. We were all glad to meet together. How the natives did sing! and I believe we thought of the beautiful service which we had often attended in Zanzibar going on at the same time. After a quick breakfast, we had to hasten down to the shore to catch the tide, and with very skilful steering we just managed to get off without being grounded.

The next morning we started in a dhow called Hali ya Wasa for Weti.

If you want to find out which way the wind blows, to learn about tacking, and to see sandbanks, rocks and headlands, tides, etc., take a journey from the south to the north of Pemba. This trip has been
known to take from eight to fifteen
hours. It took us about seven hours;
and though very well shaded, we got very
sunburnt. The arrival of a dhow causes a
little excitement; and after climbing up
the bank, where there is now a good
landing-stage, we came to the Custom
House. A little further off, on a pretty
baraza, we found tea ready. How refresh­
ing it was after a journey in a dhow! A
short walk through a wonderful clove
plantation brought us to the queerest of
carrying burdens of fruit, etc., as there
are no good roads, only tracks. We went
through one more plantation, then there
was the Mission house, standing in its own
grounds, and an old friend ready to greet
us, which made it very inviting.
Here all kinds of Mission work are going
on. First, the care of the children, which
are increasing in numbers; some have
come for protection, some to get their
freedom, others to be taught or to have
their wounds dressed. If well enough,
they have some light work
to do. Hamisi, who sweeps
the dining-room, lays the
table, and brings the food,
and does it so carefully that
I think he is older than he
looks. Then Mabruki, who
looks after the goats, and
seems to me a born goat­
herd—the way he tethers
and milks them is wonder­
ful for a boy of his age.
When he lets them out, they
seem to want to go all ways
but the right, but he gets
them together in a magic
way. He limps a little, and
is no great scholar; but
even the ducks seem to love
him, especially a lame one,
which, to the great delight
of the boys, was called
Mabruki after him. The
other boys sweep, draw water, and carry
their food; when finished, you may be
sure they have a good game. The men
and women attend to the cloves or culti­
vate the land. On the opposite side of the
valley huts were being built by those who
had lately got their freedom, and in the
valley a tank was being made for the
supply of good water.
The day begins by the bell being rung
for matins, and the sun shone through the
little window just as we were reading the
Te Deum in the native language. After
breakfast the outside work is superin­
A VISIT TO PEMBA.

tended, and the school children who have ulcers attended to. At 9 o’clock the school-bell rings, and all go in for Scripture, while in the dispensary the outpatients are seen. In the afternoon catechumen classes are held, and sewing is taught to the women. After tea, three or four times a week, journeys are made to teach the people who live in the country. The Mission is well situated to reach the people in different directions. At 6 o’clock is the home-coming, and to see every one troop ing home as the sun sets is one of the charms of the tropics. The bell is ringing for evensong, and the lamps lighted up make the homestead a pretty sight.

Sunday is the glad day of all the week, and great preparations have been made. Everyone looks so clean and bright. At evensong on Saturday night those who are going to communicate in the morning are asked to remain for a short preparation. This service begins at 7 a.m.; it is quiet and beautiful. Some of the Christians have been in the Mission a long time, and they listen carefully to the sermon. Then comes breakfast, and directly afterwards matins, to which most of the communicants stop, as well as the school children. At 10 a.m. there is a class for catechumens, and as the bell rings men and women who have lately been freed may be seen coming from every direction, and crowd into the little chapel till it is quite full. At this time, in another room, the little ones are being taught the first lessons in Scripture by means of pictures.

The first baptism in Pemba was a great event. A temporary font was draped in white, covered with ferns and frangipani. The dear little black baby, in a snow-white frock, was held very carefully by the godmother. On the opposite side, near the godfather, were a group of Christians, who took the greatest interest in the ceremony, and at the back many who were being prepared for baptism. The service was conducted so beautifully that it will never be forgotten in Pemba by some who witnessed it.

S. A. W.

THE MISSION HOUSE, WETI.

