HE REV. YOHANA ABDALLAH, who you know is the native Priest in charge of Unangu (Likoma Diocese) has returned from the Holy Land, where he went for a tour with the Rev. M. Mackay (Zanzibar). He has written a full account of his journey in Swahili, which is to be printed for the benefit of those in Africa; he sat up quite late at night sometimes to finish writing his doings in the day. Perhaps we may be able to print some extracts from it in AFRICAN TIDINGS, for it is sure to be very interesting.

We hear that Miss Choveaux, who has just returned to Zanzibar, had a very warm welcome from the Arab ladies among whom she visits. The new worker who was with her was very much surprised to find how many Arab houses were open to her, and how gladly many of them seemed to welcome her teaching.

The native women in the Sewing Class at St. Monica's are making worked muslin cushion covers and embroidering blouses which sell very well in Zanzibar, and besides that they do all the mending and a great deal of the making of the Europeans' clothes.

At Mbweni seven old Shamba people, who were baptized and confirmed by the Bishop just before he left Zanzibar, made their first Communion on Whitsun Day and the Festival was a very happy one.

Miss Bennett, who is a new worker at Hegongo, says that the schoolgirls seem very nice indeed, and are so clean and tidy, and that they are up to a very good standard in their work.

On Whitsun Eve at Msalabani, twenty-five men and women were baptized, and we are told it was a very beautiful sight. "The change from the dark garments of sin to the white robes of purity, the shining tapers and the long procession of clergy, choir, and newly-baptized made one realize more than ever the wonder of the Holy Catholic Church and one's membership in it." We are very thankful to learn from our last letters from Msalaban that Archdeacon Woodward is better.

One of the Native Deacons at Masasi writes us word that it is now quiet between Masasi, Newala and Lindi. A great number of the rebels went to the Governor to beg for peace, and several of the ringleaders are in prison, among them one named Satia, who led the assault on the Roman Mission Station. There is a good deal of distress among these people; when they were fighting they had no time to plant or cultivate their ground, so now they have no food, and a great number of the men have been killed in the war.
A BRILLIANT moon was shining on the water as the Chauncy Maples entered the bay. Not a leaf stirred—the whole village appeared to be asleep. Close to the water’s edge one could just distinguish native huts, at first sight looking very much like haystacks; higher up between the trees we could distinguish the Cathedral roof; and further on the Mission houses. Then the steamer whistle blew, and for a few moments all was silent, till there came the sound of faint murmuring—the sleeping village began to stir, and a figure with a lantern passed through the trees. Whilst the boat to take us ashore was being lowered, the noise increased, and soon the whole of the foreshore seemed alive with little black figures—clapping and singing and dancing, and through the crowd we could just distinguish the white clothes of the Europeans. The school...
children knew that one of their teachers was returning from England by that boat, and so they were very glad and happy; and as the boat drew near the shore their patience could hold out no longer: into the water they rushed, and almost dragged their teacher (Miss Bulley) out, so eager were they to greet her. Only a little less hearty were their greetings to the newcomers, and the whole lot of them preceded us up to the Mission—clapping and singing with all their might. There was so much to say, but it was long past the usual hour for bed, and we had to be up early for the Cathedral service in the morning; so as soon as all were settled in their different houses, silence reigned once more, and the newcomers lay down with thankful hearts, feeling how good it was to be in Africa.

M. A. J.

AN AFRICAN CHOIR BOY'S FUNERAL.

LITTLE boy was very ill in the Hospital at Likoma. For several weeks it was hoped that he might recover, but one night he became much worse, and the nurse knew the end could not be very far off. For several hours during that night the Padre watched by the child's side, praying with him, and trying to help him bear his pain; and at the early service in the morning prayers went up to God asking that Constantine might get well again, if it was God's will. But it was not God's will, and during the morning He called the boy who had sung His praises in the cathedral to join the heavenly choir above. The bell tolled out the news just before the other children came out of school, and there was no noise of shouting or laughter that day, for they all loved Constantine, and felt how much they would miss him. Loving hands prepared the body in African fashion, wrapped in a mat instead of a coffin, and covered it with a white pall and a cross of red and white flowers. The body was then carried on a bier to the church, and laid at the foot of the chancel steps, waiting for the burial service. The service was at half-past five, four schoolboys were the bearers, and it was a very quiet procession that wended its way to the graveyard, the cross being carried before and the boys singing the hymn "On the Resurrection Morning" as they went. The sun was just setting over the distant hills, softening everything with its gentle glow and lighting up the calm and peaceful lake (Nyasa). It seemed a fitting time for such a service, not only telling of the rest and calm of Paradise, but also of the time when "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing." "Jesus Lives" was sung at the close of the service, and with a last look at the little grave, the crowd quietly dispersed.

