Perhaps an account of a visit we had yesterday, on crossing the Line, from Neptune and his Court, might be of use for African Tidings, as such a thing only happens occasionally. The evening before he came on board alone, modestly dressed in oilskins and a sou'-wester, but with a fierce moustache, and of course his trident, to inform the captain that he would pay him a state visit the following day. After a glass of beer, which he seemed to enjoy after so much salt water, he vanished over the side of the ship in a glare of coloured lights and rockets.

Next day there were great preparations. A huge tank was made on deck with sail-cloth supported on beams and rails, and filled with sea water from the hose. A table was set near it, and mysterious bottles, badges, documents, and shaving requisites on a large scale were arranged by a steward fancifully got up in a white suit and sun-hat. Presently music was heard approaching, and a procession came along the deck. First two black men dragging a great shark, then the band, composed of a drum, with cymbals, accordion, and triangle. Then came Neptune himself, robed in a German flag, with flaxen hair and beard, golden crown and trident—a truly majestic figure. Beside him walked his stately wife, with long flaxen hair, shaded from the vertical rays of the sun by a broad-brimmed helmet trimmed with foam-like muslin. Truth compels me to mention that she smoked a cigarette. There was an astrologer, in many-coloured tunic, bare legs, and huge spectacles; a Clerk of the Court in sober costume and high hat; a Court Barber, two Court Policemen with swords, and a few others. When all were assembled near the tank, Neptune made an oration in German blank verse, explaining that those who wished to pass the Equator, where he held special sway, for the first time, must go through the ceremony of initiation. Then badges were presented to the captain and a few of the principal people as special marks of favour, and then each person who had not previously been across the Line was called up in turn by name. I forgot to mention that first our exact position was determined by the astrologer, who took observations with a monstrous sextant, and made a great deal of fun with enormous compasses and a chart of which he could not make out which was top and which was bottom. At last he and Neptune settled that if we were not at that moment in latitude 0° we ought to be, so the proceedings were allowed to go on. The
ladies were a little nervous, not quite knowing what their relative position with regard to the tank was to be, but they were let off with having scent sprayed over their faces and hair, and being dabbed with a clean towel, or black powder, at the discretion of the Court Barber. Then came the turn of the men. After shaking hands with Neptune and his officials, they were offered a choice of a shave for one mark, two or three marks. It transpired afterwards that one mark meant simple lather; two marks, whitewash; and three marks, some horrible black mixture. Then they had their faces lathered, and shaved with an immense wooden razor, their hair clipped with huge wooden shears, and finally they were tipped backwards into the tank, where most of them seemed thoroughly to enjoy swimming about in the cool water and splashing the bystanders. On one occasion a great pair of nippers was produced, and a shoemaker made of extracting a tooth from an expostulating victim. A few did not answer to their names, but woe betide them when fetched up by the two policemen from their cabins. When all had been initiated certificates were given them, so that they might go and come as they liked in future. Neptune and his Court then had some beer, and departed. But the fun was by no means over, for so long as any water remained in the tank it seemed to be the one object of some of the passengers to pour it over somebody else in glassfuls, jugfuls, or bucketfuls. Wise people escaped to their cabins, but it was a very wet and bedraggled company that finally dispersed, and much scrubbing and brushing did the decks need to get them in order again.

M. A. C.


KILIMANI.

We had our examination on the 14th, 15th and 16th of December. Mr. Evans, the Principal of Kiungani, took the Scripture, Mr. Hitchborn all the secular subjects, and Miss Boyd examined the infants. We have never known the boys so keen over an exam, and they all did their best. I think the report is one of the best we have ever had. You will like to know the names of those who got prizes, so that if your boy is among them you can pick him out. In the first class, Lenado Faraji and Percy Heri were the two first, but Matino Msakala ran them very close, and Angelo Baraka was fourth.

In the second class Jack, the Horsham boy, came first, and Alexander Baraka close to him and far away from all the others.

