EV.H.W. WOODWARD writes on January 12th:—"We rejoiced at Christmas, and soon after the New Year began, because some heavy rain fell and the corn crops to a great extent recovered and promised at least a small harvest; but last Saturday the locusts came, and by Sunday scarcely any corn was left at all. It is really piteous. Since 1894 this country, with very few months exception, seems to have been under a blight. We have had to begin relief work since the beginning of the year: last week it cost £20 worth of rice, and would cost much more this, but I have had to limit the people, as I have received no authority to minister relief yet. The famine is not universal yet, but many are too weak to carry loads, etc., and, if we could give no relief, must probably perish. We have heard of many deaths on the road, one of a woman who was carrying a load between this and Mheza and found her child dead as she was carrying it slung on her back. This evening as I walked through some neighbouring villages I came across a woman sitting forlornly with two nearly starved children. I sent some rice at once. So far as one can see there is no chance of crops now before July! So writes Padre Sehoza. If the state of the country is bad now, what will it be before six months have passed? I dread to think of it. We are of course utilizing the people, and Brockway is digging great drains."

Miss Foxley writes on the 9th:—"On Friday I found some of the old women in the depths of despair—they said the locusts were coming; and sure enough they came the next day. First a few, like the first flakes of a snowstorm, mixed with a cloud of the most beautiful butterflies which, I am told, always come first. Then they came thicker and thicker, and settled down on the Indian corn in all the shambas together. The air was full of them, and the noise like mowing always going on in the distance, and a smell of sweet briar. They glittered in the sun. If it had not been so dreadful, it would have been a most beautiful sight. As soon as they had finished the Indian corn, they attacked the cocoanut leaves. There is no hope of food now in all this country till June or July, and already people are dying of hunger. . . . Many of these people are literally nothing but skin and bone, the skin drawn like a mask over the skull, and they are almost too weak to work—and with it all so patient and uncomplaining. . . . It is awful to think of the suffering in out-of-
the-way places, but if we had a good fund in hand we could relieve a great deal round here, and do some drainage that will benefit the country permanently, reclaming a great deal of swampy land, and making Magila less unhealthy. It is an opportunity that may never occur again: I do hope you will be able to send a goodly sum. With Mr. Brockway as manager of the works, no one need be afraid of the money being misapplied. If the people at home could see some of my miserable little children, they would be moved to pity. We have got a fortnight's holiday, and many of my girls are working at the drainage; the boys have mostly gone home, but the Padre expects a great many back in a few days—it is as well they should realize what life is like outside just now."

**MIWA.**

I send you a view of Miwa. Miwa was originally an out-station of Chitangali, but, when Padre Cecil Majaliwagave up his work in these parts, it was joined on to Newala parish. Every month the priest of Newala visits this station for a day or two; but, there being only one priest for all the Newala district, his visit is necessarily a short one. It is a six or seven hours' walk from Newala, and, on arriving there, the priest says Evensong, preaches, and then gives counsel and advice to those who desire it. Early next morning he celebrates the Holy Communion, and then, after a hurried breakfast, he returns to Newala. There are, of course, regular classes of Hearers, Catechumens, and Christians, and these are taken by Kolumba Msigala, a reader. Then there is a mixed school of boys and girls—as far as the boys are concerned a sort of preparatory school for Newala.

The view from Miwa, which is just on the edge of the Makonde Plateau, is magnificent. The queer little house seen in the picture was the school when I first took over the charge. It is now used as a classroom.

The teachers are Gabriel and Charlie, both of them old Newala boys. Charlie, the son of the Chief, is just about to be married.

This is a sight that might, until quite lately, have been seen any evening about five o'clock—viz., the Rev. W. Bishop feeding his interesting family, which is composed of goats, ducks, fowls, and pigeons. Just outside the door, but not visible in the picture, stands the *punda* (the donkey) waiting his turn. He is very jealous of the other animals, and sometimes jumps on them. In this way he has killed two ducks, while goats and fowls have hairbreadth escapes daily. This is the first year we
have had ducks; they thrive well, and we hope now to be always able to have one on our table about every fortnight.

T. C. S.

Newala, Nov. 19th, 1898.

BISHOP SMYTHIES.

