THE GREAT FAMINE AT MAGILA.

JUST fancy four of us here to cope with all the work there is to be done. The state of the country is simply appalling. It is famine, sickness, drought—and everything that is bad around us. We all thought the last famine bad; but this is much worse, and they say we have not yet seen the worst of it.

The whole aspect is very discouraging, everything either eaten up by locusts or dead from drought.

I could not tell you of one half of the misery around us. People dying at our very doors from starvation, crowds every day beseeching for work and to be taken in and given food. Every available corner has its occupant. Padre Woodward has started three houses, and already every comer is filled up, and still they came! men, women, and children, some of them just able to drag themselves to our gates, many too ill to work, and almost beyond help in this world. It is marvellous how they cling to life. When you see them first you imagine they must die soon; but after a few meals and care they revive in a wonderful manner; but oh! it is sad work. On Friday there were no less than twelve taken in, all in a state of destitution, too ill to work—women and children. Then 300 women were asking for work, and over 200 men. Just fancy what this means with one Priest only, one layman, Nurse Boom and myself! Padre goes round and picks out the “lean kine”—those who look able to work, and who really are most in need of help. Fancy having this to do! Ah! you in Europe can form no idea of what it’s like here. This morning, on coming out from Church, I had to pick my way with difficulty—crowds everywhere, all looking eagerly for work—and when the day’s work is over, what do they get? A small portion of uncooked rice!

Oh! it’s a truly sad spectacle to witness!

What the end will be God knows—it’s a problem too deep for us to solve; but I do want you at home to realize that the state we are in is truly most serious. We Europeans, too, must suffer. There is nothing to be got in the way of vegetables or fruit—in fact, we have only to depend on home supplies now, and for some months to come. As regards the health of the place, well, the future will show. We are now surrounded by these poor starving people, and you can imagine they are none too clean. We are doing all we can to keep the place right.

Sometimes Fr. Woodward comes in with such a sad face and tears in his eyes, and he seems quite at a loss what to do or say.
"How can I send them away?" and so another corner is filled up. Nurse and I counted ten little starving, awful objects in our house to-night; all tiny children, and most of them just alive—merely skin and bone. It does make one's heart ache to see the little ones! But don't think we are always in a state of low spirits and depression. No; we are not. We try to see a bit of brightness in the clouds overshadowing us. I really laugh sometimes when I see a party arrive. They plant themselves either just outside our front door or in the quad. "We have come," which means, "And we shall of course stay and be taken care of"; and then you look around and see probably a small basket containing all their worldly belongings—a few cooking pots and pans.

Padres Samuel and Petro say it's the same with them. Petro told me he picked up two little children in the fields; they were eating leaves and earth, had been deserted by their parents, and so were left to die. Needless to say, they are now in the Mission with Padre and his wife Blandina.

They say it's far worse out in villages some distance off, and I can quite believe it, for the state the people are in around us leads us to know what it must be like. Fowls were sold in the market for five pesa,* and the people here at Bagamoyo were selling theirs for two pesa—never such a thing heard of before. Of course the fowls are simply skin and bone, like the owners! but there it is. Now I must not ramble on with all misery and distress, or you will wonder when I am going to stop. I trust I may be able to write more cheerfully soon.

L. M. Dunford.

February 20th, 1899.

* Four pesa=about one penny.

THE GREAT FAMINE AT MAGILA.

Translation from Habari for Feb., 1899.

In the year 1894, before the first locusts came, there was a bad famine in this country. And from that famine till now there have been harvests but they have all been poor.

Usually we have two harvests in the year, one after the greater and one after the lesser rains. But this year there has been no harvest at all. The famine therefore began in earnest. At the end of the year 1898 it rained a little for three or four days, people planted Indian corn; it began to sprout in the fields, then the locusts came and devoured everything. Now our people do not know what to do. There is no food in the house, the fields are grey, all are distressed by hunger. Some are so thin that they are nothing but bones. Many are living on vegetables only, the leaves of the forest.

