A SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH MISS WHITBREAD.

When I read the account of dear Miss Whitbread in the September number of Central Africa I remembered very vividly what she did one Sunday afternoon in Zanzibar, not long before she went to Pemba, and I think some of her friends at home would like to hear the story.

There was such a rest in being with "Mkate Mweupe"—"White-bread" (her Native name)—such wholesome food for the soul—that it was a rare treat to get her to oneself sometimes for a little while on Sunday afternoon. That particular Sunday she said as soon as she saw me, "Now I want you to come with me and see a poor Arab lady—are you ready?" "Yes," I said carelessly, "I am quite ready." "Then we will come to my room first," she said very gently; "one must always have a little 'quiet time' before this kind of work." After that we started. On the way she told me that the lady we were going to visit was a great sufferer, afflicted with an incurable disease, but a woman of great character and of uncommon courage and patience. Afterwards I came to know that when her family was ruined (owing, I think, to the partial stoppage of the slave trade) she did not sit down with her hands before her and perish in her pride, as so many Arab women are doing now in Zanzibar, but she boldly began to work for herself and her family. She could not bring herself to go out of doors in the daytime, but she worked with her slaves, and worked far harder than any of them. She has gradually got together a large herd of goats, who live in the basement of the house, and now she sells meat and milk; she makes a sort of macaroni that is very popular with her neighbours, and she has had her daughter taught hairdressing, and carries on quite a business in scents and cosmetics, and the many and various adornments required by the town beauties of Zanzibar.

After telling me a little about this lady of advanced views, Miss Whitbread gave me a highly coloured picture-book of the Good Shepherd. Now I am not fond of this kind of book, and I don't like to use it except with very ignorant heathen, and no doubt this lady was a good Mohammedan; but the plan was evidently all thought out, and I was not to alter it. I said, "I wish
you would teach to-day, for you know the people, and let me see what they are like, and come again when you are gone to Pemba.” “My dear,” she said so earnestly, “the Lord has not given me the gift of tongues, and when I am trying to express what I want to say, I often feel that I can’t get the right idiom, and I get confused and do no good. No, I want you to speak for me to-day. We are to speak of the Good Shepherd. Take the pictures one by one and explain them.”

Then we came to a low house with pools of filth in front of the door and a great many very pretty goats lying round about, and several young women appeared directly and gave us such a warm welcome. Evidently Miss Whitbread had sent a message, Arab fashion, to say that we were coming.

We found the mistress herself just inside the door, and her very handsome daughter, and one or two elderly female relations, besides slaves; but I believe this enlightened lady keeps servants and pays them regular wages. There is no parlour here, but we each had a chair, and we sat with the family in the stable. There was a string bed at one end of the room where the daughter reclined, and mamma sat upon an old box busy with a decoction in a basin, perhaps a preparation of henna for dyeing fingers and toes a beautiful red. The girls crowded round us, and the goats came and rubbed their heads on our knees. There were bundles of fodder-grass tied with strips of banana leaves piled up behind Miss Whitbread’s chair, and they made an arch over her head and gave her a curious likeness to a saint in a niche. And when we were all settled she told me to begin, and I turned my mind firmly from the thought of other and smaller animals present with us in their hosts and opened the picture-book and began. They were soon interested, and I read to them several passages from our Lord’s teaching of the Good Shepherd, and then the parable of the Prodigal Son.

The stable gradually filled—it was intensely hot. Some dissipated lads, younger sons and their friends, came in, and finally the daughter’s husband—I think he is a sailor very grand indeed, with a large choice of daggers hung round his waist—a regular swaggering sea captain ashore. If the young man was a peaceful trader, he certainly did not look the part.

Miss Whitbread had not moved from the time when we sat down; her face was lifted up (as if she saw what we could not see). Several little kids were playing round her and licking her hands. But when the men had come in she said, “Begin again, put the Testament away, show the pictures and tell the stories.” And as I obeyed the words came—all the words she was longing to say as she looked to Jesus and begged Him that He would grant these lost sheep to hear of His love. And I told how the Shepherd found the lost sheep, and the lost piece of money, and the lost son. And the mother bent her head, and the tears ran down her poor wrinkled face, and her daughter, whom I had thought a bold careless girl, got up from the bed and put her arms round her mother and laid her head on her bosom. The boys were so hushed that one might have heard a pin drop. Some of the girls were kneeling before us (a position of respectful attention to a teacher), and the captain stood beside me and turned over the pictures thoughtfully and looked at his wife.

And then “Mkate Mweupe” rose and said “good-bye”; and as we parted she said, “I think to-day we have been allowed to make a beginning.” — A Learner.

