



A FEW DAYS AT MKUZI.

A LITTLE idle time gives one a chance of writing for *AFRICAN TIDINGS*, and I think this time you may care to hear a little about

Mkuzi.

We left Zanzibar on Nov. 18th, and spent two days in our Mission House at Tanga—a great improvement on the old Cottage, where we used to go, with its three rooms upstairs and a nice verandah. The next day a train ran to Mheza, so we left at 12.30. A chair on poles was to be there to meet us, but (African like) it was not to its time, so we started to walk. We had not gone far, when we met a man running along with a chair with wooden arms perched upon his head; the bearers, he said, were behind, and in a few minutes two men came tearing along with stakes fresh cut from the hedge over their shoulders. Then there was some hunting for native rope, and in a short time I found myself perched in a chair upon four men's shoulders. I can't say the poles were very straight, and we now and then ran into stray branches sticking out on the way. This did but cause a little amusement, and so we went on our way.

It was nice to be at Magila again, and

the country looked more beautiful than ever. The children were away for the holidays, so three of us settled to visit Mkuzi: two sharing the Kologwe donkey, and myself again in a chair, but much superior to my former one, with bamboo handles and a foot-board, and no feeling of falling out down every hill. It was a beautiful morning with clouds about, which saved us from the sun. Our pace was four miles an hour. The journey was a delightful one: we seemed to meet fresh things at every turn to please the eye. Now a field of Indian corn just in its prime, then a variety of flowers: convolvulus, jasmine—pure white and full of fragrance—a large lobelia, and many others; and the birds sang gaily in the trees. Then, as the sun gained strength, we had another change, the hum of many insects and gay butterflies flitting about. Beyond Mheza the bearers rested, but soon we were off again, up one hill and down another, crossing three streams much swollen with rain from the day before, but the bearers splashed through, not being troubled with shoes and stockings. At last, as one began to think the way long, they called out, "Mkuzi is near, see the cocoanut trees." One turn more and we saw first the huts, then the Church, and then the Mission House with Padre Petro and Blandina standing ready to welcome us. How nice it was to be there, after hearing of Mkuzi for so many years. It is

a good house—a room for each of us, and a verandah to serve as dining-room. They were expecting us, and had got everything ready, and soon we had a lunch of curry and rice put before us, cooked by Blandina herself. They took such care of us, and brought us all the best fruits—pineapples, mangoes, bananas, etc.

Mkuzi Church
west end



At evensong we saw the Church for the first time. I think it the most beautiful in this district, though Magila and Misozwe are very nice also. Mkuzi is built of stone and plaster mixed with the red mud of the country, which gives it such a warm tint. I believe Mr. Mercer designed it, and very dignified it is; and as to the building, which Mr. Allen overlooked with such care, I only wish he could see it now, with not a crack or flaw. It shows how well he must have trained the native workers. The place seemed to speak to us of many

people, some passed away, and others many miles apart. In the churchyard rests Mr. Geldart, who worked with such spirit and devotion years ago. Then one native would come up and ask about Mr. Godfrey Dale, others speak of Mr. Wallis and Dr. Palmer. These simple people do not forget their friends. Then in the evening the village girls would come and teach Miss D. Bondei and be very merry over it. Padre Petro is very fond of his Church, and it was with joy we entered into the services, and saw the devout congregation at the early celebration.

One striking thing at Mkuzi is the beautiful distant view through the Nyika

from MKUZI
looking east.



(wilderness) on and on to the sea, which you see as a faint blue line upon the horizon. The extensive view is ever changing as the day goes on—now grey, then blue, etc.; it is a constant pleasure.

The last night they had a native dance in our honour. The moon was past its first quarter, and the first thing we heard of the dancers was a little call in their throats, which was answered from village to village, and came nearer and nearer, and then they came singing and dancing along and formed into a ring; there were many young women among them, and most graceful they were—always singing and clapping their hands and going round and round. Some of the chief men of the village joined them, the women taking the high part of the song, and the men the refrain. And as they

danced the song got lower and lower, until nothing was left but a hum from the men like the far distant roar of a lion.

The scene was very strange and yet picturesque; in this dim half light you caught every now and then the flash of a bracelet, anklet, etc. Most of them were dressed in simple blue.

