LETTERS FROM EAST AFRICA . 1895—1897 . . .

ZANZIBAR HARBOUR.

1895—1897 By GERTRUDE WARD Author of "Life of Bishop Smythies" With Illustrations and a Map

LONDON: OFFICE OF THE

9
DARTMOUTH STREET WEST-
MINSTER S.W 1899

To

D. M. W.

MOST FAITHFUL CORRESPONDENT

PREFATORY NOTE

A GLANCE at the contents of this little book will show the reader that the Letters (with three exceptions) were written in all simplicity to relations and friends for private perusal, without the least idea of publication. They are published now, with some diffidence, in the hope that a plain record of the daily life of a Nurse in an up-country mission station may be not entirely without interest to a part of that large public which cares increasingly for things African.

In 1895 I had the happiness of joining the staff of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa: naturally the Letters deal mainly with the missionary life, and some indulgence is

asked on this account from those readers who are not attracted by that life.

With the exception of some omissions of personal matter, and a few verbal alterations to suit the needs of a changed audience, the Letters are printed exactly as they were written.

G. W.

ALGIERS, *Nov.* 3, 1899.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

To D. M. W.

SS. *BUNDESRATH*, *Sunday*, *November* 24, 1895.—I am afraid a pencil scrawl is all I can manage to send from Port Said, which I'm told we shall reach to-morrow; but I'll give you as much narrative as I can. We left Naples after all sooner than we expected—were on board by noon, in fact, the day after I wrote, so we did not see Pompeii or any other sights. It was a great relief to us all not to be hanging about any more in uncertainty. The two or three hours preceding the start were very amusing, as crowds of Neapolitans kept coming on board to sell their wares, and such ridiculous wares too—jewelry, corals, combs, photographs, chairs, boots, flowers, fruit, etc. In the midst of all this jumble two letters were handed to me, . . . then later on your most welcome and delightful telegram, which sent me off quite happy. Then off we went, and the beautiful bay looked lovely in the afternoon light, and we walked up and down, and felt so happy to be really off at last; the sea was so calm, and I thought I was such a splendid sailor. . . . Then came the evening, dark and cold, and when the dinner-bell rang I politely declined to go down!

That was Thursday. Shall I draw a veil over the succeeding three days? No, let me proceed with a plain tale. The night was fairly good, . . . and next morning I got up quite "spry," and went down to breakfast, and then settled down in a good solid chair that happened to be standing in a sheltered spot. It was wet and very windy, and I was glad to keep still. In that chair I sat for hours, and it got rougher and rougher, and I was listening to a succession of crashes and clashes down below when suddenly there came a louder crash near at hand, and to my great astonishment I found myself and chair flung prostrate on to the deck, where we lay helpless till a dozen willing hands picked us up and put me in the chair, and tied chair to rail, and we kept steady for some hours more. When it grew dusk I feebly asked if some one would take me to bed. Mr. C. manfully did his best, but I was so utterly *ohnmächtig* that he had to hand me over to the captain, who half carried me downstairs, where I have remained ever since! Isn't this a disgraceful state of things? The odd part is that I have not been sick once, and hardly even felt sick; it is only this ridiculous form of *mal de mer*, being so weak and paralysed that one can hardly move. However, my excuse is that the weather has been *real* bad—even the first officer admitted that it was, and lots of other people keep below too, so I am not alone in disgrace. It's going to be fine to-morrow, and after Port Said it's never rough, so they say, and I shall be as lively as possible.

. . . Of the passengers I really have seen nothing. They are nearly all Germans, and I rejoice to hear so much of that beloved tongue. The stewardess, of course, and some of the men won't believe that I'm an *Engländerin*, and we chatter away in most friendly fashion.

I cannot believe this is Sunday afternoon—a whole week since I sat writing to you in Paris! It seems only yesterday, and yet how much has happened in the week. . . . I am thinking of you all, all day long, and don't after all feel so *very* far away!

Monday morning, November 25.—I must add a line to say that the weather is superb; I am as fresh as a daisy, and everything is as beautiful as can be. What an extraordinary experience it is, feeling one day so desperately weak, and the next as well as ever one did! We reach Port Said either in the night or very early in the morning, so perhaps after all we shall not see it, as we only stay a few hours for coaling. The next stop for posting letters will be Suez, and I believe Aden comes about December 2.

To J. P. W.

S.S. *BUNDESRATH*, IN THE RED SEA, *Saturday, November* 30, 1895.—I daresay you will agree with me that it is now *your* turn for a letter; but you must not mind if it is a rather untidy one, as

the wind blows the paper about and makes writing a somewhat unsteady performance. Well, you will want to know something more of my experiences since Port Said. First, I must tell you that the weather has been *splendid*, and I have been as well and lively as possible; in fact, the recollection of two helpless days in bed a week ago is so shadowy that I can hardly believe they really existed. The day that I sent off my letter to D. was such exquisite weather, and I began to understand what people mean by "enjoyment" of the sea. The colouring was so lovely, and the ship glided so smoothly and swiftly through the blue water. We wanted to reach Port Said in the day-time; but, as it happened, it was eleven o'clock at night before we got there, so going on shore was out of the question—for ladies, at least. I believe a good many of the men went. To see the place all lighted up against the clear night sky was a pretty sight; and I daresay we saw it thus at its best, for I believe it is a squalid horrid place in reality. The moment we anchored, a quantity of small boats came hovering round the ship, filled with medley crews clamouring, mostly in English, for people to come on shore, or to buy their wares. We anchored some little distance from the shore, and then a number of big black coal barges came alongside, ready for the process of coaling. This took place during the night, however, when I was fast asleep, so I heard nothing of the noise and disturbance that I believe went on for hours.

Next morning, when I got up, I found we were in the Suez Canal, which I had always heard was such a dully dreary place, but which I found the most romantic experience I had yet had. First of all, the beautiful colouring and wonderful atmosphere are a delight to English eyes; and then, every few minutes, there seemed to be something new and strange to see —a herd of camels on the sandy hills, strange craft, with still stranger boatmen, going up and down, then quantities of delicious wild Arab boys (dressed in a portion of a nightgown, or less) racing along the banks keeping up with us in the hope of people throwing them oranges or *backshish*, which they scrambled after in sand or sea with amusing good-tempered eagerness—for all the world like our "street arabs" beside a 'bus or tram! Every now and then we met another ship, and as the deep part of the canal is only wide enough for one at a time to pass, one ship always has to move to the side and be "tied up" while the other steams by. We were lucky in only being tied up once; sometimes the delays are very tedious.

One very strange thing happened the day we were there: the one large ship for whose sake we were tied up happened to be the *Staffordshire*, whose captain is a nephew of Miss B.; and she was able to have quite a long conversation with him as he went past, much to the amusement of the passengers. Wasn't it odd that of all the ships in all the world just these two should pass on that day? I couldn't help thinking

what would have been my feelings if it had been A. on the captain's bridge! Well, we went on slowly and peacefully till the sun set and the moon shone brightly, and then the place was even more romantic and strange, for every ship at sunset lights an immensely powerful electric light fixed on the bows, which lights the water and both shores for a long distance ahead, and then everything we meet is illuminated by this marvellous radiance, and the commonest objects, such as dirty old sand-dredging machines, are transformed into fairy-palaces a thousand times more enchanting than any transformation scene at a pantomime. We reached the end of the Canal late at night, and this time, outside Suez, we had a more lively time even than at Port Said. In a moment a perfect swarm of small boats surrounded us, manned by Arabs in every kind of picturesque garment, all long and flowing, some white, some dark, and all with white turbans. They had quantities of oranges, figs, dates, Turkish delight, etc., to sell, and were calling out in shrill guttural Arabic or loud broken English; while with extraordinary agility they clambered up the sides of our ships just like monkeys, and hung on by bare feet and clinging hands while they bargained with the passengers. From one boat three or four in white garments stealthily crept on board, but the sailors soon chivied them off; and I never saw anything so funny as a German "Jack Tar" chasing these white-robed beings off the ship, and administering a sound thwack with a rope end

on the back of the unlucky last one! All this was going on in bright moonlight somewhere near midnight, and presented the weirdest possible scene. We got an Englishman to buy us some figs and oranges, which were very welcome. I don't know how long these wild proceedings went on, as I retired to bed while they were in full swing. Next morning we were still in the Gulf of Suez, but soon got into the Red Sea, where we still are. Aden we are supposed to reach to-morrow. The heat so far is not excessive; in fact, for the Red Sea it is quite pleasant. Since Suez there has been a good deal more wind—a disadvantage as far as smoothness goes, but most welcome in that it keeps us cool. A few minutes ago this sheet was blown away from my hand, and would have perished in the sea but for the timely help of a friendly German who rescued it. We sit on one side in the shade all the morning, and after lunch move over to the other side for shade. Then, about five, Miss B. and I generally come over to the west and watch the sunset, which is mostly very beautiful, and we take a walk up and down the deck till dinner at six. . . . The moon and stars, of course, are marvellous; certainly board-ship is the place to study the heavens. Do not despair of me, dear J. I've actually begun to learn the stars! Miss B. knows a lot about them, and is determined that my disgraceful ignorance on this subject shall come to an end. Already I seem to be a little bit at home with some of them. . . . The passengers are nearly all Ger-

mans, a few English and a few Portuguese being the exceptions; but it is so small a ship that the whole lot do not number many. There are only three children—one little African girl about ten who is returning to her native land after being schooled in Germany for two or three years; she is under the care of a German deaconess; then there are two sweet little fair-haired Germans, aged four and five, who are travelling to Natal with their mother, and are very engaging little creatures. The first day of the Red Sea, when the captain and officers donned snow-white suits, and most of the men white flannels, and the ladies airy cotton garments, and Mr. C. exchanged his black cassock for a white one, the said children looked delightfully appropriate, the boy having absolutely nothing on but a white low-necked combination and a pinafore!

The other day the passengers got up some athletic sports and games, some of which were of the feeblest sort, because there are too few people to make it amusing. However, the cock-fighting (two men trussed like fowls, and sitting on the ground fighting) was very funny; and the last and best was a tug of war, where the captain and officers, of course, scored hugely off the poor landsmen. To-day a bird was seen up in the rigging, and everybody was running about to look at it. Of course the men could not rest till they shot the poor thing; but it fell into the sea, so no one was the richer, except, I suppose, from a sportsman's point of view. It is amusing, by the

way, to find that during the sports the only language spoken was English, all the Germans falling into it quite naturally. Also, all nautical orders and directions in such places as the Canal, and at the different ports, are in our tongue. The pilots who come on board, and the various Oriental sailor-folk who hang about, all acknowledge that the sea, at least, is the domain of the British race.

. . . The only part about ship life that is rather trying is the closeness of the cabins at night, and the sense of being boxed up in such a tiny space, which one feels all the more, I think, after all day in the free open air on deck. Shakespeare, I'm sure, must have been at sea when he wrote the line, "Cabin'd, cribbed, confined." It ran continuously in my head the first night, when the small prison seemed unbearable. My love for space and open windows at night has not much chance of being gratified at present; but fortunately I sleep *very* well, so it does not really matter.

We had hoped to reach Aden on Sunday afternoon, and land and pay a visit to the wonderful water-tanks; but the wind is against us, and the captain says it will be night before we get in, so I am afraid we shall miss this interesting sight. After Aden we touch nowhere till Tanga, where Mr. C. perhaps lands, and then it is only six hours to Zanzibar. . . .

To-day is Saturday. I hope the *Spectator* will soon be starting. I have been told that it is the one paper which is more valued than any other by tropical

exiles, so I expect I shall lend it to many other readers. . . .

To C. J. V.

S.S. *BUNDESRATH*, IN THE RED SEA, *St. Andrew's Day*, 1895.— . . . Our fellow-passengers are some missionaries (men and women), some officials for German territory, and some mechanics and others for the gold country down south. As I sit on deck now, a long row of them, mostly asleep, stretches out in front, half a yard from me is the steaming engine-room, and at one side is the ventilating window of our favourite savoury dining-room. Miss B. is close by, reading *Pusey's Life*. . . . Towards evening the people want a little amusement, so they fetch out a cornet, sometimes two, and a mandolin, and a flute, and a violin, and set to work to "pick out tunes" in a most soothing fashion, while the moon and the stars look on in dignified silence. Sometimes they sing too, in parts, so we are not without entertainments. Of course, everybody sits on deck all day and as much of the night as they can, as it would be too hot to sit elsewhere even if there were anywhere else to sit, which there isn't. But the sea air and sunshine and amiable intercourse with our brothers and sisters are doing us all a lot of good, and I am sure we shall arrive in very good condition. . . . The weather has been

on the whole remarkably good, and the continuous fresh wind of the last few days has kept the Red Sea cool; only at night the cabins are most oppressive.

December 1.—We have a lot of deck passengers besides those to whom cabins are a necessity. These strange folk are of all nationalities and costumes, and live all day and night on their bundles, sleeping, singing, cooking, eating, sharing their limited space with cows, hens, and horses, with a good-tempered serenity that one hopes was equalled in the Ark. To be really consistent, I think we ought to be amongst them. I'm sure St. Paul would have been; but Mr. C. thinks such a course would be too expensive, as it would probably cost the Mission a good many lives! Amongst the deck people are some Arabs who come from Lebanon and are in the German service; to our great surprise we heard them the other night singing *Adeste Fideles* in Arabic, whereupon Mr. C. went and talked to them, and discovered that they were coming to Zanzibar and had brought an introduction from Miss Allen.

To-day is Sunday, and we hope to reach Aden to-night and there post our letters. I am afraid we shall not be able to land as it will be the middle of the night. Joy to think that the next port after that will be Tanga!

I must apologise for sending you such a dreadfully dull letter, but you have no idea how distracting it is to write when the wind is raging round and nearly blowing your hat off and your paper out of your

hands, and dogs and children and sailors and people are constantly passing, and talk in all languages is going on, and the blue waves are dancing in the sunshine, and the distant hills of Africa stretch invitingly along the shore.

To D. M. W.

S.S. *BUNDESRATH*, IN THE INDIAN OCEAN, *December* 6, 1895.—I have no idea when this letter will be sent, but I must at least begin before reaching Zanzibar, in case there may be a chance of posting on arrival. We have now only three days of the voyage left, and the days go so smoothly and quickly that it seems we must be almost there. I left off my letter to J. just before reaching Aden, so I will take up the tale, such as it is, from there. Aden came late at night, so again we could not land. It was calm and lovely moonlight, and there was the usual collection of small craft and Oriental boatmen, but we did not go ashore. They told us we should get through the coaling at night and leave at eight next morning, so we gave up the hope of going to see the famous tanks. Next day it was a most amusing sight to watch the crowds of little Somali boys—such bright, merry, graceful creatures—chattering and laughing, and diving and swimming; they seem quite as happy in the water as on land, and enjoying themselves

immensely, swimming right under our ship, and coming out with the merriest laugh at the other side. There was, after all, a long delay, and a rather tedious one; the officers kept saying, "We shall start at nine —then ten—then twelve—for certain"—but in the end it was past two, as they had been waiting for new stokers, who, with characteristic Oriental procrastination, turned up six hours later than their appointment. Just before we weighed anchor a large British India ship came into the bay, coming from Zanzibar, and Miss B. saw on board a lady who she thought might be one of our people; she was so anxious to know if this was so that we got leave from the captain to take a boat and go and make sure. We had such a rush for it, urging on the native rowers to their utmost speed, as we were dreadfully afraid of being left behind. As it happened, the lady was not of us, but we satisfied ourselves by seeing the captain and learning that the Zanzibar news was good. Then we raced back and found the *Bundesrath* just on the point of starting, and were very glad to have achieved the trip in time.

The day after Aden there was a horrid swell on the sea, and the boat rolled in abominable fashion, though there was no wind or wave to speak of. Every one felt ill, or at least sleepy and good for nothing, and we were glad to find that the next day the Indian Ocean behaved itself as it should do at this time of year, when, according to every rule of physical geography, it is bound to be as calm as a pond. The

mornings are rather hot, but not at all unbearable; after lunch the shady side is always breezy, and the evenings and nights are enchantingly beautiful. I can't express how much I am enjoying the voyage; it seems as though I had never known before what the moon and the stars can be. Ever since Naples we have had moonlight, and it will only be the last two nights that the moon will rise too late to be seen before bed-time. The peace and repose of a voyage in calm, bright weather are things I had heard of but never realized. One feels a sort of cheerful light-heartedness all day long, coming I suppose from complete physical *bienaise* and entire absence of any sort of responsibility or anxiety. The sunny days and moonlit nights, and the smooth swift unceasing progress of the ship, the uneventful, yet not tedious, time, the quiet hours of reading and pleasant talk, carry one into a Pierre Loti atmosphere that one is quite reluctant to leave.