“What can be more shameful than to make the imperfection of our Christianity at home an excuse for not doing our work abroad? It is as shameless as it is shameful. It pleads for exemption and indulgence on the ground of its own neglect and sin. It is like a murderer of his father asking the judge to have pity on his orphanhood.” —Bishop Phillips Brooks.
VISIT TO A NATIVE VILLAGE.

Between Chiromo and Katunga's, on the Shire, our steamer stopped to take up firewood, and three of us went ashore to stretch our legs. Asking our way to the village, we were directed for about half a mile along a swampy path, passing on our way stray goats which were feeding here and there, with no one to watch them. Then we came to a large settlement with cows, black pigs, sheep, chickens, and pigeons scattered about among the natives, who were sitting round their hut doors, the women generally pounding up rice or corn for meal in a large, scooped-out trunk of a tree, often with their babies slung over their backs and carried in a fold behind. The elder women wore a large white square stone set in their upper lip, a great hole having been gradually made in the flesh in order to insert the ornament.

We made our way quite unmolested through the spaces between the houses, till we came to a large open summer-house or building, with only a roof supported by poles, the sides being quite open to the atmosphere. Under this were seated about a dozen men; one, a fine, powerful-looking, well-made man, came forward and greeted us in broken English, helped by Chiuyanja. He invited us into his house, and led the way through an entrance of a wicker-
walled enclosure to a number of well-built reed or mud huts.

Having led us within one, he offered us cane folding-chairs, which he unfolded himself, and sent for cows' milk and oranges, with which we regaled ourselves. We then learnt that his name was Mkwera, and that he was chief of 10,800 people living in the neighbourhood around him, that his brother had been chief, and had been deposed for slackness. He asked us all kinds of questions, and learning that there were four ladies aboard, he at once expressed a wish to see them, and said, "I will go and dress" (he had no more than the ordinary native costume on when we arrived). Accordingly he disappeared into a mud hut with glass and blinds in the windows, and called for his servants to dress him.

We had heard of him at Chiromo. One of the residents there had given him a tall English black hat, and we wondered whether he would appear in it. When he was presented with it, he was told all chiefs, even the Prince of Wales, wore them, and that the correct fashion was over the right eye. After waiting a quarter of an hour, he appeared with brown squash hat, white coat and knickers, with grey stockings and brown boots, in the approved walking costume of an ordinary Englishman. At a brisk walk he led the way to the John Stevenson, and was most gracious to the ladies. One of the party presented him with a coloured handkerchief, which found great favour in his sight. He then introduced to us one of his twenty-six children, William by name, a boy of about ten years old. There were two children who were ailing on shore. They were brought aboard, and while the two doctors who were on the boat were examining them, great interest was exhibited by the chief and the natives on the bank. But the captain was wanting to be off, so with a shake of the hand we bid farewell; and when the boat steamed off he was on the bank with hat raised, waving his hand, as loyal a subject of her Majesty as we could wish to see.

A. G. DE LA P.

TWO NATIVE LETTERS FROM NYASA.

THE REV. AUGUSTINE AMBALI writes from Msumba, on April 4th, to the donor of some footballs for his school boys.

"Many, many thanks to you. I was so glad to receive your present of footballs, and your letter written from England, and to hear news of you and of England. . . .

"All my boys in school they sending many thanks to you, to say 'Thank you, sir, for your present.' They like very much to play football. Now they play for this time, because we leave all school to have holiday about one week and half, all the boys they play as all, but myself I take class. . . .

"Now I am going telling my news for this time, Easter Day and Good Friday (1) In Good Friday, Archdeacon Johnson he was here to take a sermon on the Church at Msumba on Good Friday, in that day there was full of people in the Church, about 360 Christians and Catechumens, both women and men, to hear Archdeacon's sermons.

