LENT AND MISSIONS.

The Forty Days of Lent will soon be upon us, and it is always a good thing to think beforehand what we are going to do.

You all know that fasting, prayer and almsgiving are the great duties of this season, and we are not going to give you a little sermon on them, because that would poach on the ground of your parish priest; but we should like to say a few words with regard to Lent and Missions.

As to fasting, most Englishmen hate it. I expect the English climate makes one hungry, for the Orientals manage it much better than we do, even small children. Bishop Smythies used to impress upon us: "If you don't feel hungry, you are not fasting—fasting is going without."

But apart from mere food, there are ever so many small things which we can quite well deny ourselves in Lent. There are three which present themselves at once:

First—flowers. So many people buy flowers in these days; they are so beautiful, so cheap, and so easy to get. But surely when there are no flowers on God's altars we should do without them on our own tables and in our rooms.

Secondly—sweets. Chocolates especially seem to be almost a necessity to many people and most children. We give them to each other, and have them at our afternoon teas, etc., almost as a matter of course; but if we think of the stones in the Wilderness, which Jesus refused to make bread for His necessity, we shall be ashamed to indulge our appetites with sweets.

And, then—dress. In old days respectable people wore black in Lent; it was an excellent custom. Could we not make up our minds not to enrich our wardrobes by one single article of dress till Easter.

To some the denial of these and such-like little luxuries would represent quite a nice sum for U.M.C.A. But perhaps if U.M.C.A. lies very near our hearts and is such a favourite that even self-denial is easy when it furthers what is so dear to us, it might be well to give to some other Mission as a further act of self-denial. Melanesia, Lebombo, Zululand, are all in great straits, and would be grateful for help.

Then as regards prayer. Could we not give some extra time to it—make a few more intercessions—pray for the objects in which we are not quite so much interested—e.g.: if we mostly pray for boys, let us take a turn with the girls during Lent, or with the adults, or some station which we have rather neglected. And do it every day and regularly. And we might pray for some other Mission besides our own—the S.P.G. Intercession Paper supplies ample material.

There are some nice new little boxes at the U.M.C.A. Office, made expressly for Lent savings. We hope a good many hundred of them will be asked for. And, lastly, let us all remember that Lent to be worth anything must be spent with Jesus, and all we try to do must be done for Him, and for others for His sake. K. Z.
LIKOMA CATHEDRAL.

THE INTERIOR.

"The Cathedral is exceeding magnificent, it uplifts one just to enter it." — Letter from Rev. W. Suter.

In reading this description of the interior of Likoma Cathedral you must try and get well into your heads that Likoma is a singularly barren island and has contributed only the stone, and earth which serves for mortar, to the building; all the timber and bricks have had to be fetched from the mainland miles away. Then you must remember that there are no cranes or other machinery, no stores where you can get things of any sort or size, and the workmen have all had to be taught the various trades needed. Then look at the photographs and try to realize that this beautiful building is all the result of native labour. And think of the trouble and care and thought needed to bring it to this state of perfection.

The Cathedral, which is built in the Gothic style, is more massive and not quite so lofty as such buildings are generally. It is built of a sort of granite stone with red brick columns and arches which show very plainly in photo 1. The building covers 17,000 square feet. From east to west it measures 280 feet, and from north to south 85 feet.
The ground plan is cruciform (in the shape of a cross), and the Lady Chapel stands out beyond the Chancel, as you can see in photo 2. The building is raised on a basement of stone 3 feet above the ground. The height from the ground to the ridge of the roof (see photo 2) is 45 feet, and to the top of the flèche (photo 1) 71 feet. The windows, of which there are 280, are lancet-headed (long and narrow), most of the light comes from the 148 clerestory windows, which you can see in photo 1, the tracery of these windows is late Gothic and each window has a different pattern. Great trouble and pains have been bestowed upon the fonts, of which there are two. The large one, which is used for grown-up people, who go right into the water to be baptized, is made of a beautiful white stone called soapstone; it is 8 feet across, and raised 1½ feet from the ground; two flights of steps lead up to it, and inside there are steps all round leading down into the water; outside there are eight carved panels.