Our fellow-passengers are quiet and inoffending, and some of them definitely attractive. The two dear little German children I told you of are my most attached friends; they have just now been sitting close by, one on each side, almost *on* me in fact, watching every movement of my pen, and every time I stopped, even for a second or two, Martha would say, "Kannst du denn nicht weiter?" and Walther would softly stroke my writing board and babble on in his sweet baby fashion. They are such good little things, and never give a moment's trouble to their somewhat

delicate, tired mother, to whom they are devotedly attached. There is also a deaconess on board, a meek and gentle creature, who has been ill nearly the whole voyage, and who, to my great amusement, sent for *me* the other day (I had scarcely exchanged a word with her before) because she had *Heimweh*! So, of course, I had to cheer her up as best I could, and I am glad to say she has been decidedly better and brighter since then.

Every morning I read Swahili diligently; every afternoon go through pages and pages of grammar. Both my teachers are very encouraging, and both teach in entirely different fashion. Miss B. has the sure, ready instinct of twelve years' familiarity with the spoken tongue, so reading with her is very much like reading with a native; but she knows no other language (except English), and her teaching has nothing of the scholarly interest of my grammar lessons with Mr. C., who always goes to the root at once, compares everything with Greek and Latin, and is interested in my comparisons with modern languages and expects me to know far more than any beginner could possibly have grasped. These lessons give a definite interest and occupation to a good part of each day, and the rest of the time is taken up with reading and star-gazing. I am getting so sunburnt—quite a Swiss complexion in fact, and the sea air makes my hair more curly than ever, so I am afraid I shall arrive looking absurdly youthful!

Sunday, December 8.—Yesterday we "crossed the

line"—an event which gave rise to such ridiculous tomfoolery as only unemployed reasonable adults can indulge in. Early in the morning I heard loud laughter and jokes going on overhead, and came to the conclusion that the gentlemen were shaving and douching such of the innocent passengers as had never been in latitude 0° before. These scenes, however, were not for the female eye to behold. Later on there was great excitement on deck: a little steam launch that had just been painted and done up was now got ready, and nearly all the first-class passengers (men) were invited to dress up for a trip, with sun-topees and guns and fishing lines, and all looked as odd and theatrical as foreigners bent on sport always do look. Then they got in, the steamer slackened speed, the sailors had orders to work all ropes, etc., for letting down the boat, we came to a dead stop and every one was waiting in open-mouthed expectation, when there was suddenly a roar of laughter and all the be-fooled passengers were told it was a practical joke and they had better get out. You should have seen the faces of the foreign swells—the new Governor of ——, a Herr Baron Somebody, and all the others. It appears the captain plays this harmless trick every voyage, and those who are in the secret take care not to spoil the fun. The deck and steerage passengers thought it mighty fine to see the crestfallen faces of the Herrschaften, and cheered and jeered right lustily. In the afternoon *Taufen* was the order of the day, and one had to beware of

unexpected jets of water at odd corners and over the awning and at the foot of the steps. I should have been horridly annoyed if I had been *getauft*, but some of the men enjoyed getting drenched through with the deck-washing hose. At night, about ten, all the lights were turned out and a grand display of fireworks took place, which was really a very pretty sight. Revelry continued till a late hour, and long after I had gone to bed there was a ceaseless roaring of choice songs, such as "Daisy," "Monte Carlo," "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten," "Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc., all sung with that peculiar disregard for time and articulation that suggests a thoroughgoing alcoholic preparation. It was, in fact, a first-class Saturday night, that vividly recalled the Old Kent Road to my mind.

To-day things have resumed their normal state, and we have had an exceedingly nice Sunday. Some young Englishmen, who came on board at Aden and are seeking gold in the south, asked Mr. C. if we could not have a service. . . . So we boldly asked the captain, who kindly put the saloon at our disposal and undertook to let people know, and to our great surprise a *large* congregation turned up,—Germans, French, Portuguese, Indians, and all sorts. Mr. C. gave a splendid address, only lasting ten minutes, but so wise and tactful, and burning with fiery zeal. . . . The Germans were greatly impressed.

One thing, however, has saddened the Sunday.

Sweet little Martha this morning fell right off the upper deck on to the lower, and has been bringing up blood, and is altogether in a rather serious state; but she is quite conscious and does not seem to be in pain. She lies quite peaceful, and every now and then opens her blue eyes and smiles at me. Walther is at present engaged in fitting a fat brown puppy into an empty cigar box, a process the puppy does not seem to appreciate as much as he could wish.

Our progress just now is not very quick, as there are many currents about and the navigation has to be careful. We expected to reach Tanga to-day, but find we shall not be there till to-morrow after all.

In the railway station at Tanga, German East Africa, December 9.—This is indeed a wonderful day. Events have hurried on so that I can hardly remember how to put them down. Last night on board, with the stars more wonderful than ever and the sea so calm and blue, we came within sight of Tanga lighthouse, and knew we should get into port with daylight. Accordingly the ship remained nearly motionless, just keeping straight amid the strong currents, and between five and six we moved on a bit; when I came up on deck there was the exquisite beauty of the African coast *just* in front, so surprising in its nearness, its vivid colouring, its graceful, peaceful outline. At seven we cast anchor with great *éclat*, gun firing, and all officials in uniform, and endless patriotric rejoicing on the part of these admirable Germans, who cannot contain their naïve enjoyment

of their new dignity as colonists. Very soon after breakfast we three came ashore in the agent's boat, a leaky old concern that let in lots of water and was so frail that they dare not pull it ashore ; so we were each carried on the bare shoulders of two stalwart Africans, and, with a strange feeling of a great achievement, I jumped down on to the sand of Africa and at once we proceeded to explore the interior. You must realize that this was the mainland, the Dark Continent, the great unknown—for the civilized island of Zanzibar does not come till to-morrow. Well, first we walked through the High Street of Tanga, which, in everything, except the colour of the people, reminded me of a Swiss village. . . . We meant to lunch at a hotel, but found there was none ; it had failed for want of custom. So we went to the agent's general shop and had a festive meal off tinned goods, mangoes and fresh lime water. We sat a long time in the verandah outside this shop (which by the way was *exactly* like an English village general shop, full of bootlaces, hams, stationery, crockery, jam, shirts, etc.), and then were guided by a stately native boy (all the people walk with a dignified erect carriage that would be a lesson to some Europeans one has known !) to the railway station ; for the captain and all the grandees on board had organised a little trip to the interior, and a special train was to come at two o'clock. Here we found profound solitude, interrupted only for a few minutes by the appearance of two ostriches that strolled along the line looking quite natural and

appropriate. The station is nicely built, and has an *al fresco* place at the side with tables and chairs. As we had two hours to wait, I asked for some writing paper, and had just began to write an account of things when we were surprised by the arrival of an up-train. From this train who should alight but four of our people from Magila, three of whom are crossing to Zanzibar with us in the *Bundesrath*! Great excitement ensued at this unexpected meeting and no more letter writing was done. Then came the special train, with all Germans in white uniforms, and a very pleasant Frau Hofmann who entertained the whole party at a half-way house with pine-apples, wine, beer, sandwiches, mangoes, etc., and made herself quite an excellent hostess. The railway comes to an end about thirty miles inland, and here we all alighted; at this point Mr. C. said good-bye, and started off with Fr. Woodward and six or eight native boys and men carrying boxes and bags on their heads in exactly the fashion one knows so well from pictures in books of travel. There was no station here, only just the grass and trees, and here we stood some little time watching the single-file party till they were out of sight, and enjoying the wonderful beauty of the scene,—all around us trees, very much as in England, except for occasional palms, etc.; a fine range of mountains on one side, and everywhere such vivid green and fulness of foliage as one enjoys on a perfect day at the end of May at home. All the time there was a delicious breeze, and we never felt too

hot. On the return journey we were again entertained at the half-way house, and then reached the terminus and entered the steam launch and got back to the *Bundesrath* tired, perhaps, after such a long day, but delighted to have had such an interesting experience. The Germans seem to be excellent in all their doings, as far as one can judge, and Tanga really does them credit. Miss B. also notices a great improvement in their tone towards the natives.

December 11.—Prepare yourselves for a great piece of news. I am actually sitting in my own room in the Zanzibar hospital! Perhaps by the time you get this letter I shall begin to realize where I am and what I am doing. At present I feel so much astonished at having got here, that I cannot think of anything else. An account of the landing and arrival and first impressions must go into another letter.

To A. J. W.

UNIVERSITIES' MISSION, ZANZIBAR, *December* 11, 1895.—Behold the above address, and try to realize my exceeding astonishment at finding myself really here after all! It seems too odd and strange and wonderful, but I suppose I shall soon get used to it.

This letter is a continuation of a very long voyage-letter to D. She will let you have volume i. in ex-

change for volume ii., and then you will be quite *au fait* about my doings. We came in sight of Zanzibar early yesterday morning, and, after packing up and getting bundles and bags ready for landing, we stood looking at the ever-nearing town, and at last I could distinguish the harbour and men-of-war, and the Sultan's clock-tower and his palaces, *and*—the Cathedral spire, that familiar sight to readers of *Central Africa*; and the whole thing then was a repetition of what I have heard and read so often that I could almost have told beforehand exactly what would happen. The Sultan's medical officer's boat touched us first; then the men-of-war's boats for their mails; then crowds of other boats, official and private; then the mission boat, with several people to meet our party. . . . The tumult of the ship's side was indescribable. On the top of the ladder stood the water-policeman with a whip, which he used with considerable vigour if the jabbering, gesticulating, screaming, pushing, crowding natives omitted from their madness such faint approach to method as is presumably expected of them. Well, in about half an hour we and our goods were somehow deposited in two boats, and we rowed ashore, and were met by an immense and very picturesque crowd in all sorts of Oriental colours and garments. Leaving all goods and chattels to the care of unclothed porters, we walked at once through the narrow winding streets, and came soon to the Cathedral, close to which stand the industrial boys' school, the clergy-house, and

the hospital. On the steps of the hospital quite an array of people greeted us, and we entered the hall, passed up the spacious open staircase, and were soon seated at luncheon in a cool upstairs hall, out of which the nurses' rooms open. My room is delightful, with five windows, a lofty ceiling, bare white walls, and a red-tiled floor. All the rooms are named after saints. Mine, by a happy coincidence, is St. John, and over the door is the very picture of the Good Shepherd that hangs in our church at home. Well, after lunch, we adjourned to the most charming part of the hospital, the baraza,—that is an upstairs room, with two sides open to the air (no windows), and one side open to the staircase and central hall, carpeted with matting, and furnished with easy chairs and couches, and everything that is pretty and comfortable. This is where we mostly sit. I presently retired to begin unpacking, and before long was summoned by a friendly call, "Come to the baraza and get your first mail!" I hurried off, thinking there *might* perhaps be a couple of kind notes or a post-card. There was everybody crowding round the table grabbing their property, and, behold, my share was *fifteen* letters, packets, and papers! Imagine how perfectly overwhelmed I was. I sat down and turned them over and over, and didn't know which to open first, and everybody was laughing and teasing me in most good-humoured fashion. Herewith let me send heartfelt thanks to all whose thoughtful kindness gave me this great pleasure. . . .

December 12.—After reading through all this great collection of things I went and continued unpacking; and I don't think anything of special note took place until 6.30, when the church bells called us to evensong, and I went to my first Swahili service. The interior of the church, of course, has long been quite familiar to me, so nothing surprised me. It was Bishop Steere's triumphant achievement to buy up the ancient slave-market and build Christ Church on the site, the altar standing exactly where the whipping post formerly stood. Some day I will send you a photograph of it. The language I follow pretty well now, and it all seemed very natural and appropriate. The choir is, of course, barefoot; and their silent, reverent entrance reminded me of the delightful school children in the monastery church at Engelberg, whose behaviour used to charm me every day. The extreme simplicity, combined with dignity and earnestness, of the services, together with the perfect "at-homeness" of the congregation (mostly men and boys), make a profound impression on a new-comer.

After church came dinner—our meals are excellent, and we are waited on by two grave, silent, efficient, bare-footed, shorn-headed, white-robed boys—and then a pleasant evening in the cool baraza, and then bed with mosquito-curtains, and a night of good sleep.

December 13.—I have not done much, if any, work as yet. The hospital is not full and no nurses are "off," so I am able to take things very easily, which

is a good thing to begin with, when the strangeness of the surroundings is so bewildering. I spent yesterday morning in the native wards, which are about as much unlike St. Thomas's as everything else in the tropics must be unlike England. This morning I was in the dispensary and saw the out-patients. The odd thing about these is that so many Hindis come, and they can't talk a word of Swahili, so it is difficult to find out their complaint. We have to send them away to fetch an interpreter!

My room looks so nice now with all the pretty things the dear people at home gave me; the clock goes well, and the writing-board is a great boon; books fill the shelves and a few photographs keep me near home. After getting so nicely settled I must not be surprised if I have orders to go to the mainland, as they are in want of nurses at Magila, up-country!

December 15, *Sunday night.*—A mail goes early to-morrow, so this will just be in time. I am on night-duty for the present, which, as you know, I like very much. As a rule there is no regular night-nurse, but a native woman who has to call up the head-nurse whenever anything is wanted. The said head-nurse was getting rather tired of broken nights, so she has handed over the responsibilities of the night to me and is wisely getting a good rest. Of Europeans I have four—none of them bad; the natives are downstairs and mostly sleep on calmly, without wanting much attention. The nights are cool—to-night it is wet and stormy, and I slept well through the hot

part of the day, so I shall get on finely. To-night the Bishop is our guest (not a patient), so I have the honour of being responsible for his safety, and also for his punctuality at church to-morrow morning! He has just come back from a mainland journey and seems well, we are thankful to see. He is the kindest and most courteous of men, and is much liked by all. The Bishop of Peterborough [1] (an old college friend) has written to him about me. Isn't that a nice friendly deed?

Oh, the rain! The noise of these tropical downpours is as though the whole Metropolitan Fire Brigade were directing its hose upon our roof and walls. Yet all the patients seem to be asleep. I keep going round to look at them in case they should want anything, for it would be impossible to hear a call.

Would you like to know something of our day? The native woman calls each nurse at 5.30, and brings her a cup of tea. (*What* luxury! Fancy that in a London hospital!) At 6.15 is church for those who like or can—some come on duty early. About 7 is a substantial breakfast, then each goes to her appointed work—the native wards, the dispensary, the European patients. At 12 is lunch. Then we all go to bed for an hour in wise, tropical fashion. At 3 is tea, and by 4.30 or 5 it is cool enough to enjoy going out. "Off" times of course come in turn. 6.30 is Swahili evensong, then dinner, then

[1] Dr. Creighton, now Bishop of London.

evening work or recreation, then a cup of cocoa, then bed. I mention all these details in order that you may see we are well fed and cared for. The health of the nursing staff is at present excellent. . . . The hospital is really doing an excellent work, as far as I (new, ignorant and useless person) can judge. Every day and all day I feel so angry with myself for not being able to talk to the servants and patients, and not understanding what goes on. What a strange thing is language! Swahili in the distance sounds exactly like Italian, and as I hear from my room the vivacious, gesticulating natives chattering to each other under the blue sky and bright sun it is difficult to remember that I am not in Italy. . . .

Is it possible that Christmas Day is next week? I positively can't realize it in this lovely summer weather. All good wishes to the whole family party, who will, I need not say, be much in my thoughts.

To C. J. V.

ZANZIBAR, *December* 14.— . . . There is ever so much to tell, but I don't think I can tell you every detail, especially as I have written an immense letter to D., all about the journey from Aden to Zanzibar, and another to my sister giving a few first impressions. But I will try and tell you something.

. . . Oh, how wonderful it was to be really here at last! I could hardly believe it. The hospital is quite beautiful inside. . . . In plan it is not unlike the New Gallery, Regent Street, and all it wants to complete the resemblance is a little fountain in the middle of the central hall. After lunch I endeavoured to unpack a little, but very soon the mail arrived (we had picked it up at Aden), and behold there were fifteen letters for me! Imagine getting this handful of Home on one's very first day. Such love, such thoughtful, affectionate friendship should make one very humble and thankful.

At 6.30, Swahili evensong. How can I describe it? I suppose every one who comes out is rather overcome by the emotions of that first sight of the Church of Africa—but I don't suppose many newcomers know every detail of the Church and listen so keenly to every note of the music as I did. . . . The rest of the evening was a medley of new things and strange people, and I went to bed in a state of happy confusion that was soon lost in sound sleep. Church at 6.15 a.m.—my first Swahili celebration—and then matins, at which the first lesson was Isaiah xl., ending with, "They that wait upon the Lord," which of course brought Stainer's melody into my head, where it has remained ever since to my great joy and comfort. It seems just as suitable to the work here as it always seemed to me when district nursing in the height of summer at home.

