If any one had told me that I should ever be attracted by a child with bleary eyes I should have denied the imputation vehemently. But then I had not seen Mutida. At first sight I put her down as the ugliest and most undesirable child I had met in Africa, but I soon altered my opinion. She came to school, attracted I think by the news that a white lady had come to teach the girls, and as her garments were of such a scanty description as to be hardly decent, Miss Cameron gave her a little sweeping to do, and her pay was a small piece of blue cloth in which she wrapped her queer little self. She had not been to school for many days before she discovered that if the girls ailed anything they came to the dispensary for medicine, and thus one morning our acquaintance began. I was rather busy when she first presented herself, and when after some moments I turned my attention to her, she regarded me rather doubtfully out of her bleary little eyes and demanded "mankwala," i.e. medicine. I asked what was the matter with her, but she considered that as merely impertinent and quite unnecessary, and sharply repeated her demand. I suggested that unless she told me what was the matter I should not know how to cure her. Silence on the part of Mutida—she refrained from words but her eyes spoke volumes. Just then a boy came in and said he had a cough. I dosed him, and immediately Mutida said "Chifua" (cough); so I gave her some cough mixture, and as it tasted nasty she said many things—I did not know much Chinyanga then, and perhaps it was as well that I did not.

From that time forth if Mutida came to school she also came to the dispensary. According to her own statements she suffered at various times from all the diseases known to the native mind, and if I ventured to doubt her word she was much offended and stayed away from school for several days to mark her displeasure. Once I gave her a little quinine to cure some imaginary ailment, but the consequences were so dreadful—her fury so alarming—that I never tried it again. We found out that Mutida's parents lived a long way off, and that she was left at Kota-Kota under the care of a woman whom she called her "little mother."
This lady lives in the village, just at the foot of the little hill on which the Mission station stands, and I often pass by her door on my way home from an excursion into the village. On various occasions I have appeared just in time to save Mutida from corporal chastisement at the hands of her irate guardian. Generally I am told that she has stolen some food, and when I admonish her she calmly remarks, "But I was hungry and the little mother does not give me enough." Mutida has much to learn. Once the foster-mother went away and left the wee thing without any shelter for the night. She came crying to the Mission and Miss Cameron let her sleep in the girls' dormitory. That pleased her very much, and she made herself quite at home, and when her foster-mother came back we had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of Mutida. She had to be led home at 9 p.m. crying and screaming with all the power of her lusty young lungs.

Mutida and I are great friends, and she looks on me as her legitimate prey. I make a rule never to give the children anything just because they ask for it, and every time I see Mutida I break that rule. This sounds weak I know, but Mutida is like Father O'Flynn—she has "sich away wid her." The moment she sees me, even in the most unexpected places, she at once asks for something, and if that is refused she asks for something else and goes on till I have no longer the heart to say no, and meekly, or perhaps weakly, give in.

One of Mutida's duties is to fetch water for her foster-mother's household. Every evening, about 4 p.m., she trots up the hill to the water hole, with her water jar on her head. Sometimes we are still at tea on the baraza of the ladies' house, a fact which Mutida notes, puts down her water jar by the wayside and runs along to say "mornin!" Her weird little face wrinkles up into a smile and her eyes ask quite plainly for a biscuit even if her lips refrain from doing so.

We are great friends, but I have no moral influence with her. She comes to school when she thinks she will, and to the dispensary when she comes to school; but whether she will ever reform I cannot
CIPRIANI ASMANI.
Rescued by Rev. W. K. Firminger and received into the Mission, July, 1906.

CIPRIANI ASMANI.
As he is now.
ST. JOHN BAPTIST’S DAY AT KILIMANI.

If, have just kept the great festival of St. John’s Day—the anniversary of the dedication of our house. The day began at 4.80, when preparations for the feast had to be made by the killing of two goats, which for three weeks had been carefully fed on the most juicy grass. At 5.30 we all arose, but as it is dark till nearly 6, we began work under difficulties. However, by 7 all the tasks were finished, and the boys had put on their festive clothes of red shukas and white kisibaus. Then we went into church, and Padre Weston celebrated. After church the preparations for the feast were continued with much energy. One group of boys went to gather cocoa-nuts for drink, another set mixed the sherbet, the small ones energetically swept the place chosen for the feast, for the boys always eat out of doors; others arranged the flags, and exhibited a grand display of bunting, and the remainder carried sugar cane, dates, and Indian sweets, and put them ready. At 12.30 the band was paraded, and we all assembled under a tree to welcome our guests—the old boys. Directly they were seen in the distance the band struck up, and the boys rushed to greet their friends, the baby outstripping all to reach his special chum. Then came the feast. What a great business it was filling the plates for 106 people! They had rice, goat’s flesh and curry, oranges, Indian sweets, sugar canes, and dates.