In the third class they are mostly quite little boys, and Mr. Evans said they answered very well in Scripture, "so direct and to the point." Gilliomo Ramathani was first, and Harun Saadi second.

In the fourth class they are older boys, but all new comers, and none of them are yet baptized. The whole class did well, which is greatly due to the teaching of Sheldon Mabruki, one of our old boys and now a regular teacher here. Nasibu, the Moulsoe boy, was first, and Rehani second. Now we come to our babies, who were quite as keen as the rest, and who looked such a sweet little flock in their red and blue kanzus. Yohana Chamalanda and Seth got prizes in the first division, and Heri (now Samwil Aidan) and little tiny James Pesa in the second. The prizes were given away by Miss Thackeray the Monday after
New Year's Day in the presence of quite a number of the members of the Mission, and afterwards the boys had a lot of sweets and ginger nuts, given us by Mr. Madan and Mrs. Willison, with which they were very delighted.

Now for Christmas Day, which Miss Stevens must tell you about, for I had to take the choir to town Christmas Eve, and we did not get back here till 10 o'clock the next day.

"The boys begged that I would wake them up very early, as the cook (who is an old Kiungani boy) and a friend of his were coming up, and they wanted to sing carols. So at 3.30 I woke up all the older ones, and they went and sat on the top of our great tank, and sang. I was in the baraza (verandah) listening to them. Suddenly they all stopped and were quite silent for a moment, then in hushed but eager voices they one and all cried out, "Nyota, Nyota!" "The Star, the Star!" * Mikael came rushing upstairs trembling with excitement, and dragged me to the window, and there in the east, all by itself, shone a beautiful, radiant star. There was not another to be seen, for it was a very dark and cloudy morning. The boys with one accord turned to it and sang with all their hearts. It shone brightly for about ten minutes and then disappeared, but the boys were all full of joy and wonder, and firmly believe they have seen the very "Star of Bethlehem" which shone over the stable where our Lord was born. After the great service of the day, at 7 a.m., to which all our children went, we had to turn to and work as hard as ever we could to get everything tidy before Miss Mills and the choir came back. Of course they were all eager to tell about the wonderful star which they had seen, and the choir boys were very sad because they had all been in their beds at that early hour in the morning. Then came breakfast, all the day boys coming for it as they always do on big days, staying for dinner and the distribution of Christmas presents."

About the Christmas presents Miss Stevens and I had many anxious moments, for we had so very, very few that all our planning would not make them go round. Then on Christmas Eve, as we were going into town, we saw a big packing case coming out this way; and when we got back in the morning, that packing case met us in the hall! Now the question was, "Had it got toys or clothes inside?" The invoice

* Sir Robert Ball, in reply to an enquiry by the editor, most kindly writes: "I think there can be little doubt that the bright 'star,' as they called it, which the boys at Zanzibar saw between three and four o'clock in the morning towards the east last Christmas, was the planet Jupiter.
sent with it was vague in the extreme, and it seemed a big business to unpack and get nothing to suit our present needs. However, “nothing venture, nothing have,” and the big boys were soon hard at work with hammer and iron opening it, and then, great joy! for large parcels from Mrs. Willion and Miss Buller gave us enough and to spare, and the toys were joyfully carried off to the schools and arranged in tempting rows for the doll show. Many of our boys this year had never had a present in their lives. I would like you to have seen their faces. The elders knew exactly what they wanted. In three minutes all the knives and all the boxes were gone, and with thanks carried from the room; but when the younger half were turned on, the excitement was wild and furious, and round the door crowded a perfect forest of little outstretched arms. “Bibi, I have got this.” “Bibi, look here.” Bibi this, and Bibi that, till you felt yourself being pulled to shreds, they were all so anxious to show their treasures. And then for the rest of the day, shrill above the din of merry voices and much laughter, rose those sounds most musical to African ears, drums, tambourines, tin trumpets, concertinas, and penny whistles, blended together in one wild discord. Miss Stevens and I often express our extreme thankfulness for having “no nerves.” Well, the happiest day has to end, and days in Zanzibar are a little short. The bigger boys went to evensong, the small ones nursed their toys and sang carols; and so came bedtime, for which the children were ready and their bibis thankful.