Sunday night.—To-day has been again a new

experience—the choral Eucharist this morning was a scene to be remembered. They sang Merbecke (which doesn't fit the Swahili words very well), and all Miss Mills' little boys joined the choir, and looked most attractive in their red cassocks, with bare legs and feet. The *Sursum Corda*, *Agnus*, and *O Salutaris* were best sung—in fact the soft singing is much better than the loud. The last hymn was "Thy kingdom come," which the whole congregation simply *roared*. It is so odd to hear our English hymns thus translated, the oddest part being that a few extra syllables put into each line don't seem to matter; in that hymn, for instance, the last word of each line is two syllables. Certainly these Africans love singing, and although one misses the refinement and delicacy of our English trained choirs, one cannot help being struck with their sense of tune, and also their remarkable power of singing in parts. To-night, for instance, the boys have been up on the roof singing all sorts of hymns and songs for their own amusement, and all in three or four parts quite harmoniously. Of course, Magila and Kologwe, and other strict plainsong authorities, deprecate this kind of thing, and think music is nothing if not in unison; but some of us think we know better than that! . . . The native woman on night-duty has just been watching me writing; then she went and fetched a pencil and paper, and came and asked me something, which, of course, I could not understand; but by means of a dictionary I made out that she

wanted me to teach her to write! So there she now is laboriously making straight strokes and round o's, and looking as pleased as possible.

I must end now. You have just finished evensong at St. John's. I wonder whether you got through the long psalm as nicely as we did!

To C. J. V.

ZANZIBAR, *December* 17, 1895.—Very soon after I sent off my last letter to you a telegram came from Magila, "Send Nurse." The Bishop has talked over the matter with Dr. Charlesworth, and has decided that I had better go, so I leave here to-morrow, and plunge once more into the unknown. We fear there must be some one ill up-country, but, of course, have no news. There is no doctor until Dr. P. (who travels with us to-morrow) arrives. I am so inexperienced and new to everything African that I cannot help thinking the patients will fare badly. . . .

Yesterday was one of those odd days that come periodically in this hospital. We were quietly proceeding with the daily routine when Miss D. and Miss B. arrived from Mbweni, the former with fever. Before there was time to put her to bed Miss P. and Mr. B. arrived from Likoma! They had not sent a single word of warning, and we had not the least

idea that they were even on their way home. In the middle of the night there was a great knocking at the front door, and Mr. F. was found begging for admission and feeling very ill. He had to be laid on a couch till the Bishop was up and dressed and safely in church, and then the poor man was laid in the Bishop's bed, where he is likely to remain some little time. . . .

To M. A. W.

ON BOARD THE *Kanzler*, BETWEEN ZANZIBAR AND TANGA, *December* 19, 1895.—You will perhaps be surprised to hear that I am travelling again, after being only a week in Zanzibar hospital. The fact is, a few days ago a telegram came from Magila—the principal mainland station—that a nurse was wanted; and as three other people were going this week, it had to be decided in a hurry. I was the only available person, and the Bishop, after consulting with the doctor, decided that I had better go.

Magila is in a beautiful part of the country; the railway, newly made by the Germans, carries us to within six miles, and donkeys carry us the rest of the way. I expect I shall find everything very primitive and strange, but every one says the life is wonderfully attractive. I am, of course, very sorry to leave Zanzibar hospital, which is a charming place, and where I

think I should have fitted in some day; but perhaps I shall go back there if there is any one else to come to Magila.

I expect you are just about now going back to Stocks for Christmas. What a contrast between your surroundings and mine! I simply can't believe, in this bright sun and hot weather, with foliage so green and flowers brilliant, that it is mid-winter at home.

To P. R. H. C.

MAGILA, *December* 22, 1895.— . . . It was not until the Bishop sent for me to give me instructions that I realized how my heart was set on the Zanzibar hospital, whose history I had followed so closely ever since it was built, which had been my goal for ages past, and which, when I did at last see it, far surpassed my expectations. My week there was as happy as possible—a confused happiness, of course, in the medley of new impressions; but after the first few days I began to feel my way about, and I really think I might in time be of some use there. You will realize my "newness" when I say the European part appealed to me most! . . . Does it seem to you absurd, perhaps even contemptible, to regret leaving civilization and coming to learn the ways of the mainland? Very likely. . . . But perhaps after all I shall develop into a mainland enthusiast, as so many people do.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *Christmas Day*, 1895.— . . . I am vaguely conscious that I am sitting on the baraza of the Magila mission house, under a blue sky, with soft white clouds floating overhead, and a cool wind waving the palm trees and creepers about to a gentle rustling sound. It would be hot if one were out walking; but sitting here it is deliciously cool, fresh, and quiet. Is it really Christmas Day? and am I indeed on the continent of Africa? Many times I doubt it; but then I am reminded that it must be true, as, for instance, this morning, at 5.30, when I was awakened by the boys singing "While shepherds watched" in Swahili, just below my windows. And again a little later, when the church was packed from end to end with a devout congregation, who entered into the service with a heartiness and enjoyment that touched one's heart, and made one realize that there *is* a Church of Africa! Doesn't it all seem wonderful?

We are a large and merry party to-day, and have just been having festive tea in honour of the *siku kuu*.[1] Ten of us, including Samuel Sehoza, assembled on our baraza, where the contents of Miss B.'s hamper made us realize what the occasion was. . . . Strange to say, there is not a single sick member in the party. I have, in fact, little or nothing to do so far, which is perhaps as well considering that there is no doctor,

[1] Festival.

and I know absolutely nothing of fever or other African ailments. . . .

Every one has been so busy since I arrived, that I have not grasped very much about Magila. Favourable first impressions, of course, were hardly to be expected, as I was so sad at leaving Zanzibar hospital; but I must confess we have had a most pleasant time so far. The country is lovely, as, of course, you know; and if I understood a little about my work I should not feel so useless and stupid. But I don't see how I am to learn without a doctor, and the treatment of the out-patients at the native hospital is mostly a sort of haphazard guess-work that is so far ridiculous, but might at any time become tragic. Everybody is exceedingly kind. . . .

There is only one serious trial at Magila, and that is the music. The badness of it is simply unspeakable, and nobody on the spot seems to see in the least what is the matter. If it were the choir only there might be hope of improvement, but it is the large, compact, regularly-attending congregation of boys and men who are the stumbling-block, and unless congregational singing were made a penal offence, I don't see how it can be stopped! The first night at evensong I thought it would have driven me quite mad, but I was tired after the long journey. I can now stay in church in a fairly calm state, but I would much prefer to stay outside! How can I describe it? Every boy has a voice like the roughest, harshest, London street-boy yelling to his comrades; every man

has a voice unlike any human sound previously known to me, but you can imagine what such a youthful training would produce. They know *all* the music painfully well by heart, and from beginning to end they yell their loudest, especially the hymns. In several hymns they have produced a Magila version by slipping into wrong notes and time for want of correction. They generally sing without a harmonium, and so become markedly, one might almost say visibly, flat. Never at any part of the service do they drop their voices or sing softly. There are several boys in the choir, but I have not yet heard a pure treble sound. Everything is sung in unison, so there is not even the relief of an occasional bass or tenor. Hymns and carols are stuffed and packed into tunes quite unable to hold them, with the result that time is entirely disregarded. Doesn't it seem a tragic pity that the African race, so carefully trained and taught in other ways, should be allowed to grow up with so corrupt an idea of music? . . .

Nobody else understands anything about it, so you are the sole recipient of my woeful lamentations. What a misfortune it is to have an ear, and to have had it trained by long attendance at St. John's! . . .

The weather is so bright and cool, and Miss D. and I generally go for a nice walk in the evening, up one of the various hills and through the queer villages of beehive huts. Two jolly little wild boys came with us the other day, and we had great games

with them, running races and teasing them just as one would with a couple of imps out of Eagle Street. When we sat down to rest, the elder *gamin* began a careful description of me and my clothes to the younger, pointing out everything that I had on different from Miss D., whose clothes were apparently familiar to him. The whole neighbourhood is of course interested in a new arrival, and as I cross the quad I am conscious of being observed by hundreds of sharp eyes, which make careful note of every point in a European. . . .

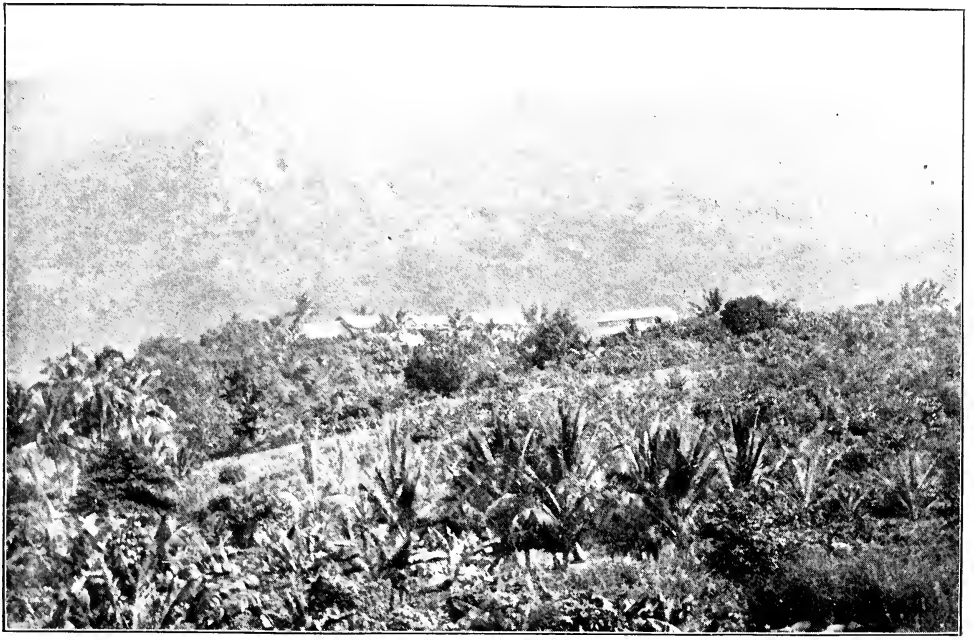
As we know our time is just two and a half hours ahead of yours, we can follow exactly all that you are doing, especially on Sundays and festivals. Did you have the *Messe Solennelle*, I wonder? Oh, for just one hearing of the *Agnus Dei*!

. . . I am in most robust health, having nothing to do so far but eat and sleep and laze round. I have done no work for anybody as yet, except that on Sunday the washer-man got drunk, and in fighting had his head cut open, and appeared at the dispensary just as a Sunday patient would in London, and I tied him up in most approved St. Thomas's Hospital style. He got well much too quickly, and I am afraid didn't suffer as he deserved to do.

To Rev. E. F. R.

MAGILA, *New Year's Eve*, 1895.—I have now been here on the mainland about ten days, and though you must be quite tired of "first impressions" (how dull they must sound after all these years!), I am not going to let you escape altogether some account of my doings. Of course, you know what a tame every-day affair is the journey from the coast to Magila in these days of German occupation and enterprise, compared with the real African travelling of our predecessors, who had something to tell worth writing down. Now we assemble at the Tanga railway station, and jostle against natives of all colours and costumes, German officials in military uniform, missionaries and traders, Hindis, monkeys, donkeys, ostriches, boxes, beds, and bundles, and a general medley of things and people, reminding one of a Bank holiday in rural England. Nobody knew what time the train started the day we were there: a tradition of 7 o'clock had been established, so we arrived at 6.30, sure of being in good time, only to find then that 6 o'clock was the hour of departure; the train was actually there, and it was only good luck that prevented our having lost it—and lost a whole day, for there is but one train per diem on this Deutsch-Ostafrikanische Eisenbahn. Well, there was no carriage, strictly speaking, to accommodate us, but while the natives squatted contentedly on the open goods trucks, we sat no

less contentedly on cane chairs in the luggage van and accomplished our journey of thirty miles in the liberal space of four hours. At the end of the four hours we were at the end of the railway—not the terminus, not even a shed, still less a station or platform, but we just got off on to the grass, and saw our luggage strewn about on the ground, and then had to face the problem of getting ourselves and goods the remaining six miles of the way. Of course, things in Africa don't fit into each other as they do at home, so, although we had sent two telegrams to say we were coming and wished to be met, we were somehow hardly surprised to find that there were no signs of donkeys, porters, or preparations. With the resignation to adverse circumstances that has to be rapidly cultivated out here, we prepared ourselves for a wait of several hours, and were glad to find that there was a roof not far off under which we could sit. During these hours—for it was now near noon, and the sun was distinctly hot—we settled ourselves in a thatched railway shed, and had some tea and a good rest, until, in the course of the afternoon, the famed Magila donkeys appeared, and the donkey-boys, and crowds of other boys, and a large party of bead-behung girls—all talking, laughing, and enjoying the unusual treat of meeting a newly-arrived batch of English. The boxes and bundles were soon mounted on their heads, and with ourselves on the donkeys, we set off, a characteristic African procession, winding along the narrow path



MAGILA.

through tall grasses and bushes that at times were over our heads, and across a river (where we had to dismount and have ourselves carried !) and up steep hills and down sudden and startling dips that the donkeys seemed to know by heart, and over smooth plains, till at last we rounded a hill and saw Magila Church perched on its mound, conspicuous against the sky, and giving at once, when compared with the rude huts, an idea of being built on a sure foundation. All around are the beautiful wooded hills that you must so often have heard of—very beautiful, and surely very healthy, one thinks, after the low plains of the coast—not noticing, in the first appreciation of the beauty, that our own particular hill is surrounded by a low swamp, whence at night arises a white mist that suggests thoughts to the thoughtful ! We said good-bye to the donkeys at the foot of the orange grove, and walked up the broad, smooth road to the enclosed quadrangle of Magila, where Fr. Woodward came forward to meet us. I have only a confused memory of what followed—unpacking, arranging, settling, finding one's way about the odd roughly-built dwelling house—being called off suddenly to a boy with a splinter in his foot—then returning to unpack, then going to church, where the clanging and clashing of bells was replaced by the equally resonant and not more melodious singing of evensong, and then, at last, most willingly to bed.

It was a great relief to find no one ill here—none of our own people, I mean. Dr. P. went off with

alacrity to Mkuzi, and I then found myself in the enviable position of being in charge of the Native Hospital and Dispensary and the European Sick Rooms, responsible for the diagnosis and treatment of all sick natives, for the dispensing of medicines, for the supply of drugs for here and other out-stations, for the nursing and doctoring of our own fever patients, and, in fact, for the health of the station generally—and amongst my qualifications for this post are ignorance of the language, of dispensing, of African fever, of drugs as sent out to the tropics, and, above all, the fact that I have never worked without a doctor! The only thing to do is to take it resignedly, and to hope for the same unquestioning resignation on the part of those who are treated on this new and cheerful system!

I had not been here many days when news came that Padre Petro Limo was very ill—fever before Christmas, and then worse fever after the festival. Blandina[1] wrote in distress about him. We sent over medicines and nourishment, and, hearing next day that he was no better, sent one of the laymen to fetch him here. I have a very vivid recollection of Petro as I once saw and heard him on the platform of the Holborn Town Hall—young, strong, vigorous, vivacious, eloquent, witty, full of buoyancy, naïve simplicity and indescribable charm that carried us all away as he made a speech, and made us long to know more of him. Little did I dream

[1] Wife of Padre Limo.

then that the next time I saw him it would be here at Magila, lying helpless in the hammock in which his own parishioners had carried him the three hours' toilsome journey from Misozwe—silent, prostrate, exhausted, unable to move without help, and asking for that help with wistful, appealing eyes that I shall never forget. Was not this an honour for our Guild, that one of us should have as her first patient a priest of the African Church? Such a good patient, too, as you might expect—and he is now very much better, and able to get up, and I expect he will soon go home again. I can't express what a privilege I feel it to have been allowed to serve him. Blandina and the baby came, too, of course,—chubby John Michael dressed mostly in beads, and not very happy at being fussed over by strange people with white faces. He travels about the country slung on to his mother's back, and seems to be very popular in the neighbourhood. What will his future be? I often wonder as I think of his home (a native hut) and his bringing up, and his parents, and the Church! How mysterious, how full of problems it all seems!

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *New Year's Day*, 1896.—I am beginning, as usual, long before mail day, so my news will be stale even before the letter leaves here, and quite ancient history by the time it

reaches you. I suppose you saw my letter to A. It seems centuries since I wrote it, but I believe it was only a week ago. The first week in a new place is always long, though here nothing approaching *langweilig* can be said of the time. It is only that there is so much novelty in everything that a day seems as full of new impressions as a month at home.

