THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT KASAMBA.

Am sure that the readers of African Tidings will be interested to hear about the little girls at Kasamba on Lake Nyasa. Until December, 1899, there had been a married teacher there, whose wife was able to teach the girls; but then a change was made, and Robert Kamaliza took charge of Kasamba. He has a dear little wife, but as she cannot read herself she could not undertake to teach others, so it seemed as though the little girls would have to be allowed to run wild. However, after a good deal of discussion it was settled that I should go over three times a week and try to keep them together until a native teacher could be found.

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, therefore, at one o'clock, I used to sally forth—armed with a bag of books, etc.—jump into my machila, and start off on my four miles' ride. As I went at the hottest part of the day the men did not hurry themselves, but trotted along quite leisurely, and generally brought me up to the Mission Station just before two o'clock. As soon as we appeared in sight, a small urchin would seize the school bell—oh! such a cracked one—and scamper off through the village ringing it with all his might, by way of announcing the fact that I had arrived. The boys' school was the scene of our studies, and my first task was to write out on the blackboard the tables that I wished the wee ones to learn.

While I was thus engaged the pupils would arrive, sometimes by the door, more often, I am afraid, through the window, run up to me and salute. The way to do this is to slap your right leg hard with your right hand, then touch your right temple with the same hand, and say "Mornin', Dona."

As soon as they were all assembled we had prayers and then set to work. One of
Miss Cameron’s school girls acted as my pupil teacher, and while she instilled “tables” into the babies, I initiated the elder girls into the mysteries of arithmetic. In Africa we don’t say our tables, we sing them, to a kind of chant which conveys the impression that some one is dead; and as no child in my school can add two and two together without counting it up aloud, this first half-hour was wont to be somewhat noisy. Then came the Scripture lesson, always beginning with a scramble as to who should bring my chair and who should sit closest to my feet—they all sit on a mat on the floor. The lesson was generally on the Old Testament, varied occasionally by the Catechism, and always ending up with the repetition of the Ten Commandments and a hymn. I have to be very careful what I say when teaching Scripture. Once, when we were talking about the flood, I suggested that if it had happened at Kasamba all the people would probably have fled to the top of Chipata—a high mountain which towers in the distance. The children were much interested, but ever since then, when I question them on the Flood, I am given quite a detailed account of how the people did run there. The Scripture class over, I rouse the pupil teacher, who generally takes a nap while it is going on, and we proceed to read and write, she conducting the babies’ class through the intricacies of A B C, while I take the elder ones. Some of them read very well already, and all of them are getting on, in spite of the deficiencies of their teacher. The last quarter of an hour is devoted to singing. When we first began they were all firmly convinced that it did not matter in the least what note they sang so long as they said doh or ray or me as I did, and the result was so terrible that I wonder I have any ear left. But we do better now, and, if they really give their minds to it, they can sing perfectly in tune. And now the lessons are over and they all stand in a line—I am
afraid to say how many weeks elapsed before it was a straight line, and even now it often undulates—while I call the names and mark them. That is considered a very important ceremony, and while they are still impressed with it, I take the opportunity to make a few remarks about their behaviour during the afternoon; then with a final salute they are released. One small child stays behind to help me tidy up the schoolroom and to take my precious bag to the machila man, whose duty it is to carry it home, and who wears it round his neck like a locket with much pride. Then comes about half an hour of dispensary work. I sit under the eaves of the teacher’s house and dole out pills and Epsom salts, or tie up diminutive fingers or toes, etc., and then my work is finished, and I am carried back to Kota Kota at breakneck speed, the men being quite as anxious to get there as I am myself.

These children are all quite small, but they are exceedingly keen on their lessons and hardly ever missed coming, in spite of my unavoidable irregularity.

Last September eight of them were made catechumens, and almost directly after that I was called away to Likoma, and their lessons had to drop. I hope that by now some arrangement has been made for them; but it is very difficult for any European to be spared to go all that distance so frequently. If any trained teacher should read this account I hope she will realize and impress upon others of her profession how great is our need of such in the mission, and how sad it is that these intelligent little girls should have to depend on amateurs for their education.

March 25, 1901.

K. M.

VISITING IN ZANZIBAR.