On the Feast of the Circumcision four of our new little boys were baptized: Samwil Aidan Heri, Mikael Kristofer Kanjai, Norman Duya, and George Marko Suma. Four of our old boys were sponsors for them. The next day, directly after the Examination Prizes had been given, we had a regular exodus, Mikael, Patrik, Wilfrid, Marko, Matimo, Percy, and Lenado, all going to take up their abode at Kiungani College.

It is always a very sad day for us when the parting comes. We miss our big boys most terribly, and really hardly know which way to turn without them; but Kilimani is too full, and unless we can get money (£300) to enlarge our Home, we shall be obliged to keep our numbers lower.

D. Y. Mills.

Kilimani, Zanzibar.

TROPICAL GARDENING.

Here is a little garden at Mkunazini beside S. Michael’s School. It seems necessary to make this dogmatic statement if the garden is to be mentioned at all, because otherwise you might mistake it for a dust heap. In fact, that is what it was when the new schoolmistress arrived, and there is a standing dispute on this very point between her and the goats and fowls of the neighbourhood. While she is there her arguments prevail, because they are made of stone of a convenient size for throwing; but when her back is turned they have it all their own way. The garden is, so to speak, in one wild discord. Miss Stevens and I often express our extreme thankfulness for having “no nerves.” Well, the happiest day has to end, and days in Zanzibar are a little short. The bigger boys went to evensong, the small ones nursed their toys and sang carols; and so came bedtime, for which the children were ready and their bibis thankful.

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A pail was brought, and water duly applied. Next morning the heathen neighbours had stolen the sticks for firewood, and the goats had breakfasted on the cuttings. The border was then renewed with more cuttings alternately with lumps of coral to secure the boundary, and at last people began to realize that it was really not the most suitable spot on which to pile up their broken bottles and orange skins, and that they must make the extra exertion of walking round instead of across it. Still, as there was nothing growing inside, there seemed something wanting about it as a garden. Just then a friend sent a young palm-tree, and hope revived; but a critical view of the forces at command made it evident that outside help must be called in. There were, it is true, nine girls and boys fairly regular at school, which sounds enough to look after a patch of ground about twenty feet square; but No. 1 was almost a cripple, No. 2 had a bad leg, Nos. 3 and 4 had hard work to do before school and were tired, Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 9 were quite small, so willing No. 5 had rather much of it. Further steps must be taken, so for two long broiling days a woman toiled, levelling, clearing, planting; and at last we were the proud beholders of a hedge that should baffle even the goats.

It is very marvellous how the vegetable productions of this country are suited to the simple needs of the people; for instance, the cocoanut palm provides rope, roofing, partitions, doors, brooms, food, and drink both wholesome and intoxicating. If a jigger gets into your
foot you remove it with a thorn; if you want a musical instrument you cut down two banana plants and lay little boards across them for keys. If you want a plate, an almond leaf is generally available. So for our boundary fence there was no need to square stones or burn lime; no occasion for pine stakes and barbed wire; it was only necessary to get a basketful of small aloes to plant in a row, outside that a hedge of a pretty shrub with delicate leaves hiding long, sharp thorns, and beyond that and groves of eucalyptus in the possible future; only let her remember the lesson of both her schoolroom and her garden, that one must not expect any success at all unless one first takes the pains to watch and study and try to understand the characters and motives and habits and prejudices with which one has to deal.