You will be glad to hear that so far I have very little to do and am keeping in my customary robust health. Magila as a rule has a bad name amongst the nurses, as there is generally too much for one to do, and a second nurse is seldom to be had; but since I came people have been behaving themselves better, and we have not yet had any severe cases of illness.

I expect you will all laugh when I tell you that *already* I have begun on the choir! The music is indescribably bad, and hopeless from being so hearty; but they seem to want me to try and get some melody out of the voices, so I have (rather against my will) made a beginning. You should have seen me in the school the other day, pointer in hand, a tonic sol-fa modulator on the wall, a native teacher as interpreter, and a dozen screaming little boys in front! It *was* funny; but I must say they are extremely good, and try to do all I want them to. The choir has been left untrained for months, so, of course, it has gone to pieces. The congregation, recognising its own important place in the church, has in the meantime taken upon itself to supply at any rate quantity, if not

quality, of sound—and the result cannot even be imagined by one who has not heard it, so I will refrain from attempting a description. It is the exact opposite of Hampden ; there, nobody came to church, and nobody sang ; here, the church is always full, and is shaken to its foundations by the volume of sound produced by these zealous songsters.

I wish I could send you a photograph of the beautiful hills all around us. They *are* lovely. Miss D. takes me for splendid walks which remind me often of scrambles in Switzerland, only, of course, there is no snow or ice in sight. We generally start about 5 p.m., and by the time we come back the moon is superb, and the air so cool and fresh. In fact it is never close and oppressive here, or never has been yet, for the wind blows all day, and at night sometimes even blows out the lamps in our rooms. . . .

January 5, *Sunday.*—Since I last wrote I have been rather more busy : first there was a boy very ill, a choir boy who had been away at a neighbouring village for his holidays, and was then brought to the hospital in a hopeless condition, all because of a bad leg which his ignorant mother had allowed to go from bad to worse till it was too late to save it or him. . . . Now I have two patients in our sick rooms, both very ill with fever. . . . Both are nearly 105° this evening, and as we have no doctor you can imagine how cheerful and lighthearted I feel in being responsible for their recovery !

To-night there will be a striking and very picturesque

service in church—the baptism of twenty adults. Everything of this sort is done in accordance with the custom of early days, and as you are well up in the first few centuries you will be able to picture to yourself what such a ceremony is like without my describing it. The simplicity and stateliness of the natives, their erect carriage, their coloured garments, together with the more than Italian beauty of the atmosphere and natural surroundings and the traditions and rites of the church, make these things most striking and instructive to a late-born Western.

January 6.—And what does such a "function" really mean? It represents an immense amount of steady work on the part of the clergy and teachers: every one of those people had been a catechumen for at least a year, in most cases two years, and a hearer before that. . . . We take religion so much for granted at home that it is a revelation to come out here and see it being slowly and steadily built up. Of course I know very little about it as yet, but the little I have seen makes me realize the life and teaching of Christ and His disciples in a way I had never done before. . . .

January 9.—Yesterday, one day after my birthday, came the astonishing advent of a huge mail. I was not expecting any letters till the boat from Zanzibar next week, but somehow they arrived this week instead. Judge of my feelings when I found myself the recipient of *twenty-eight* letters, packets, and papers! If it goes on doubling in this way, the

authorities will have to put on an extra carrier on my account. I thought fifteen the first day was the maximum, but this is really overwhelming. It makes one quite ashamed of being so unworthy of the bountiful wealth of love and affection that underlies such an event. . . . It seems odd to think that this budget of news will have to last me for a month. I wonder how many times the letters will be read over during that time! . . .

Both my fever patients are now convalescent, and have been up having their tea on the baraza. It is a great comfort that they have got on so well. The best of this African fever is its speedy yielding to treatment, even the treatment of an amateur like myself. But there are cases of grave complications, the mere thought of which makes me shiver with dread anticipations. However, they don't often occur, so we'll hope the people will keep free from them till a doctor arrives.

It *is* a lovely afternoon—just like July at home, a windy July day. Our baraza is always the coolest place to sit on. I think I explained that our rooms are all upstairs, and that they open on to this wide verandah, which runs the whole length of the building, and is matted, and furnished with chairs and tables, etc. I sleep with both door and window open on to the baraza; the dog sleeps outside, and a lantern burns all night. Rats often wake me in the adjoining pantry, where they have midnight games amongst the trays and crockery. Lizards, spiders,

ants, flies, bees, mosquitoes, are fairly abundant, but not enough to make life burdensome. Down below are various schoolrooms, with which I have nothing to do (except for the famed choir practices), and the laundry, which is a source of great amusement. Our dobi is a great, tall, muscular man who could knock any two of the shadowy English down at one blow; but he is utterly baffled by my cap-strings and aprons, the like of which he has not seen before, and it is pathetic to watch his endeavours to iron things without blacking them. He washes beautifully; but the amount of black that goes on with the iron is astonishing! The other day he calmly walked on to the baraza holding one of my garments out at arm's length to inquire whether its condition satisfied me! They are so naïve, these people. He did just the same when one of the clergy was up here another day!

The two sick rooms are next to my bedroom, which is very convenient, especially at night. So far, I have not had to sit up a night at all; but when the two were very bad last week, I could always hear their bells and go in whenever they wanted anything. It is a funny sort of nursing, a mixture of hospital, district, and private. I often go and investigate cases in the native huts of the village; one has to stoop low to get under the thatch, and, when inside, it is so dark that it's quite impossible to see the patient. Touch goes some way, and I ask questions by means of Stefano, the native, who takes charge

of the thatched native dispensary. He understands English, but never speaks a word, so our conversation is an odd mixture of two languages and many signs. The people speak Bondei, but mostly understand Swahili. I'm not getting on with the language at all here, what with the mixed dialect and the English-speaking people. It is very sad, for I hate not knowing the speech of the country. Time is also rather scarce; the only plan I can think of to gain more is to leave off writing letters! What do you say to that?

. . . The absence of postman, and roads, and shops reminds me often of Borough Farm; if you can imagine the Temple crowned by a group of stone buildings and enlivened by the noise of 150, or more, boys and the frequent clang of church bells, you will have a very fair idea of Magila. For fir trees substitute palms; bring in the scenery of Thüringen or the Schwarzwald, and supply the matchless atmosphere of this land, and there you are!

January 10.—The choir is actually beginning to gain a faint glimmer of time and tune, which is really encouraging. Whether real *music*, any sort of mellow tone or melodiousness, can be got out of them remains to be seen. I doubt it.

To the Editor of "African Tidings."

MAGILA, *January*, 1896.—I was coming back from a walk on New Year's Eve, and on reaching the native hospital saw a number of strangers standing outside the door as though expecting something or somebody. On inquiry I found it was myself they were expecting, for they had just brought in a boy from a neighbouring village; and as Magila is still without a doctor, the nurse is expected to know and do everything in matters pertaining to sickness! We went inside, and found the boy most seriously ill with a bad leg that ought to have been doctored weeks earlier. Poor little Gilbert! He was one of the choir boys, and had belonged to Magila School until the November holidays, when he went home, and was kept there by his ignorant relations, growing daily worse, till at last, when too late, they sent word to say he was ill. There he lay on a bed in a little, dark room—thin, peevish, thirsty, in pain—with his poor leg swollen to three times its natural size. Oh! how I longed for an English hospital, with its promptitude, and appliances, and resources, and its instantaneous dealing with urgent cases! Such longings were useless, however; the nearest doctor was a day's journey distant; and even if he could have arrived immediately, it would probably have been too late. Whatever could be done to ease the boy was done, but the next day he was no better. In the evening the doctor arrived; next morning the

operation took place. Then I had him carried up to our house, as I felt I could not leave him so far away as the native hospital, which stands outside the gates of the quadrangle. Here we made up a bed on the verandah outside my room, and the poor little fellow lay there looking so pathetic, and begging for medicine to send him to sleep. While we were getting this ready, one of his schoolfellows came up to see him. As soon as Gilbert caught sight of him he cried out, "Give me some cold water—*very, very* cold!" Just the one thing we could not get—nothing is "very cold" here; ice is, of course, an impossibility, and a draught of ice-cold water is one of the things we English remember as belonging to the past, and look forward to as possibly to come again some future day. Nothing we gave the boy seemed to satisfy his longing for "cold," but the medicine sent him into a quiet sleep, and he lay for hours peacefully on the verandah, resting after many sleepless nights of pain. His strength, however, was exhausted by the long illness at home, and early next morning he passed away peacefully and quietly in his sleep.

His mother, who had gone home for the night, came up as soon as she heard the news, and was almost beside herself with grief. Things are simpler out here than at home. As she sat on the floor beside the low bedstead she took off her bracelets, and was at once in mourning. The neighbours and relations who came with her did the same. Then

presently, when preparations in the church were completed, the men carried their light burden gently down the staircase, the purple pall was laid over the body, the choir, headed by cross and candles, came slowly from the church to the lower end of the quadrangle, where we were all assembled, and in the bright morning sunshine the picturesque procession made its way to the church, where the first part of the service then took place. . . .

Inside the beautiful church the schoolboys were all in their places, adding many another shade of colour by their bright-hued clothes, and the body was laid on the bier surrounded by tall candles, and the psalms that are known in nearly every language in the world were chanted by these people in their own language to the ancient plainsong of the Church. Then the body was removed to the side chapel, as the grave was not yet ready, and in the afternoon, when the heat of the day was past, the same company assembled in the churchyard, and little Gilbert was laid at rest.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *January* 7, 1896.—Patience is a virtue much in request out here, and just at first the long wait for letters puts it to a severe test. My budget from Zanzibar will arrive "when the Bishop comes" (next week presumably).

This much-longed-for visit has been so long awaited that the above phrase has quite become a proverb, like "Christmas is coming" at home.

January 9.— . . . You will be amused to hear that some beginning has been made on the choir. What would Nurse —— say if she saw me spending two or three hours a week over sol-fa and hymn tunes instead of dispensary and dressings? . . . I don't think much will be accomplished, as my time is very uncertain, besides my capacities being scant; but for the sake of my own nerves, if for no higher reason, I must try and subdue the clamour of these voices and lead their owners back to what elementary sense of time and tune they may once have possessed. Yes, there is one thing that you can do for me. Will you send me a copy of *The Boy's Voice?* I think I should find it a great help; and if all the stations responsible for the musical as well as moral training of the African youth were to possess a copy, it might lead to some improvement!

Sunday, January 12.—It is quite wonderful to have the January Music List already. At this moment, a little past noon, I am sitting on the baraza. Church was finished hours ago. We have had lunch, the quadrangle is fairly quiet, only a few stray boys playing about, the sky is blue, with soft white clouds hovering over the hills, the palm leaves are gently flapping in the wind. My patients are convalescent and require no attention, so I have nothing to do but sit here and picture to myself St. John's.

Children's matins is going on; presently preparations for the later service will begin, and Gounod and Schubert will be rendered by *English-trained* voices! Well, perhaps some day I shall hear them again. By the way, suppose the August holiday trip were to be here? The boys could then show these rough-voiced Africans what *singing* is! The suggestion is worth your consideration. If you do come, bring a three-manual organ with you. We exist on a harmonium, very much like those carried about London by the Sunday street-preachers. The voices are of the same calibre as the instrument, but *much* louder. . . .

January 13.—It *was* so funny to-day at lunch. There was a solemn pause in the conversation (which is of course invariably in the lofty, not to say sublime, strain usually maintained in ecclesiastical, and all the more in missionary, circles) when the priest in charge suddenly asked, in a tone of grave anxiety, "Does any one know what has become of the Bishop's soap-dish?" Nobody *did* know, and for the next quarter of an hour at least the talk was entirely of soap-dishes, past, present and future, soap-dishes of enamelled iron, of porcelain, of wood, with strainers and without, of saucers as substitutes, etc., etc., and I believe we finally rose from the table without having decided what the Bishop was to do for a soap-dish!

I am wondering every day whether I am to stay here or go back to Zanzibar. . . . Doubtless you will hear, before I am able to let you know, what is

decided about me. Whether here or there I feel a useless and expensive burden to the Mission. I suppose every new-comer feels the same just at first, but some people have a knack of grasping the situation so much quicker than others. I'm afraid I am one of the very slow ones!

To E. R.

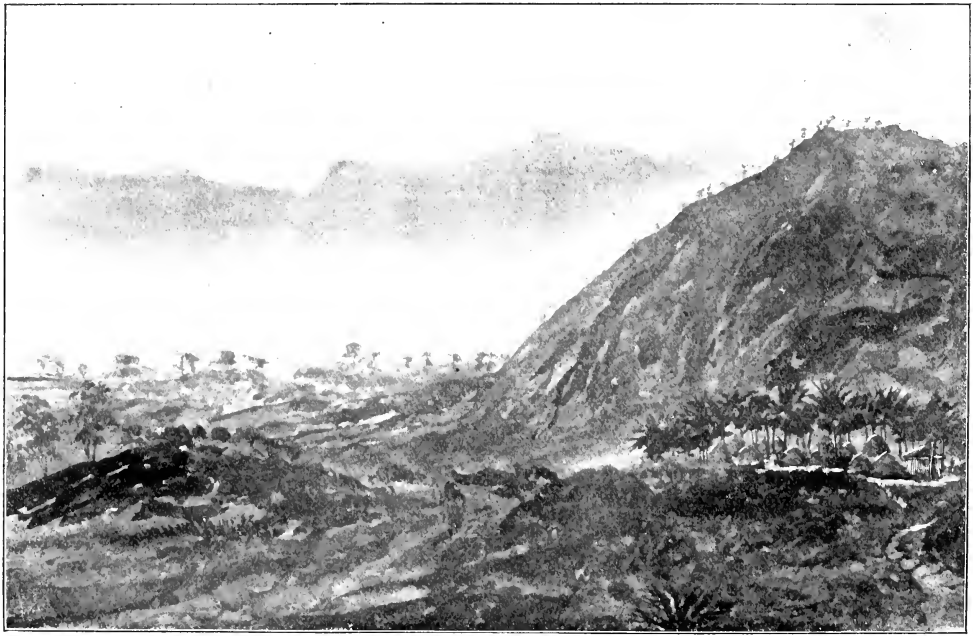
MAGILA, *January* 14, 1896.— . . . First and foremost (you will agree with me that it *is* so) I am exceedingly well, and have so far not had a shadow of an ailment, African or otherwise! My patients have mostly recovered, and life is pleasant, sunny, smooth, and generally enjoyable, forming a very strong contrast to the imaginary life of hardship, discomfort or distress pictured by sympathizing friends at home! There are two clergy, four laymen and three ladies at the station, all nice in their different ways, and all interesting to study. We have a daily celebration at 6.30 in Swahili in the really beautiful church; then we have a multitude of offices in English in our oratory, and then either vespers or evensong in church. I have English fever patients in the rooms adjoining my own room, native patients in the barn (called hospital) outside the gates, and occasionally go to the different villages and look up sick natives in their dark huts. At all odd hours of the

day the Mission boys come up to me and say, "I want medicine," and describe their ailments by signs or such few words as I can understand, and so we go merrily on, and the days are full and pass swiftly, and I daresay I make many mistakes through ignorance, but there is no help for it in the absence of a doctor.

The work done by the clergy and laymen is splendid, and to contrast the Christian natives with those outside is wonderful.

To A. J. W.

MAGILA, *February* 5, 1896.— . . . The papers are very welcome, and as far as I can I am following the great events of the large world; but in Magila this is not easy! It is impossible to imagine that excitements and uproars are going on on this very continent when one hears and sees no sign of such things—when mails are weeks apart, and when at the table (the only place where we all meet) conversation is chiefly concerned with the absorbing daily occurrences of the tiny parish. Absorbing these certainly are, and tragic and amusing; and though each thing is small in itself, one remembers that African history is being rapidly and visibly shaped under our very eyes, and so things assume an importance that outside people might think absurd compared with Venezuela or the Transvaal. But I



VIEW FROM MAGILA.

(From a sketch by Miss Allen, 1887.)

will leave generalities and come to "news," which a foreign letter either to or from home is always expected to contain.