The villages are deserted, people having scattered to search for any kind of food that they may eat. Some villages are quite broken up, all the people having gone away to search for food. Some can find nothing, they sweep under the trees, they lie down to rest, they return to their homes. What can be their fate except death?
Sometimes a man, his wife and child, all go different ways to get food to eat. There is work to be done in carrying loads, but many are not able to do this work, for besides hunger people are distressed by jiggers, and their feet are covered with bad sores, they are unable to carry loads up the hills, and some are so thin they have no strength and cannot even carry a thirty-pound load.

At Magila there are two houses full of people who are in a very bad state, they have come to get food and find a place to rest. Many women have been deserted by their husbands, others by their masters, many small children have very bad sores and are nothing but skin and bone.

People eat leaves, some of which are poisonous and have to be cooked and the water thrown away, then they eat it. They are also eating such food as banana peel, which they dry, pound, and with the flour make porridge. The root of the banana tree, they cut into pieces and spread out to dry; this also is pounded and the flour made into porridge. Unripe mangoes are beaten, cut up and put into pots, and made into gruel or porridge; it is very bitter.

Mr. Sanderson, writing February 22nd, relates a touching story connected with the famine:

"Just now we are receiving very distressing accounts of hunger from our mainland stations, especially in the Boudei country, people, barely able to move from exhaustion, dragging themselves to the Mission to beg for food. The last time (about December 27th, 1898) I was at Kichelwe, with Mr. Bishop, we saw that unless timely aid was sent many of the people would die of hunger. Of course, the people at Kichelwe are old, and entirely dependent upon their crops. As there has been hardly any rain for the past eighteen months, it is not to be wondered at that everything is dried up and withered. Rev. William Bishop is now at Kichelwe, and will distribute the proceeds of the collections made in the cathedral on behalf
of the Kichelwe Christians. I must admit that our Christians here at Zanzibar have been awfully good in giving their pice.

"One of our old boys was very ill in hospital, and suddenly on the Thursday he was so bad that it was thought at any minute he might pass away. The perspiration was streaming from his body so much that his bed was soaked, and his agony was pitiable. The priest-in-charge went in, said prayers with him, and asked him if there was anything he wanted. The poor fellow said, 'I shall not be in church on Sunday morning, but if you look in my cap you will find a "robo" (about 8d.), which I have put by for the poor people at Kichelwe.'

"A thing like this one never forgets, and I feel sure that for such an act of unselfish charity God will forgive much."

Miss Foxley sends the following incident:

"One day Padre Woodward met a wretched-looking woman sitting with two children at the gate of the village of Lunguza. He saw she was starving, and told her she might have a bag of rice if she came to Magila. But she was quite a stranger, and thought he meant to buy her for his slave with the rice. She said she was quite ready to die, but neither she nor her children would ever go into slavery. Next day, as she had not come for the rice, Padre sent me to look for her. After some difficulty I found her, with her husband and three children, in an empty hut behind Lunguza. The children were brought out by a neighbour and set down in a row in front of me, and a small crowd gathered round to help me to explain that I did not want to buy slaves. It seemed a great joke to all the Lunguza people that the Padre should be suspected of slave-dealing, and they enforced every word I said in chorus—'The Padre wishes you to come of his mercy only. Out of pure pity! Out of the goodness of his heart!' they shouted louder and louder, as they saw the people did not believe a word they said. At last a little Christian woman came up to me and said, 'I will wait till all these men have done with their chatter, and then I will make her understand.' And she did, for the whole family came to Magila, and the last I saw of them they were all sitting round a cheerful fire, every eye fixed on a large pot, a nice smell of cooking pervading the hut, and all looking the picture of happiness. The husband had a very bad leg, and was not well enough to do any work, but the wife soon got well.