M. A. C.

WEDDINGS AT MBWENI.

the schoolmistress in the few hot moments when she can surreptitiously withdraw from the delights of A, B, C, under the shade of her umbrella and sun-hat, and through the flattering medium of her green spectacles, may regale herself with the vision of a palm-tree and a pine-apple in very existence, and with beds of gloxinias. But the drive was perfectly delightful. Never in my life have I seen such rosy clouds and such wondrous lights on the sea. There had been rain in the night, so everything looked fresh and green; the birds twittered—very much like sparrows do at home—and “all went merry as a marriage bell.” So did the donkey. We arrived at Mbweni in excellent time and went into the chapel. Soon the girls came in, completely filling up one side, the other side being left for the bridegrooms’ friends. Then, to my astonishment, the brides appeared, one led
by Miss Thackeray, the other by Miss Barraud. They looked exceedingly nice in their white garments, with pretty sprays of white flowers on one shoulder. But imagine English brides coming and waiting calmly for the bridegrooms! And these latter were decidedly late. I am told it is their custom so to be. However, they appeared at last, clad in long white kanzus and looking exceedingly unconcerned, and the service commenced. It was performed by the Archdeacon and was very impressive. Immediately after the marriages were completed there was a choral celebration and the two couples made their Communion.

I could not help noticing all through the service how entirely unconscious they all seemed of each other's presence.

Then we all filed out of chapel, and each bride had an umbrella held over her by the best man. The bridegrooms walked apart, as though they did not belong to their wives. It was a very pretty scene there in the open air under the beautiful palm-trees, the girls in their brightly-coloured teiteis and sheeties, and the boys in their white kanzus and red fez caps. A feast followed, but we did not stay for that, as I had to go back on duty at 9 a.m., and the sun was already very fierce. On the drive home we passed groups and groups of people carrying great baskets of fruit to be sold in the market: mangoes, oranges, bananas, and coconuts. One would hardly think it possible that so much could be sold in one day.

MKUNAZINI, Jan. 19th.

BUSY WORKERS' GUILD.

New members wanted. Rules very simple. All who can do needlework can keep them. Please send for a copy of rules to Miss Reade, Banstead Downs, Sutton, Surrey.

Mr. T. Brockway sends us the following particulars of the lad he rescued, an account of which was given in the January number.

The skeleton, about whom I told you, is still alive. His feet are healed, and he was beginning to grow somewhat plump. I kept him at Kologwe just over a month, during which time he was confined to his bed—a sufferer of various complaints which kept him very weak and helpless. In spite of European comforts he made no seeming progress whatever towards recovery, though he was possessed of a ravenous appetite which baffled my efforts to appease. Whenever I visited him, I was always greeted with. "Bwana, wataka," "Six, I want"—it might be food, milk, or medicine. At last I determined to send him over here to Magila, which I did on October 25th, where since, under the motherly treatment of Nurse Durham, he has been gradually growing better, but not strong. Latterly he was able to accompany me part of the way in my daily rambles. Alas! the other week (January 11th) he complained of being out of sorts, and every day he grew a little worse. On Friday, the 20th, Nurse Boorn was anxious about him and despaired of his life, but after a while he rallied again and remained thus until nearly midnight of Sunday, January 22nd, when he again had a relapse and was thought to be dying; at this juncture Bwana Chiponde was roused from sleep, and instantly baptized him. He received the Christian name of Thoma (his surname is Hamisi). Then he began to improve, and on January 26th was considered out of danger.
Masasi.

WE had a nice Christmas here, though it was feared things would not go off well, as a Government expedition (German) was expected in Christmas week, and many of the people about here have not yet learnt to understand the changed condition of things. To them the arrival of troops must mean, as of old, an attack every year. As time goes on, this fear will get less one hopes. Still, it was a little disturbing to have visitors at such a time. They reached here on the 23rd and left the afternoon of Christmas Day. The Governor of Lindi was our guest, and seemed pleased with all he saw. He attended the school roll call after church, and the boys went through their drill. Afterwards he sat through the whole of a football match, and quite entered into the spirit of the festivity.