The other font, which is more like those you see in England and which is used when the babies are baptized, is made of sandstone. It has eight panels round the bowl, which were carved by the natives at Likoma, with tracery and emblems of the Passion, and under the bowl are carved the words in Chinyanja, “Suffer the little children to come unto Me.” The pillar on which the
A TRAGIC MOMENT

DEPUTATION of ten very small girls arrived yesterday saying, "Nyambazi has killed a baby." "What did you say?" I said, thinking I must have misunderstood, and they repeated, "Nyambazi has killed a little baby." "But how?" I
asked in horror, and there followed many words about jumping it up and down, so I said, "Where is Nyambazi?" "She has run away," was the answer. "And where is the baby?" "She has left it in the house," they replied. "But whose baby is it?" I asked, more and more mystified. The little speaker answered, "I don't know," and turning to her companions asked them with a most solemn face, "What is the name of the baby's mother?" I was so thoroughly mystified that I called Miss ---- and told her the tragic story, when to my relief she revealed the fact that I had lent these little ones a doll that opened and shut its eyes. The eyes had got fixed and closed, and to the African child the doll was dead, just as they say when the clock has run down and ceased to tick "it is dead."

OLD BOYS.

PATRONS of the old Kilimanjaro boys mentioned below will like to know what they are doing.

George Mbui has just come to work at St. Monica's; he had the plague, and when he got well helped Nurse Brewerton at the Plague Hospital.

Patrik Romeni is still working at St. Monica's, but just now he is resting with a bad abscess in his leg.

Yakobo Sadiki is at the Hospital.

Richard Matinuka works in the Church.

Charles Hunfrey Simba is just going to be married again. He is a mason by trade.

Yohana Mkwenya works in the printing office.

Giles Kushelwa is still a cook in town at his old place; he has been there eight years. He is very regular at church; this morning he looked just like an undertaker in a shiny black suit with a frock coat, for I am sorry to say he affects European dress!

Yese Baraka works very well indeed. He is boat boy when the boat is wanted (at Pemba), and at other times works in the garden. His wife is a treasure to me in school; she manages the babies so nicely.

Robert Ali is to marry Edith Jamile, and they will come and work at Pemba.

Elia Sefu is working steadily and well.

Yohana Penyewe is just engaged to Alice, Edward Abdallah's adopted daughter and heiress! A very good thing for her at all events. The marriage will not take place just yet. He is learning to be a carpenter.

AFRICAN PORTRAITS.

ANTONYO KINGAZI. (Written by a teacher.)

ANTONYO entered the Mission school, Msalabani, in the year 1901 but he had attended previously the school at Manga. He was made a Catechumen on March 19, 1901, and baptized on September 13 (eve of Holy Cross Day), 1903. He remained at Msalabani and made good progress in both school and industrial work. He learnt very quickly and did especially well in typing and printing. In time he was made a monitor, and when I returned from Kiungani there was no better mannered boy in the school, he was so gentle and respectful. Even Padre Harrison (of blessed memory) said that since he came from England he had seen no boy to equal him for gentleness. He was not quarrelsome.

He was not proud.

He gave no trouble.

He thought little of himself.

He never boasted.

He never showed disrespect.

And while he dwelt here we have seen no naughtiness about him.

Just about the time the boys went home for their holidays he was taken ill and had
MAGILA—PAST AND PRESENT

bleeding from the nose, and when the boys returned he remained at home. The sickness increased, and he was removed from Manga to Bulwa, where he died on December 16, 1905. Six boys went with Father White to bury him; they left Msalabani at 4 p.m. and returned at 6.30 a.m.; they had walked eleven hours, seven of them in the dark and up a steep hill 2,000 feet high. Those six boys on their return, instead of going to rest, attended the Sunday sung Litany and Eucharist at 7 a.m., lasting an hour or more! I should have gone to bed I am afraid.

"The above was written by an Msalabani teacher. A teacher is not usually given to exaggerate the qualities of the boys, and from my knowledge of Antonyo I can say that the above is not an untrue account of him nor even exaggerated. He was a boy one could not help loving, an exceptionally good and promising lad. I grieve greatly. He has always been delicate, and was away ill at the time his contemporaries were being prepared for baptism, but as soon as he heard nothing would keep him at home; he came at once lest he should miss the instructions. At the last examination here, in spite of high fever, he tried to do his work he was so keen about it. The last letter I had from him just before I left England told me about the examination, and he remarked he was not feeling well."

H. W. WOODWARD.

Msalabani.

MAGILA—PAST AND PRESENT.