You know many of the Arab ladies never go out from year’s end to year’s end, while others only perambulate the streets at night preceded by a slave carrying a great lamp and followed by a multitude of women slaves. The mistress wears a mask which completely disguises her, and it is rather awkward at times to be greeted by some of these ladies, not knowing whom you are addressing, for you cannot always put a name to a voice, and it is not very polite to ask who they are.

I will try and describe one or two of the houses where I visit. No one lives on the ground floor. Sometimes the master has a room spread with mats, where he entertains his friends with chatting or reading the Koran: otherwise the whole of the basement is given up to slaves, asses, and lumber of every description. Then you go up a stone staircase to a great landing, and there the mistress of the house receives you, either offering you a chair there or taking you into a close room with a carpet and cushions all round. The walls and recesses are generally crowded with the most common china, cups, saucers, coloured glasses, plates, basins—oh! enough to set up a small china shop. Then they have peculiar grotesque-looking Arab pictures of camels and other creatures.

Then you are put through a strict examination of your mode of life here and your family at home, where you bought your clothes and how many rupees you gave for them, and why you came here, and how your husband and children are?
They cannot understand your being unmarried, and they will return over and over again to the subject; so now I always tell them at once that I have never been married since I was born. Neither can the men believe it, and you hear them say, "Ajabu!" (wonderful). After a time you seize your opportunity and begin to teach, and they generally get very interested and ask all sorts of questions.

The other day I was visiting a poor sick Arab woman, and telling her how our dear Lord used to go about healing the sick, Lord to be scorned or His religion scoffed at. After a time she calmed down and told me to go on teaching, though both she and her companion interrupted me over and over again, quoting the Koran and giving their version of the Incarnation and Holy Trinity. Then she told me that we didn't believe in the devil, for a German doctor had told one of their husbands so. Then some more people came in, and I was almost overwhelmed, for in their excitement they would speak Arabic. However, a young Arab interpreted for me into

when in came two Arab teachers of the Koran wearing their barakosas (masks). One of them shook hands with me, but the other turned her back and did not answer my greeting. After a pause I went on speaking to the lady and her two little boys. The unfriendly teacher came up to me and said—"We don't want any of your religion; what have you come here for?" I immediately replied that my work was to teach the religion of Christ, and that if my friend wished me to leave off I would do so, as we never suffered our blessed Swahili, and so we went on for a good hour and a half. I have been there twice since, and have had quite a warm reception, and each time the friendly (or neutral) teacher was there. They put the most puzzling questions to you, and they expect you to give them the clearest answers.

In one house a man was comparing our blessed Lord with Mahomet to the latter's advantage, so I had to say that Mahomet had committed many and grievous sins, and couldn't be named in the same breath with our Lord, when up sprang an Arab
teacher and shook her hands in my face, crying, "We never accuse your Isa (Jesus) of committing sin; why do you come here and accuse our prophet? Tell us what did he do?" So I had to give a string of his evil doings, and when I had finished I was told that God allowed him to do these things, so it was not sinful!

There is another Arab lady whom I go to see who lives with her little granddaughter and a host of slaves. This lady has not a very bright intellect, and so she finds it rather a strain to follow even the little instruction I try to give her, but I go on because of the child and the slaves; the latter explain to their mistress what I have said.

In every house the slaves come and sit down and listen attentively.

Talking of slaves, I feel bound to say they are very well treated and seem very happy and contented, and they speak to the mistress in a tone of equality.

At times one feels how very little one can do, but our work is spreading and spreading. This time last year we had only about eight or ten houses open to us, and now I suppose there are sixty or seventy, or even more, counting Persians and Turks. We are introduced by one lady to another, and she will send her slave to conduct us to her friend's house.

Sometimes as you are walking through the narrow streets you hear a voice calling out through a barred window to come upstairs; so up you go, never knowing what sort of people you may find. I have got quite bold now.

One of my favourites is a Pathan woman who is very strictly enclosed, not even being allowed to look through the barred windows! One day when I called she had black swollen eyes and was deaf in one ear. After saying she had fallen down, she told me her husband came home unexpectedly, and saw her looking out of window, and beat her in this manner! She has never recovered the hearing of that ear. The man is a brute, and I am only pleasant and civil to him for her sake.

Then I go to see T—T—'s wife and family. A son of the wife comes to our night school. He is one of the stateliest men I have ever seen, and one of the tallest and most dignified. It was very funny one day; we were talking to his mother, and turning to him I said, "Don't you think so, Mahommed?" His mother immediately said, "He doesn't know, he is only a child!"