THE FIRST JOURNEY OF THE "CHAUNCY MAPLES."

For two days we are keeping “siku kuu” on the station in honour of the great event of last week—the safe arrival of the new steamer Chauncy Maples, from Mponda’s. Great
was the excitement on the station last Tuesday, July 2, every one was beaming in anticipation. At 6.45 a.m., just as we were starting for Mattins, the Charles Janson appeared in sight on her way to Mponda's from the north. Mr. Eyre and Mr. Swinerton were both persuaded to come ashore for breakfast, though we were but little prepared for guests at such an early hour, and, I fear, must have half-starved them. Mr. Eyre left immediately after breakfast, telling us to expect their return about 10 o'clock.

The interval was none too long for the work before us, for we had three rooms to prepare for those who were returning with the C.M. However, we managed to find time to run up some red and white "nchalu" for an improvised flag, which soon waved gaily from the end of the pier.

By the bye our pier is a most imposing one—I am told the longest in B.C.A. I must say that I have some qualms in walking along it, if there is anything of a breeze, as at present there are yawning gaps, and there is a pleasing rickettiness in some of the boards; but still Malindi is justly proud of its pier. To return to the point.

Ten o'clock struck, and not a mast was in sight; at intervals we eagerly scanned the waters; now and then a small hurrahing came from the beach, but it was only the Natives, who were getting their lungs into good order. Our housekeeper had ordered a lunch which was to do justice to the occasion, but as no guests appeared the luxuries had to be countermanded, and we sat down to our meal feeling decidedly flat, and of course indulged in forebodings as to the cause of delay. Happily, all things come to those who wait. About 3.15 p.m., with the aid of my field glasses, we were able to distinguish some small specks on the blue water. In time these specks developed into quite an imposing procession. The "C.J." proudly led the way, towing in its wake the hulk of the "C.M." I felt quite sorry for the latter, it must have been so humiliating to be taken in tow by a chit of a vessel only half its size. The Chideru (the new name of the Swan, or stern-wheeler), brought up the rear, dancing about gaily and very proud of its powers of speed; she was extremely anxious to cut out the "C.J." and head the procession, but a little attempt to take her own course made her helmsman feel it wiser to make her take place soberly.
in the rear. All three ships (1) were crowded with people, and when the anxious moment of crossing the bar arrived every one held their breath. Would she ground or not? For Mr. Eyre on the "C.J.," and for Mr. Crouch on the Chauncy Maples, it was a moment of intense suspense—a slight scraping sound, as the keel touched the bar, and she was riding safely beyond it. Three lusty hurrahs from the natives, a few screeches

At last there was time for the many questions and answers, and we closed the day by wishing a safe completion to the "O.M," and prosperity to Malindi.

The next day the "C.J." started off north again, taking away Mr. De la Pryme, who is going to the college. We feel very stranded here, for we shall have no resident clergyman, and to-day (Sunday) scarcely seemed like itself without the Eucharist. Mr. Philipps is very kindly going to come over once or twice a week, as he can manage; so we might be worse off; and later on Mr. Eyre will perhaps be here for a few days.

The little church is my charge, of which I am glad. Yesterday we were having our spring cleaning, and two boys were taking up the mats for sweeping when I heard an exclamation and they had vanished into the porch. On inquiring what was the matter, they pointed from a respectful distance to a small snake which had lain curled up under a mat. It was about two feet long, and of a poisonous kind.

A handy log of wood chucked on to it kept it from mischief while the boys fetched a stick and cut off its head. In spite of descriptions given me I don't think I had ever realized what the simplicity of a native church really means. At first it made me smile to see Europeans
squatting on the mats, and I thought I preferred a tree-trunk as a seat. However, I soon found that more aristocratic than comfortable, and I have now come down from my perch and use the tree stump to lean against.

We have a rather sad dearth of altar fittings here, but being probably only a temporary station it is no use writing home for things. We have to use glass fruit bottles as altar vases, for we have absolutely nothing else.1

Our means of lighting, too, consists of a few candles, by whose feeble glimmer we have to stumble through these terrible Chinyanja words—and what mouthfuls some of them are!

I am getting on pretty well with the language, and can make myself understood generally, though I cannot always understand the boys; but our native teacher, who helps me in the school, comes and reads with me twice a week.

_Malindi, July 6, 1901._

**KOTA-KOTA.—** Fifty men, women and children, belonging to Kota-Kota and Kasamba, were baptized on August 10.

The Rev. F. Stokes writes:—

"Could you get the patrons to subscribe to our new church instead of sending presents for special children?"