M. A. J.
PLACES OF INTEREST IN A MISSION STATION.

The Library.

Only on one station is this place a separate building; it is generally merely a bookcase, and it differs very much in size.

The Christian boy from a lakeside village has no idea of a library beyond the bookshelf in his village school.

When he enters the white man's house, and finds several tins, the size of a travelling case, standing on their side, and being used as a bookcase, he is amazed at the number of books, and what strikes him more is that they are all of different sizes and colours, there are no two exactly alike on the outside, and what is still more remarkable—these hundred books or so, all contain different reading within their covers; they are not several copies of the same book.

He asks himself in amazement—What can one man, even though he be an European, want with so many books? He can't possibly have the time to read through all these, for judging by his own standard reading is generally a task which takes some time to accomplish, and the reading of a book would be a serious undertaking that would not happen more than two or three times a year.

Then there is the question of brains—surely one man could not grasp the contents of all those volumes; an European is generally reckoned by the native, who has no idea of years, as being about twice his age, because no one could possibly have crammed into his head the amount of knowledge he possesses in less years than the native takes him to be, therefore if the white man is bold enough to state his age he is generally not believed.

So the boy comes to the conclusion that the majority of the books are for show, and not for use, that with their variegated covers they form a pleasant object for the eye to rest upon, and thus help to adorn and beautify the room.

Unless great care and constant supervision is spent upon our books out here, the ravages of the white ants, and the inleaking of water during journeys, deal deadly havoc with covers and interiors that cannot possibly be undone, and our small library presents the appearance of salvage books from a fire.

The native has no ambition to acquire a library of his own, though he may desire to borrow a volume from yours, which he will return in due time slightly soiled. But he considers that books generally are for the white man only.

A. G. De la P.

DREAMS.

Two village lads wished to come and work on the Mission Station, so as a kitchen "maid" was required the elder of the two was taken on. The day following, the younger one, whilst escorting me to school, said, "Last night I dreamt that Chitenje was working in the kitchen, and that I was working too, washing up the plates and things, which I very much wish to do."

I smiled and said, "Very well, I have told the Padre that you wish for work, and when there is a vacant place, he has promised to try you." It was good to see the bright face as he burst forth with, "Thank you. And perhaps I shall dream again to-night. I shall try to dream lots!"

His dream came true, in that he became a wash-up boy; but only for a few days. for his mother refused to allow him to stay and to our great grief he was forced to become a Mohammedan. Please pray that Bwana may one day become a Christian, and our dream come true.

M. S.
AN AFRICAN STORY
WITH A MORAL.

In the old time there was a lioness and a cow who agreed to be friends, and they lived in one place many days. One day the lioness got a child and the cow also got a child, and it became the work of the lioness and the cow to search for food for their children. The food which the cow looked for was nice sweet grass, but the lioness searched for animals for her child. One day when the lion and the cow went to look for food the lion cub and the calf were left at home, but they had not heard about each other.

Then the cub of the lioness said in his heart, "Here I am in the town by myself," and the calf said just the same, "Here I am in the town by myself," so they both went out to rest in the sunshine. And when they met they asked each other: "Who are you?" The calf said, "I am the child of the cow"; and the other said, "I am the child of the lioness." And they agreed to be friends because their mothers were friends. One day when the cow and the lioness went to look for food, the calf and the little lion called to each other to come and play, and so it became their custom to play together every day while their mothers were searching for food.

But one day when they were playing the calf kicked out his hind legs and hit the little lion so hard that it died. When the cow re-

AN AFRICAN STORY
WITH A MORAL.