I noticed at T—T—'s house that the slaves all come in on their knees, and in one other house I saw this was done.

We live in one of the largest houses in the city—a great height overlooking everything right out to sea. The centre of the house is open to the sky, and when it rains the bottom gets washed. It is a square building, and you can walk round each story looking down into the open centre.

October 31, 1900.

"The man to whom the thought of Missions is foreign is at heart 'a stranger from the covenants of promise, and in spirit an alien from the commonwealth of God.' Lying helpless in our spiritual lameness, close by the pool of the Church's house of mercy, waiting for an angel to trouble the waters, waiting for some man to put us in, let us hear the voice of Jesus Christ commanding us to take up the bed of our indolent indifference; and then, healed in the very act of obedience, He bids us go and sin no more lest a worse thing come upon us. Dreaming in our spiritual blindness of a vague desire to look unto Him Who is the Light of the world, He bids us 'go, wash in the pool of Siloam, which is by interpretation Sent' (surely the pool of Missions), and when we have 'washed and come seeing,' we shall believe and worship the Sent, Who sends others as He was sent of the Father."—BISHOP OF ALBANY.
What a Boy Thinks of Drill.

Teachers of drill usually connect it with hard work, much shouting, and sorely-tried tempers. One of our Kiungani scholars takes a different view of the matter, and in his best English writes:

"Drill is a game which is beautiful very much. And when we want to play the game we all stand the same (i.e. in a row) in the yard. The game comes from England. The soldiers play at it. We get a drum and the drum strikes the time and we go for a march, march away, march away. And the people of Zanzibar want to see when we play this game. And this game is called drill, and drill means standing the same. We like this game."

So does the teacher when it is played properly.

Kiungani, February, 1901.

W. G. W.

Kiungani.

Though rather late in the day to write of one's arrival at Kiungani, yet four months spent amongst the boys of S. Andrew's College have diminished nothing from the happy memories of that occasion.

We reached our quarters in the afternoon, rather tired, gently steaming and unspeakably glad. The work of unpacking our boxes which followed was a task of necessity, hardly of desire. When we had "finished to do" (as our African friends might say) the sun had set. There is little or no twilight here. The sun goes down about six o'clock and darkness follows within half an hour. At half-past six the boys assembled for evensong in the cloister. A light, by no means brilliant, flickered at one end and added to the strangeness of the scene. We could see the long dark double line of scholars, all clad in the regulation "kisibau" and "shuka," standing at attention while the schoolmaster called over the roll. A prayer was said, and the boys filed into church, without much order but very reverently. The shuffling noise made by the bare feet on the ground was peculiar. It was quaint to see huge knives stuck in the "shukas" of some of the boys; but these formidable weapons are merely used to sharpen pencils and cut sugar-cane. During the Swahili service the one thought which held my mind was that of the omnipotence of God. Never before had I so realized the utter powerlessness of the forces opposed to the God of Love and Might.

On re-entering the cloister we found a number of bowls containing rice placed at certain distances for the boys' evening meal. Groups of four or five eat from the same bowl, each boy making worthy use of his hands for the purpose. The reply of that very proper small boy, who was told that fingers were made before forks—"But not my fingers"—would hardly have been appreciated by this audience.

Kiungani, February, 1901.

W. G. W.

A Night Walk.

The title suggests midnight and lions, but this incident contains nothing so exciting. Padre W., who was to take the first celebration in the new church at
Kilimani, had enough fever on the previous evening to prevent any thought of an early morning journey. So two of us (Bro. M. and self) set out from Kiungani, hatless, to wander round from one station to another with messages. Rain had fallen heavily during the day, and though the moon was well up, yet this did not stop an occasional muddy bath. At Mazizini the road became a narrow path and struck across the fields. The grass on either side was unpleasant and wet, so were our clothes. However, Kilimani was not far, and we gently intimated to the occupants that we should be grateful for admittance. The little boys were sleeping inside, on their mats, and by some clever acrobatic feats we avoided their dusky forms. Miss Mills forwarded us “with care” to Mbweni.

Some excitement reigned here. A songster of the night, a stray and foolish dog, had met with an untimely end. We were entertained with “dafu,” the delicious milk of the young cocoanut, and true snake stories. One I mention now. A playful python, measuring 10 feet 9 inches, had been found in the Shamba gently caressing an unfortunate dog. It (the python) became so sportive that it was deemed wise to bring its brilliant career to a close.