"E bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear," we say in our great Service of Praise, and all of us who support the Universities' Mission have special reason to thank God for the succession of Bishops raised up for its work. The "Life of Bishop Smythies," published just before Christmas, reminds us of this duty. Its author, Miss Gertrude Ward, is already well known to our readers. A preface and first chapter are contributed by the Rev. E. P. Russell, who is able to introduce us to "the man himself as he appeared to a most intimate friend." So those who always skip the preface will lose a good deal in this case.

Greatness is said to have been the most marked characteristic of Bishop Smythies. He was great in body—six feet two or three and broad in proportion; great in mind—impressing the political world by his statesman-like grasp of difficult questions; great in heart—as his African sons know well; great in soul—for his life was unmistakably the outward and visible sign of a "life hidden with Christ in God."

The first chapter is specially interesting as showing how, from his earliest days, God was training him for his destined work. Like most great and good men, he owed much to the deep religious earnestness of his mother. Studland, on the Dorset coast, was his home for many years, and there he learned to sail a boat in all weathers, to make his way in tangled woods, to take keen interest in Natural History, and to make good use of eyes, hands, and feet. At the Grammar School of Milton Abbas, to which he was sent after a few years at Felstead, he "lived the life of an ordinary English schoolboy, ever a general favourite, . . . not especially a scholar, yet rising to be head of the school." Thanks to the free, open-air life encouraged by the head-
master, the boy lost entirely a natural delicacy and gained the splendid physique which "made him always conspicuous among men." At most games he was a fairly good player, but his chief delight was to explore the country-side, his whole-holiday rambles often extending to twenty or thirty miles. A schoolfellow says of him:

"Religion without cant pervaded his daily life and controlled his actions unobtrusively; it was shown in his forbearance when provoked, in his diligent application to work, and in his thoughtfulness for other people. Always good-natured, if he chanced to meet a child fetching water from a spring, or an old man toiling up a hill with a bundle of sticks, he would ease him of his load and carry it to his cottage door. . . . There was no trouble at this school about kneeling for private prayer in the bedrooms; everyone did that. But Smythies, unlike most of his fellows, had a habit of reading the Bible on his own account daily. . . . By the time that he was head of the school, swearing had come to be reckoned "bad form," and the dread of his hand had made bullying to cease.

After this it is not surprising to read that "his schooldays formed one of the happiest memories of his life."

Having passed through Cambridge, he went to the theological college at Cuddesdon, then under Dr. King, the present Bishop of Lincoln, and described by another Cuddesdon man as "the happiest, helpfullest place in all the world." Of what Charles Smythies gained there, we cannot venture to speak, but we are told that "he counted his friendship with Dr. King as one of the very best of the good gifts of God."

And now we come to what seems to us the final stage in God's training of the great Missionary Bishop. After three years at Great Marlow, he was invited to take up work in the newly-formed parish of Roath, Cardiff. Mr. Puller, who had just been appointed Vicar, impressed his fellow-workers and parishioners by his clear judgment and his learning, but most of all by his deep spirituality and care for the souls of men, and his curate "felt it an inspiration to serve under such a chief." He himself bore his share in the work, as Father Puller testified,—"He never spared himself, but did his work to the uttermost out of love to our Lord, and out of love to the souls of His people." In 1880 he became Vicar, and showed great capacity for organization. Among associations he started was one in support of Foreign Missions, and it is interesting to note that, when the Bishopric of the Universities' Mission became vacant through the death of Bishop Steere in August, 1882, at every meeting of the Guild special prayer was offered for the appointment of a worthy successor. In July, 1883, he was asked through the Bishop of London to accept the vacant office. At first he declined, but, being asked again after some months, he became convinced it was for him the will of God, and, as he said in his farewell letter, "the great point of our religion is to find out God's will and make that our own." He was consecrated Bishop on St. Andrew's Day, and reached his diocese in February, 1884. Miss Ward gives a graphic account of his arrival and of the welcome he received. Miss Mills said that some of her small boys thought it was a new kind of service, and stood with hands reverently folded.

In the first eight months the Bishop visited all the mission stations except those on the Lake. His letters show the keen interest he took in scenery, animals and flowers, as well as in the people—an interest which did not fade with first impressions, but cheered all his long journeys.