The next day the house broke up for ten days, and I started off on out-station rounds for a week, and had the pleasure of giving the Mwiti people their Christmas Communion in a very nice new church, which they had built entirely themselves at no cost to the Mission. They just managed to finish it by St. John’s Day.

On reaching Chiwata a sad sight awaited me—the church flat on the ground. The poles, I fear, got eaten deep down by our enemy the white ant, and the first heavy rains brought the whole structure down, but fortunately the altar escaped intact, and we were able to place it in a bigghish hut, and so have our Christmas Communion. It seemed to bring the Bethlehem stable more closely to one. I think about 320 were able to make their Christmas Communion this year so far; others, I hope, will be able to do so before Lent; and others you must pray for.”

Masasi, January 14th, 1899.

Newala.

We are rather early birds here; our usual hour for celebration is 6.30, but on Sunday and Saints’ Days 7, when there is always a choral celebration; then every day we have Choral Evensong. We have no organ, but our boys sing remarkably well. Mr. Gee is having a three weeks’ holiday at Masasi, so I am all alone as far as Europeans are concerned.

Just as I had written thus far, I had to hurriedly retire. A native beehive fell out of a tree close to, and the furious inmates thought I was the culprit, and came for me to express their opinion of such conduct. I did not stop to argue, but fled, and managed to escape with a very slight stinging; but a brood of ducklings close to my house were savagely attacked, and are now nearly all dead. I was breeding them for an occasional luxury, but now good-bye to that idea. Another little luxury has also been snatched away. I got some French beans and planted them; they came up, and were just getting on nicely, when locusts came and destroyed them. That, of course, is nothing, but the locusts have come in such swarms that I fear for the people’s food. Also the rains are very slight this year, so far, so that there is no very good prospect of a harvest, and that means famine.

January 13th.

T. C. S.

Kota Kota.

“The school here is most encouraging; the youth of Kota Kota have evidently made up their minds about the “mishun,” whatever their elders may have done. The Boys’ School attendance very nearly touches
SNOWED UP.

100 now; and of these some 20 are baptized and a good number more catechumens. These boys seem to be thoroughly fond of the Mission, and to look upon it as a real home, spending most of their play time here, in addition to their school time, church twice a day, and sleeping here; and I am most thankful that with all this they are not fed by the Mission but go home for their meals. Would that we could follow this custom at all the Mission stations alike, where there is not some special reason for doing otherwise. It would be better for the boys. Mr. Mathews is just completing a magnificent schoolhouse of brick, far and away the best in the Mission. At Kasamba two things have advanced. I left one little school. Now there are two teachers, one being a Reader, and 60 boys.

November 4th, 1898. J. S. W.

MAGILA.

At the fourth native Conference at Magila, September 21st, some Kologwe Christians were present for the first time. The Rev. Peter Limo was again in the chair; he was supported by Rev. Samuel Schoza and John B. Mdoe.

JOTTINGS.

African Mats.—Miss Barraud has sent home specimens of mats and baskets, for which Zanzibar women are noted, made by her own girls whom she has taught to do this very pretty and useful work.

The specimens consist of (1) the dried rafia palm; (2) ukindu, i.e. the palm picked into strips; (3) chani, the palm split in narrow strips ready for plaiting; (4) ukili, so called when the strips are plaited into long narrow pieces ready for sewing together. There are also pieces of floor mats, showing how these strips are united, and a set of oval dinner mats and a basket, as specimens of the finished work.

These may be borrowed from the Office for showing at meetings, and orders can be taken for similar mats and baskets.
with trees and ferns, while the southern slopes, which get all the sun, are dry and barren in comparison. We see enormous vultures; with their wings spread they measure eight feet from tip to tip.

E C

Jan. 16th, 1899.

"THE FAMINE WAS SORE IN THE LAND."