1 Since this was written many kind gifts for the church have arrived.

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**CHANGE OF AIR.**

OW delightful it is after being ill to be ordered a change of air; to be driven to the station, comfortably settled in a corner of the carriage with rugs and cushions, and whisked away to the bracing air of the mountains or the soothing influences of the seaside! Shall I tell you how we manage these things in Central Africa?

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**SOME OF THE NATIVE CARPENTERS WHO WORKED AT THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW STEAMER**

Last November there was a visitor at Kota-Kota under orders to go for change to Mweru, a Dutch mission station at a considerable height above the Lake, where mosquitoes are scarce and nights are cool. The Scotchwoman was told off to go with her for their mutual benefit, and both were to start when the Queen called on her southward voyage. Unfortunately when the ship came the Scotchwoman was too ill to move, and the visitor went alone, in charge of a fellow-traveller, who saw her
safely to her destination. Nine days later another steamer came in, our own Charles Janson, but much persuasion was needed to induce her Commander to take her away from her proper parish work amongst the villages on the Lake side. However, the nurse had an opportune birthday, so her request for her patient could not be refused; and the next morning the Scotchwoman was safely put on board, snugly stowed away under the dinner table, the only spot where plenty of space could be secured on deck. The master-builder too was on board; he had to be torn away from his beloved apprentices to lead the caravan once the land journey began. The Scotchwoman had a restful pleasant day on her mattress under the dinner-table, the Commander and the master-builder feeding her at intervals with cups of tea and bovril, and after seven hours of smooth blue water under a sapphire sky, we reached the pretty curve of Domira Bay, where a trader's house, finished that very day, gave us comfortable lodging for part of the night. How delicious the English potatoes and other vegetables tasted in the soup, and how kind everybody was to the tired invalid! By 3 a.m. we were on the road, the master-builder and the Scotchwoman in machilas, and their luggage, the cooking pots, bedding, and other impediments, on the heads of a long line of porters. The moon was shining, and the men sang and shouted to frighten away the wild beasts, which here are pretty numerous. Through groves of Borassus palm we went, and clumps of bamboo; then gently ascending through a wooded country where the dawn discovered to us beautiful ground orchids, purple, yellow and pink, and other glories of the wilderness. After fourteen miles or so we halted for breakfast, and then when the men were rested, on we went again, the hills getting higher and the trees finer. At last came signs of cultivation and human habitation; but alas! the clouds had been gathering, and we finished our twenty-eight miles' journey in a deluge of rain, and arrived in a soaked and dripping condition at Miss Murray's hospitable door.

The master-builder was made welcome at the Manse, and next day when the sun shone out again, he was provided with a party of porters, and started on his weary return journey of five days by land to Kota-Kota. The Scotchwoman was soon settled in a cosy white bed, and the stranger, who had profited much by her nine days in the hill air, at once took up the rôle of nurse.

Then followed peaceful days chiefly spent on the Manse verandah, with glorious views of blue mountains, wooded hills, and distant plain stretching away to the silver levels of the Lake.

There was a day spent in a little house high up on the nearest mountain, our nimble bearers climbing the precipitous path with the long machila poles on their brown shoulders, and orchids and ferns peeping out amongst the rocks just out of reach of the Scotchwoman in her hammock, but gathered in handfuls by an exploring party on foot once the top was reached.

Then there was a New Year's Day picnic to the Leopard's Kopje, where one of the Dutch missionaries had narrowly escaped with his life from one of these beautiful but most dangerous beasts. On the top of the rock we sat, while far below crowds of children assembled from the neighbouring villages, and danced war dances to their hearts' content for our amusement. Then home again, the infirm in machilas, past a great dam built by these enterprising missionaries to control the stream for the irrigation of their crops and fruit trees—for they grow limes, oranges, grenadillas, peaches, pomegranates, and other fruit. Great pink-fleshed water-melons were still in season when we arrived; the one we ate on Christmas day had to be served on a tea tray, so enormous was it. When will the Universities' Mission have a practical farmer on its staff, who can develop this branch of work, so useful as providing
work and training for the natives, and wholesome food for all? The wheat grown at Mvera provides the bread used by the whole staff, and in good seasons there is enough to sell, and a ready market.

I must not omit another feature of life at Mvera. Every Saturday a market is held, to which the people for miles around bring their produce. They gather round a roofed-in space, where about sunrise prayers are said, and then one of the Europeans buys in the provisions for the week for the large number who have to be fed on the station, a native beside him paying in salt or other merchandise. Thus are bought large quantities of cassava, Indian corn, beans, dried locusts, and we saw even slugs and mice, but I fancy they were declined by the European, though the village people would think them a dainty morsel. We bought several little flat baskets, which the people use as plates, a few pots, and knives, ingeniously made from the iron rims of packing cases. Wooden spoons and gourd snuffboxes were also much in request.