After the feast was over the boys went and looked at the children’s gardens, talked to their friends, and had games till 4 p.m. Now came a football match, played between eleven of Kiungani and eleven of Kilimani boys. The excitement over this play was, of course, intense, and the play went on furiously till 5.30, when Kiungani had got one goal and Kilimani none!

Then we all assembled and sang a song which had been composed by the teachers, and said good-bye to our friends.

Now the siku kuu is over, the boys are very keen to practise football to play a return match, which we are very anxious to win. So now you can picture them all rushing off to the football ground directly after school, with the teacher, and sometimes Mr. Brent, to teach them.

June 24, 1901.

VISITING IN ZANZIBAR.

No. 3.

EXPECT you will like to hear something more about the Arab ladies, though no words can picture the reality and the uniqueness of these people.

Their habits and customs remind one constantly of scenes and incidents in the Bible.

One of the women I know has been ill with fever and sickness, so I asked one of the nurses to visit and prescribe for her. The poor dame was soon put to rights, but she put Lady Macbeth in the shade
with her tragic airs and gestures when Miss Saunders told her that she was quite well. She threw up her hands and opened her eyes and mouth as wide as she could, looking horror-struck; and at last she gasped out, "Me, me! I am quite well! How can you say such a thing?"

Then she pulled my dress and began recounting her grievances, just like a child. It was so droll.

One day last week I went to call upon another, quite forgetting that she had gone out to the Shamba. I was just going downstairs again when a man whom I knew came out of another room and asked me to go and see his sister, , who lived in another room in the house; so I was shown into a very clean, neat room, covered with coloured mats, with the usual Arab bedstead at one end, and with large cushions leaning against the walls.

Sitting on a bright crimson cushion was a pretty Arab girl dressed in crimson and green tight trousers (tight to the ankle) and a crimson and green tunic, and a great coral and gold necklace and huge gold bead bracelets and gold anklets. She wore a very handsome twisted crimson handkerchief on her head.

Of course I was put through the usual catechism, and then I had to tell her that I couldn't visit her unless it were to teach her "dini" (religion).

She immediately said, "Begin." So I did on the spot.

When I was leaving her she told me that a great friend of hers had seen me passing many times, and wished to know me, and "would I go at once?" So she sent some one to show me this new friend. I went right to the top of another big house, and was shown into a large room full of people. Two of the ladies got up and shook hands with me, though I could see they were much astonished at my unexpected advent. A third lady (the bibi who wanted to make my acquaintance) was kneeling and genuflecting on her prayer-mat. I was silent, of course, as I saw she was praying, though the other ladies and the children and slaves went on chattering just the same. However, she soon got up and gave me a very warm welcome, and much the same scene was enacted as at the other house, though I could only stay a very short time. Before I left she poured a few drops of the costly otto of roses in my hand, and literally deluged me and soaked my handkerchief in the scent they love so well. I smelt for a day or two afterwards. Ugh!

A few weeks back I was passing a house, when I heard a voice calling out, "Bibi," so I returned, and at one of the windows (no glass, of course, only barred) was sit-
ting an Arab nursing a little child. He held out a fan through the bars, and I thanked him. Then he asked me to come in. So I inquired if there were a bibi in the house, and he said, “Yes, go upstairs.”

I at once stepped up the dirty stone staircase, calling out “Hodi!” over and over again, but getting no answer. At last a woman peeped timidly round the corner and asked who I was, and then another woman came. By this time the husband had come up and introduced me, and the second woman came forward and showed me into a room, and then we all went in and talked—the “catechism” coming first.

After a while the Arab said something to the woman in Arabic, and she produced a basket with walnuts, and gave me some. I haven’t been to the house again as I haven’t had time.

I had a great disappointment a little while back. A young bibi, married to a direct descendant of Mahomet (so she says), was taking great interest in our Lord’s life and teaching, though she often says to me, “Ah, bibi, Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ) was a very good Prophet, but He isn’t God, nor the Son of God. I will never believe that, never.”