At ten they broke up, and in the morning many of the dancers turned up to carry us and our loads. One last look at the distant country, the mango plantation—trees which had been planted by John Swedi, the tall bananas planted, I am told, in Mr. Dale's time—and a last lingering look at the Church, and we are off.

T. KUZI
looking towards
Magila



The early morning was cool and refreshing, and the ride home more beautiful than coming, for we had the grand mountains of Magila before us, ever growing nearer.

Here and there, in the midst of waving corn and plenty, one was reminded of the famine still so fresh in many minds; a path much used formerly was now grown over. You raise your eyes, and beyond you see palms rising and bananas waving, a few stakes standing of what was once perhaps a thriving village, with merry children's voices: where are they? Dispersed and gone, and many, alas, dead.

But one's thoughts turn to the Magila girls' school of 150, and the twenty orphans, and one thinks what good may these few do in the future?

Surely the prayers and money so freely

spent on the Bonde country will in God's time bear fruit a hundred-fold!

And now we go on our way, Mheza is passed, and the porters are not a bit tired, but vie with each other who can get to Magila first; so we trot along and, turning a bend in the hills, once more we see Magila in sight; on we go, getting ever nearer, and as we mount the hill groups of boys stand to welcome us, and we realize that Magila is now its old happy self, full of children, full of work, and full, surely, of the prayers and good wishes of our friends at home.

MAGILA, Nov. 29th, 1900.

M. A. B.



THE USUAL FATE OF AFRICAN HOUSES AFTER TWO OR THREE YEARS' WEAR.

From photographs by DR. HOWARD at Likoma.



THE KOLOGWE RAILWAY.

THE making of the railway to Kologwe by the Germans is going on apace. We must expect a European town at Kologwe soon. Two wide streets are measured out near to the site for the railway station. What effect this will have on our work remains to be seen, but, anyhow, we must be thankful that the Church is here, and has an increasing hold on the native population. Even to Europeans we may be useful. Only to-day I was summoned to the sick bed of an Italian working on the railway.

W. H. K.

November 15th, 1900.

THE FAMINE AT MASASI.

WE shall have a sad Christmas, I fear, here. I told you we had absolutely no harvest. The corn was totally destroyed by blight, and our people have been existing on cassava and other roots and grasses; but this very soon exhausted their own little plantations. However, on the Makonde the blight did little damage to the crops, and thither crowds of people are pouring every day (it is two days' journey from here), seeking for food of any description. The Makonde people, as you know, live in the bush, some a day's journey from any water, and so, in exchange for a few cassava roots, our people carry to them a water vessel containing about two gallons of water. This on a woman's head for a tramp through the bush of about six hours, and at this the hottest season too, under a terribly fierce sun, is poor payment; but they are only too eager to get the food

even at this hard price, for in a few weeks the rains will be here, and the Makondes will have no further need of the water.

We have opened up works in order to help them, and are getting up rice from the coast as quickly as possible—buying it entirely in *faith* that our friends will find the means of paying for it. Our course is quite clear, and that is to do the very best we can to alleviate the pangs of hunger for the next *six months*. Pray for them much and for us this Christmas-tide.

A. H. CARNON.

PEMBA.

Mr. Lister, writing in November, speaks of the great pleasure he has had in welcoming back Sir John and Lady Key to Pemba. "We are wonderfully free," he adds, "from serious illness, even jiggers have slackened down. Now and then we have a bad case. For instance, I was going round the plantations this morning, when I heard a sing-song, whining kind of crying going on in a house as I passed. I went in and found a boy sitting on the floor, looking very *pale* and thin, and with two such awful feet. Every nail on both feet seemed to have rotted off. He had covered the places with lime and chopped grass! Poor boy! he will be better in a day or two if they follow my instructions."

THE BUILDING OF UNANGU CHURCH.

THE church is going on splendidly, and will be quite finished by All Saints' Day, when the Bishop will dedicate and bless the building. I should like you to see this church. I think the Bishop will be pleased with it.

We have made the Bishop an ebony pastoral staff. I shall give it to him when he arrives; he knows nothing about it yet.