In this first year he visited the stronghold of Kimweri, in order to dissuade that chief from attacking the Bondes, and after giving an account of it he wrote,—

"I am afraid in all this some people may say there is not much about preaching, and that I feel very keenly. . . . But still I do hope that such an expedition as that I have described may be impressing upon people our love of the poor, our readiness to help the distressed, our desire for righteousness and peace, and prepare the way for them to accept our teaching more and more. . . . God grant it may be for His glory and for the extension of His kingdom."
This sense of the intense importance and the difficulty of direct Missionary work often shows itself in his letters.

Pray always that I may have the spirit of a true Missionary, so as to turn every opportunity to account. I find it very difficult, especially on my journeys.

Again:

The question is, whether something more of S. Paul's supernatural life and S. Paul's burning zeal might not make what seems so difficult to become easy. A very moderate amount of zeal and work readily gain credit for Missionaries from their friends at home; they very much need their prayers that they may not so readily take credit to themselves.

It is interesting to compare what Bishop Maples said of him:

If we stopped where there was a village and people to be talked to, he rarely, if ever, failed to engage profitably in conversation with the people—profitably for their souls, I mean.

Another early expedition of his, which made a great sensation in the country, was the ascent of Mlinga, a mountain regarded with great awe as the abode of the spirits of mighty ancestors, and which no Bonde would have dared to ascend. The people of the neighbourhood were assembled at a market, and stopped their business to keep an anxious watch on the climbers. On their safe return opinions were divided. Some declared that they would no longer bring the customary sacrifices to the spirits, others that the rash Europeans had escaped through powerful *dawa* (medicine or charms) carried by the Bishop.

In 1885 the Bishop paid his first visit to Nyasaland, where Mr. Johnson had been working about three years. He fixed on Likoma as a temporary headquarters for the Mission, and dedicated the Charles Janson, which had just been launched. To avoid the expense of taking the porters back by the Zambesi route, the Bishop walked from the Lake to the Rovuma district, a march of forty-five days through a vast unknown country. This was the first of eight great journeys overland, for in his five visits to Nyasa he made use of the steamers on the Zambesi only twice: for his first journey there, and for his last return. At first these journeys were in themselves a pleasure:

I like the camping-out life; each day a long walk through the forest with a rest at midday, and then a night under the trees with the curious sounds of birds and beasts breaking in on the stillness. One always has a good appetite, and I feel quite strong and well. The forest, too, is very shady.

But even then the hardships were not slight. A native Reader who accompanied him in 1886 speaks of losing the way: "The great master was not able to direct us for hunger and thirst . . . and we had fear for the life of the Lord Bishop from hunger." The next year the Bishop writes:

I fell into a deep pit which had been dug as a trap for animals and covered with grass. I suddenly found myself supported by my elbows on the sides of this hole with my cocked gun under one arm, and an unknown depth with possible spikes below. Happily my boy was near, and soon extricated me from this unpleasant situation.

Another time he speaks of a morning's march through "water and deep mud often up to one's waist."

The Bishop spent four years in Africa before returning to England. In a letter written shortly before he sailed, he said:—
Thank you for your kind promise of welcome when I come. Sometimes I have looked forward so much to seeing my friends in England again that I have thought it never could come true. You will be glad to hear I have been wonderfully strong and well on my journeys, with very little sign of the climate having told upon me.

A few months later a rebellion against German misgovernment placed Magila and its sub-stations in a state of such danger that the Bishop was urged to withdraw his workers. He cut short his holiday, returned to Africa, sent the ladies down to Zanzibar, and then took up his position at Mkuzi, as later he set off for his fifth visit to Nyasa, and on his arrival there he acknowledged:

I was much too weak to explore at all. . . . I find I quite overrated my powers. . . . A year or two ago I thought nothing of it; now all the strength seems to have gone out of me. The breakdown of so splendid a constitution showed clearly that the work undertaken by Bishop Smythies was too much for any one man, and in consequence the Home Committee asked him to return to England to arrange for the division of the diocese. He arrived just in time for the annual meeting, and when he appeared upon the platform,—

A shock of surprise at his altered appearance, a thrill of sympathy for his evident weakness, held the audience for a moment in complete silence, before they burst into the enthusiastic applause of hearty greeting.

He asked for the formation of a Nyasa bishopric, and within five months £10,000 was raised for the purpose.

On his way back to Zanzibar he visited the Holy Land, and writing from Jerusalem said:

To have been allowed to visit it must be one of the greatest happinesses, as well as one of the greatest privileges, of one's life.
On reaching Zanzibar he set to work with all his old energy, and in the following October (1893) he was able to go on a preaching tour, starting from Kologwe, accompanied only by Petro Limo, then a deacon, and a boy as porter, living almost entirely on native food, and sleeping in native huts. He "never had a happier time."