However, one day she kept on looking at the door as if she were dreading some one coming in. So I asked her what was the matter, and she whispered that her husband had now returned from the mainland, and if he came in and saw me there he would want to know what I was doing; and when she told him that I was teaching her “dini,” he would drive her away, so would I teach her to read or write, so that if he came he would think that was the reason I came for. I told her I couldn’t do such a thing, but that I would think the matter over as to whether I should come again.

We talked it over at home, and it was settled that I should go and teach “dini” as usual, and if the husband came in I was to ask him the question straight out as to whether he would agree to his wife being taught. I haven’t encountered him yet. She is such a picturesque-looking girl, though slightly marked with smallpox.

I am afraid I shall tire you out with all this chatter about the women, but the work is so fascinating and engrossing I go on and on without thinking.

We have the rainy season full upon us now. It is rain and no mistake! Everything is so dreadfully damp; and the rain gets into the most impossible places. The poor natives look and are the picture of misery; the rain has beaten down numbers of their huts. It is a marvel how they survive the cold and chill.

Zanzibar, April 16, 1901.
most probably being upside down. A little later I might wish to speak to Limbandiani, and so made for the lion, but only to discover that the girl it now adorned rejoiced in the name of Chogozawakunena; and half an hour later the proud wearer would announce herself to be Kafayangala or Nemelewao. A few questions would bring to light the fact that three or four times during the morning that dress had changed hands, and I had seen nothing of it. The usual practice was for the two girls to slip behind the school wall, and in about three minutes the exchange would be made and they in their places again. It does not say much for the sharpness of the one in charge, but remember that one side of the school is open except for pillars—and these are admirable for a game of "hide-and-seek"—that the bare feet of the girls make no noise, that the European is engrossed with a class, and that to the girls it seems to be an excellent plan. This "lending" of dresses is to them what the lending of a bracelet or other ornament is to an English girl. One has to move very slowly in the matter of discipline so as not to scare the wild little creatures at the outset, and when it is pointed out that it would be better to wait until after school, they are quite content to do so, unless so many loans have been promised that it requires a few exchanges during lessons.

On the whole they are cheerful, good-natured, obedient, and willing to do their best, though some of them act much as an infant would at home. Perhaps the most difficult thing for them to do is to sit in their places during writing lesson. They are all eagerness to show each stroke or letter as it is made, and forget all about orders. I should have one tiny mite by my side or on my lap, guiding the small hand, when a sudden digging in the ribs would cause me to start and look up. The prodding slate would then be held up to my face, and a pleased voice would say "Look!" I looked not at the slate, but into the shining black eyes, and said, "Go to your place." A blank expression clouded the face, and a disgusted voice said, "I won't write any more," and the slate would be promptly dropped, and the shoulders clinch the matter by an expressive shrug. The continued looking into the black eyes, accompanied by a smile, would elicit first, "I don't want," and later a broad smile would overspread the face, the slate would be picked up with "I'll try," and away the child would go to her place, and the victory be won.

It is such a help to know that the African cannot resist a smile or laugh, and the "leading" is much better than the "driving" system.

School hours seem rather long, 8.30—12, and I once tried having a break, but did not repeat the experiment. There were no proper bounds for them, and so they were told not to go far, in order that they might return when the bell rang. The elder ones took their slates and sat in the quad for a few minutes and then came and told me that they wanted to do lessons; the seventy or so younger ones scampered off to their mothers' fields, and came straggling back eating cassava roots, those in the rear arriving as we were closing at noon. I could not be angry with them as they have no idea of the value of time, and I blamed myself for having done a foolish thing.
They are very fond of sewing, and we teach them that it is a good thing to mend clothes. As they have neither needles nor cotton, they come to us to borrow the former and beg the latter, and sit on the verandah and sew up the tear. After telling them that it is a disgrace to wear ragged things, one feels bound to give them the cotton and needles, in spite of having witnessed the tearing of the cloth in order to have the pleasure of sewing it up again!

Soon after 10 a.m. a figure will be seen entering the quad with a bit of cardboard carefully held in one hand. Then there will be a shrill cry of “Dawa! Dona,” and all work is suspended. We arrived at this after some weeks’ practice; it used to be a general yell of delight and a regular stampede to the dispensary. But now I call up those who wish to go, and inquire what is the matter. The most common complaint is headache, and by degrees one is able to sift out the shams to a certain extent. Those with “cheests” illustrate the ailment by coughs, and one soon gets into the habit of noticing those who cough before that time. The genuine ones are sent to the dispensary, and those who are out-and-out shams ordered to their places. Doubtful ones have a note to that effect for the nurse, saying what they ail in school, for frequently it is quite another ailment by the time the dispensary is reached. One little girl amused me very much. She began with headache, but as she had been enjoying herself in class, and looked uncommonly bright, I told her that I thought it was not very bad. She laughed a little, tried to get up a cough and replied that she had made a mistake; she meant her chest, not her head. As I still ventured to doubt, she removed the pain to her stomach, which I did not feel able to gauge. She carried off a note in much glee, little knowing that it was a request to give her some harmless, nasty medicine. Judging from her face on her return, it had not been an unmixed joy to be dosed.