"It is very terrible to know that farther off there is no help; whole villages are deserted, and the dead often thrown to the wild beasts. But as a wise man said, 'Thirty years ago whole districts were depopulated, and tribes wiped out, and no one knew anything about it in this part of Africa; now we know, and help is given in a few places. In another thirty years (D.V.) the country will have been opened up, great reservoirs built, and these famines will be things of the past.' God grant it may be so. We hear that there is money in hand, and we are most thankful for that, but I hope people will remember that a time like this is a great drain on the Mission. The Bishop has gone himself to see what can be done, and probably more people will be taken on for relief work. It is hoped the German Government will also begin relief work, but up to the end of February nothing had been started. Many things are greatly needed at Magila, specially blankets, visibao (large sizes), sheeties and lengths of Turkey twill and print, but money is the most useful of all—money for rice and tools, and for sending people to places where work is to be got. I think there are many people at home who would like to hear it said to them one day, 'I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat.'"
HOW WE FOUND THE COLLEGE.

People never do know anything about the things that really matter! We have known people who actually hadn’t heard of African Tidings! and in these days of real education too!

But we are most astonished to find that folk who read their Tidings (with amazement at the Editor’s veracity) are quite ignorant of the fact that there is a body of men in Zanzibar called “Students,” who are studying for holy orders.

We know there are thirteen African clergy; we shall all expect to find that by the next general meeting there are at least twenty more; but how, when, where they are to be produced—why, we don’t know!

Well, we will try to tell you; but it’s a very painful story. We must tell it softly, beneath the breath! for they are all lost!

Lost, you say, how can you lose students? We don’t know how it was done, for it happened before we came here; but we know that when we came out here to help to teach them they were lost. It was a long search before we found them.

Why, first we came to a big town, full of all sorts of people, of every nation and tongue. And when we couldn’t find them, even near the cathedral, we went for a walk into the country, and there we saw a great big building, something like a castle, with a cross and a flagstaff on the top.

We said, “Are the students here?” Yes, this must be the place. The people of England have built them this wonderful house, because the students will be the priests of the Church; and African priests are the one hope and aim of the Mission.” But no! this was a school full of boys, who called it, “Kiungani.” Here, we were told, teachers are trained.

So off we went again, and we found a smaller house in a beautiful quiet spot, and we said, “This must be where the students live. The Mission has put them here that they may have quiet.” But as we came near, we found a whole tribe of small boys, informing us that this was Kilimani, the abode of Miss Mills and her family.

Nothing dismayed, we made our way towards a large and roomy house, standing in beautiful grounds, quite close to the sea, and we said, “Now we have found our students. Here is a most beautiful station. Here it is that the goal of the Mission has been set up. Without doubt the students live here.”

But we were quickly aware of sundry young damsels, whose information was that this was Mbweni, the home of Miss Thackeray and her girls.

So sorrowfully we wandered back, inquiring everywhere for the students, for the hope of the Mission, the crown of the work, and no one seemed to understand.

But at last we found our way back to Kiungani, where some hundred boys live, and there we repeated our inquiries.

“Where does the Mission keep the students? Where is their college, their house?”

And an official of the school led us through a passage and a cloister, and he pointed to a small room, and said,—

“This is the college. Last term it was our sick-room, but now it’s the college!”

We gasped, and asked, “And where are the students?”

He said, “Some of them live outside with their wives. The unmarried students live with the schoolboys.”

Again we gasped.

We gazed upon that school official, and faintly asked, “And what staff of theological teachers have you?”

He laughed, and answered, “None. We all do a bit, and if one of us falls ill, the students go without. You see, we are all one station; and we are not allowed men
AN INCIDENT IN MISSION WORK.

We have had such a trouble here with the money lately. All the countries round about seem to use pice and rupees—a nominal value of 64 pice to the rupee, only we often have to give 67, 68, or even 70. Well, a number of German, East Africa Co., Muscat, and other queer pice have got into circulation, and last week it was announced that no pice would be accepted in any public office except Zanzibar or Indian coinage. The result was we were besieged by people bringing their bad pice, and begging for good. Half the people in the village said they were starving, no one would take their pice, and they could not buy food. So we appealed to the Government, and they consented to exchange the foreign pice for others on a certain day. Thereupon all the people came and brought us their bad pice, and a fine time we had of it. Many of the people do not know their own names; they have so long been called “Mama (mother of) Mary,” or “Baba (father of) Yohana,” that they really do not remember what their own names are.