Of course you know all about Magila by now, and can find it on the map, and can picture to yourself the oblong rough quadrangle with the church across one end and the boys' school across the other, and our house with its baraza about 40 feet long by 12 wide, where we always sit, and the sick-rooms, and the rough unlevelled ground of the quad (no paving stones, and no Oxford collegiate lawns!), across which we stumble on dark nights, and the native dispensary *outside* the precincts, and the bells *inside* (I would they were a little farther off sometimes, but the boys love them, especially on festivals, when they begin to ring half an hour before service), and the hills and trees and huts, and winds and sudden rains, and, above all, the beautiful hill on top of which I am at this moment sitting, a hill 1,500 feet high, belonging to the Mission, with a charming mud-house built on the very summit, from which we look miles on either side—thirty miles eastward to the shining sea, and as far on the other side as mountains will allow. It is about an hour's climb from Magila, and last year they had the happy thought of running up a simple two-roomed house, in architects' language "wattle and daub," where any of us could come and sleep a night or two for change of air. I have always been meaning to come, but every time plans were made they were interrupted by somebody's tem-

perature capriciously ascending to an uncomfortable height. However, this time we *have* managed to come, Miss D. and myself. My last convalescent, the native priest Padre Limo, went off to Zanzibar on Monday (he was as bad as a European, having had five severe fevers in as many weeks), and the same evening we packed up a few necessaries—blankets, pillows, clothes, a bath, a bedstead (as there was only one here), and provisions, and set off with our porters—quite a Stanley-like expedition, I flattered myself. A cook and a boy came to stay, and while they got some food ready in the adjoining kitchen-shed, we put up our mosquito nets, made our beds, and settled down rapidly before darkness, which comes on so quickly here. I forgot to say that the little boy Jiti carried up the supper *alive* with us—a fowl, which bore the journey without a protest, and was demolished by us with great relish. We went to bed pretty soon, taking great care to tuck up our beds with every precaution against rats, ants, moths, beetles, grasshoppers, locusts, and innumerable other creeping, flying, flapping, jumping, biting creatures, whose names I know not, and which fortunately did not disturb us in the least.

To awake next morning just after sunrise, to go outside in our dressing-gowns and gaze over the vast plain to the gleaming strip of ocean, to feel the fresh sea air blowing on our faces, to turn on all sides to views of soft, pleasant loveliness, and to look down below on Magila still lying in shadow, to watch the

sunlight making its way till it shone over the roofs one by one, and at last lit up the shining white cross on the church, and then to stand a moment in silence while the Angelus was rung—such was our experience yesterday morning, and a very beautiful one too, as you will admit, and quite worth coming here for, as you may *perhaps* also admit!

The rest of the day we spent in various peaceful pursuits—"cleaning up," for Jiti is only about eight years old, and hasn't had much training in housework yet; reading, working at Swahili, and sewing; a mid-day siesta, which is strictly a matter of conscience in the Mission; tea, a walk in the evening, and then I read aloud Tennyson; and then we went to bed and slept, again uneaten by wild beasts. So you see we are having quite a nice two days' holiday, and when we go down again to-morrow Miss D. will be ready for her school work, and I *quite* ready for patients, who will probably be abundant in the next day or two, for there are great doings down at Magila, and any unwonted excitement, strain, or anxiety invariably means fever.

The great doings are part of the Bishop's visitation. You may remember that I said we were expecting him, and he came just a fortnight ago, and has been staying ever since. This is his first visit to the archdeaconry of Magila, and it is two years since any episcopal work was done here, so you can imagine the arrears of work, and the plans and problems, and hopes and fears, and discussions and functions, etc.

etc. He has spent the first fortnight quietly, getting to know people, and learning something about the different out-stations. Now all the clergy have assembled here. There is a two days' retreat for them going on now, followed by a two days' conference, and if at the end of that time my services are not required, I shall be very much surprised. The Bishop is delightful, as you know, with a kind word and ready, watchful sympathy for each one. . . . A man who went down to the coast, and got back here before the Bishop arrived, described him as "an old, old man, with the voice of a child." This was a very characteristic way of putting it; but you see what he means: old is with them venerable and imposing, and the gentle voice and courteous manner are most reassuring to these timid folk, who fear the harsh, domineering European of African renown more than anything else.

The anxieties and problems of the *direct* missionaries here are so many and various that I have not half learned about them. Besides material matters, such as finance, and stores, and building, and sanitation, there are the 150 boys, collectively and individually, and the native teachers (often far more anxiety than the scholars), and then the Christian natives living in heathen surroundings. Just this week the great event has been the marriage of one of these native school teachers—a grand ceremony performed by the Bishop himself, a marriage arranged months if not years ago, and planned and prepared

for with every care ; yet no sooner were they married than questions of heathen customs arose, the bride's father put pressure on her, and it has required the utmost efforts of the entire missionary staff, both native and English, to prevent this couple taking part in proceedings which would desecrate the sanctity of Christian marriage. So you see here we are beset with social problems just as much as you are in London. . . . I personally do not have anything to do with these things, not being a *direct* missionary, nor scarcely an *in*direct one, I fear. But the valuable lives that are in my hands without possibility of a doctor's experience or help are quite enough responsibility for me at present. . . .

As this country is German territory, we very often have visitors from the Fatherland passing through Magila on their way to the coffee plantations. They stay the night and join us at table, and are for the most part charmed with the welcome comfort and hospitality of the station. Most of them speak English, but I often make use of my German for them, and not infrequently I have to write or translate official letters for Padre Woodward. The other morning I was amused at being awakened at dawn by the dispensary native man, who brought a German letter with a message, "Please can you translate this for Padre? The messengers are waiting." So I scribbled it off just as I was, in my night-gown! So somehow all little scraps of capacity that one has come in useful here. . . . As for music, — well, the choir

has now slipped quietly into my hands, and I am doing my best to raise its tone—in more senses than one, for the singing is flat, besides being coarse.

To the Editor of "African Tidings."

MAGILA had not seen a Bishop for nearly two years, so you may imagine that when we heard our new Bishop was coming to visit us, we were in a state of excitement. For weeks beforehand the talk had been of "when the Bishop comes," and at last the date was fixed, and the middle of January came, and every day we looked eagerly for news that the ship from Zanzibar had reached our coast. Flags were made, flagstaffs were arranged, ropes were stretched across the courtyard gaily decked with coloured banners, gunpowder and squibs were in readiness, old guns were produced in large numbers (*very* old, most of them were !), splendid great green palm branches were placed down both sides of the quadrangle, and a general air of restless expectation pervaded the place. All this was on a Saturday, which was the day the ship should have come ; but of course it was late—everything *is* late in Africa—and we waited in vain, and Sunday came with no Bishop, and on Monday we got up

wondering whether he ever would arrive. This time we were not disappointed. The whole population of the country side turned out for the occasion, and all the morning, crowds were passing here and there, stray messengers arrived reporting that the party was on its way; the boys, wild with excitement, were of course well to the fore; every now and then guns were heard announcing the steady progress of the travellers, and at last, at last, we from our upper storey of the house saw the single-file procession winding its way round the distant hillside. Meantime, the schoolboys in beautiful clean clothes were assembled in the orange grove that leads up to the gates—a fine wide path, steep uphill, lined on both sides with spreading shady orange trees; two of the clergy were there with them, numbers of natives had found their way there too, crowds more were packed in the courtyard, and the rest of us stood beside the gate at the top of the path. When the Bishop entered the orange grove, the clergy and boys knelt down to receive his blessing. Then he came slowly up the hill, and only those who stood as we did could get a full idea of the extraordinary picturesqueness of this approach. In front came a number of men carrying large green branches; they neither walked, ran, nor danced, but came with a peculiar mixture of these three, a rhythmical, orderly, joyful, graceful progress, waving their branches and singing an accompaniment of welcome. It was like a little forest moving up the hill—and the scene in Macbeth,

> "I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought
> The wood began to move,"

flashed into my mind—only here there was no tragedy awaiting us. The Bishop followed, leaning on the arm of a tall elderly native, and looking so venerable and benignant. Then came the boys and the clergy. As they entered the gateway, the whole mass of people fell back on either side with instinctive natural courtesy; the guns fired, the church bells pealed, the large flag was run up, and there was singing, shouting, cheering, and every other imaginable sign of enthusiasm.

On entering the courtyard they went straight to the church, the Bishop now on the arm of Padre Limo, our native priest, and after a short thanksgiving they all went to their rooms. The boys then assembled in line opposite the Bishop's room, standing in the shade and looking so bright and gay in their many-coloured clothes—red, white, and blue being the prevailing hues—and the guns still fired, and the bells rang as though they would crack the belfry, and the men with branches went through another sort of dance in the middle of the open space, and the sun shone, and the sky was a real African blue, and the palm trees waved in the cool breeze, and the flags and pennons and banners fluttered softly in the clear air, and some of the boys, sitting on the upper balcony, hanging their brown legs over the stone wall, looked on with a gentle, placid enjoyment, and added to the grace and colour of the scene. It *was* a festive wel-

come, and no mistake. The people of Magila were determined to show that they appreciate a Bishop when they have one.

To M. A. W.

MAGILA, *February* 7, 1896.— . . . The first and most important news I have to tell you is that I am *quite* well, and have been so all along. As for prudence and precautions, you would not recognise me in my present character. Not that I was ever careless at home, but I believe you fancied me so. Now I am Medical Officer of Health, and Sanitary Inspector, and Hygiene Lecturer, besides being Physician, Surgeon, and Nurse; so it behoves me to practise what I preach, and keep myself well, as an object lesson to the rest of the European world. So far the results have been satisfactory, and I have been able to be of some *little* use to the Mission instead of being a troublesome sick burden. The men are on the whole very good, both when well and ill; and we have not any of the rash and foolhardy sort amongst us, which is a great comfort. I have had a few days' complete holiday from sick-rooms, and have spent three nights up on a salubrious hill 1,500 feet high—a lovely spot, which I have described in my letter to A. To-day, unluckily, my companion of the hill-top has taken to

her bed with fever; but she is not very bad, and I hope she will soon throw it off. I am getting quite experienced now in the different forms of this mysterious malady, which is so unlike anything we have at home, and is so full of unexpected surprises even to the experienced. It *does* seem odd that people, after all these years, have not discovered really either the cause, prevention, or remedy thereof.

Our day here is rather differently planned from the days in Zanzibar; generally it is as follows:—the waking-bell rings a little before 6, and church is at 6.30. If I have patients to see to, I sometimes cannot get to church, as they have to have a cup of tea and quinine, and other etceteras, as soon as I am up. At 7 we have a first breakfast of porridge and coffee, and between that and lunch, at 10, I am generally quite occupied with patients up here or down at the dispensary. The rest of the morning varies. One cannot make a plan of campaign because the unexpected is always turning up; but if I am not busy with nursing, I work at Swahili. . . . After a very early tea, we have one of the native teachers to read Swahili with us, an excellent youth, who has been at the boys' college at Zanzibar, and knows English quite fairly, and has a very good idea of teaching. In this way I try and get the accent, which in Swahili, as in other languages, is so attractive, and so impossible to *quite* achieve. The unlucky part of being here is that there is no one to talk to or to hear talk—at least not for me, as I have

no part in the boys' or girls' school, so I don't suppose I shall ever be able to converse fluently. What a curious thing language is, especially a language without a literature! I expect we English have had a great deal to do with forming Swahili into the crystallized shape in which it will remain, and yet our translations are full of uncertainties, and the most learned linguists, both Arabs and Europeans, differ as to the meaning of certain words. . . . Of course, all the men who have been educated by us from boyhood take the word in the sense that we mean it to have, so, although they are natives, they are no guide in the matter. Altogether it is a curious study.

February 8.—This is written in scraps, and I had quite forgotten to continue about the day's routine. After our lesson we always, if we possibly can, go for a walk; but as this is the hot time of year, and we cannot start till 5, it leaves very little time, for sunset is at 6. At 6.30 we have church, and then dinner at 7, after which we write, or work, or gossip, or, if I have patients, I am generally looking after them. Sometimes I go down late to the native hospital, if there is any one specially needing attention. We go early to bed, of course, and are generally quite ready for sleep. Since I began this letter Miss B., the other English lady, has been sent to bed with fever, so now I have them both on my hands, together with the ordering of the house, which, however, does not amount to much, as the commissariat is managed by

the laymen, and we have only to walk into the dining-room to be fed. Schools and classes look after themselves on these occasions; they are quite accustomed to all their teachers disappearing simultaneously, and take it calmly.

The locusts have been rather troublesome here of late, and it is sad to see many trees and plants entirely stripped of their green. Last year there was a disastrous famine amongst the natives for miles round from this same cause, and we much hope things will not be so bad again. The first time I saw locusts in any number was when I came here from Zanzibar and the train passed through a cloud of them. Now they are as familiar as flies at home, and I scarcely notice them; but it is very depressing to watch vast swarms of them sweeping over the country in one ceaseless cloud for hours and hours, only stopping at sunset, when they settle into the foliage and rest till next day. They are pretty creatures in themselves, looking like small humming-birds fluttering in the sunshine, and when near, shining in various shades of pink, green and brown. They are really like *very* large grasshoppers. I often catch one and examine it, and wish that science would invent some means of exterminating the whole devastating tribe.

. . . You would be pleased with one trait of the Africans which has much to say in their lives, *i.e.*, an immensely strong family affection. They hate going away from their own district, and soon feel

homesick. They think we English are *so* odd to leave our parents and come such a long way to live with *them!*

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *February* 8.— . . . It was particularly nice during January to have the Music List, for I was able to follow exactly all that you were doing at St. John's, and often I think I must have hit upon the identical moment when certain parts were being sung. . . . We have not quite the *Messe Solennelle* here, but there is no knowing what may come to pass in the near (or distant) future, for the choir has now fallen into my hands, and I am told to do what I like with it!

February 11.—However, every now and then these things come to a complete standstill, as, for instance, now, when I have my hands so full with sick folk that I scarcely think of church. This is a typical "Magila week." Last Friday Miss D. took to her bed with fever; the next day Miss B. . . .; next day Mr. R. succumbed with fever; the same afternoon a native boy was sent over from Mkuzi very ill with pneumonia; and in the evening Mr. B. was carried over from Mkuzi in the hammock! If that is not enough for one nurse single-handed, without a doctor or any help, I wonder what is? However, they are managing to

recover somehow, and we jog along merrily till next time.

. . . I am keeping very well indeed, and do not feel the least tired; so pray don't let any one feel anxious. At the same time, send a few more nurses out!

To E. T.

MAGILA, *St. Matthias' Day*, 1896.— . . . I cannot deny that I was much disappointed at having to leave Zanzibar, but of course these little upheavals are what one expects, so it doesn't do to think too much about them. . . . Thirty miles inland, up in the hilly country, amid lovely woods and hills, stands a stone-built quadrangle, which represents the Universities' Mission in this part of Africa. One can imagine the astonishment of the natives when the buildings were first put up, for amongst themselves they have, even yet, nothing but low, dark, beehive huts, to enter which one must stoop low, and which have neither light nor air. Here at Magila we have a large, solid, finely-built church, three or four times the size of Markbeech; a good boys' school (120 boys), and house room to accommodate at least a dozen of ourselves, though we are seldom as many as that number. The buildings struck me at first as being exceedingly rough, as indeed they are; but one soon gets used to unshaped stones, copiously-plastered yellow mortar, thatch-

MAGILA CHURCH.

covered iron roofs, irregular lines, uneven ground with rocky boulders and surprising holes in the middle of the quadrangle, primitive woodwork, and a frank absence of anything approaching ceiling or wall-covering. And, after all, it doesn't matter the least, and one wonders why at home such things are counted the necessities of life.

. . . The climate here is splendid as far as my experience goes—always fine and sunny and always breezy. Those who need not go out in the hot hours do not run any risk from the sun. I believe when the rains come and immediately afterwards is the worst time; but that I have not yet experienced. . . .