T was really not until 1875 that Magila was finally "occupied" by the Rev. J. P. Farler, a powerful leader. Possessed of some medical knowledge and of a fervour which might almost be described as "ambitious" (in the sense in which S. Augustine of Canterbury was "ambitious"), in less than a year he had altered the aspect of the district. One of his wisest acts was the reconciliation of Kibanga, King of the Usambara, with his brother, the Chief of the Wakiilindi. These two had been fighting since the death of old Kimweri, and, not knowing how to
settle the feud themselves, they at last begged the interposition of the Missionaries. Mr. Farler arranged the terms, amid shouts of joy, and we read, "When the chiefs had shaken hands and feasted, he stood up, like Paulinus before King Edwin, and preached of the life to come."

On April 22, 1877 (Easter Monday), the first fourteen Catechumens of Magila received Holy Baptism in the river, each, as he entered the water, "facing west, renounced the Devil, and then, facing east, confessed the Triune God." And at the Harvest Festival that year, the people offered their firstfruits to God instead of to evil spirits, some of those who looked on coming forward afterwards to offer themselves for instruction.

In 1880 a permanent stone church was begun, the stone being given willingly by a native, Charlie Kibwana, who, when offered money for his material, replied, "Shall I take money for this stone? God placed the stone there, and shall it not be used to build a Church for His honour and glory? I will not take a present. I want to share in building our Church."

But the natives round Magila were firmly persuaded that the Missionaries meant to build a fort, to menace the district, and a party of armed Bondeis came forward and forbade the work. So Magila had to be content with a small temporary church a little longer.

By the end of 1882, two native deacons, three readers and eight native teachers were at work under Archdeacon Farler, and the Church in the Usambara country was growing steadily. Meanwhile, the first medical missionary of the Guild of St. Luke—Dr. Petrie—arrived and greatly helped forward the Mission.

Early in the next year the Archdeacon went home to England for some months, returning in Lent 1884, with Bishop Smythies and the Rev. Duncan Travers. Perhaps these visits of Bishop Smythies are among the best-remembered days to those who had the privilege of working under him.

The next great event was the consecration of the permanent stone church, on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1886, and the next year the Community of S. Raphael's, Bristol, sent out three Sisters, to work among the women.

But now came a period of discouragement and apparent disaster, truly depressing to recall. First, half the Station was burnt...
down on November 5, 1887, and on January 7, 1888, another great fire utterly destroyed the big schoolroom and the carpenter’s shop. Over £1,000 worth of damage was done.

Six weeks later, a tornado unroofed a great part of the Church, and did much destruction among the other buildings; and almost immediately afterwards, Magila was attacked by 400 Masai, who were happily driven off by the superior numbers of the Bondie. On the first alarm the Archdeacon sent the ladies and boys to Mkuzi, and barricaded and provisioned the Church as a place of refuge. This done, he set out to treat with the crafty old chief who had hired the Masai soldiers “to wipe out the Mission.” Peace was made, but Archdeacon Farler in August returned to England for good.

(To be continued.)

HOT WEATHER AT KOROGWE.

All this week the men have been cutting a fireguard round the house. For the hot weather has come now instead of in January. There is no mistake about it, it is hot—dry scorching heat, not like Zanzibar, a hot steamy atmosphere. Our red clay hill seems to drive back the heat, and when the wind blows in at the windows it is like the blast of a furnace. Ninety degrees indoors to-day!

The men were just burning the last pile of grass they had cut, when a spark flew into the dry grass behind them and in a moment it was all ablaze and the fire was licking up the side of the hill. The wind blew so hard that there was nothing to do but let it burn. If the wind had changed our house would have been on fire.

I was sitting learning Zigua when I sud-

MASASI.

It was a great disappointment to Archdeacon Carnon that he was unable to return to Masasi for Christmas. Bad news reached him at Lindi of further trouble on the road, and the Governor would not allow the caravan to start, so he had to wait at Lindi. He was, however, able to have a service for the Christians living in the town, and fifteen made their Communion on Christmas Day. They only had a room for a Church, an old table for an Altar, and a glass and saucer for Chalice and Paten; but the Archdeacon says—I am sure the reverence, and I hope the devotion, of the people made up for other deficiencies.

The room was kept open all day and a meal of rice and curry provided for those Christians who had no food, and there were thirty-four in that condition.
boys and girls at Likoma gave the Bishop a good 'send off,' and many of them swam some distance after him.

"We are so proud of our Cathedral, I wish you could see it for yourselves."

"The donkey at Kota Kota behaves so badly, and comes and brays into the church during the service."