Oh, the difficulties of building in Central Africa! We came here to build a church, and there is not much to guide one as to the whereabouts of building materials in

an African village. The first week or so was spent in finding suitable materials:—stones, trees, clay for brick-making, etc. The timber is a great business; we cannot go to a timber merchant and buy what we want. We must first find the trees, then fell them, and saw them into beams, etc.; and in erecting a building like a church, which must be wide, it needs very large trees to make the beams. We were fairly fortunate here and found some fine trees within four miles of the Mission. Stones for building of a fairly good quality abound; the stone is of a granite nature and is faced by hammering the exposed part fairly smooth. Clay for brick-making we found quite close to the station, but the firewood to burn the bricks was three miles away; we have burnt 50,000 bricks. All the firewood to burn these bricks has had to be brought here by women, who bring in two loads every day. But you have not finished your troubles in Central Africa when you have your building materials; in fact, your troubles have only just begun, for our workpeople are not experienced masons who can build straight and upright. Some of the work has to come down several times before it is in a fit state to leave. Then your pit-sawyers do not saw the timber as straight as you would like, and that gives the carpenters a vast amount of trouble to prepare. The only part of the building that is not a very great bother is the thatching; the natives do that very well. We make an ornamental cresting to put on the ridge, which makes a finish to the building. I think Bishop Steere was the originator of this cresting at Masasi. The church is 28 feet wide and about 114 feet in length.

J. PERCY CLARKE.

UNANGU, October 23rd, 1900.

The architect, Mr. F. George, sends these further particulars:—

“The windows are tall, lancet-shaped, with double recessed jambs built in brick; ornamental brick string courses and

cornice run round the church. There are three steps up to the choir, another three to the sacarium, and three more returned round the altar, which stands in the centre of the east apse. The seat for the Bishop is recessed in the sanctuary wall, and another on the opposite side for the officiating minister. There is a spacious vestry at the west end. The walls are two feet thick, and there are three-foot pins every ten feet, so I hope the building will last.

“Most of the bricks are made from ant-hill clay mixed with water and trampled on by women. When dry they are burnt in clamps. We also use ant-hill earth for mortar; it dries very hard. We are building the altar and steps in lime mortar, but have not very much, as it has to be brought a day’s journey from here. I don’t know what architects in England would think of our method of burning lime. We dig a shallow hole in the ground and fill it with charcoal and limestone, keeping it red hot by two pairs of bellows made of goat skins. A Yao native has carved the rood beam, all the door frames and lintels, also the retable.

“The heathen seem to take great interest in the building and are continually asking if they may look at it. The chief Kalanji visits it almost every day.”

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RESCUING SLAVE CHILDREN.



OR a very long time we have been longing to do something to help young women in town, and now a house is really to be started.

Sad to say, there are many young women who were once Christians,

but have quite fallen away. Some seem to wish to return, but would have no means of livelihood if they left the Mohammedan or heathen man with whom they are living. It is thought that if we could offer them a shelter and some industrial work it might give many a fresh chance. Perhaps, too, it might help such a case as came before us last week, and which seemed so pitifully sad that I think it decided me to put your money to this work. A little girl was brought to us by Miss Foxley (one of our town ladies), who



THE MNAZI MOJA ROAD, ZANZIBAR.
(Photo by GOMEZ.)

had heard how cruelly she was being treated. We took her in, and in course of a week or so got her paper of freedom. She contrived to communicate with a little fellow-slave, who promptly ran away and came to us, arriving at dark one Saturday. We took her in, and it was settled I should go to town on Monday and try and find out about the case. The children's stories did not agree very well—truth is almost an unknown virtue with a heathen native.

However, on Monday morning, just as we had begun school, I was called from the

class room to see a stranger who had come. She said she had lost her much-loved daughter, and had heard we had got her. It was this second child—Kisanini. We said we would make enquiries, and had no desire to steal any one's children. The child stuck to it that the woman was her mistress, not her mother, so by the advice of John Swedi—a native deacon—we kept the girl, and he got rid of the so-called mother for us.