This was the kind of thing that occurred:

“What is your name, Mama?” “I don’t know, but I have seven bad pice here.”

“Yes, Mama, but I have not got good pice to-day; you must tell me your name, and I will write it down, and the number of your pice, and you will come and fetch the good ones the day after to-morrow.” “I don’t know, Bibi.” General appeal to the neighbours:—“What is this Mama’s name?” “Mama Mashaka, Bibi; she lives near the carpenter.” (There are about twenty Mashakas round about, and dozens of people live near the carpenter.) “But what is her Christian name?” “She was baptized last Christmas, Bibi, but I don’t know what they called her.” “Margaret,” says one friend. “No, Maria.” “No, no, it was Elizabeth.” I give up the Christian name. “Well, what is her Swahili name?” “Mama Mashaka.” “Yes, I know her

enough for the double work. But there’s a man coming to help specially with the students. We want a college, we have asked for a college, and until we get a college nothing will go right. When the “new man comes, he must try to build a college.”

We faintly whispered, “We are the new man”; and thus we found the “college.”

And now the students are to have a college of their own; and those who build it will feel that they are beginning to crown the efforts of Bishop Steere and Bishop Smythies.

Will you help us? We are going to be very economical, and we are trying to shut our ears to the good advice of those who say we must have at least £1,000.

We ask for £500; and if we can’t do with that, we won’t be ashamed to say so!

But we will try, if you will all help us to get that sum for the building fund.

The chapel furniture will cost more, and perhaps some of you will send special gifts of money for that purpose, so that we may be able to have a pretty chapel.

You shall hear more of our plans soon.

F. W.
HARVEST IN PEMBA.

Most English people associate cloves with apple tarts; but perhaps many do not know how and where they are grown.

I believe the largest quantities are grown in Pemba and Zanzibar, though Penang cloves obtain the higher price because they are better gathered and dried.

At Wetí, for instance, in loading them for shipment, it has been usual to throw the sacks down a very steep cliff to the shore, so that the cloves are bruised and broken; but now that we have a Minister of Agriculture, he has been trying to teach the Arabs both how to harvest their cloves well and the culture of india-rubber and other products, so that they may not be entirely dependent on the profits of one commodity only; while Mr. Lister, on the Government shamba, has shown them practically how to obtain the best price in the market.

For many years the Arabs have been making ever larger and larger plantations of cloves in Pemba, besides the natural increase in the growth of the trees, and as the demand for cloves does not increase, they have produced more than they can sell, even allowing for the usual failure or partial failure of the crop every third year, and the price now is hardly more than half that of ten years ago. The scenery on the more inhabited side of the island is mostly high ridges of land with deep valleys and very many intersecting creeks, which are bordered with dense mangrove bushes. The valleys are planted with rice and sugar-cane, the ridges and the long sloping sides with clove trees or cassava, the whole producing a wonderful effect of verdure.

The clove trees have been symmetrically planted and are most beautiful, their fragrant, evergreen, glossy leaves shading to a deep red in the young shoots, and the bark a delicate grey. In the older plantations the trees are so tall they make a dense shade, and walking into some of the avenues from the glaring tropical sun one
feels as if one were entering a church. Some enterprising Arabs are cutting down alternate rows of trees to introduce light and air, and others have pruned their trees; but when they are in full bearing the main cultivation of the plantation consists in hoeing before the spring and autumn rains, so that the rain may reach the roots, and the leaves are always left under the trees—never cleared away. After the spring rains are over, the trees are watched with great interest for the budding crop; the cloves grow in bunches which gradually swell out, and are ready for gathering while still green, but full grown. When the buds turn bright red and break into blossom, they are spoiled for drying. Owing to the drought last year, the picking was delayed and did not become general till the end of September, but the crop has proved large and was still being gathered in when I received my last letter from Pemba, January 15th. In Zanzibar a curious kind of triangular ladder is used for gathering, but our Pemba trees are too high and must be climbed by men or boys, though at some risk, for the branches are very brittle. When gathered, all the workers—men, women and children—sit together stalking their various heaps. It requires a little knack to stalk quickly—a certain twist will stalk a whole bunch at once. And then the fragrant crop is spread on matting in the sun to dry, being carefully carried indoors before sunset. Three days' drying will generally complete the process, and when they are quite black they are put into sacks, weighed, and are ready for sale.