But this revival of strength did not last long. He spent the Easter of 1894 at Magila, went down to Zanzibar, weak and worn, and within a fortnight was taken into the newly-opened hospital, where he lay for three weeks in high fever. Then it was decided to try the effect of a sea voyage, and he was taken on board the homeward-bound French steamer. When the ship reached Aden, the sorrowful news was sent home to England and back to Zanzibar that the great missionary bishop had died and been buried at sea.

For the sake of those who may not have time or opportunity to read the book, we have given some outlines of the "Life." But we hope that all who can will study the book direct, and we would suggest that those who belong to lending libraries should ask for the Life of Bishop Smythies, and go on asking till they get it.

The book contains a beautiful reproduction of the likeness of the Bishop, with other good pictures, and a map.

E. B. A Journey by Dhow.
I could have done the same. There were three other similar rivers to pass over, and in the last I was fairly carried away down stream. Shouting to my eldest boy, he immediately came to my rescue, but it would have been a much harder task for him had I not been able to steady myself by seizing a tough trunk of a tree that overhung the stream.

Then we entered the wilderness—the nyika as it is called—a low-lying district between Mkuzi and the coast. Here our clothes were drenched, covered with mud, and smelling most offensively.

After a night's rest, I went out to hire a dhow, but none could be engaged for that day, it being a Friday. So I agreed that we should start at 2 a.m. on Saturday morning, the captain promising to come and call us at that unusual time. There was very little sleep for us that night; I lay on a native bedstead, with no bed-clothes, and my lads lay on the ground. The mosquitos were frightful. I tied my handkerchief over my head, but it was useless—they bit right through it! At two we woke to hear the voice of our captain shouting to us to get up. Half awake only, I fell out of bed on to an iron box that partly propped up my dilapidated couch, and cut a severe wound in my side. My boys helped me down, and we made our way to the dhow. The only covering it contained, as a protection from the tropical sun, was a rough cocoanut thatch spread over the stream.
over the middle of the vessel. I hoped we should have the boat to ourselves, but alas! in addition to the captain and six sailors, there were five other passengers crowded in this miserable dhow. Shall I ever forget the smell of it all? There were no conveniences of any kind, no sleeping accommodation. Thank goodness, I thought, six hours will see us out of this! Besides our passengers we had a cargo of rice and dengu (a sort of dried pea), and from both came forth a numerous army of maggots which crawled over everything, ourselves included.

At night we lay down on the sacks of rice, but one felt too ill and bad to sleep much. My wound too was very painful and helped to keep me awake Sunday morning, to our joy, we sighted Zanzibar; but here the wind changed, and, instead of gaining upon it, we drifted further and further away. How helpless and miserable I felt! Past Pangani again, further and further north we were driven, until we came near Pemba. Sunday and Sunday night went by and Monday dawned, and yet we were no nearer. My faithful lads tried to make me take some food. I did swallow a cup of cocoa and a few biscuits, but how could I eat? Near me the whole time was an old Mohammedan beggar, who, I should fancy, had not washed for many years, and who made hearty meals off dried shark and dengu. The smell of the former will never leave me—it was dreadful! With what joy did we hail the light of Tuesday, for a breeze had sprung up and we were really nearing our destination. I recall vividly now how thankful one was, as we touched our island of Zanzibar once more that Tuesday afternoon, at the prospect of feeling the pleasure of a bath in that stifling heat, securing a refreshing sleep in one’s own room, and tasting some simple and well-cooked food, but, above all, at getting away from the evil stench of that malodorous dhow!

V. S.

perhaps a few words about the building operations in Africa may not be devoid of interest to people at home. In the first place, when a building is contemplated, the builder must look round to see what material is available. There are no shops or wholesale dealers in this part of the country, and every necessity must either be made on the premises or procured from

How we build in Africa.

This account of building at Unangu was written by our friend, Mr. Howell Williams, in June last—a few weeks before his death.