Next day a soldier and another man appeared to demand the stolen child. The second man said he was brother to our first visitor. Miss Thackeray sent hurriedly for a capable native woman, named Hope, and sent her into town too, though, as they had appealed to Government, we began to wonder whether they had not some right on their side. On the way to town the man with many threats told the child she was to say she had never been a slave, and that the woman in question was her real mother. The child had never seen Hope before, so thought herself helpless, and told the authorities what she had

been ordered. Hope then spoke out, and the child's courage all came back, and she distinctly said her real mother and she were both slaves to this woman, and were very badly treated. The Court asked her if she deliberately chose to stay with the Mission—for, you see, a child can't be freed unless she has some means of support. Kisanini so clearly said, "I want to live at the Mission," that the soldier was ordered to deliver her to us, and her papers of freedom were made out.

Both these children are settling down and beginning to grow young in the won-

derful way they do when they come to us.

Now for the sad story. Kisanini did as she had been done by, and let a fellow-slave know, and a third girl came to us. Alas! she was much bigger; we could not possibly have had her here. I don't suppose she would have submitted to the discipline long if we had taken her in, but it did seem very dreadful to have to refuse her.

A slave who has grown up to womanhood in such a sink of wickedness as Zanzibar might have done untold harm in our house. Our poor children would many of them be led wrong only too easily, and to take in young women like that would probably mean doing them no good and ruining our present work. A slave of that age is valuable, and she was forcibly seized by her master in town next day. Even if she had got her freedom, we could not have guaranteed her work, for we are at our wits' end to find work for our own people. If this proposed new house can start some native industry, such a girl as that might have been taken in. There must be so many similar cases in town. I hope to come home in May, and by that time I shall be able to tell you more about this new work.

The town is such a wonderful place, full of Arabs, Hindis, Banyans, Parsees, Somalis, Goas, etc., etc., a few Japanese, Greeks, and other odds and ends, and then, lowest in the social scale, the Swahilis, the natives of the place. The mixture seems to be a very bad thing morally, and it is very hard for native Christians to go on well when they settle in town. So often, owing to our very small staff, it has not been possible to look them up. I am sure the Ladies' Mission House, which only started a year and a half ago, will make a difference.

Zanzibar is too often left with one priest! and it has had seven different priests in charge in the course of three years. One man was left alone and in

charge when he had been out a month! I don't know what English parish would survive this treatment, and when you consider the language difficulty here, it is a bad look-out. The ladies can, at any rate, visit and tell the people of services, and have classes, etc., and keep in touch with them; and ladies can always be found and priests can't. A Bishop is, of course, our most crying want just now. M. A.

MBWENI, September 23rd, 1900.

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A GREAT DAY FOR KOTA-KOTA.



SEPTEMBER 8th, 1900, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was a happy day at Kota-Kota, for on that day was solemnized the first Christian wedding in that place. It had been long looked forward to, and excitement started when the banns were first published. The bridegroom was one of the native teachers on the station, and the bride an assistant-teacher in the girls' school. The wedding was arranged to be at half-past seven in the morning, and punctually to time the bridal party arrived at the church. As it is fashionable in England to describe the dresses, we cannot do better than do so in this case. The bride was attired in a white teitei and veil. The latter, however, was not worn over the head, but across the shoulders. Her head was covered with a fancy red handkerchief! The bridegroom wore a long white kanzu, over which was a black waistcoat embroidered with gold lace. The best man was similarly attired. Everybody else in the congregation had also decked themselves out for the occasion, most of the men wearing white, and the women and girls arrayed in the most gorgeous garments that were to be obtained in the place. The ceremony was most impressive. The bride spoke in such soft, low tones that the priest was evidently the only one who could hear her responses, and he seemed to have some difficulty in doing

so. The marriage service, which was choral, the congregation joining heartily in singing the psalm and "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" in Chinyanja, was followed by a nuptial celebration of the Holy Eucharist. As the bridal pair left the church to the strains of "The Wedding March," three loud cheers were given for them. The procession from the church was thoroughly African. The bridegroom led the bride by the little finger of her right hand. On each side of the pair was a groomsman carrying an umbrella, which he held over their heads. The first stoppage was at the big tree, where the inevitable photographer was in waiting, and obtained a snapshot of the group. They then proceeded to the girls' school, where a preliminary reception was held, and tea dispensed to all those who came to offer their congratulations. The big feast of the event, however, was at two o'clock, and was laid in the boys' school. Here a gorgeous repast was in waiting—goat flesh, porridge, bananas, rice and everything that is dainty to a native palate. The hour of the feast was announced by the ringing of a bell and shouting, and then the procession, still attended by umbrella-bearers and the children of the place, was seen to be slowly approaching. As it reached the scene of the feast three more hearty cheers were given for the happy pair, and then the meal started. At the conclusion those who were not so fortunate as to be invited were pleased to see several bowls of food come out for them. The event was further celebrated by everybody on the station keeping holiday.