At the edge of the crowd of applicants linger those who come up with a conscious air of superiority, head held up as though in scorn of their being doubted; and without a word an arm or leg is disdainfully held out to show that they are the happy owners of sores; the more painful they are, the greater the glory.

The rapidity with which the fame of a new cough mixture is noised abroad puts telegraphy into the shade, and many are the bad stomachs and sad faces the following day about 10 a.m. I often pity the poor nurse, especially when she has to deal with big girls who have a taste for smelling the bottles, and telling her that the particular ailment in their case requires a certain medicine, or the rubbing on of a certain ointment. One admires her for taking them by the shoulders and promptly ejecting them.

M. S.

MISS DUNFORD writes: “On July 14, we had a packed church at the Bondé Service. Twenty-seven were admitted to the catechumenate, and all from out-schools—not one had been taught here. There were about 200 hearers in church. The teacher, of whose wedding Miss Gibbons wrote in the July number of African Tidings, has started the Girls’ School at Kologwe with an attendance of forty girls! This shows we ought to have ladies there to work amongst the women and girls. Poor Alice will never be able to manage a number like that without a lady. She is only fifteen years old herself. I am very
OUR AFRICAN MAIL.

You will be interested to hear we have started a school at "Sani," a village on the lake shore about seven miles south of Kota-Kota. There is a large number of inhabitants, their huts being scattered amid gardens of cassava and millet about the foot of a fair-sized hill which forms a conspicuous landmark as the country is very flat about here. It is built close to, and having a beautiful view of, the lake. The school consists of one large room; adjoining it and under the same roof is a room for the native teacher in charge to live in. Of course the building is native work, made of upright trees put in the ground about two feet apart, the holes for which are dug with a piece of pointed stick and emptied by the natives' hands. On both sides of these trees split bamboos are bound crossways, and fastened with native bark rope, which is wetted before use; when dry the bark rope contracts and binds very tightly. The space between the split bamboos is filled in with reeds, and both sides are plastered with mud smeared on by the women's hands. The first coat cracks a great deal; these cracks have to be filled up with mud. The roof is made of bamboos thatched with grass and supported by two trees in the centre. There is an outer row of poles all round the building, which forms a nice verandah, the floor being raised up six inches above the ground and made of ant-hill mud. The furniture is not very extensive, consisting of a blackboard.

To judge by the number of children that come to watch building operations there will be not a few scholars and, we trust and pray, in due course, of catechumens and Christians.

Frank George.

Kota-Kota, May 25.

The New Church at Kota-Kota.

The building of our new permanent church is well in hand. It is of stone, a sort of granite which abounds about here, with ornamental red-brick string courses, and is 130 feet long. The east end has an apsidal termination, and at the west is a small chapel, vestry, porch, tower, etc.

The altar is to stand in the centre of the east apse, exactly over the grave of Bishop Maples.

The Bishop's throne is recessed in the sanctuary wall on one side and on the opposite side is the sedilia.

The windows, of which there are sixty, and doorways are lancet shaped, built in
red brick, and we propose to have rather a
nice perpendicular rood screen.

We are anxious to complete the building
by November as Padre Stokes is unable
to admit any more catechumens till it is
finished, there being no room in the present
little church for them.

As the funds collected in memorial of
the Rev. A. F. Sim are not quite enough to
cover the entire cost, friends of Kota-Kota
might like to send special donations for
this purpose.

I hope many at home will join with us in
the prayers offered up daily in our present
church, for those at work on the building,
and that it may be completed ad majorem
Dei gloriam.

FRANK GEORGE.

Kota-Kota, June 7.

If you want to see further signs of the
Mission's growth you should compare these
figures with those of a few years back.
There are now 103 African schools; 4,372
native scholars; 159 African teachers,
many of them well trained; 11 readers or
sub-deacons; 13 native clergy; 3,743
communicants, and over 6,000 catechumens
and "hearers."