The Bwana Mkubwa of Portuguese Nyasaland and his wife paid a visit to Likoma, and native interest was much excited in their two children, Edmund, aged eight, and Georgina, aged six. We also greatly enjoyed the visit of the children; they were so entirely at their ease with English and Africans alike and brimful of fun. Georgina ran many risks of her life on the football ground. There was much questioning among the natives as to whether the little Portuguese were going to stop to "soma" (go to school).

Miss Medd writes: "We were talking the other day when the little dispensary boy came up and held out his arm. It had an old scar on it and we thought he wanted it dressed, but he said, 'No, a letter,' and on looking closer we found that the senior dispensary boy had written a patient's report on the arm. 'Elizabeth. Pulse so much, temperature so high.' Elizabeth was very ill and the boy went at times to take her pulse and temperature. She came in to Hospital afterwards. I think the report was written with a piece of cassava root."

KILIMANI.

"Yosia Raha is doing very well here as cook, he is very nice with the boys, which is a great recommendation." (Yosia's old patrons at Leeds will be glad to hear this.)

"Luka will soon be coming back from the hospital with an iron splint that will prevent him from moving about much, but he looks very bright and happy. The worst of Christmas Day being on a Monday is the water. The tank is quite empty and was cleaned out last week, so we are having water from the village well, and I don't know how we are to store enough for Sunday and Monday; however I suppose we shall manage somehow." (The water is carried by two old women who do not come on Sundays and big festivals, but draw enough the day before to last the following day, and it often runs rather short.)

MBWENI.

Miss Ward writes on January 7: "We have had such a nice Christmas—nicer than we have had for a long time. The rain which did not come in November came down in a deluge on Christmas Day, but we generally managed to get to church dry. On Wednesday night we had a terrific storm, wind and rain—such torrents, and thunder. It prevented our going to Bawi for a picnic the next day, which was disappointing. The girls had their feast in the courtyard, which was a poor exchange, but they took it very philosophically. They chiefly regretted the loss of tooth brushes, which grow so plentifully at Bawi; they always lay in a stock for the year, and give presents to their special cronies. We have such a nice new kitchen, and have pulled down the old one, which was full of rats and great cockroaches."

KOROGWE.

While Miss Thackeray was staying here she came into the school one day to hear the
elder girls read; they can only do syllables and single words, poor dears. The babes sang their tree-cutting song, and the old favourite. "Shall we tell you how the peasant?" but we have to pound Indian corn instead of threshing wheat. We have begun kindergarten games and drill in our playground and the children have planted some frengipani trees and some brilliant magenta flower seeds. I hope Froebel would quite approve. The babes are so irregular that I have instituted a bead-threading lesson on Monday for those who come all the week. It is bribery in a disguised form, but these little heathen babes need a little encouragement. I am hoping to have sports, with bead necklaces and handkerchiefs for prizes. Padre Prior found some necklaces when he was spring cleaning, and an unknown friend at Hastings sent some gay handkerchiefs.

The natives here are very astonished at Miss Thackeray. One of the house boys asked me in an awed voice if she was twenty-eight (they have no idea of age), and when I said we were all older than that, and she was nearer sixty, he just gasped "Lo!!" It really makes quite a royal procession when she goes out; four porters carry her shoulder high in a chair and Miss Boorn and I walk by her side. It is very nice having her here, but the ngomas, the heat, the big mountain fires, our little house and hilly garden are all rather trials to her.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

"That missionary box," said Mrs. Pickett, surveying it with her head on one side, as it stood in state on the best parlour mantel shelf—"that missionary box is worth its weight in gold two or three times over to me. You would never believe it, Mrs. Malcolm, the things I have been learning ever since Mary Pickett brought it home, or rather the fellow to it, and set it on the dining-room shelf, and told me she had brought me a present from the meeting."

"Do tell me about it," said the clergyman's wife.

"I will," replied her hostess. "Sometimes you make me think of Mary Pickett herself, that was the beginning of it all; she is a missionary now—my niece, you know. You have got her coloured hair and you are light-complexioned like her, and you laugh something like her too. Mary Pickett always was a master hand for laughing; I remember how she laughed that afternoon when she came in with those two boxes and set mine on the shelf there; she knew I was not the missionary kind. I don't know but she did it just for a joke. It was five years ago, you know, and I was scraping along with my boarders, and rents were high and living higher, and I had hard enough times to make both ends meet, I can tell you, though it was not half as hard times as I thought it was. I was that down-hearted that everything looked crossways to me, and I had hard feelings against every one that appeared to get along easier than I did. I had almost given lip going to church at all, although I was a Churchwoman, and I won't say but that I had murmurings against Providence—the fact is, I know I had. And so it was work, work, from one week's end to another, and I never thought of anything else. Then Mary Pickett came home from school, where she had been ever since she was fifteen, for it took all the money her father left her to get an education so as to be able to teach; and she got a place in a grammar school, and came to board with me. She had heard about missions at that school till she was full of them, and the very first day after she came, she walked out into the kitchen, and said:

"Aunty, are you not coming to the missionary meeting? I'll meet you there after school."
"If you will believe me, Mrs. Malcolm, I was that riled that I could have shaken her. I said, 'Pretty doings it would be for me to go tramping off to meetings, leaving the ironing and cooking, to hear about—who knows what! Folks had better stay at home and see to their work.' But nothing I said ever made Mary Pickett answer back; she just laughed and said 'Good-bye,' and I stayed at home and fussed over the kitchen work, till I was hot as fire inside and out; and about five o'clock she came back with those two boxes.

"'I've brought you a present, Aunt Mary,' she said, setting it down; and when I saw what it was, I just stood and stared; it was not that one, but one just like it, and it had a motto written on one end, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me?'

"'Well, to be sure!' I said, and Mary, she just dropped into a chair and laughed till I could not help laughing too. 'Great benefits I have,' I said, standing and looking that box all over. 'The heathen will not get much out of me at that rate.'

"'I suppose that depends on how much you render,' said Mary. 'You might try at a penny apiece awhile, just for the fun of it. Nobody knows who's got this motto, you know, and even a few pennies would be some help.'

"'About as many as grapes off bean-sticks I'd get,' I said, for I was more than usually low-spirited that night, and I made up my mind I would keep count just to show myself how little I did have; those few pence won't break me, I thought, and I really seemed to enjoy thinking over the hard times I had, while I was setting the table, with Mary helping; and I kept saying little mean things, about how I supposed she wanted me to put in a penny for a smoky fire, and for the bread that was not light, so that I knew all the boarders would be grumbling at supper, and a great deal more that she never took any notice of. Mrs. Stapleton once said that Mary was a girl of great tact, and I know that better than any one else.

"'Well, the box sat there all that week, and I used to say it must be rather lonesome with nothing in it, for nothing went in till next missionary meeting day. I was sitting on the back steps getting a breath of fresh air, when Mary came home, and I called out to know what they had been talking about to-day. Well, she came and sat down alongside of me, and began to tell me about the meeting; and it was all about India, and the widows there, poor creatures, and they being abused and starved, and not allowed to think for themselves; you know all about it better than I do, and before I thought, I said, 'Well, if I am a widow, I am thankful I can earn my own living, and no thanks to nobody, and no one to interfere!'

"'Then Mary laughed, and said, 'that was my first benefit.' Well, that rather tickled me, for I thought a woman must be pretty hard up for benefits when she had to go off to India to find them, and I dropped in one penny, and it rattled round a few days without any company. I used to shake it every time I passed by the shelf, and the thought of those poor things in India kept coming up before me, and I really was glad when I got a new boarder for my best room, and felt as though I ought to put in another penny."

(To be continued.)

THANKSGIVINGS: Let us give thanks—
1. That Archdeacon Carnon was able to hold Christmas Services for the Christians at Lindi—fifteen made their Communion.
2. For the work of the Coral League in 1905.
   We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

PETITIONS: That it may please Thee—
1. To help all our Christians to draw nearer to God during Lent;
2. And to prepare themselves for their Easter Communion.
3. To enable our Missionaries to return to Masasi.
4. To give our children and all our converts strength to resist temptations.
   We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.
MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

It will be just about Ash Wednesday when you receive this number of the Magazine. I hope you will all be thinking carefully and prayerfully how you can keep Lent, and get ready for the Feast of Our dear Lord's Resurrection at Easter. If you would like I would send you either a Lent Savings' box or a ladder printed on a card, on which you can put down what you have done each day.

The lady, Mrs. Halliday, who asked for stamps, has received about 20,000 through African Tidings, and now begs me to say that she does not want any more.

The measure in which clove heads are collected is called a "pishi," not a "pisti." Piştî was a misprint in December African Tidings, which naturally you all copied.

In writing the account of The Way, almost every one has gone beyond the space I said they might have. The answer was not to be more than one page of foolscap, and that is equal to two pages of exercise paper. I gave those who kept within the limit higher marks than those who went beyond it.

Your affectionate friend,

ELLEN M. NELSON.