Having to wait for my husband at an Arab's shamba, I sat out of doors, where a group of slaves were stalking and watching eagerly the sun as it sank gradually lower. I volunteered to help, and when they were convinced that white hands could really work, they pushed a large basket towards me and the work went quickly on, though they were too shy to talk, perhaps because the overseer was there. When the task was over they promptly dispersed to cook their evening food, the only substantial meal of the day. Even the bunches which have contained the cloves are collected,

\[SACKS\ OF\ CLOVES\ AWAITING\ SHIPMENT.\]
HARVEST IN PEMBA.

upon a heap. "Can she do it?" I asked. "Oh, yes, Bibi; Pemba children can stalk as soon as they are born!" It is a bright scene, and they sing "clove" songs and chatter merrily, so that we were sorry to banish them, but the first drying gave us fever; the scent is so strong that you neither smell nor taste anything but cloves, and on inquiry we found that "clove fever" was so common among the Arabs, they had not thought it worth while to mention it! So, cloves and workers had to be placed at a distance. In a showery season strict watch has to be kept during the drying, and the mats on which the cloves are spread must be quickly carried under shelter. One of the European growers tried drying on glass for early cloves, to get them quickly into the market, and on the Government shamba a large shed was built containing huge trays in tiers, so that the cloves could be moved in and out with the least possible bruising.

Our free people will work continuously for many hours, and there is no doubt that the system of "piece" work is by far the best for them. Naturally the slaves are not so energetic, yet for them there are some privileges in harvest time, and I believe the domestic slaves expect new clothes when the crop is sold. Almost all the growers sell their cloves to the Hindu traders (to whom their lands are so often heavily mortgaged) to be shipped to Zanzibar and other places, and large quantities were stored in Weti when the recent incendiary fires broke out. A large portion of the Government revenue is derived from the duty on cloves, and the Sultan owns many large shambas in Pemba. As there were numbers of idle thieves about last year, many of them having been the first to claim their freedom, the Government made stringent regulations forbidding the traders to buy or sell green cloves, as it would have been much easier to dispose of them green than to dry them openly. And the Commissioner endeavoured to arrange paid labour for the Arabs who had lost all their slaves and had no means of gathering their crop; indeed in many cases they came to the few Englishmen in Pemba imploring them to harvest the cloves, so strong is their prejudice against paying their workers.

Numbers of Arabs have endeavoured to sell their shambas that they might return to Muscat. Whether the freed people will be able to maintain the culture of the cloves in small holdings, or whether the plantations will be largely cut down and cassava take their place, the next few years will show; the well-doing of the people, and therefore the prosperity of the island, largely depend on their having a real interest in the cultivation of the soil. E. K.
Little groups of people were already leisurely making their way down the village street to church. The bell had only just begun to ring, but everybody was anxious to be early, for was not a friend of the Squire's,—"a real, live missionary from Africa,"—going to preach to them this morning?

In front of them all a tall, broad-shouldered man was hurrying on with long, swinging strides, careless of the blazing August sun.

John Hirst was not usually unsociable, but to-day he seemed to wish to avoid his neighbours. They had a shrewd suspicion of the reason, and no one attempted to overtake him.

"Ah! poor fellow! he feels a bit sore, I'll be bound," said one woman. "He's been father and mother to her, as you might say, all these years, and now the girl's married and gone off miles away to set up house-keeping for herself. I'm thinking that John has maybe got a sort of cast-off, lonesome feeling like."

She was not far wrong.