February 27.— . . . Let me just give you an outline of the present moment—evening, about 8.30. We have finished dinner. I have been down across the moonlit courtyard through the gateway to the native hospital to see after the patients there—only two as it happens. Then, having locked up, I carried my lantern home, came upstairs to find two tiny schoolboys awaiting me—one with a swollen eye, and the other with a cut toe. Having disposed of them, I bring my writing-board out on to the baraza—the spacious verandah where we always sit when at leisure. The night is perfectly peaceful; a wonderful moon is shining; soft white clouds partly veil the clear sky; the hills and palm trees stand out in dark outline. Some of the boys are talking, laughing and playing in the distance; the lamp flickers a little unsteadily

in the cool evening breeze; the dog (a dachshund) lies stretched asleep on the matting; a lizard now and then darts over the wall; and far away is heard the dim sound of a native "dance," with rhythmic drum beating. Often we hear a hyæna howling, but it is too early as yet. At 9 the bell will ring for the boys to go to bed; then we have Compline in our little chapel downstairs, and soon afterwards we go to bed, for, as the celebration is at 6.30, we do not keep late hours. I have no European patients in the sick-rooms, so I shall have a quiet, undisturbed night, not by any means a matter of course. Thus, you see, the life is very much what anybody else's life is, and often I can scarcely believe I am in Africa.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *March* 7, 1896.— . . . Your letter did not bring very good news. I can quite imagine how overwhelmed you must have been at receiving yet another sorrow-laden mail from Nyasa. Here at Magila we know very little of the other diocese: the people are for the most part not personally acquainted; and then, of course, we are so small and self-absorbed that even England scarcely interests us, much less Nyasa (or the Transvaal); and so we go on from day to day scarcely knowing what happens elsewhere and apparently not caring. . . . I'm so glad you go to St. Paul's sometimes. I think

of it often, to remind myself of what a boy's treble is, as well as other things. The February Music List reached me just in time for the last Sunday, when I was able to think of Palestrina, though I don't know it well enough to be able to recall it. How well I remember the second singing of it last year, which made a profound impression on me! . . . I often think how much amused you would be if you could see and hear my efforts to produce something approaching *music* from the choir and the harmonium. It is an odd proceeding. Everybody is so casual: the boys and men stroll in to practice in their slow, languid, African fashion; perhaps half of them don't come. Nothing can persuade them to stand upright for more than half a minute; they *must* lean against something for support. However, these things are details. The one satisfactory achievement is that the boys have discovered they possess an upper register, and I believe they are almost as pleased at the discovery as I am. Last time I had all the new catechumens to the practice, and, after weeding out a few, had between thirty and forty left, and then set to work at scales downwards, and obtained at last an upper *G* and *A* that they had probably never heard before, certainly never produced. However, this is only at practice. When it comes to the eternal Gregorians of Psalms and Canticles in the service, long habit prevails, and clear flute is replaced by harsh croak! Just imagine, we are going to sing *Salve Festa Dies* (in Swahili) on Easter Day, or at

least we flatter ourselves we are! It is rather odd to find that no one in the whole station here can sing *fah* in the diatonic scale; to distinguish between *fah* and *fe* is next to impossible; and as for poor *te*, it suffers cruel treatment. To listen to the teachers holding the school singing classes (generally out of doors) is quite enough to spoil my temper for the day, not to mention corrupting my ear for the rest of my life!

March 8.—I'm afraid I must bore you dreadfully with all these absurdities about music, so I will change the subject and turn to news. First, I have had no (white) nursing to do since I last wrote, as no one has been ill. This is wonderful for Magila. Second, in consequence I am keeping very well, as one ought to do in a life of leisure, not to say demoralizing idleness. Third, we have lost a large number of workers all at once, so we are a small and very quiet party. Quite a cavalcade went off yesterday. . . . Next Sunday Samuel Sehoza is to be ordained priest. We are all so glad about it. He will then be a still greater help to Padre Woodward than he is now, which is saying a good deal.

Now that Dr. P. has really gone, there is absolutely no medical authority on the mainland. I never felt my own incompetence more. *How* I wish we could hear news of a doctor coming out! It is true, the possible number of patients is much diminished, but still we have a few left, and of them some most valuable lives.

To P. R. H. C.

MAGILA, *March* 5, 1896.— . . . Since the Bishop and Mr. C. arrived I have tried to learn all I can of Kologwe, with the result that I want more than ever to see it. But there seems no chance of that. Every evening as we come back from our walk the western hills are resplendent with sunset glory, and I always wonder what it is like on the other side—whether there too, over the pass and beyond the plain, all is as pure, peaceful and heavenly as it looks to us here. Certainly the Bishop enjoyed his stay very much, and Mr. C. speaks of Kologwe with the downright loyalty of one who has made it his home.

To E. R.

MAGILA, *March* 9, 1896.— . . . I wish I could hear a cathedral choir just for five minutes, and then tune my heart accordingly. Praises are sung continually here in the literal sense, but *how* barbarously according to trained Western standards! I suppose it is foolish to miss music as much as I do; but then, I *am* foolish!

. . . There are no other nurses here, as I think you know, so I have no professional companions; there is also *no doctor*, so I am single-handed in my

endeavours to cope with sickness. To have no one with whom one can "talk shop" turns out to be a greater privation than I at first supposed it would be; but when I say privation I mean it only very lightly. You can understand that it would be a great help to be able to discuss symptoms and compare notes of past experiences, and one misses that here. In fact, that is one of the forms of loneliness that one has to expect—*and accept!* It is this, I think, or the climate or something, that makes people so much more anxious over difficulties than they are at home; it seems as though one could not throw things off in the light-hearted way one does at home. Hence many people grow depressed, or worry themselves into fever. Very few can stand anxiety here.

. . . Africa is a sadly heartrending place, but I suppose one grows callous in time. Certainly there is much scope for the cultivation of "detachment," for one always has the feeling that amongst the frequent changes of *personnel* caused by sickness and death, every one must be in readiness to "move on" at any moment, or to move off altogether, as the case may be.

I have just lately had very little nursing amongst our own staff, so I spend my spare time in studying the language (which is most fascinating), and training the choir (laborious and thankless), and translating German letters from the officials of this territory. This sounds odd for one who comes out to nurse, but every one is Jack-of-all-trades here. I also mend

surplices, and cassocks, and cottas in considerable numbers.

To Dr. O. A. B.

MAGILA, *March* 10, 1896.—The refreshment brought by your long letter comes just before Refreshment Sunday, and is, I need scarcely say, most welcome. How good of you, in the midst of your many London works, to give me so much time. I do not get twenty-eight letters by *every* mail now; but still a great many come each time, and the continuance of them still has (you will be glad to hear) a humbling effect! It is wonderful that people at home still keep up their interest, and take pains to show that they do so.

Ah, you may well ask whether this year will bring a doctor to Magila. I am often overwhelmed at the thought of the great responsibility laid on me; and when it comes to actual problems of diagnosis and treatment, I'm afraid I quite lose courage, and feel inclined to run away! Only yesterday a native boy died of some mysterious combination of maladies that entirely baffled me. I tried all I could think of, and perhaps he had some little comfort in being looked after; but when I saw he was dying, and his friends asked if they might take him home, I could only consent with relief, feeling more helpless than ever. Of course I

know in my own mind that a nurse can't be expected to possess the knowledge of a doctor; but, all the same, it is not easy to console oneself with that thought. *If* one of our own people should be really bad, if this year should be a repetition of last, and if one of the few precious lives still left to us should be lost for lack of knowledge and skill—well, you can perhaps imagine what one's feelings would be better than I can describe them. I now understand something of what people mean by the anxiety of African life wearing them out. It is the responsible solitariness of one's position in a place like this that would tell on one in a time of strain, just as a single-handed priest at an out-station is perhaps more run down through the instability of his boys than through his own indiscretions as to food and sun. The upshot of which somewhat gloomy reflections is, "Please send us a doctor."

You will gather that I realize my responsibilities here, so I need not assure you that all the powers I possess, especially example, are used to urge prudence and common sense on the people I have to do with. I think I may have remarked before that you would be edified if you heard me talking to the young men "like a mother." I hope they are edified too. Anyhow, they don't seem to resent it. Fortunately we have not had any very serious cases of fever yet. . . . Do you know, I think we should all do much better if we left our hearts behind on coming to Africa? Nursing hospital patients at home is a very

different matter from nursing those who are practically one's brothers and sisters out here.

You can't think how kind the Bishop has been to me here, and Fr. Woodward is so good too. In fact, every one is as nice as can be; and as I am keeping perfectly well, and have very little work, and the climate is pleasant, and letters are plentiful, and Magila grows more attractive and interesting, it would be quite my own fault if I were not as happy as your kind letter wishes me to be.

. . . It occurs to me that the laywomen who come out (I mean non-nurses) would be ever so much the better for short training in certain things which they are sure to want, and which it would be a saving of time for them to learn before coming. So why not start a house in London where they could go for a time and learn, *first and foremost*, the language (most essential to the understanding of the people), then house work, cleaning rooms, lamps, etc., laundry (to be able to teach a perfectly ignorant man how to iron caps and aprons!), *elementary* dispensing and nursing, making soda water, cooking, church work (altar frontals always having to be refitted, and cottas and surplices mended), opening tins and champagne bottles (a severe trial to the novice), cutting out clothes and sewing, and last, not least, lectures on hygiene, that the immense importance of teaching native house maids habits of cleanliness may be realized, etc., etc.? This is a nice little programme. Tell me what you think of the idea. Nurses get

their training in self-help before they come out; but others feel very much the strain of regular hours, continuous work, keeping of rules, and the constant "give and take" so essential to community life, as this practically is.

. . . It is now night; the drums of a native dance are just beating up in the distance. The boys are having a lively half-hour in the quad before going to bed; the donkeys just now escaped from the stable and were chased round and round with shrill screams of childish delight; hyænas will presently be howling outside the gates; mosquitoes and flying ants are particularly plentiful, rats are abundant, and I have had to fetch in the dog to keep them away, besides having just caught one in a trap; distant thunder tells of more rain coming, but the peaceful star-sown sky says not yet. Now I must end my letter. Compline will be said, and silence (of Lent) ensues. . . .

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *Easter Eve*, 1896 (*April* 4).— . . Before your letter came I had already begun the boys' voices downwards in scales, that point and the syllable "koo" being the two things that I happened to remember from reading Curwen's book. A bright idea occurred to me when first I started: the Swahili word for "glory" is "utukufu,"

so I take it for their scales, and they sing it quite naturally without any surprise or perplexity, and the result is all that can be wished, or rather expected. Moreover, as their ordinary articulation in singing is extremely bad (as bad as any provincial village boys'), it has the effect of somewhat improving their singing of this and other words in the hymns, etc. I am a little bit encouraged every now and then by an improvement here and there, but, of course, real *music* does not exist amongst us yet.

Easter Monday.—We have had such a beautiful festival. One *great* cause for thankfulness is that no one is ill. Mr. B. says this is the first Lent and Easter he has spent in the Mission without people getting ill. Last year . . . nearly every one was laid up. We cannot be too thankful that this year we have all been safely kept in health and have all thoroughly enjoyed the festival.

Now I must go back a little and tell you the news. Several things have happened, first and foremost being Samuel's ordination. On the 13th, Friday night, the Bishop and Samuel Sehoza walked over from Misozwe, arriving late and both very tired. Samuel was ill with dysentery, so I had the great satisfaction of sending him to bed and keeping him there the whole of Saturday, which discipline, combined with the medical treatment which I read up in various books, succeeded in getting him well for the Sunday. At 6.15 we had a first celebration, and then at seven followed the great function, which was simple

and impressive, as most of the functions are here. We were able to have in parts the same music that you had a few hours later at St. John's. This was Refreshment Sunday. Tell Mr. R. that we certainly did miss him for the Bishop's mitre, as nobody else seems to put it on quite straight; but in spite of this little irregularity, we got through the service. Padre Sehoza looked so wonderfully happy all the rest of the day. On the following Thursday he offered his first Eucharist, in white vestments, before the white altar, in the presence of his Bishop,—truly one of those moments in the history of the Mission which fill one with a profound gratitude. . . .

Palm Sunday was characteristic, and it seemed so natural to see the procession with palms that had been gathered at our very door so to speak. "All glory, laud and honour" was sung, for the first time boys alone verses, and the choir men and bulls of Basan joining in the chorus. The effect was grand. I *did* wish I had the Oberammergau arrangement of "Ride on," but there was not time to write to you for it. Never mind; next year we must manage it. The next day we had two African Padres with us, a most rare experience hitherto, but one which will, I hope, be commoner now that Padre Limo has returned (in good health) from Zanzibar. On the Tuesday in Holy Week I thought much of St. Paul's and Bach's Passion Music, which I have hardly ever missed for years.

On Maundy Thursday we had the best rendered

service we have yet achieved; that is to say the singing throughout was reverent, thoughtful, and devotional, the congregation restrained themselves, and the whole was the nearest approach to music, used as worship, that I have heard for five months—not even excepting Zanzibar. This makes one thankful and happy. Do not suppose, however, that we have as yet any *quality* of voice nor any harmony: but to have got time, tune and thought is at least something.

Good Friday was very nice too. After plain matins and ante-communion we sang the "Reproaches" to an original arrangement devised by myself—a mixture of Tone 1 and Redhead, which answered extremely well. . . . We certainly do very odd things out here, where there is no public opinion to keep us in check, and no fear of criticism to check our eccentricities. Padre was entirely alone for all this and the Three Hours' Service and Easter Day—not even a deacon to help, and the way he kept up, and the brightness and buoyancy with which he greeted us at breakfast on Easter morning, after a service of nearly two hours, were simply marvellous. So ardent was he, in fact, that immediately after breakfast we had full choral matins, a thing we never do at any other time of the year. I must say that the Easter hymn, which we sang at the offertory, was a memorable performance. The church was packed. I knew they would want to roar their loudest, and the only thing was to try and hold them together and

keep them in tune (usually they flatten a tone or two in every verse of every hymn !). This I managed to do, and the general effect was a stupendous volume of sound rolled forth with an emphatic vehemence and hearty enjoyment that would astonish our tame, timid singers at home.

And now Easter Day is over, and we are all well, as I said before, and we go on in peace and unity with a quiet routine that somehow does not become monotonous. How long this peaceful time will last who can say? Even if we all keep well here, there is still that possibie hammock to come over from Kologwe —wonderful indeed that it has not yet arrived.

* * * *

P.S.—I forgot to say that *Salve Festa Dies* in Swahili to Baden Powell was inaugurated with great success.

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *April* 7, 1896.—About a fortnight ago we had some very pleasant visitors here, Graf and Gräfin von Zech with their child. He holds a government appointment far up in the hills, and they were passing Magila on their way to the coast and stayed with us two nights. The countess had hurt her foot in walking, so I was able to coddle her up a bit. They both speak English, but generally their

native tongue with me. The amusing part was the child, a little girl of four, whom they call Baby. She is a sweet pink and white, flaxen-haired, dainty little person, very much like Helene von D., and was actually the first white *child* that had ever been seen at Magila. Consequently the school boys were wild with excitement at the sight of such a curiosity, and most amusing it was to watch the little princess making a royal progress across the quadrangle, perfectly conscious that she was being adored by the crowds assembled to watch her. We were curious to know whether they really admired her, for as a rule they think white skins ugly; but here there was no doubt about it. They simply worshipped her and lay in wait all their non-school-time, simply to see her come in and out or walk upstairs. The boys who waited at table lost their heads completely, and forgot to hand plates and dishes in the absorbing interest of watching the fairy queen partake of her repast. The final scene, when they set off for Tanga, was charming. Baby was placed in her hammock, carried on a long pole by two men, and while they waited a few minutes in the middle of the quad scores of boys gathered round, as close as they dare venture, while she, with perfect self-possession and a just perceptible twinkle of amusement on her face, arranged her hat and settled her cushions and shawls in a way that I can imagine Eleanor W. doing under similar circumstances. Then they set off, and with a wave of her little white hand she called out good-bye to the

boys in Swahili and vanished from their sight. How many of these susceptible hearts she has broken I'm sure I don't know.

To-day we are keeping somewhat of a festival, for besides being Easter Tuesday, it is the 21st anniversary of Padre Woodward's joining the Mission. Nobody would think it, to see him as fresh, vigorous, active and serene as he always is: never ill, never depressed or discouraged, never put out, never baffled. And the amount of work he gets through—church services, preaching, teaching, classes, school, correspondence, business, carpentering, printing, doctoring (when there is no one else to do it)—is perfectly marvellous. So last night we arranged a little surprise and decorated the dining-room table as for a dinner party at home—all sorts of lovely flowers and foliage growing just outside—and lighted twenty-one candles! When he came in he was completely taken aback, as he did not think we knew anything about the anniversary. This morning, after church, the boys all drew up in two lines and cheered, and the bells rang, and flags waved, and altogether things were most festive.

I had just been thinking this morning how quiet a Bank Holiday was here compared with London, when suddenly I heard a great noise ——

The mail goes unexpectedly soon, or rather an extra messenger, *viâ* Zanzibar. The Bank Holiday episode to be continued in our next.

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *April* 10, 1896.— This is a continuation of my abruptly broken-off letter, but I should not be surprised if by some contrariness of ships vol. ii. arrives before vol. i. Never mind, however, so long as you get both some day.