One drawback of paying visits in the holidays is that one sees little of the daily routine work of a station, as the school children are away; but we saw the large and well-arranged boys' and girls' schools, and heard of the large classes of men and women taught there in the afternoons, when the young people's lessons are over. The spacious well-built brick church is filled on Sunday mornings with earnest looking men, women and children, many of them baptized, but a larger number only under instruction so far. The afternoon service is in great part conducted by the elder natives themselves. The prayers, as is usual amongst Presbyterians, are all extempore, but they recite the Creed and the Ten Commandments and say the Lord's Prayer. The singing is very hearty and melodious. This reminds me of one of the most striking things I ever heard. A few nights after my arrival Mr. Andrew Murray, who eleven years ago founded the Mvera mission, was to leave, and a large number of his people had assembled to wish him God-speed. Four other Europeans were starting at the same time, and from my bed I heard the deep men's voices in the darkness singing a farewell hymn. One after another they sang, the voices
AN ADMISSION SERVICE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

The Admission of catechumens is not in itself so extraordinary an occurrence as to be worthy of record in *African Tidings*, but perhaps you can find a column for a note on the service of admission which took place at Msalabani (the new name of Magila) to-day in hope that it may be of interest to some of your young readers.

Of the twenty-seven who were given crosses, two were men presented by a neighbouring teacher, seven were boys attending the day school here, and eighteen were Shambalas from the two schools on the hills opened last year; thus the fact is noteworthy as these latter are practically the firstfruits of the work that has been going on steadily at Kwa Gale and Ufinga during the last twelve months or more. Kwa Gale presented five boys for admission two months ago, so now claims twelve catechumens and Ufinga eleven—a goodly little band to form the leaven which may, by God’s will, leaven the whole.

In spite of heavy rain in the early morning the church was crowded with Christians, catechumens and (by special permission) hearers, each severally grouped, when Archdeacon Woodward gave the crosses. The service opened with a hymn, followed by a psalm, address, prayers and distribution of crosses, closing with the hymn “Conquering kings their titles take,” which most know by heart. All those present were very attentive throughout.

But now the service is over, the promises to forsake heathen customs and

becoming fainter in the distance as the long procession wound away amongst the valleys on its march to the lake shore twenty-eight miles off.

At last came the day for us to leave, and with much gratitude in our hearts we parted from Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Murray and the other ladies who had shown us so much kindness, and at 4.30 one Saturday morning we started for the Lake. The captain of the steamer had telegraphed that he would call for us on Sunday afternoon, but alas! there is a bar near Fort Johnston where the ship stuck fast for days, and our stay at Domira Bay was longer than we intended. A little house we had, and provisions for Sunday, thoughtfully provided by Mrs. Murray, and then on Monday and Tuesday the trader who had lodged us before found us out and sent us our meals, but our great difficulty was to provide food for our porters and boys who were to await the arrival of goods by the steamer. There was no native store; the nearest village was several miles off; and people did not want money; we had no cloth for barter, and one piece of soap which we exchanged for eggs seemed to satisfy their desire for cleanliness. We had eventually to solve the difficulty by sending the men home.

Some of our other arrangements were a little comic. We had to wage a continual warfare with the ants, who covered the floor and table, so a little dish which served us both as bath in the morning, stood the rest of the day on the table filled with water, a jar in it supporting a tin box on which we piled all our eatables. It really answered very well, and our little house was wonderfully cosy, with our two beds, two deck chairs, and a box or two for furniture. We could not shut the door night or day, as there was no other ventilation to speak of, and one night a hyena looked in; however it did no harm, and after that we barricaded the door with a deck chair.

On the Wednesday morning to our joy another steamer appeared, and we got safely back to Kota-Kota, and next day the visitor went on to Likoma, both of us, I think, glad to plunge once more into our daily work, much invigorated and refreshed by our long holiday in the highlands of Mvera.

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M. A. C.
practices have been made, the cross has been accepted by these twenty-seven, not only to wear but also in a very real sense to bear.

It is to no easy life that they have enlisted if they would be good soldiers of Christ.

You, dear readers, who live in a Christian country, who have Christian homes as a sanctuary to flee to from the evil outside, and Christian parents to watch and guide and sympathise with you in your little troubles, can hardly realize the isolation and burden of this single-handed combat in which these, your brothers and sisters, have to-day volunteered to engage. Pray for them, then—not once only on the day when you read this appeal, but daily in your prayers at your bedside—that they may remain steadfast to their promise and face boldly the great temptations that must befall them. To remember them will be a source of strength to yourselves, and who can tell how it may not help these young souls in their first endeavours to try and overcome him who has thrown down so many.