As John Hirst sat alone in a corner of the church this summer's morning, waiting for the service to begin, life looked very blank to him. Alice Hirst had not meant to be ungrateful to the brother who had devoted himself to her ever since the two were left as orphans to the care of a rather cross-grained old aunt. Only she had not taken him very much into her confidence, and had seemed rather pleased than otherwise that her new home was at such a distance from him. John loved his rather empty-headed, commonplace young sister with a love which for eight years had shielded her from manifold annoyances and discomforts. For both as boy and man he had a will of his own, and, with him to stand up for her, not even the most tiresome of old aunts dared molest her. He felt sore and wounded when he remembered how blithely she had said good-bye to him yesterday. But when the beautiful service began he could not be miserable long.

With John Hirst religion was in very deed "devotion to a Person," and prayer and praise meant intercourse with One Whom he loved.

Then came the sermon, and not only he, but the whole of the little congregation were carried away by the appeal of a man who, as they knew, had himself sacrificed everything to obey his Master's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

They sang the special hymn, "Uplift the Banner." Even Hirst, whose ear was not a very perfect one, soon got hold of the tune, and he sang the hymn through with kindling eyes until at the last verse enthusiasm fairly choked his voice.

"Well, Hirst! what did you think of the sermon yesterday morning?" asked the Vicar as he joined him on his way home from work the next day.

"Think! why, sir, I've been thinking about it ever since! This is the first time I've been out of conceit with my trade."

"What do you mean, Hirst?"

"Well, sir, I've always been proud of being a carpenter before. You see"—and Hirst lowered his voice and got very red, for he was shy of speaking on sacred subjects—"it was our Blessed Lord's trade. But now I can't help wishing I hadn't been so stupid at my books, and they had made a schoolmaster of me; I might have been a bit of use out there then."

"But do you mean that if you were a schoolmaster you would go out to the Mission?"

"Like a shot, sir!"

The Vicar stood still in the road. "I don't know as much about it as I ought, but I believe that men of your trade are wanted out there as well as priests and schoolmasters and doctors. But come up
to the Hall with me, and we'll talk to the
Squire.”

The Squire confirmed what the Vicar
had said, and promised to write to his
missionary friend. The result of the
correspondence was that it was arranged
that during the next three months John
Hirst, with the Vicar's help, was to learn
all about the Mission and its working be­
fore he came to any decision.

“ Well, Hirst! are you still of the same
mind about going out? ”

The three months were almost over
when the Vicar asked the question.
“ Yes, sir, I think so.”

As a result of their joint study the Vicar
himself had become an enthusiastic about
the Mission, and it was with keen dis­
appointment, therefore, that he detected
a ring of indecision in Hirst’s answer.
“ Well, think it well over, and we'll talk
about it again next week.”

But it was only a day or two afterwards
that Hirst re-opened the conversation.
“ I've quite made up my mind, sir, that
I want to join the Mission.”
“ Are you certain? ”
“ Yes, quite certain, sir.”
“ Well, I think you know by this time
that it is not a work one dare take up
lightly. It costs too much for that. But
to tell you the truth, Hirst, I thought you
didn't seem so keen about it on Satur­
day.”

“ I know it seemed like that. But it
was this way, sir: I came straight to you
from Martin's cottage; and they all seemed
so jolly together there—he and his wife
and the children, and when you asked me
I suddenly thought of them and said to
myself, ' If you go there's not much chance
of that sort of thing for you!' But it
was only for a moment, sir. As I walked
home I laughed at myself for a fool. For
all these weeks I've known what I wanted,
and never for one second had a doubt
about it. And I'm sure that nothing I
shall leave here, and nothing I may have
to face out there, can ever make me leave
off thanking God for letting me go.”

The Squire of a certain little village is
sometimes heard to boast that he did a
good stroke of business for the Mission
when a year or two ago he brought down
his old college friend to preach. In con­
sequence of his sermon the Vicar has
stirred up the whole parish to be as zealous
for the cause as he is himself. The people
give freely of their money, their labour
and their prayers, and, to crown it all,
they have sent out to the work the very
best man—the best physically and morally
—that they had among them.