The king of the elephants.
comes, and I will kill her.” And the cow stayed there for two hours, and then she heard the lion coming, roaring very loudly, and she said to the hippopotamus, “The lion is coming.” And he replied, “If this is the lion, please go away, my sister, because I cannot kill her.” And the cow said, “Where shall I go?” And he said, “Go to the buffalo.” So the cow went to the buffalo and told him all that had happened; and he said to her, “Stay here until the lion makes her run away.” And the cow looked at him and believed that he was able to do what he said. When she had stayed there for two hours the lioness came and roared very loud and fierce. And when the rhinoceros heard the lion roaring he said to the cow, “Go away, for I cannot make this fierce lion run away.” And the cow asked, “Where shall I go?” And he said, “Go to the chief of the fowls.” So the cow went and told the cock about her trouble, and he said to her, “Stay here until the lion comes.” And when the lion came he said to the cock, “Give me my enemy.” And the cock stood up and flapped his wings and said, “I will not.” And the lion was frightened and went back to her home. So the cow lived there with the fowls, and that is why all fowls and all cows are great friends at the present time.

A KOROGWE SCHOOLBOY.
E always pray in the Church Litany for prisoners; I will tell you something about those I have had to do with at Kota Kota. It is a Government station, as you know, and from time to time wrongdoers who are imprisoned at the Boma get ill and come down to the Mission to be treated. If they are ill enough we take them into hospital, not only that we may give the necessary attention to their bodily sicknesses, but that if possible we may help them to see where they have done wrong, and make it easier for them to do better next time. One of the first prisoners I had to do with was "Tom." He had stolen a bag of rice, so he was imprisoned at the Boma for three months and made to work in the garden. One afternoon, as he was weeding, a scorpion stung him on the finger. It hurt very much indeed, but I think he did not say much about it, or perhaps the policeman in charge thought that he was pretending, so he went on working. But in the night his hand and arm swelled up until you could hardly see the fingers at all, and quite early in the morning he was brought down to me to see if anything could be done for him. He was in great pain, and thought he was going to die, and indeed it seemed very likely. We did all we could for him, but he got worse and worse for two days, and then when I had almost given up hope, he began to get better. He stayed in hospital about a fortnight and got almost quite well, and during that time we taught him the Ten Commandments, and gave him good advice. The rest of his sentence of imprisonment was remitted and he was allowed to go home. Not three months later tempta-
tion once more came in his way, and he stole another bag of rice, and was once more imprisoned. This time he managed to escape, and was not caught again for over a year. I suppose by that time he thought he was quite safe and ventured back to his village. But alas! the Boma is vigilant, and once more Tom took up his abode in prison. I had almost forgotten him, when one day, going down to the landing-stage to meet the steamer, I heard a voice calling to me out of the water. "Morning, Dona. I forgot that you told me not to steal, and here I am again"; and Tom's cheery, friendly face looked up at me from among the reeds that he and his fellow prisoners were clearing away.

Another prisoner was sent down to me in chains, with a note explaining that this was done because he was a "callous murderer." He was an elderly man and looked wretchedly ill, so I took him into hospital, gave him a mat by the fire and a nice warm blanket and recommended him to go to sleep. For some days he hardly spoke at all, and shrank away whenever I came near; but after a while he cheered up and told us his story. He had helped to poison a woman and several children, in obedience to his chief's command. I couldn't quite make out how he helped, but he admitted that he had done so. And he was such a nice old man really. I grew quite fond of him. He hadn't any idea that what he had done was wrong. No one had ever told him anything about goodness and kindness and gentleness. How could he know? Another was an old man called Sambukila. He was the thinnest man I ever saw, and had great swollen veins all over his chest which hurt and made him feel very ill. He had chains to prevent his running away, which he had already tried to do.

He begged me to take them off, and went into long explanations as to why he was a prisoner. It appeared that he was a watchman away inland at a large store, and that one of the store boys had offered to do his work for him every night for a week and let him go to sleep. So he had yielded up his post quite willingly, and declared himself much surprised when it was found that extensive robberies had taken place in the store during that particular week. The Boma suspected him of having shared in the spoils—hence his imprisonment. He was a wonderful talker, such a flow of language and such charming gesticulations. What a teacher and preacher he would have made. But as it is all his gifts are being wasted in deception and all manner of wickedness. And he never had a chance!