You all of you know the story of David and Goliath—how the young shepherd lad went out and with a stone from his sling slew the giant that had defied the hosts of Israel.

Such are the odds with which these young boys and girls have to contend. How, then, can they hope to win? Only by having a good supply of stones in their bag with which to meet their foe.

How then can you help them? Keep them well provided with stones. Every prayer which you shall offer for them will be a smooth stone in their sling with which to strike and conquer the giant of evil.

Believe me

Yours affectionately,

A Padre.

6th Sunday after Trinity, 1901.
some sense in the European's way of keeping school, i.e. for the teacher to move about a little more to see what the children are doing, and to give a little help, instead of being mere figure-heads; and also that it is as well not to play hide-and-seek with the girls—although they like it— during the reading-lesson.

What is required most of all is patience. Monotonous and weary as the work may be, the only way to improve things is to go plodding on, day after day, and week after week, giving the same advice and trying to root up the “it doesn't matter” style that prevails. The prospect is hopeful, for they have a genuine regard for those who can do what they cannot; and even at this early stage some of them are beginning to find out that it is a good thing to be able to read and write from a commercial point of view. And now that the Archdeacon has translated the Bible, they will be able to read it in their own language; and may be some will be touched by their own reading, who have hitherto scorned the preacher.

M. S.
About a fortnight ago we heard that the children at Mbweni were having a "Skumshun." This sounds like a new and mysterious disease, but the writer meant nothing more alarming than "an examination"; her spelling was a bit hazy. Shortly afterwards we received an invitation from Miss Nelson to come on the afternoon of St. Bartholomew's day to the prize-giving at Mbweni, and I was asked to give away the prizes. We journeyed over on various forms of wheels and arrived there about 4.30. The children were all standing about the entrance and welcomed us very nicely; best frocks and very best manners were the order of the day. After a very nice tea, drunk out of quite new and most elegant cups, we went into the garden and found all the children sitting in most beautiful order. House children all in white frocks with coloured scarfs. Some of them with coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, but others who had had their hair very beautifully "suka-ed" (plaited) the day before preferred to be bare-headed. The village children were in blue. Here and there pink or some other colour betrayed a teacher. We sat on chairs forming a big circle. Miss Thackeray was with us. It must always be a pleasure to her to see the teachers whom she has trained doing such good work as some of them undoubtedly are doing both at Mbweni and on the mainland. First, the children sung some songs, in parts, and then Miss Nelson made a little speech and told the children she was very pleased with the results of the examination; every one seemed to have tried, and the order had been very good throughout. Arithmetic had always been a weak point in the school, but there was a marked improvement in that direction (I think both Miss Barrand and Miss Andrews had worked very hard for this). The number of marks capable of being obtained for this subject was fifty, and two children, Janetta and Ida, got forty-five marks each; Priscilla got forty-two; Lois and Margaret Machavu, forty-one each. When I heard
The children's name I felt quite a glow of pride (like a fond parent in England would), because she is my godchild, and I hope all the patrons of the above-named will read this, and then they will glow, too! Prizes were given in each class for examination marks. The following are the names of the prize-winners:

Class I.—Lois
Maryamu Lozi 1st Prize.
Mary Pilil 2nd Prize.
Salaama

Class II.—Margaret Majaliwa
Jessie Mabracki 1st Prize.

Class III.—Louisa Majaliwa
Margaret Machavu 1st Prize.

Class IV.—Alexandra
Ida Baruti 1st Prize.

There had also been a competition for basket making, and this prize was carried off by Maryamu Mayena, quite a little girl.

The distribution of prizes was followed by more singing, and the Archdeacon made a short speech. He criticized the singing, which, on the whole, he said, was much improved, and he talked to those who had not got prizes, telling them that it was always rather a trying time, but that their part was to rejoice for the sake of others. This remark was received very generally with grins, but one or two looked as if they would like to say, “this is really expecting a little too much of us.” Then the Archdeacon added, “those who cannot rejoice must at least have no bitterness.” Neither the industrial girls nor the infants took any part in the afternoon’s entertainment. They both hope later on to give a performance on their own account; but the infants were a very enthusiastic audience, and applauded their elders with great zest.

At the end, “God save the King” was sung in English very nicely. I think both Europeans and children enjoyed the afternoon very much, and look forward to another “Skumshun” some day.

L. P.