The Sheet Almanack, 1d., and the
Kalendar, 6d. and 1d., will be ready at the
end of October. We ask our friends to try
and get the Almanack localized in their
parishes. A Specimen copy can be sent
at once by applying to the Office.

Every letter from Zanzibar speaks of the
great loss to the Mission by the death of
Miss Whitbread. "She always made me
think of the benediction," writes one friend.
"She made Zanzibar delightful to me more
than anything else."

Nine Missionaries leave for Africa on
Tuesday, October 8—a strong and most
welcome reinforcement of our staff. Of
these, six are new members. The Bishop
of London marks such a happy occasion
with his hearty sympathy by most kindly
promising to preach and bless the members
at a special Service of Farewell at St.
John's, Red Lion Square, on the eve of
departure, Monday, October 7, at 8 p.m.

A VALUABLE OFFERING.—The Vicar of
Upton has sent 15s. 6d., the contents of
Eliza Watson's box. "This will be the
last collection from her, as she has passed
away, aged 80. It was her last dying
effort to put the box in my hands. She
was quite poor."
HERE are many things in which the black people who live in Africa differ from Englishmen. To begin with, the babies are not put in cradles and rocked, but they are strapped on to their mother's back while she goes about her work. In time they are able to cling on quite nicely by themselves. They live with their mothers till they get to be six or seven years of age. Then all the children of a village (which consists of about half a dozen houses) go and live together in the children's hut. These huts are quite different to our houses. They are made of mud and wood, with a sort of thatched roof, and are so low that we could hardly stand upright in them. They have very little furniture. Those in which the parents live have two mats, one for the father and one for the mother, a few pots for cooking and a fireplace. The fire is put in the middle of the floor and the smoke gets out where it can. There are two huts for the children, one for the girls to sleep in and one for the boys. They still go home during the daytime to have their meals.

When they get to be about ten years of age they begin to go to school, if they are happy enough to have a school. Here again there is a great difference between their school and ours. The school is only a large hut with mats for seats. These mats are made of palm leaves, and look very pretty.

The children get up about 6 o'clock in the morning, then they all go down to the lake to bathe. They can swim very well and so none of them ever get drowned. After they have had their bath they go to school till about 12 o'clock. Then they have the first meal of the day which consists of porridge made of rice and fish. If any of them are ill they go to the doctor's dispensary and get some medicine. They are very fond of anything nice, and if on any day a few of them have a nice medicine the dispensary is sure to be full the next day.

In the afternoon they do a little work in school, and the rest of the time they spend playing football or else fishing. They are very good football players, and will play away all the hot afternoon. When they fish several of them swim out into the lake so as to form a circle. They then drive all the fish up to the shore and then two others let out a net and catch them. Sometimes they catch about half a dozen about the size of a sardine.

They have another meal at 6 o'clock, and then, if the night is dark, they are very good and go to sleep about seven. But if the night is bright with moonlight they are very troublesome and keep on singing. The peculiarity about African songs is that they sing the same thing over and over again.

When they have attended the small village school for two or three years they are moved to the Mission Station. If it is then seen that they are in earnest they begin to specially prepare for Baptism.

If two African boys have a quarrel they settle it up in a different way to what we should in England. They both come to
the missionary's house and each states what is wrong; then, if the missionary finds that both are as bad as one another, he tells them solemnly that they must each pay one fowl. On the next day they will both come again and will exchange fowls, then they go away perfectly satisfied that the quarrel has been made up in a proper manner. If one is worse than the other he may have to pay two fowls and the other only one, but they exchange in just the same way, one taking two fowls and the other only one.

When they are about eighteen years old they begin to think about marrying. But here again they go about it in quite a different manner to Englishmen. In England a man chooses his own wife, but in Africa they ask a friend to choose one. This friend then looks about and when he has found one whom he thinks will suit, they go and ask for her. She has generally very little to say in the matter. If her parents say she must marry she has to. If they are Christian people the ceremony is performed in the same way as in England. After they are married two people are told off to carry umbrellas over them. These umbrellas are generally borrowed from a missionary who lives near. The two who carry them go about with the married couple all day, then they give the umbrella back to its owner. The wedding breakfast is quite a different thing to our wedding breakfasts. First of all the bridescome sits down with all his friends and they have a good meal. Then when they have finished, the bride and all her friends sit down and eat what is left.

In conclusion I may add that when Europeans go out to Africa and other heathen countries they do not go to change the habits of the people in anything but their religion. They go out to try and make them true followers of Christ.

MARGUERITE ELLMER.
(Aged 13.)

Shelesby Beauchamp, Worcester.