Hat was the news Mr. Bishop brought us when he came from Kichelwe after his Christmas visit to that station, and he straightway asked that the offertories on the first Sunday after the Epiphany might be sent to the starving people. Kichelwe, you know, is the station where one of our old boys, Denys Seyiti, is the deacon in charge, so of course Kilimani boys take a good deal of interest in it. I knew that all the bigger boys would give to the offertory; indeed, as soon as they heard of it, they brought their pice to "put by" so that they might not be tempted to spend it, and I was glad to see that those who had prize money for the examination all brought some of it to "put by." But we have a whole heap of little ones and money does not often come their way; many of them, too, are still unbaptized, so do not yet go to the Church services, and one did not expect them to know much about almsgiving. It was the eve of the Epiphany, and Miss Stevens had taken all the big boys to church, and I was staying with the little ones and the unbaptized; for though we do not mind leaving them in charge of a big boy, Yude, Alexander, Lorenzo, or Yakovo, in the morning, we are rather afraid to do so at night when all the lamps are lighted, and the kettle boiling on the stove for tea; for if there is one thing more than another which the smallest black boy loves to do, it is to put out the lamp that he may have the pleasure of lighting it again, and using as many matches as he can get hold of in the process! Well, I was writing down the orders for the next day, when at the open door two eager little faces appeared. "Hodi, hodi," and hardly waiting for permission, in they ran. "Bibi, we want to make an offering on Sunday, and we havn't even one pice: what are we to do?" Poor little chaps, they were only six and seven years old, and I knew they were not likely to have any given to them, so I said, "Is there nothing you could sell?" Because the practice of "swopping" obtains largely in Africa, and a coloured handkerchief, tin trumpet or such-like valuables can generally command a few pice, and this was Christmas time. But no, the answer came at once. "We havn't a thing," and then they came up coaxingly and took my hands. "Bibi, don't buy us any fishes or any meat for two days, and give us the pice." I honestly confess I did not like to consent; I cannot bear them to go without their food, and dry rice is very dry; but who would dare hold these little ones back from giving to their Lord God? "I was hungry and ye gave me meat." So I said "Yes, to-morrow when I give the cook pice to buy Kiteweo, I will not give him any for you, but give them to you instead. "Thank you, Bibi," they cried, and shot off downstairs, and in ten minutes I was besieged by the whole tribe of little ones eagerly making the same request, and when the big ones came home they were not going to be outdone, and the consequence was that very few fishes and no meat made its appearance at Kilimani Friday and Saturday, but on Sunday the offertory bag, which came to us, was so full and bulged out, that it required two hands to carry it safely to the altar. I must tell you that all the unbaptized boys wanted their pice as well as the others; and when I suggested they would not be able to give them, as they did not go to Church, they promptly replied, "Never mind, we can give them to one of the others to give for us."

My dear children, I know how often you give up your sweets and other nice things
that you may send them out here, only this mail I had a letter from a little boy of six years old, who said, “Do write and tell me about your black boys, because I give my pennies in Church for little Petro,” and so I wanted to tell you this, that you may know your little black brothers and sisters are also learning to deny themselves that they may have something to give to our Lord Jesus, “Who gives us all.”

It is just about four years since we first saw Edmundo, or Hamadi, as he was then called, at Kilimani. He came to school one day with the little shamba children, such a dirty little boy, but with a bright, intelligent face, apparently about five years old. The next day he came again with an egg in his hand which he had brought as a present. He went on coming at irregular intervals for a short time, sometimes bringing with him a friend—another little fellow even dirtier than himself—but with such a merry face and a lovely head of curly hair.

One day, when Hamadi had not been to school for some time, I met him, and told him to take me to his mother, which he did. They lived quite a short distance from Kilimani, just the other side of the path at the bottom of the hill. The father was quite old and decrepit; the mother younger and more sprightly. She told me that they were escaped slaves from Pemba, where Hamadi, as well as themselves, had been very cruelly treated; being constantly tied to a tree and beaten. They had at last made their escape, and now, she assured me, she could do nothing with the child; and she wished we would take him altogether. I told her if she really wished it, she must come and ask Miss Mills about it. But in the meanwhile she must either bring or send him to school regularly; she would know the time by the school bell, which they could easily hear there. This she did, and soon after came to Miss Mills and begged her to take him. It was soon settled, and Hamadi became one of the Kilimani house boys.