And there are many more of whom I could write. Surely it is the same all the world over, men with capacity for evil have also capacity for good. And these poor black prisoners have developed their evil tendencies and neglected the good. It is sad enough to think of them and to recognize how much we are responsible, we who know, but it is far far sadder to think of their little children who are growing up in the same conditions and learning to do the same things. What can we do to help? It lies surely with us to give them a chance.

K. M.

1 The Boma is a Government station where soldiers live.
THE BEST PROFESSION

In his speech on the Anniversary the Bishop of Likoma told the following story.

"The readiness of the boys to offer themselves for work as teachers is wonderful, because we pay them very little indeed. They can get more in other ways, higher wages and an easier life, and yet our college is always full. We have some sixty boys, and could get more without difficulty if we were able to receive them. They recognize this as the profession in which they can best work for God; and it may lead them on, if God calls them, to the priesthood. There was one very remarkable instance that occurred at Kota Kota. There was a boy who had done well at school, and for some reason he did not take up teaching. This boy went into a European store with a trader. He did so well that he had risen to what to him meant the high wages of eighteen shillings a month. After some three years he announced that he wished to become a teacher, and the trader said to him, 'You are used to our work, and we trust you, and if you stay we will give you twenty shillings a month.' But the boy said, 'No, I want to be a teacher.' He went to college, where all he got during his time of training was his food and sufficient cloth for the clothing of himself and his family. I think it came to twelve yards for three months. He got no wages at all. And when he had passed his examination, and become certified, he went back to the very place where he refused the twenty shillings, to begin his work as a teacher at twenty yards of white calico a month for wages."

KILIMANI.

"Josefu Dona and Mikael do the work very nicely upstairs, and Luka and Madebe (William Zanga) help with the cooking, get the vegetables ready, and clean the pots and pans. The whooping cough still whoops cheerfully along, not bad but very much in evidence at times. The hens are doing very well—seven eggs yesterday; and we had one baby duck hatched, but how long it will live remains to be seen! It rained all Ascension Day, all Friday, and is raining to-day; very nice for the garden, but not so good for whooping cough. The boys are busy digging wells and making mud vessels, so the veranda is in a terrible mess. We had a very nice week's holiday at Bububu. We went to a big Arab house, the river running in artificial channels round the courtyard. There was a big shed in which the boys slept. We went in boats, all the boys except the babies, (who stayed with their mothers). There was a flight of steps from the house leading to the shore; at high
water the waves covered the lower ones. It was always shady somewhere, and I lived out of doors. The boys and teacher went for long walks. We visited Chueni; the long bridge over the river delighted the boys, and they enjoyed watching the men mending the railroad which was destroyed by the rains. The time soon slipped away, and yesterday (June 24), at 8 a.m., we said goodbye, and got back to town by 10.20."

**Msalabani.**

"Just now (June 19) we are struggling with an epidemic of influenza; the boys go down like ninepins. On Sunday it became quite ludicrous, one boy after another came up saying, 'I have fever.' They are not very ill with it, and seem to have none of the after-effects which we have in England. You will be sorry to hear that John Saidi's adopted baby (see *Central Africa*, March, p. 74) has died rather suddenly on Sunday. I am so sorry for John and Josefine, they loved her so much."

**Hegongo.**

"Last night Miss Gibbons had occasion to go into an outhouse after dark. Suddenly she felt something damp on her head, and, looking up to see where it came from, found she was within half a yard of a snake, who was spitting at her. She called me, and, armed with a spear and stick, I went; but the reptile proved too formidable for us to tackle alone, and as all the men had gone home, we had ignominiously to retire and leave it in possession! When the men arrived the next morning we had a most exciting half hour's hunt, and finally our boy despatched the snake, but they were terribly afraid of it, as it was a very poisonous kind and a big one too, so Miss Gibbons had a merciful escape."

**Masasi,**

Easter Eve, 1906.