We returned to Kilimani with more notes, and as a final act of kindness were sent on to Mazizini. On the way we were seized with an uncomfortable idea and a more uncomfortable pain. We had stumbled across a trail of “siafu” or biting ants, and these interesting creatures were practising their art upon our bodies. These “siafu” were responsible for much moral damage.

With improved tempers we journeyed on to Mazizini. The head of that bolted and barred establishment had been employed on the previous evening in chasing burglars, and we had a little difficulty to prove ourselves sane and guileless. The hatchway was at last opened, and we ascended to the baraza. A visitor from the mainland indulged in a running comment on our conversation in an unknown tongue from an inner room. The head suggested that we should convey a big kettle to Kilimani, as it was required the next day; but this happy thought of his did not meet with a very cordial reception. Then we left for home, and arrived at Kiungani some three hours from the time of starting.

Kiungani, February, 1901.

*MISSION ARMIES.*—A Mission Army was started in Oxford in December, 1873, and
it has been going on ever since. At first it helped Indian children, but when the Rev. C. Janson went out to Central Africa on June 3, 1880, it adopted its first African boy; it now helps a boy and two girls. In this Army there are various “Rolls” of the “soldiers,” with an officer to each. The “Colonel” keeps the whole complete roll, and has special soldiers as well. Upon the complete roll there are more than 300 soldiers. The Colonel (who has been in command under the Vicar of the parish for about fourteen years) and officers collect the subscriptions monthly from the soldiers, the money being taken and offered in church on the first Sunday in each month. This Army has now four daughter Mission Armies. Miss Woodward would like to know how many Armies are supporting African children. Letters should be sent to her at 8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

African Tableaux at Weymouth.—If Coral League members want to raise money for U.M.C.A. and create interest in the Mission, by all means let them get up tableaux on the Mission’s work. Ever since Eastbourne’s successful effort in 1899, our branch (Holy Trinity, Weymouth) has been burning to follow suit, and at last managed to do so, giving two performances in February. The Town Hall was packed both times. The scenes were well arranged and received much applause, “very realistic” being the unanimous verdict. We had among others “A Gang of Slave-Boys,” “An A.B.C. Class,” “Boys at Basket Work,” “Boys at Sewing Class,” “Girls’ Sewing Class,” and “A Wedding Scene at Newala.”

“A Dispensary Scene at Zanzibar” was excellent, though the “lady doctor” was not required to draw teeth. With suitable incidental music between the pictures, the performances proved very attractive. Despite heavy expenses, we cleared £4 15s. 3½d. To the energy of the adult members is due the success, for they made the costumes, trained the blacks, and carried out all the arrangements. We unhesitatingly commend the endeavour to others. Miss Haill, 65, Oxford Terrace, Weymouth, would gladly give any information in her power if desired.

E. C. A.

“THE GOLDEN SHIP.” — A subscriber writes: “I wish to express the pleasure I have received from your publication of The Golden Ship. It is so well got up, printed, and illustrated; the stories themselves so animated and interesting, that those who receive it from their friends will regard it as a real treasure; not to be hastily read and cast aside (after the manner of the present day), but to be read and reread with increased appreciation.”

The Athenæum says of this work: “The Golden Ship is a gift book of a novel and charming description. It contains six stories. The translations (with the exception of ‘The Golden Ship’ by the late Captain Ogle) are the work of Miss Gertrude Ward, and are highly spirited and readable. The illustrations are exceedingly clever.”
NE comes across many varieties of hosts and hostesses in one's journeyings round England. There is one class of these who consider all missionaries as delicate hot-house plants, who must not walk, or carry any parcel, and to whom an apology must be made if he is asked to leave a cozy fireside corner and address a meeting in the school. There is another kind of host who thinks that the Commercial room in the inn is a very suitable accommodation, and that an occasional meal at the Rectory should be eagerly welcomed as a great privilege, and that if one is speaking at an evening meeting at 8.30 some thirty miles from London, the ten-something slow train back will do very well; but this is quite the exception, I own. The majority of our friends consider it a pleasure to entertain any of the members of the Mission.