R. J. DELL.

September 19th, 1900.

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THE MAGILA BABY.



T'S now a year and more since I told you of the Magila baby, so I expect my Coral League friends have almost forgotten his very existence: he has not allowed us to do so, you may be sure.

I told you his history, so far as we know it, and of his baptism, etc. (see *AFRICAN TIDINGS* for January, 1900). Since then Daudi has had many ups and downs and fights for life; day by day, week in and week out, we feared he must die. Over and over again Nurse would remark, "I don't think poor little Daudi can pull through this attack." First it was dysentery, then chicken-pox, chest complaint, etc.; in fact, every week it was something or other—we quite despaired of his ever getting even fairly well—and through it all he was so good and would take all that was given him in the way of food or medicine without a murmur; and that was, as Nurse said, "his only chance." But now look at him in this picture, and I think you will agree that we might well be proud of our baby boy; he is quite plump and jolly, getting so cheerful and full of life and spirits. He was such a sad, melancholy little mite, scarcely ever smiled even, but would look up at us with solemn eyes, making one wonder so much what was in his little mind. At one time we were much afraid he was becoming a spoilt child, he was so naughty, and would insist that all the ladies (there were four of us) should stand by and watch him take his food; if not, he would refuse to eat and would scream for one of us to feed him. He comes to our house for his breakfast and tea. The former consists of half a cup of porridge and milk, and his tea is a piece of bread and a little milk. Well, one day he worked himself up into a tremendous temper because the ladies were too busy to spare the time to look on. We decided that this would not do. Daudi must be taught he cannot have all he wants, or get his own way. The next time he was naughty or refused to eat because one of us would not feed him, he was carried off screaming, and his porridge was left on the table; it was not a complete cure, but Daudi gave in and took his food from Margaret that afternoon, but she said he had been very cross all the day. Now I must tell you of his little foster-mother,

Margaret. You will see her in the picture with Daudi at tea. She is a little girl of about thirteen years old, whose mother has the charge of Daudi. Last year their own little babe died, and just at that time we were wanting some one to take Daudi, as the woman who had been looking after him was leaving the neighbourhood. Margaret came up and begged we would let her mother have Daudi, as their own baby was dead and she had no baby to nurse or look after. We sent for her mother and she was quite willing to have the child, and now for more than a year Daudi has lived with them. He is quite one of their own and they all love him; little Margaret has been so good to him, nursing and caring for him both by day and night. He is quite her baby, and he loves her and she can do anything with him. Now she is trying hard to teach Daudi to walk alone. Owing to his being starved and his many illnesses, he is very backward both in walking and talking; he can only just say a few words. Margaret's ambition is to see Daudi walk.

About a year ago we had a claimant for Daudi: a woman came here saying we had her baby, he had been brought to us in the famine, etc. At first we were afraid we might really have to part with our pet, but after hearing her story, which did not in any way agree with the account we had when the child was found, we came to the conclusion the woman was mistaken; but, alas! how were we to convince her? I told her she must bring for-

ward witnesses who could prove the boy was hers, and then we would send the case to the Government to be settled, and she would probably be punished for child desertion, as she owned she had thrown the child away because she had no food to give it. Padre Sehoza saw her and told her what she



DAUDI AND MARGARET MFUMBWA.

must do, adding that Daudi could not be her child, as he had been found in quite an opposite direction to that in which she said she had left her child; but that it was quite possible her baby was one of the many brought to the Mission in those days, and probably he had died in our care, etc. The

end of the matter was, she went away and was very undecided what to do, but since then we have neither heard nor seen anything of her. We felt she was in no way fit to have the care of so delicate a child; he must have died very soon if left to the charge of such a person. So Daudi is still the Magila baby, and we hope to keep him with us. Some day the father may turn up and claim him, but the real mother, we know, is dead. The Mission will go on mothering Daudi if God spares his life.

L. M. DUNFORD.

MAGILA, Nov. 24th, 1900.