"April 1st. We ought to go to Pachia to make baptism and make Holy Communion
there. And here he will take Mr. Eyre to
make Holy Communion and Baptism.
Archdeacon Johnson to stop Pachia in
Easter Day, and Mr. Eyre he was here in
Easter Day. Mr. Eyre he do it lot work
there. He was to make Holy Communion
seven o'clock, about who will communicants
105 in the Church at Msumba, and when
we finish I was to prepare Baptism at 9
o'clock, and myself I was to take service,
and Mr. Eyre he ought to take Baptism
service. We baptizes fifty-nine peoples,
thirty-two men and women from Chiwanga
they was come, and twenty-seven at

A NATIVE GROUP AT NGOFI.

Msumba, men and women, and one of school
boy.”

The letter further states that seventeen
men and twenty-five women were admitted
as catechumens on Easter Day. Mr. Eyre
and Augustine were kept hard at work till
one o'clock.
The letter ends with an apology for its
quaint language. “I cannot tell you many
words in English, because I am afraid my
English it is broken English, not good
English at all.”

Many of us might wish we could do as
well in a language learnt years ago, and
now seldom if ever used, except for letter
writing.

A letter from So Songolo, the teacher at
Ngofi, was written in Chinyanja, and gives
a most promising account of the village
work.

“Your letter reached me safely. Thank
you very much. Here at Ngofi all things
are going on well. There are three teachers,
I, Micah Msamwela, Barnaba Malijanga.
We were very pleased to see Mr. Johnson.
He has increased his work in the villages,
also Mr. Eyre in his work upon the steamer,
and more villages are being taught.

“In February I left here and went south
to Mpondas. I saw a good many towns, and
other teachers and men who wish to be
taught exceedingly as in 1886, and these
are men who do not remember the work of
the Mission or of the Missionaries, but are
traders. I saw Kota Kota school, which is
a very good one, and the building is a very
fine one, better than the other Mission
buildings; also the house at Mpondas and
Malindi or Chindamba. The work of the
Charles Janson is more than formerly, and
priests are wanted very much, for there are
many towns with no teachers and clergy to
care for and help them. . . .

“The Mission boys who sleep here are
twenty, and at home forty-six. This side
of the river, Mapunda is the chief, and here
we have just begun a new school. Now
there are two schools and a house for the
teacher to sleep in. The name of the
teacher at Mbota is James G. Chigulu.
I am very well through the mercy of God.

“I am your very true friend in our Lord,

“So Songolo.”
A TALE OF THE FAMINE.

The Mission has received £3,000 for the relief of the Famine in the Magila district, chiefly from our own friends, but partly also from those who have read the accounts in the daily papers. If the harvest, which should ripen this month, is preserved from the locusts, this amount will be enough for relief purposes, and may also cover the expenses of reuniting some of the little orphan children who have been thrown upon the Mission by the death of their parents. Our great anxiety now is for the members of the reduced staff who have had this additional heavy burden laid upon them of ministering to the starved, sick and dying people. Our last news was that both Mr. Brockway and Brother Mabins were ill and there was no layman, save a new printer, to assist Father Woodward. It was sad that he should be left with all this work at such a time, but it is good news to hear that the Rev. W. G. Harrison has lately been sent up to assist the Archdeacon.

WANT to tell you about the starved family of which Miss Foxley wrote in the May number of African Tidings. I mean the family Archdeacon Woodward met at the village of Lunguza. You will remember they came to Magila, and Miss Foxley left them comfortably settled round a large cooking pot.

I am sorry to say that although they were well looked after by Nurse, fed and doctored, they made little progress towards recovery. I used to go with Nurse to visit them, and I took a great interest in them. They were superior sort of people, and were very grateful for all that was done for them, and were delighted to see us. The father, in spite of his bad leg, was most thoughtful and kind both to his wife and children: there were two girls of about nine and seven, and a baby of two or two-and-a-half years. They had come from the Digo country, some distance further in the interior, and so were not Wabonde, as the people of these parts are called.