The interest that is taken in the work in Africa is often as surprising as it is encouraging. For instance, at a boys' school in Kent to find quite a number of African Tidings taken in, and knowledge shown about the contents. At one of our large public schools near London, the captain of the eleven asked for a missionary box to put in the cricket pavilion; and after the sermon one boarder, who had somehow failed to have the plate passed to him, presented his house master with the sum he would have given, and this in the middle of term; while another, in his Christmas holidays, meeting the writer at his own home, said he'd forgotten the preacher, but mentioned something that he had said in the school sermon. Near Southampton, a girls' school, all of whom were under the age of ten, were shown some photographs, and they talked very eagerly about machilas, kisibaus, and other decidedly African things. Near Farnham, at the Industrial Schools the boxes were full of halfpence and pence, gained from the small earnings of both boys and girls. At the squire's house in a country village all the servants paid admission and then drew lots as to who should be the one to stay at home and keep the house. At Cambridge it was quite refreshing to find over thirty men of one college in their chapel at 10 p.m. every Saturday, in order to hear addresses on home or foreign Mission work. At the town where one of the Zanzibar staff once worked the parlour maid at my host's, returned a tip saying it was to go into an U.M.C.A. box. In the centre of the hunting district at a drawing-room meeting several of the tradespeople of the town held stalls allowing a certain percentage off as profit for the sale. At Ely one of the Girls' Day Schools sent a hamper full of toys, books and picture cards which they had brought from their own homes as a means of brightening the hours of their dusky sisters, while a boarding-school in the same city has started a working party for dresses. In the north midlands a housekeeper sent a silver wafer casket as "a thankoffering for many mercies." In the fens a small town gave a handsome paten and chalice for use at Malindi. A Nonconformist ironmonger, who had known me in East London, pressed a sovereign upon me as he was sure that good work was being done, while a painter from Stepney gave half-a-guinea, saying that he always had thought missionaries were luxurious people, and he had found out his mistake. At a small village in Bedfordshire there was a large working party among the labourers' wives who were very keen on the number of garments they could send out to B.C.A. A town in Huntingdonshire has had a sale of work for over thirty years, almost for the whole time on our behalf. A Hertfordshire town which shortly before had had an almost empty room for the C.M.S., admitted people only by ticket.
it being a distinct privilege to receive one; consequently there were many demands, and a full room. One of my most energetic hosts near Bournemouth advertised a great meeting in a country village, even putting the time for carriages to come. This certainly brought the neighbouring gentry. The palm for the most crowded and noisiest meeting goes to Bethnal Green, whose comments on African living pictures were pointed and numerous. Brighton possesses a young lady who is motherless, and on the death of her father received a little more money, and increased all her charities proportionately. In Whitechapel a member of the Factory Girls' Club on hearing that singing was a difficulty in Africa, and that at times the writer was responsible, copied out a whole book full of notes into an exercise book in the hope that it might be of some use. At Wolverhampton there is a school for motherless girls, who through this Lent have undertaken to deny themselves sugar for the funds, and also to write letters to some of their dark-hued neighbours afar off; the same town possesses one whose age is not yet up to the standard, but who has been learning Swahili for some years; also another whose knowledge of African life, and of the contents of the monthly magazines is marvellous. The time, trouble, and energy taken by local secretaries have been immense, but may it be suggested to them not to arrange evening meetings in the winter at places where it is necessary to take a four mile drive in an open trap: probably this has not occurred to those who are responsible for the arrangements.

My name, of course, has been a source of much trouble to many as to its pronunciation, but in Hampshire I was the cause of bitter disappointment to one village, since in the place of, as they hoped, a lady clergyman or native priest there appeared an English clergyman under the name of the Rev. Adela Pryme.

I append a few Questions and Answers that I received and made during my visits.

Questions and Answers.

"Is there any opening for me out there?" asked a worn-out broken-down member of a tramps' lodging house in the Midlands—and this just after there had been an appeal for men and women of all trades and professions to come and work out in Africa. The enquirer was gently persuaded not to push his case on the plea of poor health.

"Can I join your staff?" asked a linen-draper's assistant who had been refused by another Society on the strength of a weak lung; here again a gentle negative ruled the day.

"What did you see of the war?" was an often-asked question that came right at the beginning, and because one had come home by the Cape, and had seen something at the base of operations, there often (I am afraid) seemed far more interest, than if one explained Central Africa was not South; the statement that it took five weeks to reach the Cape, and all the latter part of the journey by sea was generally received with a kind of contempt as if to say, "We don't want to hear any more, thank you."