THE BOYS' HOME, KILIMANI.

THE Home is still very full, though eight boys, the whole of the first class, went to Kiungani College at Michaelmas, and four have gone to Mazizini for industrial work. Three rather big boys, who brought themselves here, took themselves away again after some months' residence. They were probably thoroughly tired of the routine and discipline; and one small child, sent by General Raikes, was claimed by his parents, who had lost him in the town. We have taken *fifteen* into the Home during the year, and there are now fifty boarders and twenty-two day scholars. The health of the boys has been excellent all through the year. In January we were threatened with small-pox, a new-comer from Ng'ambo failing with it a few days after his arrival. Only mothers with big families can understand the intense anxiety of the next three weeks; but, to our great joy and thankfulness, no one else had it.

The seventh Anniversary of the Home was kept on the 25th and 26th June, when all our old boys were present, among whom were seven teachers. The mothers of the day boys had tea with us in the afternoon, and at 4 p.m. the Chaplain gave them a little address.

The Rev. Frank Weston, warden of S. Mark's College, examined the School this

year, and thus writes of it? "I examined the School on Monday, September 25th, and the two following days. I was much struck with the general smartness of the boys, and their quickness and accuracy in their written work. Regarding the examination as a whole, I consider it to be excellent, and can only wish the School as successful a year in 1901."

The enlargement of the Home by a new wing, which has been so long and so sorely needed, is now fairly begun, and we hope may be completed by Easter, or at least before the next Anniversary. We are adding a small chapel, for now that we have a chaplain of our own (Mr. Weston) this becomes a necessity. It will be a very simple building of mud faced with stone, and an iron roof, to hold eighty boys. The altar will be the only adornment.

Our funds are still inadequate, though we have been most generously helped by our Northern friends. The boys also have contributed over £40 by their basket work, which has found a ready sale in the town. Twelve boys were confirmed by the Bishop of Mombasa at Whitsuntide; about twenty more are being prepared for Confirmation; seven have been admitted as Catechumens; there are still six heathens.

Miss Stevens, who has devoted all her skill and energy to the school for three years of unprecedented good health, went home in October for eight months' rest, and Miss Bowen, from Swansea, will carry on her work during that time.

November, 1900.

D. Y. MILLS.



PAOLO SUDI.



DEAR CHILDREN,—

I AM home from Mbweni for my year's rest, and though I have nothing fresh to tell you about the 130 brown people who either teach or are taught at Mbweni House every day, yet I want to write to you on this the last night of the year and of the century. It is a solemn time for every one. We are all of us looking back and thinking with sorrow of the faults, and failings, and sins which we have been guilty of in the 19th century, and looking forward with hope and eagerness, and renewed trust in God, to the work which He means us to do for Him in the 20th, praying that whatever we do, our lives may be to His glory, and, if it be His will, His kingdom may be the very least little bit set forward by our means.

It is the duty of all Christians to do what in them lies for missionary work. If we value our religion, if we love our Saviour, we must want to let others know about Him. Besides, as the Duke of Wellington said, we have our marching orders, "Go ye into all the world," and we cannot disobey them.

But, dear children, it is very few who can really themselves go. Of course, we who can must go, we should be simply disobeying God if we didn't; and though it is a long, long way off, and we are often lonely and very often ill, yet the joy of knowing that you are doing exactly what God meant you to do, outweighs everything else. And then think of the lovely things we see—the beautiful sun shining in His strength, the moon so bright that we can see to read by her light, the quantities of flowers, and the blue sea, and waving palm

trees, and the fun of travelling and seeing real brown people at home—not dressed up niggers on the beach—and the new language, and living so much out of doors. Oh! I assure you there is a great deal that is uncommonly nice, and I for one am only longing to be back again! I am unfeignedly sorry for those who have to stay at home, as I know it is the duty of most of you to do. It is such dull work, comparatively, just to give, say a penny a week to the Mission, or to collect shillings from other people at the end of the year. But it is very necessary work, for though we are so happy out there, yet we must eat, and food costs money, and many of us have not the means to pay for it ourselves, nor to pay for the long expensive journey either. Truly, in doing this dull work you are obeying our Master's marching orders. Livingstone, the great African traveller, the founder of our Mission, said God's blessing would rest on all those who "helped to heal this open sore of the world" in the heart of Africa; and surely it will rest on you, for you are helping—very really helping.