First one little girl died, then a second soon followed, and on March 25th the poor mother was taken, thus leaving only the father and the little baby girl. Alas! the father only lived one day after his wife, and so the little mite was left an orphan and quite alone.

One of our women came forward and took the child as her own, carrying her off with great pleasure (it is wonderful how soon a baby can find a home and a mother!).

On Easter Day its foster mother brought her to our Church, and she was baptized, and given the name of Salome. She was then ailing, and we feared we should not have her long with us. On the following Thursday she passed away, much to the grief of her adopted mother. And thus ended the Wadigo family at Magila.

Their is only one case of many. There is another family with us just now. Six arrived: father, mother, and four children. To-day three only are with us, and one slowly dying, which will leave only the father and one little girl. They are relations of one of our boys now at Kimngani. Poor boy, how sad a home-coming it will be for him, even if he finds his father and one sister left.

L. M. DUNFORD.

MAGILA, May 25th.
AFRICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

Do not think I have changed my ideas of Swahili character at all, but I hope I have learnt a little how to manage them. I know now that it is absolutely useless ever to show any temper—their tropical natures are so entirely indolent that any sort of energy only amuses them—they look on in a superior way, and think it isn't worth while altering untruthfulness is more serious and harder to eradicate. Generations of slavery have made lying an absolute habit. When a child is asked a question it comes more naturally to her to give a wrong answer than a right one, partly from an instinct of self-preservation, but partly also because it is not worth while bothering to be exact; to see that it is wrong they cannot, they only think you very foolish for believing them.

One thing has come home to me very much, and that is how cut and dried my Scripture lessons must have been in old times, quite half of the time must have been taken up with explaining the errors in our Authorized Version and expatiating a little on Eastern customs. On neither of these points do I say a word now! Our translation of the Bible into Swahili is most beautifully done; it is faithful as a translation of the original, and moreover the best piece of Swahili writing we have.
AFRICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

I should never dare to question a word of it, of course. Then in all their daily habits and customs these people are far more like the people of Bible times than we are. Constantly, as I watch them sitting round a well-mouth, pounding corn, wailing for the loss of a friend, etc., etc., I am reminded of verses of Scripture, and realize how much more they know of such things than I do. Thus all one's time can be given to the actual narrative, and to dwelling on the ethical lessons which can be drawn from it. It is very good for the teacher that it is so.

We are very much interested in the Ladies' Mission House, opened in Zanzibar itself last January. Miss Phillips, who was temporary head here when I came out, has gone to be head there, and at present has three ladies under her. Their hope is to work amongst the Arab ladies, that is, the wives of the aristocracy, the Swahili women, and possibly the Hindus, who form the trading class too. Of course, the work is still quite in its infancy, and it must anyway be very uphill work, and possibly it may develop along quite different lines from the expected ones. I bicycled in yesterday to spend the day with Miss Phillips, and much enjoyed it, though I began with tumbling oft' my machine, and cutting my arms, knees, and face rather badly! I started at 6.30 a.m., so as to be in before the heat and in time for 7.15 breakfast, and it was so glorious—the cool air, and the low light, and the beautiful colours, I sailed along thinking what a pity it was one could not go for a bicycle ride every morning, and did not remember that I was carrying a closed umbrella in my right hand until it caught in my spokes and tipped me over. I had sent a clean dress into town, so after a little while I went on, especially as dozens of kind Swahilis came round me at once, washed my face and hands (by pouring water on them), and took the worst of the dust off my dress. I found those three lucky ladies had been told by the Bishop that they were to work for four whole hours a day at Swahili for the present. I did feel so envious of them, as I get so very little time now for that purpose.

Later in the morning I went with Miss Phillips to call on an Arab lady, who was ill. She was rather a grand person, and lived at the top of a large house; but oh, the dirt of the lower story! The boot house at the College is cleanliness and tidiness compared to it, a tumble-down stone staircase, only boxes and packing-cases and food refuse about. I am told the Sultan's palace is just the same. The third story where the lady was lying, was clean and airy, with a handsome tiled floor. She had her little boy, who was also ill, beside her on the bed, and at least eight slaves squatting on the floor. Oh, when will these people be Christians, and give up their lust and cruelty and sin!