A

An Arab Dhow.
England. The latter method is not only extremely expensive, but, possibly, twelve or more months will elapse before the articles are to hand. Therefore, the old saying of cutting your coat to suit the cloth must be acted upon. Generally, the only available material is stone (this is only obtainable in certain districts) of a rough, gritty, granitic nature, which defies all attempts at trimming, and ant-hill mud in lieu of mortar. For the wood work, round poles of varying sizes are all that can be secured. From this limited supply the builder must do the best he can. His staff, as a rule, is as weak as his materials are meagre. It is almost impossible to get hold of a native who can distinguish between a curve and a straight line, so that every foot of the work, as it progresses, must be carefully watched, otherwise the wall will be all thicknesses and angles. First, of course, the foundation is marked and dug out; then a gang of women are put on to fetch “doti” (earth) for mortar. Others bring water. Another lot tread this earth into the consistency of fine clay, in which state it is carried to the masons, who, having shaped their stones, proceed to lay the wall. The African cannot work without talking, so as the work progresses an European, were he suddenly translated to the scene, would conclude another Tower of Babel was in course of erection. From the hour of starting until the bell rings to stop work this din and clatter never ceases. The mud holds the stone very firmly, provided water can be kept off, but if rain reaches the wall in any quantity it is sure to give way. The roof is made of bamboos tightly laced on poles formed into tie beams and rafters. The bamboos are tied on with bark rope, which is very strong, and will generally last a long time.

The down bamboos being whole, while the cross ones are split. The split ones are laid under and over the whole ones. On to these the grass is tied in even layers, the whole forming, when finished, a thatch about eight inches thick, and which, when properly laid on, is capable of keeping out very heavy rains. It also keeps the house much cooler during the hot weather than any other roofing we know of. The great enemy to the grass roof, however, are the borers, which swarm in bamboos, and which loosen the grass by eating through the string holding it. Where it is possible to obtain it, lime mortar is used for pointing the walls and bedding the wall-plate in. This, to a certain extent, does away with the white ants, but only to a certain point. These voracious little pests would almost work their way through best Portland cement.

The Chief, Kalanji, sent me a present of some cooked white ants! They are really very nice, and I eat a good many of them. He also sent me a fine piece of sable antelope, which formed a delicious change from the ordinary diet—African fowl. Fowls and eggs one day, and eggs and fowl the next! That is the usual extent of our cooking operations, and the difficulty is to vary the method of cooking. Roast fowl every day does rather pall on the appetite!

We have had an unpleasant visitor, or rather visitors, here lately, in the form of two lions. The brutes used to lie in wait, in the heavy grass of the Shambas, and seize anybody who chanced to go by. Eight persons were killed before the Chief Bayalila sent out a party, which managed to kill the two. In accordance with the Yao custom, that when a lion turns man-eater he must, having drunk blood, have it burnt out, the bodies were burnt immediately after they were shot.

The largest party that has ever joined the Mission left for Africa on February 25th, consisting of Rev. Frederick W. Stokes, Rev. Herbert Barnes, Rev. Alexander G. De la Pryme, Rev. William G. Harrison, Dr. Robert Howard, Mr. Edward M. De
Jersey, Mr. John P. Clarke, Mr. Howard Freer, Miss Emma Kenyon, and Miss Martha Schofield. This increase of the Mission Staff will, indeed, gladden the hearts of the present workers. There is still an urgent call for yet more workers. First for Priests and Nurses, then for a layman to assist in the Stores at Zanzibar; a carpenter or builder for Magila, one who has had experience in teaching and managing young men, for the Industrial House, Zanzibar; and for a printer.

We take the following suggestion from Central Africa of February:

Provisions for Africa.—Will those who send home-made or other dainties to Africa please remember that they must be sent in soldered tins? Cakes, plum puddings, cheese, bacon, are very acceptable in a country where these things are entirely unprocurable, and if put into a tin and soldered down they will travel safely, and add zest to meals composed day after day of tinned meat and the bony African kuku (fowl). It would be a great kindness if we sometimes gave a thought to the monotonous African fare of our missionaries, especially those up country. Zanzibar is more civilized, and there the table is better furnished. How acceptable a Buszard cake would be at Likoma, Magila, Kota Kota, or Masasi! As we are making our own tables a little (perhaps a very little!) plainer during Lent, it would be a good time to think of those whose tables are always plain.

The Coral League increased very much during the past year, owing to the strenuous, kindly efforts of Miss C. Herring. 2,255 cards of membership have been given out. 31 new Branches were started. There are now 81 children wholly supported in the schools, and 10 children partly paid for by the League. The League has sent out several boxes of presents and clothing. The 2s. 6d. collection in connection with the League amounted to £142 14s., and it maintains 21 children wholly in the Schools, and 10 partly—112 children in all. In 1897 the money collected was £279 15s. 2d. In 1898 the money collected was £495 1s. 6d.