Well, Bank Holiday, as I remarked, seemed a very quiet peaceable affair here compared with Easter Monday in South London, and I was thinking with amused recollection of the many "casualties" brought into St. Thomas's Out-patient Department last year. Suddenly I became aware of a great noise and hubbub in the native village, but thought at first it was only the schoolboys rejoicing over the holiday just granted. Many of them were pattering along the path with their lightly falling bare feet, and I did not take any notice. Presently I heard *boots* tramping past the hospital, and thought it time to look out; there was Fr. Woodward hastening along in company with several boys, and everybody was collecting round the house of a Hindi merchant in the village who sells rice and other food, and clothes, etc. The noise increased, and there was screaming and shouting: all at once, like a lightning flash, *something* bounded across the path and disappeared behind the trees, followed by crowds of natives and swift-footed boys, who fled with astonishing speed over rocks, bushes, ditches, holes, and every obstacle. I soon lost sight of them

in their wild and exciting chase, and then turned to the path again, along which I now saw one of the school teachers leading a man with a forlorn face *and a broken arm*! Quite a typical Bank Holiday case. It appears these were strangers from a plantation some way off who came to buy food, and being of a grasping disposition they seized the rice of some women—a fight ensued, sticks were used, and the result was that this poor man got a blow that fractured his humerus. (It didn't appear funny to him, no doubt!) Here was a grand opportunity for me—to set a bone and put it in splints for the first time in my limited experience. I tied him up as well as I could, and then we sent him back to his overseer with strict injunctions that he was to be sent on to a doctor at once. Meantime the fugitive was caught by the excited and bright-hued crowd, and he was sent off to the local magistrate to answer for his bad conduct. So you see things are very much the same here as they are at home, and the "savages" (this man, my patient, belonged, by the way, to a cannibal tribe) keep Easter very much as our School-Board-educated Londoners do! You might suppose from this that I am becoming cynical under the African climate, but I don't think I am—not yet at least. There is still a little of the misguided enthusiast left!

I could write volumes to M. on the strange way in which actual life here seems just like New Testament times over again. Apart from the dress and general aspect of the people (though no doubt they are a few

shades darker in complexion), there are all the odd problems arising from illiterateness: the teaching by oral tradition, the *very* curious uncertainty of names of people, some of whom answer equally readily to two or three different names (a custom that causes endless confusion to the clergy and teachers), the entire ignorance of time or dates (most have no idea of their own age, and have no conception of twenty, fifty, or one hundred years), not to mention that their manner of speech and thought is so much more like the Bible language than our own. All these and many more things suggest to me vague ideas of analogies, which seem as if they would be so interesting if worked out, but which I have not the necessary skill or knowledge to make anything of. As for St. Paul's Epistles, they gain a thousandfold in reality when read among these people, whose "customs" are the great stumbling-block to a pure Christian life.

But enough for to-night. The mail is going. . . . We are all well.

P.S.—When we read about the Abyssinian defeat, and that the new Italian Premier was going to recall the troops, we thought it particularly appropriate that his name should be Rudini, which is the Swahili for "Come back"!

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *April* 26, 1896.— . . . I am afraid the accounts you received of the sickness here at the beginning of the year must have made you all unduly anxious, but I do hope you realized that the strain was not of long duration, and that since then we have all been exceptionally well. I have no work, no cares, no responsibilities; am leading, in fact, a shameful life of ease, such as would horrify the subscribers to the Mission; so don't betray to them the sad secret!

. . . Somehow, Magila is a *very* nice place! Was I ever in Zanzibar, and did I ever wish to stay there? I sometimes ask myself.

When I wish to "get a rise" out of Padre Woodward, I casually remind him that I am only here on loan. But it is a long loan, and I begin to think it is perhaps on the "three years' system," as advertised!

To J. P. W.

MAGILA, *April* 26, 1896.— . . . The *Spectators* have gladdened my heart with their punctual appearance; and when I read them, I feel that I am for the moment only about a month behind the rest of the world in "general information," which is indeed a great thing. Not that

it really matters much, however. When you come to live out in the great world, you feel what a small place Europe is, and wonder why it thinks so much of itself, when it really is so insignificant compared with a continent of respectable dimensions! *You* will not easily realize this, as you have never even been outside that self-important little island that looks a mere dot in the map of the world. All the same, somehow, we find that we should not get on at all if it weren't for ourselves, our country, and our resources, as you will easily imagine! And I don't believe the Africans will ever be a great people, in spite of all the help they have, partly because they are so wonderfully contented with things as they find them, and partly because they grow up in pathetic acquiescence in the white man's supremacy.

. . . The other day we went for a splendid long mountain walk in a part that I had not yet seen. It was a cloudy afternoon, so we started at four, when the heat was not too great, and climbed one of these steep rocky hills, passing through a fine waterfall, and going through the first rich "tropical vegetation," as the books say, that I have yet seen, for in the parts near here forests have been cut down, and no trees are large or thickly grouped. The narrow single-file path led through several villages, in one of which white ladies had never been before. The natives were full of curiosity to see us; some were afraid, and hid themselves in their low dark huts; most of the babies cried if we spoke to them; but the men

and boys, and some of the women, were very friendly, and we kept up an animated conversation with them. A blacksmith's forge, with its bellows made of two goat skins sewn together, would have amused you. The smith was making the small hoes they use for digging their fields. The children are just like Swiss peasants—so agile with their bare feet over rocks and stones. Most of them looked intelligent, and some were very pretty. Coming back we had rocks and streams and bogs and thickets to pass, and we arrived home a little tired, but all the better for the new experience.

We never see any wild animals in our walks, except wonderful birds and myriads of insects; and I believe I shall, after all, have to wait for the Zoo before I hear a lion's roar! Hyænas, as you know, are plentiful at night; and not long ago they employed themselves in unburying one of our donkeys that had died and been decently interred. However, it didn't need to be buried again!

It is the rainy season now; but we have so many bright days and lovely nights in between the rains, that it does not seem the least dreary, as I was told it would be. Moreover, the trees, bushes, grasses, corn and vegetables are all putting on the loveliest, freshest green leaves; and to go for a walk and hear the birds singing (they *do* sing in spite of what the books say), and watch the fresh young plants, and smell the sweet flowering shrubs, is almost like living an English April after all. The other evening it was really

romantic to saunter up the orange grove by moonlight, with the delicious scent of the orange-blossoms wafted on the breeze. . . .

The London season is just about beginning. Fancy if I were planning my gown for the Academy Private View! How glad I am to be relieved of that task!

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *May* 2, 1896.—Your long letter from Italy reached me a few days ago. . . . When I saw Cadenabbia on the paper, my heart leapt back to the gorgeous September day in '94, when —— and I spent some delightful hours on Como. I have a vivid recollection of the brilliant colouring and dainty villas and fancy-dress bargemen. Cadenabbia was *quite* English, if I remember rightly, but Bellagio could never be anything but Italian with those delicious steep alleys and bye-ways. . . .

Well now, to turn to Africa. You ask about the rainy season. Yes, it is going on now, but in so pleasant and temperate a manner that, far from being depressing, it is extremely enjoyable. Of course the rain, when it does come, is rain indeed, quite different from anything we see at home, except in rare instances for a few minutes at a time. The *noise* is enormous—a rushing, swishing, tearing noise—and if we happen to be in church under an unthatched cor-

rugated iron roof, speech is perfectly inaudible. One day even a projected choir practice had to be given up because it would have been impossible to hear the voices. Still, this is rare, and our services are generally of a quiet nature. Only once or twice have we woke up to the cheerless reality of a wet morning such as half the days in England often are. Sometimes a heavy downpour comes on about 10 or 11, but usually after midday; it often rains for a couple of hours on end, and sometimes longer, and then the clouds roll away and the sun comes out, and the streamlets in the quad dry up and we quite forget it has been wet. Such a day as those in the Lakes at home I have not yet seen. I believe this is rather exceptional, and of course the season is not over yet, and we may get more gloom and floods; but really this morning, Sunday, nothing could be more brilliant and fresh than the aspect before me. At the same time, the "hot weather" is over (not that *I* ever felt it hot here) and the atmosphere is distinctly cooler. The people's fields are so green with the graceful maize plants, and the cocoanut palms that had been sadly stripped by locusts are now again waving thick, full, rich branches. The other trees are thickly leaved and fresh in colour; none are large, but they give an air of "woodedness" to the hillsides which is very pleasing. The rains may go on for another month, and after that we shall have beautiful weather till the autumn, when the smaller rains come.

It is great fun to watch the boys during a heavy down-

pour: they shout and jeer or cheer and caper about, and standing under shelter put their heads out for a wash, or their feet as the case may be. Then if they have to cross the quad, what a rush and a wild attempt to run between the drops and arrive dry. Meantime the water men are on the alert, putting pails and tins to catch the nice clean rainwater (no smuts here!), which is much more welcome to us than malarious river or stream; these men run to and fro and fill up the great water-tank, and do all they can not to waste any of the bountiful supply, though of course gallons and gallons are carried away by the gutters, and run down the side of the orange grove to the river. The water-tank is a huge affair, half as long as the church: it is dug out of the ground, and of course the walls are impervious, and it is roofed over, the roof having ventilators for fresh air. Lock and key keep it safe from mischievous boys or intruding natives, and twice a day the water men draw up a supply and take it round to the different departments. Besides this, there is the boiling and filtering of all drinking water, so you see the "drink question" is quite an important one, and occupies two whole men, besides entailing ceaseless vigilance on the part of each individual European. This is all I can think of to tell you about the rains, but you must remember that I have only such a limited experience of them as yet, so don't generalise from this very scanty information. I may add that only quite a few times have we been prevented from taking our daily walk.

Amongst the German visitors during the past few weeks were two Protestant missionaries journeying from the coast to their station further inland. One of these had been a fellow-passenger of mine on the *Bundesrath* (I regret to say I didn't recognise him, much to his surprise and I fear chagrin !), and he told me the sequel to the story of the Austrian mother and two fair-haired children with whom I made such friends. I was always puzzled by her as she seemed so absolutely alone and never disclosed any reason for taking such a journey, though she admitted that she had no friends or relations in the south. It appears she was under some delusion about her husband having Protestant tendencies (though they were a most united couple), so she left home without a word to any one, and took herself off to a Trappist monastery in Portuguese territory ! Did you ever hear of such a strange idea ? The husband was frantic when he discovered she was gone, and he followed her from port to port. At Dar-es-Salaam (opposite Zanzibar) he came across this said missionary, and was glad to learn the latest accounts of his lost belongings. Then he traced her to her halting-place, and without any difficulty persuaded her to come back with him. They both loved each other, and had lived a happy life ; but as she was not very strong at the time, it was supposed her mind must have been a little unhinged. Wasn't this a romantic tale ? No one seeing the simple, poorly-clad, quiet, unobtrusive woman on board and watching her wise

affectionate care for her children, her self-possession at the time of Martha's accident, her gentle reserved manner towards other people, would have dreamed that she was bent on so wild an errand. I feel more than ever interested in them now, and am sorry I have no idea of their name or place of abode.

May 4.—I must confess before I go any further that I have been wicked enough to break the spell of perfect health that has so long reigned in Magila, and last week I was in bed a few days; but the fever was a *very* mild one, and I am perfectly well, and feel just the same as ever now. . . . The second day I was in bed the mail arrived with *thirty-five* items for the poor invalid, so no wonder I had a headache next day! It *was* splendid getting such a huge mail, and I cannot express my gratitude to all contributors.

. . . The school holidays are going on now, so Magila is very quiet, and we miss the life and colour of the quad. Only three boys remain behind, homeless boys who have nowhere to go. Two of these Padre Woodward has to-day taken down to Tanga for two or three days; they have never seen the train or the sea or anything approaching a town, so I expect they will be filled with wonder.

. . . There is heaps one could say about the early days of Christianity. Bright's *Lectures on Early English Church History*, which I have just been reading, mean ever so much more to one who sees something of the struggle going on—the struggle between light and darkness. And I think I said before that St.

Paul's Epistles gain quite a new understanding when one learns a little of the work of the clergy here. But this may be partly because in my case I knew so little about them before. Scanty indeed is my knowledge still, both of Christianity and of Africa!

To A. J. W.

MAGILA, *May* 2, 1896.—All that you say of Cardinal Manning is most interesting, and makes me simply long to read the fascinating book. It will be an age, I expect, before it reaches us; but some day no doubt some one will present it to our library, and then I shall devour it. I have read several reviews of it, and already seem to be quite up in the intrigues of the Vatican! Another book of interest is G. J. Romanes, and that, I'm glad to say, I *have* got. Mrs. Romanes has most kindly sent it, and I look forward to reading it, though a good deal I saw in proof before I left England. *The Century*, which D. sends me each month, is in tremendous request, and sheds its light and learning over quite a large tract of Central Africa! One appreciates all these things in a place where they don't pour in hour by hour with every postman's knock.

. . . I must have given you a wrong impression of the work done here, if you gather that we neglect the

women. Oh, no! An immense deal of time is spent on them, but as they are quite a century behind the men in intelligence and receptivity, the results are a laboriously gained minimum. The great problem is to educate wives for the men—and this is done in the large school at Zanzibar, where they are trained in the teachers' or industrial department, according to their abilities; and on the mainland, girls attend school as well as boys. Here, where two English ladies teach, there is a large girls' day school (about fifty average I think) and it is proposed to start before long a boarding school, at a little distance away, for the purpose of freeing marriageable girls from the tyranny of heathen "customs" at home, which interfere again and again with Christian laws of marriage. The girls, if living at home, have seldom courage and steadfastness enough to stand out against the pressure of parents and neighbours; if they refuse to take part in these "works of darkness" they are threatened with the death of their first-born child. Child murder is one of the commonest crimes, and of course the brides can hardly be expected to brave this threat, which, either by poison or direct violence, is quite likely to be carried out. So we have perpetual struggles going on, and often the husband is overruled by the wife—or rather by the wife's mother, who plays a tremendously important part in the domestic economy. To overcome this difficulty, it is thought that a boarding school might be started from which the girls might be directly married without

the intervention of the mother-in-law: whether it will answer or no remains to be seen at the end of some years. The tie between husband and wife is so loose a one that these people find it exceedingly difficult to understand that it ought to be of greater obligation than the tie between parent and child.

The girls in school are taught the three R's, and sewing and singing: and besides, they have a definite religious course—hearers, catechumens, and Christians being taken separately. The biggest girls are often in the lowest class, not knowing their letters, while little ones of eight and ten can read nicely. I am afraid Froebelianism has not yet been introduced here! It would of course be just the thing for these infant intelligences, so if you come across a past student with a "vocation," send her out by all means!

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *May* 23, 1896. *Eve of Pentecost.*—. . . The rains that I told you of last time must have overheard my too flattering remarks, for a few days later they tried to show me what tropical rains *could* be. Accordingly we had about four days of almost incessant downpour; the rivers overflowed, paths were impassable, the German railway was seriously injured, and most of the native

huts were either blown or washed down! The mornings were dark, and at six I had to dress by candlelight. Books and boots assumed that delicate bloom that is associated with the surface of a peach, but which, somehow, does not excite admiration or pleasure when found on *their* surfaces. The wise and experienced cheered us by a daily "Be prepared; this may go on for another month." But, after all, it stopped. Ascension Day was exquisite, and since then we have had indescribably lovely weather, with mornings so fresh, cool, and breezy, that one longs for a good gallop over the plains; but, unfortunately, horses do not grow in this part of the world.

. . . Yesterday afternoon and evening we had a very sad and strange experience. Our Swahili teacher, one of the boys' schoolmasters, was sitting with us reading, when, to our surprise, his wife appeared and said he was wanted. She did not say why (they never do make a straight statement or give a definite explanation); but we guessed that the baby was ill. It was only a fortnight old, and had been ailing more or less all its life; so we presently followed them, to see if anything could be done. In the village a group of anxious women was standing round the elderly woman who acts as sort of mother and general adviser to all the neighbourhood, and who had the tiny, puny infant in her arms. It was fading away rapidly, and looked as though it could not last long. I hastened back to get some brandy

and medicine, and some one else fetched Padre to come and baptize it. I was kneeling on the floor of the hut, putting a few drops of brandy into the tiny mouth, when Padre arrived. The women called out "Quick, quick!" the father and mother were standing by. Padre came in, baptized the baby, and had scarcely left the hut when the poor little thing breathed its last. Simultaneously all the women began their strange, weird, native wail; a group of anxious friends and neighbours assembled outside, and we hastily left the sad scene.

The funeral was the same night, by the light of a beautiful moon—such a pathetic, mournful, yet lovely scene. First they had a short service in church, with all the choir in the red cassocks and white surplices that give them such a picturesque air, and we had music; and then they simply carried the tiny infant, wrapped in white, and laid it in the grave. They never have coffins here. The group round the grave, with the clustering, tearful women, the bright-robed choir, the lighted candles, and the clear moon above, was a sight one will not readily forget.

Whit Sunday.—I suppose you are all at Stocks—perhaps having a house party. I do wish you weather like ours; but that, I fear, is impossible. No English sky could be like this, no English atmosphere so clear. The sky is not a monotonous stretch of weary, dazzling blue—oh, no—great masses of soft white cloud are piled up towards the south, casting shadows over the hills, and lessening the glare which might

otherwise be too bright. It is the Queen's birthday; but I am afraid we do not keep it, as we are not in British Protectorate or territory. I did not even play the National Anthem in church this morning. Ought I to have done so? But in the middle of the quad waves our huge red and white flag that is always put up for Sundays and holy days—not the Union Jack, but the flag of St. George; and as that mythical person is the patron saint of England, we may be considered patriotic as well as catholic, don't you think?