Ellen M. Nelson.

Mweti, February 23rd, 1899.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

DEATH OF THE VILLAGE QUEEN.

PONDA, the Chief of Mpanda's (villages are called after the chiefs), had been exiled by the English Government for misbehaviour, and his wife, Kumgala, was allowed to be head woman, with one or two men to keep order for her.

At times she would come and sit under the big tree, and listen to the preaching and singing, on which occasions she was always provided with an empty wooden case, instead of the ground, to sit upon, as a sign of her position. But she seldom came, though there was always friendship between her and the Mission, and an ex-
change every now and then of presentis (presents).

To look at she was a fine, big woman, who would command attraction by her person; but consumption set in, and she rapidly wasted away, until the day came that she had to take to her bed entirely, and that night was her last here on earth. We frequently visited her, and sent her such delicacies as we could to relieve her, but she expressed no wish to be baptized. We were awoke at 4 a.m. by the chief man of the village with the news, and as the custom is, the Mission sent a present of cloth. From that time onward the air was filled with the beating of native drums, and the wailing or shouting of the people to drive off the evil spirits. To keep their voices from getting hoarse, a too plentiful supply of native beer was provided and consumed. We were requested to supply some empty cases for a coffin—only important people are buried in coffins—and more cloth: the more fathoms of cloth that are placed in the grave with the dead person, the grander is the funeral. Until the interment, guns were frequently being fired off at intervals; the Mission in respect returned the salute.

The following day was the funeral; numerous chiefs from other villages came in to pay their last respects. There was a procession all round the village, coming past the front of the Mission. First came the drummers, then a firing party, frequently discharging their weapons, then the chiefs and men of the village, a man with a white flag, more followers, then the coffin carried in a hammock, slung on two poles, and covered with white awnings all around; men, women, and children brought up the rear; the noise and whole proceedings being exactly like chairing a successful candidate at an election. For several nights after more drums, with shouting and dancing. What a difference between this and our sacred service!

A. G. DE LA PRYME.

My dear Children,—
I am glad somebody remembered the Cathedral was at M'kunazini, beside a little garden, and that some one else knew there was a girls' school at M'kureni.

I wonder whether you all know that you can send your answers for a halfpenny if you do not begin them like a letter, and instead of putting them in an envelope, fold them up in a wrapper, leave the ends open, and put a string round.

This month we print the names of the prize winners, those who have the highest marks for the three months' work. Please send your answers to August Competition before August 31st to
The Editor of the Children's Page,
8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

Seniors.

Juniors.
1st Prize—M. Katherine Trott. 2nd Prize—Rhoda Butler. Certificates—Marjory Sparling and Louise Magee.

AUGUST COMPETITION.

Seniors.
1. Where is Shupanga? What makes it interesting to us?
2. Describe one day in Mr. Stokes' journey up the river.
4. Why is it so difficult to visit Bishop Mackenzie's grave?
5. What interesting sight was noticed at Kilimani after the rain on April 22nd?

Juniors.
1. What animals and birds are to be seen on the Zambesi river?
2. Who was the first Bishop of the Universities' Mission?
3. Why do they want a fine Saturday at Kilimani always?
4. What is a mongoose?

RULES.
1. Competitors will be divided into two classes, in each of which Two Prizes will be given quarterly to those who have gained the highest number of marks. Class I., Seniors, those over 13 and under 17. Class II., Juniors, those under 13.

Certificates are given to those who take the 3rd and 4th place. Holders of 3rd Certificates are entitled to a Prize.
2. One side of the paper only to be written on.
3. Name, age last birthday, and address to be written at the top of the first sheet.
4. Every paper to be signed by a parent or teacher to certify that it is the unaided work of Competitor.