"My dear Bibi,—I was very much pleased to receive your letter and to hear that you are still remembering me. The troubles which you heard last year are now ending. Some of our enemies are asking the German Government for peace; they can hold out no longer against the famine, because they live on wild fruit since these troubles. They have no gardens to plant seeds; they live in the forest. Now we have Archdeacon Carnon and Padre Porter here. For seven months we were without a white priest, and we had only one native priest for seven churches. It was a very dangerous time, especially for the teachers; we were five teachers, and we were living in a cave in this mountain, because before these rebellious people came to attack our Mission we managed to save some valuable church things, and we hid them in the cave, and all the other things were burnt to ashes; but we fought these rebels, leaving eighteen dead, and our loss was one Christian. Next day our native deacon and priest came to see those things which were saved, and to strengthen the Christians to be firm in their faith. Many Sundays when we were in church our prayers were interrupted by rumours of war that the rebels were coming again to attack us. Then after three weeks we began our school. At first only a few boys came, for they were afraid, but at last many came, and we encouraged them by bringing our guns into school. We had no chalk, no books (still we have none), and most of our work was teaching Holy Scripture (which they can do without books). We hope that our friends in England will help in sending us books.

"Stephen Machinya."" ¹

¹ This letter from a Masasi teacher is not a translation, but was written in English to his patron, who has kindly allowed us to copy it.
WORK AT HOME.

MISSIONARY "AT HOME."—We had a delightful evening at St. Matthew's, Westminster, on July 6, when they had their Missionary "At Home." Five hundred parishioners were present, and they all showed the greatest enthusiasm and interest. The schoolyard where we assembled was very prettily decorated with flowers and Chinese lanterns. Tea and refreshments were handed round and an address was given by Dr. Robert Howard (Likoma). S. Matthew's is a poor parish, but in 1905-6 it contributed £147 5s. 2d. to the Universities' Mission, in addition to £20 5s. 6d. given to S.P.G. and offertories and work to other Missions. It supports an African family of five children, the Rev. Samwil Sehoza and a woman teacher. It has two Working Parties. This year a window, costing £9, was given to Likoma Cathedral, while a member of the Missionary Association gave the font. The Stamp Club also paid into the General Fund, U.M.C.A., a sum of £37 5s. 9d.

THE ANNUAL TOY AFTERNOON was held on July 5 at Croydon. We say the Toy Afternoon, as Mrs. Fisher-Watson had the pleasure of starting this useful gathering some ten years ago. Its popularity is proved by the large attendance, including the local clergy. Miss Minter spoke twice, interesting and charming her hearers. "Just the very thing we wanted to hear," said a priest who listened. "Quite one of the best addresses," a worker added. Miss D. Y. Mills, who was also present, spoke a few words to the children. The plan of proceedings (for those who would like to initiate a similar gathering) is, that the hostess (or host) buys suitable toys and presents for Africa, e.g. footballs, tennis balls, pencils, paper, tops, knives, enamelled ware, dominoes, draughts, pieces of print, etc. These are bought by the visitors and transferred to a stall, where they are packed and sent off to Africa. So the purchaser has only the pleasure of buying, and none of the trouble and expense of forwarding the presents, which have been sent to sixteen different stations.

An entertainment was given on July 15 by the Junior Members of the Coral League at Bromley in aid of the U.M.C.A., with the result that £3 11s. 3d. was added to the funds; in addition to this, £2 2s. 6d. was made by the sale of literature, dolls and curios, and it is thought that this venture will arouse a good deal of interest in the Mission.

Grantham, July 31, 1906.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

I am sorry to say that circumstances (not my own health) compel me to spend all next winter away from home, probably out of England, but I am very thankful the Editor still wishes me to look over the Competition papers and write the Children's letter.

Only, as I cannot possibly tell you all, each month, where I shall be, I must ask you to direct your letters and papers to me at the Office, 9, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W., and they will be forwarded to me. Put the word "Competition" on the envelope.

Alice Cameron has changed four certificates for a prize this month. She chose the Memoir of Mr. Chambers and Miss Ward's
Letters from East Africa. This last book came out when I was at Mbweni, and we were all so delighted with it; we felt Miss Ward in her letters aid exactly what we wanted to say in ours but could not express so well.