THE INFANTS AT KILIMANI.

NCE now and again the little people in the Mission get their turn at examinations, and as I have just been to Kilimani to give quite the little boys an examination “all to themselves,” I will try to tell you about it. Miss Mills asked me to examine them, because, she said, “I know you won’t frighten them.”

The one who came out first in the exam was Chamalanda. He must be about six, and has gone far beyond the A.B.C. stage. His father and mother live on the Mbweni Shamba, so for a long time he was only a day boy, but he wanted so much to be a boarder that Miss Mills yielded to his persuasions and took him into the house.

I began by examining them in Scripture, and found that they could tell me a great deal about Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and
Joseph, and that they also knew the story of the first Christmas Day thoroughly.

Three little unbaptized ones were not examined in Scripture, but they were able to answer very nicely afterwards some questions from a short, easy Swahili catechism which has been compiled especially for teaching beginners.

The boys are all getting on well with their reading. Some of them were so quick and clever at reading in their little books that I think they will soon be able to read the New Testament, and their writing and arithmetic quite surprised me.

Chamalanda was very quick in answering Scripture questions, but another little boy called Tom did his sums best. He did quite a slateful of simple addition and subtraction sums, and only made one very small mistake. He is also about six years old. Duya, about the same size, is very quick. He lives in the house, so I think perhaps he will be baptized at Christmas.

Thomas Spero was another tiny boy I examined. He is one of those whose parents came from Seychelles. I was helping Miss Clutterbuck at Kilimani when he arrived, a little more than a year ago. He is a very nice little fellow, and can already read quite nicely.

Now I must tell you about Heri, the poor little miserable creature that Miss Mills wrote you about not long ago. He was examined also, and seemed quite to enjoy it. He answered quite beautifully in the catechism, and was so sharp and bright over doing little addition sums in his head. He looks a thoroughly happy boy now.

I must not write much more or I shall quite tire you, but I must put in one word about a very dear little fellow called Steere. He is a little town boy, born here in Mkunazini when I was living at the Clergy House; and when I opened the little school last year he used to come to it. However, the poor child had a very bad home, and I feel very thankful that Miss Clutterbuck was able to take him in. He has been at Kilimani now since August, 1897, and does great credit to his teaching. He is only five, but he can both read and write easy words, and do simple little sums.

The children's attention kept up wonderfully the whole time; only one dropped asleep before the end, and that was little Klement, one of the babies under four years old.

M. A. Boyd.

Mkunazini, December 19th, 1898.

My dear Children,—

I am sorry no one sent a Race-game.

Some of the papers on Coral were very short; perhaps that was my fault, as I forgot to remind you to read very carefully “Something about Coral” in African Tidings for December. The coral polyp should never be called an insect. A mass of united polyps looks very much like a plant, but is truly animal in nature. The polyp is very much like a minute garden aster.

All the answers to the March Competition can be found in the February number, and should be sent before March 30th to

The Editor of the Children's Page,

8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

The winners for the January Competition were:—

Junior's Prize.

Rhoda Butler (aged 11).

Certificates.—Phyllis Turner, Mary Trott, Marjory Sparling.

The others, in order of merit, were: E. Marianne Thicke, Dorothea Smith, and Beatrice Lake. One of these papers came from Spain and another from Portugal.

The Seniors' Prize for December Competition was a copy of The History of the Universities’ Mission, the Juniors' Prize some curios.

Competition for March.

1. What news have we of the native clergy in African Tidings for February?
2. Give a short account of the day's work of a printer in Zanzibar.
3. How does one go from Zanzibar to Newala?
4. Enigma.

(a.) The name of a Zanzibar printer.
(b.) The Apostle after which the College in Zanzibar is named.
(c.) A Zanzibar priest now at Newala.
(d.) A new worker's name.
(e.) The home from which a woman was carried off into slavery by the Angoni.
(f.) The name for a Zanzibar soldier.

The initials of the answers give the name of one of the stations on the mainland.
5. Describe the barracks in Zanzibar in your own words; read the article carefully and then put it out of sight.

The first three questions are for the juniors.

The rules are given in the January number.