And still far more than your pennies, we want your prayers. I wish I could at all make you understand how very, very much we want your prayers. Bishop Steere said, "We should be poor and weak indeed if it were not for the intercessions of the great Church at home." Before I went to Zanzibar myself, I could not in the least understand what Bishop Steere meant. I thought, what difference could it make to a great man like that, if I, a girl, prayed for him, so I didn't bother,—but I know now how wrong I was. Often, when I am feeling so very happy, I stand still and

wonder why it is, and then I know it is because so many good people at home are asking for God's blessing on our work, and He answers their prayers like this:—and when the dark side of things is uppermost, this is even more the case. When one is lonely, or ill, or when you have some misunderstanding with a fellow-worker, and the children are more tiresome than you can say, and everything you try to do goes wrong, then people's intercessions seem not like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, but like the very rock itself, holding you up all round so that you cannot fall, and you take heart and go on again and make up your mind that at any rate you will *try* to be worthy of all the people who are looking to you to do the work they cannot do themselves in the far heathen land.

A rock, which looks in the distance like one great solid mass, is really made up of the tiniest grains joined together by some hidden force; and so this rock of prayer which supports us in our work in Africa, is made up of many prayers of many people, the tiniest prayer of the tiniest child, as well as those of grown people, all joined together by the dear Saviour's love, and offered by Him to the Father, to return in blessing back to earth in that far heathen land.

So, dear little ones, most of whom I do not know and shall never see, begin now at once to pray for Missions, if you have not already begun; and if you have begun, go on and on, more and more. We shall probably never meet even in this 20th century, which has begun whilst I am writing, either in England or in Africa, but perhaps God will let us some day go to that Better Land of all, and then I think we shall know each other.

Your Friend,

ELLEN M. NELSON.

December 31st, 1900.

TO THE "AFRICAN TIDINGS" COMPETITORS.

C. Mabel Wilson and Bernard Webb found the answer to the acrostic:—(a) Pa(lm), (b) chi, (c) A.—Pachia.

RESULT OF THE DECEMBER COMPETITION.

Seniors.—Full marks, 32. B. Webb, 30; S. Aldersey, 29; C. M. Wilson, 24; E. Wilson, 23; P. Haigh, 21; R. Butler, 13.

Juniors.—Full marks, 12. H. Webb and C. Thornton, 11; D. Smith, G. Court, A. A. Gegg and A. Drummond, 10; M. Sparling and C. Watts, 9; J. P. Batten, G. Butler, F. Scarlett, E. Drummond, F. King, J. B. Oliver, and K. Gale, 8; M. Rood, E. Whitcombe, A. Edwards, D. Gale, and E. M. Thicke, 7; B. Wilkinson, 6; A. Butterworth and W. G. Norman, 5.

FEBRUARY COMPETITION.

Seniors.

1. Write a short account of Kasamba in your own words.
2. Where has the New College been built?
3. What do people mean by saying "the honey" caused the famine?
4. How is a missionary like a soldier?

Enigma.

- (a) The place where a famine is beginning.
- (b) The chief ruler in Zanzibar.
- (c) A Mission working in East Africa.
- (d) A tribe that eats rats.
- (e) A Kilimani boy who has lately entered Kiungani College.
- (f) The man in charge of the lepers.

The initials of the answers give the name of one of the largest of the lake-side villages.

Juniors.

1. Write a little account in your own words of some hearers receiving the cross at Kasamba.
 2. What do you know of Kiungani?
 3. At what place is the church now too small?
- For Rules, see January number.

PRIZES FOR THE MICHAELMAS QUARTER.

Seniors.

1st Prize.—Bernard Webb (*The Making of a Missionary*).

2nd Prize.—Rhoda Butler (*East Africa in Picture*).

Certificates.—C. M. Wilson, E. Wilson, and S. Aldersey.

Juniors.

1st Prize.—Gladys Court (*The Golden Ship*).

2nd Prize.—Marjory Sparling (vol. of *African Tidings*).

Certificates.—F. Scarlett and H. Webb.

Answers to be sent before February 28th, to
The Editor of the Children's Page,
8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.