"Do you like it?" was asked the most number of times; I wonder what kind of an answer people expect to get to a question of this sort; to one who is returning, there seems only one obvious answer.

"Do you ever get any fever?" is another old favourite, and the answer that is given to this generally completely surprises the questioner.

"Are you able to speak the language at all?" The answer often gives the impression that one is a great linguist, or that any dunce can learn those simple African dialects, many people thinking that they are as alike as the Norfolk and Devonshire talk of the country people.

"Do you know or see much of Mr. — of Magila?" Here again distance seems of no disadvantage to the questioner, a frequent retaliation that I found useful was "Do you know Mr. Smith of Scotland?"
then the lesson seemed to come home with some point.

"What do we build houses and schools of?" a small boy said, "dust?" He was evidently thinking of the answer of another youth who defined dust as "mud with the juice squeezed out"; yet after all dried mud sooner or later (generally later), becomes a kind of crumbled dried earth.

Another infant who was shown a slide of the slave gang on the march, asked, "Please sir, are the people going to Church?" Evidently there was an idea of knocking Christianity into their heads by means of a whip and a gun.

"Do tell me, please, all about Anna-bubba." As no clergyman in England knows every child in the diocese, neither do we in the tropics.

"What are the niggers like?" There is always a rebuke attached to this. When this has been administered then the natives are described.

"What is their religion?" White men are often surprised to hear that they have no idols. When the black man asks the same question about the white colonists and is told that they are Christians, he also is surprised. The native knows that the white man too often leads a life very different to the Christian Religion as it has been taught to him.

A. G. D. L. P.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

WHILE you are in church I am sitting on deck, with the sea just below me and no land in sight, on my way back to sunny Zanzibar; and while you are very likely cold and chilly I have chosen the cool side of the boat to get out of the heat of the sun. How strange it is, isn't it?

Well, I am hoping to write to you sometimes while I am out in Africa, because I know you like to hear a little of what is going on and what we are doing who ask you to pray for us and give of your money. But in this letter I can't give you much in the way of news, as I have not arrived, you see. Still I thought I might send a few lines, because when one once gets into Africa and at work again there, one writes just about things that are happening around, and perhaps forgets other matters that are important.

And so this letter will be a sort of little short serious address, something like I gave to the children of the "Coral League" in my old parish in the Potteries just before I left.

I want to say something that you have all heard many times before, I daresay, but still it is a matter that will bear often speaking about. I mean how important it is that we should remember that missionary work is a religious work. I am not thinking of our part in Africa, but of your part, dear children, at home. It is very nice and it is interesting and it is good that you should hear a great deal about your African brothers and sisters; but when you hear it often sounds almost like reading a tale, doesn't it, and sometimes the stories or the pictures make us laugh—and if we do happen to hear a bit of the language, well, that is funny indeed! And so you see, I think perhaps you may forget some-
times the religious part of it all, and how very necessary a thing prayer is, for instance, in missionary work.

I wonder if I am right in thinking that boys find it harder to take interest in the "Coral League" (or any other missionary work) than girls do? "Girls can sew and make kisibaus and things and have working parties, but what are we boys to do? We can only go to meetings, and they are dry sometimes." Is that what you think, lads, at times? But I don't think you need be discouraged, you know. Take in your magazine and read it; go to your meetings; pray; give your money. Do these things and you will do good work, and from time to time other opportunities of helping will arise, and you need not be afraid that you are doing nothing.

As I write I can think of happy times that I have had with many of you while I have been in England, and I am wondering if there is just a chance that some may remember that when I have had the opportunity of speaking to you I have generally given five little sentences for you to take home, one little sentence for each finger. Of course I can't be at all surprised if you have all forgotten them; but still I am going to send them all to the editor and ask him if he will give just a little prize to anyone who may happen to remember them and send them to him. It will be only fair, I think, if I give you the first one, which is, "There are millions of people who know nothing about our Lord Jesus Christ." Now can any of you remember the other four?

I will not write any more now. I will only say that if some of you want to write a letter occasionally to Zanzibar, and you can't think who to write to, well (never mind whether you have seen him or not), send to your affectionate friend,

Ernest A. Gee.

ss. "Caledonien," Gulf of Suez, Quinquagesima Sunday, 1901.

1 The Editor of African Timinos will be glad to hear from those who can send these sentences.