On May 8th of the same year, our school
was opened, and in the morning, while we were all busy preparing for it, we heard a great commotion outside, and all the village people and many others were running round the house in great excitement. It turned out that Hamadi's father had been captured by his so-called master, and they had now come to claim his child. The poor old man looked very miserable with his hands tied behind his back, and his wife was following and begging us not to let Hamadi go. Poor Hamadi had shrunk away in terror in a corner of one of the dormitories. Miss Mills told them they could not take the child unless she had an official order to say the claim was a just one, when he would have to go. So they went away, and Miss Mills wrote to the Consul and asked him to arrange that we might keep Hamadi, which he did. In the end it turned out that the man who had captured the father had really no claim whatever to him, so he was released.

Edmundo was baptized on the Eve of the Epiphany in the following year, at the same time as Valentino Subeti and Thomas Persy. He is a clever little chap, and is getting on very well in school, but scarcely grows at all. His parents have moved right away to Dunga, which is eleven or twelve miles from us, but his mother comes occasionally to see Edmundo, and she is always present at the feast the boys' mothers have on our festival, St. John the Baptist's Day.

A little story about Edmundo might amuse you. One day, soon after he came to us, a bluejacket, off one of the gun-boats, appeared at Kilimani. He was one of a party who were cruising about, and had come on shore to look for water to wash their clothes. He was in rough working costume, with bare arms and legs. The boys, who are always very excited about anybody or anything connected with the navy, soon collected round him. Edmundo was up on the baraza with me, and, after looking on for a few minutes, he remarked quietly, “That man has come to steal the boys.” I told him he was English, and that Englishmen do not steal children.

Edmundo was quite sure he was not English, but when I again assured him that he was, he thought for a minute and then remarked, “Perhaps he was once.”

The little curly-headed boy who used to come sometimes with Edmundo, never came again after we had Edmundo in the house, and we lost sight of him altogether until a year ago, when he suddenly appeared in school. His name is Mzee, and he now comes most regularly to school. His parents live just outside the Mbweni shamba, and, though they do not interfere with his coming, they themselves have nothing to do with us or with Christianity, so it does not seem likely that he will be able to be baptized at present, though he can learn all about Christ and His Kingdom. He is clever in school, and is a bright, merry, little fellow.

Will you not pray for him that before long he may be admitted into Christ's fold?

E. C.

**APRIL COMPETITION.**

**Seniors.**

1. What causes the famine at Magila?
2. How does the priest get from Miwa to Newala, and what does he do there in one day?
3. Give a short account of Bishop Smythies' life.
4. How are houses built at Unangu and other parts of Nyasaland?

**Juniors.**

1. Give a little account of Bishop Smythies—his school life, and his life at Nyasa.
2. In what subjects and by whom were the boys examined at Kilimani? Who did best?

**My dear Children,**

I was very glad to see more papers this time, but I wish some boys would try to answer the questions. We want you to read *African Tidings* regularly and to persevere in doing the Competition papers.

You will remember that Prizes and Certificates will be given quarterly. All answers to be sent by the 30th of April to

The Editor of the Children's Page,

8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

**Result of February Competition:**

**Seniors.**—Florence M. Rawlinson, 34 marks; Katie Purdon, 32; Katherine M. Webb, 28; Dorothea E. Trott, 28; Constance M. Marsh, 25; Annie Fulton, 17; Marion Cochrane, 12.

**Juniors.**—Helena Scruby, 22 marks; Marjory Sparling, 13; Julia Edge, 12; Rhoda Butler, 10; Mary K. Trott, 10; Louisa Magee, 10; Flossie Bowen, 6; Maggie Habgood, 6.