C. M. V.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A NEW USE FOR TAR!

All those who read African Tidings
have heard of white ants of
of course; how they get through the
floors of our houses and climb
up the bamboo walls and destroy nearly
everything they come across. Well, tar
helps to stop them a bit, so I had some put
down in my bedroom a few days ago, and
it proved useful in another way, for when
I went to bed, I saw that a small snake
had thought that it would be nice to crawl
through this beautiful "treacley" stuff;
but it had been too much for him, and
there he was stuck fast in the middle, and
dead too!
WHAT THE BLACK BOY EATS.

Tastes differ very much. What child will refuse a piece of chocolate at home? Yet I know at least one black boy who was ill after having quite a small piece. And yet he eats with much relish, either alive or cooked, a large flying ant, and he will frequently borrow a butterfly net to catch locusts, which, with wings removed and nicely fried, form a dainty dish. Our boys were horrified when they saw a lobster put on the table, and almost turned white when they saw us eating some. But, on the other hand, some black boys love to catch a large land lizard, about the size of a baby crocodile, and to eat it with their porridge. Tastes differ again with regard to eating sheep or goats. Some boys refuse to eat lamb or mutton, because, they say, their complexions will suffer; but all will eat goat flesh. Some of you might like bacon or ham, but most boys refuse to eat any part of a pig, whether fresh pork or cured. Most boys will eat beef, but many, on the other hand, refuse to eat hippopotamus, because, they say, it makes their hair come off. The Angoni on the hills, when they come down here for work, never hesitate to eat rats and mice. I have never seen a cat look better pleased than some Angoni whom I presented with a large fat rat. Fish, fresh or dried, boys will eat at all times, from tiny sprats to ugly mud fish. Wild fruits they are very fond of, but they warn you not to eat the tamarind, because, if you do, your teeth will fall out. When they once really did see some false teeth fall out, they were so scared that they ran away home.

Kota Kota, Jan. 8th, 1899. W. W. A.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

The March papers have been very well done; some of the Seniors did not understand that they were expected to answer all the questions. Those who only send answers one month cannot get prizes. The questions for May are taken from this year's African Tidings, and the answers must be sent before May 31st, to

The Editor of the Children's Page,
8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

Answer to March enigma,—
Makanyassa.
Andrew.
Gee.
Ivet.
Limbwe.
Askari.

MAGILA.
The winners for the March Competition were:

Seniors: 1st Prize—Dorothea Trott (Photos). 2nd Prizes—K. Webb (Photo), and F. Muriel Rawlinson (African Comb). Certificates—Katie Purdon, C. Mabel Wilson and Annie Carpenter.

Juniors: 1st Prize—Helena Scruby (African Doll). 2nd Prizes—Marjory Sparling (African Tidings, 1894), and Louise Magee (Photo). Certificates—Julia Edge, Rhoda Butler, Mary Trott, Frank Gander and Marianne Thicke.

COMPETITION FOR MAY.

1. Give an account in your own words of what the Kilimani boys did to help the poor starving people at Kichelwe.

2. Enigma.
(a) A hill in Palestine.
(b) Natives who have often carried off people from their homes.
(c) The Christian quarter in Zanzibar.
(d) The food destroyed by the locusts at Magila.
(e) The native deacon at Kichelwe.
(f) The place where the apprentices live in town. The initials of the answers give the name of a poor sick Kologwe boy.

3. Some Africans built their own Church and furnished it by St. John's Day; where was this?

4. What differences are there between the weddings at Mbweni and those in England; and what made the people rejoice so much at the Magila wedding just after last Ascension Day?

The Juniors need only answer two questions, the first and any one of the others.

RULES.

1. Competitors will be divided into two classes, in each of which Two Prizes will be given quarterly to those who have gained the highest number of marks. Class I., Seniors, those over 13 and under 17. Class II., Juniors, those under 13.

Certificates are given to those who take the 2nd and 3rd place. Holders of Six Certificates are entitled to a Prize.

2. One side of the paper only to be written on.

3. Name, age last birthday, and address to be written at the top of the first sheet.

4. Every paper to be signed by a parent or teacher to certify that it is the unaided work of Competitor.