Now I want to tell you about the new game published by U.M.C.A. It is called “Quartettes,” and costs 1s., post free. It seems to me very suitable for a wet day in the holidays, or for a winter evening, and above all for meetings of Coral League children. I think those in charge of such meetings will welcome it warmly as providing them with something fresh and interesting for their children to do, and withal inexpensive. Any number above three can play it. Some years ago my nieces used to play a game with cards called “Hide and Seek,” and this “Quartettes” is very like it. You deal the fifty-two cards round to the players. Each card has on it a picture of some person or place in the Mission with letterpress explaining it. Three or four cards form a quartette, each with its own number. On one card in each quartette are printed the names of the others and players must try and get as many complete quartettes as they can. It is always difficult to understand a game from a description, but if you would send to me or to the Office for it I am sure you would enjoy playing it. You might have it with a small book in exchange for four certificates if you liked.

I have had very warm thanks from the children and others to whom I sent bound volumes of the magazines.

After all I find those red and black seeds are liquorice not chicory.

Always your affectionate friend,

Ellen M. Nelson.

RESULTS OF JULY COMPETITION.

Seniors.
Full marks, 20, Hannah Cowell, May Phillips, Norah Smallwood, 17; Nona Clarke, Bessie Slomothe, Lily Snell, Emily Stephens, 16; Sarah Cound, Minnie Scantlebury, Robert Vinner, Ruth Vinner, 15; Ivy Lilian Boyes, Ina Colwell, 14; Rose Edworthy, 13; Mildred Charman, Margaret Evans, Gladys de Lavelaye, Gladys M. Page, 12; Olive Ashbourne, Eric Dyon, Noel Vinner, Anna Watson, 11; Eva Hall, 10; Horace Bant, Alfred Gimes, W. E. Knight, 9; Kathleen A. Minton, 6; Raphael Moss, 5; G. H. Moss, R. E. Offer, 4; May Pratt, Oliver Pratt, 1.

Juniors.
Full marks, 20, Hannah Cowell, May Phillips, Norah Smallwood, 17; Nona Clarke, Bessie Slomothe, Lily Snell, Emily Stephens, 16; Sarah Cound, Minnie Scantlebury, Robert Vinner, Ruth Vinner, 15; Ivy Lilian Boyes, Ina Colwell, 14; Rose Edworthy, 13; Mildred Charman, Margaret Evans, Gladys de Lavelaye, Gladys M. Page, 12; Olive Ashbourne, Eric Dyon, Noel Vinner, Anna Watson, 11; Eva Hall, 10; Horace Bant, Alfred Gimes, W. E. Knight, 9; Kathleen A. Minton, 6; Raphael Moss, 5; G. H. Moss, R. E. Offer, 4; May Pratt, Oliver Pratt, 1.

COMPETITION FOR SEPTEMBER.

Seniors.
1. What do you know of Chitambo, Magomero and Chiromo? (See 1st Catechism.)
2. Describe the cultivation of rice at Kota Kota.
3. What do you know of the Hospital Assistants Edward and Rafael?
4. There are two churches about to be built in U.M.C.A. Where are they and what is wanted for each.
5. Why ought we to convert the Mohammedans? (See Catechism, and AFRICAN TIDINGS for August.)

Juniors.
1. What do you know of Chitambo, Magomero and Chiromo? (See 1st Catechism.)
2. Describe the cultivation of rice at Kota Kota.
3. What do you know of the Hospital Assistants Edward and Rafael?

Answers to be sent before September 25, to—
Miss Nelson,
9, Dartmouth Street,
Westminster, S.W.,
and marked "Competition."

RULES.
1. Competitors will be divided into two classes. Class I., Seniors, those over 13 and under 17. Class II., Juniors, those under 15. Three Certificates will be given in each class every month. When four Certificates are obtained they may be exchanged for a Prize.
2. One side only of the paper to be written on.
3. Name, age last birthday, and address, to be written at the top of the first page.
4. Every paper to be signed by a parent or teacher to certify that it is the unaided work of the Competitor.

INTERCESSIONS.

THANKSGIVING: Let us give thanks—
For the communion at Mbweni of seven old people. (See page 97.)
For twenty-five Baptisms at Msalabani on Whitens Eve. (See page 97.)
For the prospect of peace in the Rovuma country. (See page 97.)
For safe arrivals at Likorna. (See page 98.)

PETITIONS: That it may please Thee—
To open the hearts of the Arabs in Zanzibar (men and women) to receive the Word of Thy truth. (See page 97.)
To have mercy upon the prisoners at Kota Kota. (See page 103.)
To bring "Bwana" to confess Jesus Christ. (See page 100.)