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *May* 29, 1896.— . . . Do you remember my telling you about the Gräfin von Zech, who stayed here with her fairy princess daughter? We heard not long ago that they had returned from Dar-es-Salaam to Tanga, but the low coast climate did not agree with them, and both parents and child had been very ill. The little princess, in fact, was wasted to a shadow, and they had decided not to return to their post here, but go to Ceylon or New Guinea, where they had lived before. I am sorry we shall not see them again. Padre Woodward, when he was last in Tanga, saw them, and the child, in her imperious little manner, expressed a wish that "the Magila boys" should be brought to see her in bed, so one of them was of course promptly

taken upstairs, and was graciously received by Her pale-faced little Highness.

On Whit Monday we had a festive tea-party of the married ladies of Magila and neighbourhood. Of course I am now used to them and their ways, and don't find them so funny as I did at first; but to you it would have seemed a very odd contrast to your village parties at Stocks! They consumed large quantities of rice and meat (eaten with fingers, and mostly sitting on the floor), and then tea, biscuits, and sweets. All the time the liveliest chatter was going on. Towards the end, Padre suddenly appeared with a twinkle in his eye which I knew meant mischief, and after he had politely greeted the women, he suddenly produced one of those horrid jointed wooden snakes that wriggle, and put out a scarlet tongue: "made in Germany" no doubt, but none the less terrifying for all that. To see this large party of grown women fly for their lives, screeching with terror, was the most killing sight in the world. Of course they knew it was all fun, and they presently crept back again to have the joke repeated, which was done several times, and each time with the same results.

To E. R.

MAGILA, *May* 18, 1896.—I have just finished reading your book,[1] and while my heart is full I must write and thank you for it—thank you first for writing it, and next for having sent it to me. I feel it has brought me back into the midst of you. I see Geanies and the experiments with flashing light on plants, and the shooting expeditions, and the children's walks with their father, and the music in the evening—you remember we used to have Beatrice to sing while *he* played the violin and I the piano—and the delightful talks with him and Professor E. And I see the London house, with those pleasant dinner parties that he and you knew so well how to devise; and then I see Oxford, of which sweet city he so readily and rapidly became a part; and I think of him in that fine old upper room which I first knew as his study. How clear it all is, and how fresh a memory to look back upon! He was so kind to me. . . . Those last two years I saw little of him. It would have been good to know him in the days of suffering, and to have been able to watch that wonderful sunrise of faith which the book so touchingly describes. Dear E., I do most heartily thank you for having enriched the world by giving it the story of his life—a story that cannot fail to help those who have passed through any similar sort of trouble, as well as those who are still in the dark.

[1] *Life of George John Romanes.*

. . . I did not write to you by the next mail after the book reached me, because I wanted first to read it; moreover, I happened to be having a mild little fever when the mail came in, so I could not read or write much. Except for those few days in bed I have kept wonderfully well. . . . One of the laymen was very ill as soon as I was about again, and he gave me two days of anxiety, but he is now perfectly well again. I think it is anxiety that tells on one here more than anything else, and especially on a solitary nurse who knows she is expected to cure everybody! But I ought not to say "especially" on a nurse, for the clergy suffer as much or more over the spiritual health of their flocks. Those of sensitive, enthusiastic temperament worry themselves into fever again and again, when a boy runs away from school to his heathen home, or when a baptized Christian brings disgrace on the Church by flagrant misconduct, as not unfrequently happens.

. . . Our party is now very small, as several have gone home on leave. Why does not Oxford send us more men? We want clergy, schoolmasters, doctors, and working men (carpenters, builders, etc.). Do they all go to Calcutta, or do they all stay at home? . . . The question to ask is not, "Is there any reason why I should go?" but "Is there any reason why I should *not* go?"

I am working away at the choir and trying to teach them to sing with reverence and feeling. Not that they are irreverent in themselves; *far* from it; they

mostly realize and appreciate the solemnity of Church matters, but it had not somehow occurred to them to express this in their singing, and the actual technical part (time and tune, etc.) was so bad that, to me, it sounded irreverent, though, of course, in their simplicity and ignorance they did not feel it so. Just as at home, sometimes, one hears a company of most pious and truly devout Dissenters singing hymns in what, to our cathedral-trained ears, sounds execrable taste, but which to them is no doubt edifying. One would hesitate to break in upon them with "new-fangled" ideas of correct singing, accurate time, voice production, etc., which would probably banish all enjoyment from their simple service. So here I often have to remind myself that bad singing is, after all, not immoral, and that English ears must learn to be patient of imperfections. (I confess this is an uncommonly hard lesson to learn, and I have not *nearly* learnt it yet!)

May 23.—Since I wrote the above Padre C. has been very ill. They carried him over in the hammock, and he arrived about as ill as he could be. But (D. G.) he is now ever so much better, and will, I hope, be well enough to go back soon. These ups and downs of African life are constantly happening; but though one is on the look-out for them, and in fact almost daily expecting them, they always come with a fresh shock of surprise and a fresh flood of anxiety.

To T. H. W.

MAGILA, *May* 29, 1896.— . . . We are all very well here. As for my being overworked, well, never for years have I had such an easy time, and I am often ashamed of doing so little. It is only now and then that a severe stress comes; in fact, I have only had one spell of a few days' hard, anxious work, and I was none the worse after that. The climate is beautiful, and most of the Europeans keep in good health. I dose the boys and the natives, and, when asked, give sage advice about sick cows and donkeys; and I teach the choir and talk German, and write long letters to my family, and that's about all!

To Dr. O. A. B.

MAGILA, *May* 29, 1896.— . . . All that you say of Dr. —— sounds most interesting, and I wish there were definite news that he was really coming. . . . There is really a good opening for work amongst the natives; they ought to be sought out, and I don't do anything of that sort—only try experiments on those who happen to come to the hospital. As for the precious lives of our own people, the responsibility of them does not grow any lighter. Ten days ago I got a heart-broken

pencil note from Mr. D. at Kologwe, saying that his beloved padre was very ill, and was coming over to be nursed. It was but a fortnight since he left us after an Easter-holiday visit, and now he was carried back. . . .

I am so glad you went to St. Paul's for one of the Easter-week services, and am surprised to hear that it was not a habit of yours to go there. What a thing to confess—that you, a Londoner, deliberately miss one of the greatest privileges that London supplies to her sons and daughters! Wait till you come out to the wilds and hear the noise called music that might greet you, and you would soon resolve to make a diligent use of St. Paul's, I expect! One of my diversions here is to try and instil some sense of music into the choir. Sometimes I think I am succeeding, and then I wonder whether it is not after all the lowering of my own standard rather than the raising of theirs that has happened. How is one to keep up a standard—either musical or medical—without any example? Rapid deterioration in both is inevitable!

I am sorry I never went to the Church of the Holy Redeemer after it was completed. At one time I used often to go there. One rather longs for some ideas about architecture here, where the buildings are rough and primitive, and where a knowledge of the elements of construction is so important. I think it would be more appropriate and successful if they built the churches here in Roman basilica style in-

stead of the English Gothic that they all attempt, and that cannot be really good with such rough material and work.

Trinity Sunday.—Last night Padre C. had a letter from Kologwe to say that one of his boys was dead, and that various other complications and misfortunes demanded his immediate return; so after church this morning he started off, intending to walk the whole distance in one day—thirty miles! . . .

. . . A wave of moral misfortune is now passing over the Mission here; one after another the best Christians are falling, until one wonders who will be left standing. Any one but Padre Woodward would be hopelessly depressed by the rapid succession of failures, but he somehow manages to keep up.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *Thursday*, *June* 4, 1896. *Corpus Christi.*— . . . You will see from the date that I am writing on that most beautiful of festivals, which here, as at home, we have been keeping as well as we know how. It is difficult to describe how peculiarly touching and beautiful it has been. We sent invitations to the two native Padres to come over, and they, with a good number of Christian boys, came in time for last night's evensong. You will remember that I told you we had a number

of new boys baptized on Whitsun-eve, and they (the younger ones with boys' voices) are now in the choir. They are impressed with the privilege of being admitted, and so have introduced a good moral tone amongst the other boys, and this, I need hardly say, has immensely improved the singing. We have been rather diligent at scales of late, and have succeeded in establishing the certain fact that African boys have as pure an upper register as boys in any other part of the world. This fact was not known here before as far as I can make out, and I judge from the astonishment of both natives and Europeans at what they now hear. Last night, as the Antiphon to the *Magnificat*, they sang "O Sacred Banquet"—boys alone; this may sound to you feeble, for indeed the harmonies are everything in that lovely setting; but remembering that here as yet people do not know true melody or pure tone, you can make allowances, and can perhaps realize the breathless stillness of the congregation while they listened to this new experience. The boys were absolutely unself-conscious, and sang with unexpected precision and clearness; the enunciation and accent were exactly as I had shown them in "patterning" (you remember that it is all done by ear!), and the expression was, I think, truly that of profound faith in the words they sang. All this was very touching, and indeed I can only feel thankful that I have been able to bring some little idea of music as worship into Magila church. This morning we had a splendid service, with the two

native Padres as deacon and subdeacon, and the boys sang the Antiphon again after the *Agnus Dei*. You see what a great help your book is to us. Perhaps you will let Mr. Branscombe know what pleasure his music has given, and ask him to forgive me for using it in so incomplete a manner as I have done. . . . You would be surprised to find how admirably the Swahili words fit the music—better almost than the English, I think. . . . Padre Limo preached so *very* well; it is quite delightful to hear him, and to watch his face. Altogether it was agreed that Corpus Christi at Magila was a noteworthy day, and we all of us wished our English friends could have been here to share it with us.

. . . In the middle of the morning came a messenger to say that two native labourers from the German plantations had been badly injured by a falling tree, and were being brought down here to me! They arrived in course of time; but one had died on the way, and the other, besides having a broken arm, was unconscious, and apparently had fractured base of skull, so I sent him on to Tanga to be treated at the hospital, as I did not feel equal to undertaking the case.[1]

I forgot to mention in chronological order that yesterday morning two guests arrived from the coast on their way up to the coffee plantations; they were a German baron and his wife, just married, just arrived, quite new to the tropics, and unable to speak

[1] This one died too, we afterwards heard.

a word of any language but their own. It was a highly amusing experience for me, but not, I fear, wholly so for them, for they could not even give their servant orders, or inquire about the porters, still less converse with Padre and the others at table; and the husband (who had already had fever in Tanga) was somewhat overwhelmed at the responsibility of his young bride and twenty-eight porters to look after. They were such pleasant people, and it was very nice to be able to ease some of their difficulties for them. After church on Thursday I was detained for a few minutes, and presently one of the school teachers hastened in to say I was wanted. I thought, of course, a patient; visions of fits, fractures, or hæmorrhage flashed through my brain, and I hurried off, only to find out in the quad an immense assemblage of schoolboys, workmen, porters, Europeans, the Hindi merchant, and the two poor Germans—none of them able to make their wishes known to each other! It was a question of loads and porters and instructions to the Hindi; so the baron spoke in German to me, I in English to George, and he in Swahili to the men, while the admiring crowd looked on with amusement.

To Rev. E. F. R.

KOLOGWE, *June* 16, 1896.—I think you may perhaps like to know something of what St. Barnabas' Day brought to the solitary Guild Member on the mainland here—one of those delightful surprises which somehow do *not* entirely surprise one in Africa, where one is trained to expect the unexpected! Well, on the 11th, we had our Eucharist at Magila—the "Missa de Angelis," and part of Cobb's "Lauda Sion," and Branscombe's "O Sacred Banquet"; and everything was sung with that quiet, thoughtful, reverential manner that the choir are now just beginning to understand and appreciate. Needless to say, my thoughts were at St. John's, and I was wondering how many Guild Members were hurrying through the London streets in the early freshness of the summer morning—a moment that I now always associate with Waterloo Bridge—and was wishing that some of the nurses then on their way to St. John's might next year have found their way to Africa.

After church I went as usual to the hospital, and "dealt with" all the out-patients (no doctor as yet!), and then began to arrange some music for the choir, when suddenly I heard and saw the arrival of a pony and donkey, that evidently came from Kologwe *Why* they came, and why without riders, I could not imagine; but in a few minutes the problem was solved. A letter arrived from Padre C. asking

whether I could come over at once and nurse a boy of his who was very ill, and seemed in great danger. It was not a question of "call a cab and catch the next train," but a question of forty miles of footpath across hills and valleys, woods and plains, rivers, bogs, and marshes; and, moreover, the rainy season is still with us. Of course Padre Woodward gave me leave to go, and we set to work to talk over plans, finally deciding to start at 5.30 next morning, and do the whole distance in one day, sooner than sleep a night on the way. The rest of St. Barnabas' Day was taken up with preparations. Surprising and mortifying it is to realize what helpless creatures we Europeans are, and how dependent on the machinery of civilization. Instead of simply tying up a few clothes in a pocket-handkerchief, and starting off barefoot, with a handful of bananas as sufficient food, as a native would do, we had to pack boxes, select the proper clothes, take a variety of foods, spirit kettle, blankets, top-boots, pillows, sun-hats, umbrellas, mackintosh coats, and even *water*, while four porters and three mission boys were scarcely considered sufficient escort for this elaborate caravan.

The morning was lovely, and we set off on the pony and donkey, the carpenter's apprentice being in supreme charge of the expedition, as he knew the way. The first formidable difficulty was the river, much swollen by the rain, and full of great rocky boulders, over which the water rushed in playful

force that seemed to mock the efforts of the sturdy men who struggled to carry us across; but long before reaching the end of our journey we came to look upon crossing rivers as mere child's play compared with other things. After this first river we started on the typical African path (commonly called road) to which one soon grows accustomed, never more than a foot wide, and bordered on each side by corn, grass, trees, or bushes, varying in height from six to twenty feet. This, in the early morning, is intensely *wet*, so we needed all our elaborations of top-boots and mackintoshes to keep ourselves dry, while the bright sun, of course, necessitated umbrellas as well as sun-hats.

So we went merrily on, up the steep hills and down the steep declines which are characteristic of the Bondei country; and at last, about 11, we reached a village, where we stopped to rest and had some food. Several times we had been asking our guide what time we should reach Kologwe, but he always laughed in an incredulous manner, and gave some evasive answer, at the same time exchanging humorous looks with the other boys. Rain came on while we were in this village, but not very heavily, and we were soon able to start again. By this time we had left the narrow pathways behind, and were riding through beautiful forest, with creepers and flowers such as one reads of in tropical books. Owing to the shade of this forest we were able to push on through the hot part of the day, and about 2 reached

the next halting-place. Amongst the things we forgot to take with us was a watch, so we were entirely dependent on the boys' knowledge of the sun to guide us in fixing the hour. Again we asked how much further was the journey, for it was only four hours to sunset; and thinking of sunset reminded us that we had also forgotten the lantern, which we were told on no account to leave behind! This time the boys did not laugh, and now we began to see that matters were serious. They declared we could not reach Kologwe that day, that we must sleep where we were, as there was no other village we could reach; and when we mounted our steeds and insisted on going on, the porters laid down their loads and refused to stir. They were, in fact, on strike!

We felt ourselves in a nice predicament, and, asking for an explanation, at last gathered that they had brought us the longest way round instead of the shortest, and that nobody apparently ever did get through by that route in one day. Well, we were in great doubt what to do: on the one hand there was the experience of all the natives, who had travelled the road scores of times, and declared it was not safe to go on—that we should be benighted, that water and high grass would make progress very slow; and then there was the ever-present knowledge that to be out late in damp and wet always brings fever, and that wild beasts are fairly plentiful after sunset. On the other hand, there was the sick boy, who might be still in a critical state, and for whom a few

hours' delay of the medicines I had brought might be a serious matter. It *was* difficult to decide, but we stuck to our decision when once made, and insisted on advancing. It was partly ignorance of what was coming that led us to do this; had we known *how* far we still had to go, the most elementary prudence would have made us stay the night and lose twenty hours.

From this time we hurried on very quickly; rain fell, but we hardly noticed it; the road grew very bad—marshy, wet, and sticky; there were rivers to cross; one of the porters lagged behind and finally was lost sight of altogether; the others grew tired and had to be constantly urged on, and, perhaps worst of all, our leader lost his good spirits, became gloomy and depressed, and cast a sombre influence over the others. However, there was nothing for it but to go on and on.

We left the mountains behind and came on to a vast plain, stretching, as it seemed, to an immeasurable distance, and, as the hours advanced, losing itself in the luminous glory of a wondrous sunset. On we rode, silent, persistent, and expectant; the glorious sky lighting up sheets of water in front, and showing us the path ahead still under water. Then as the western light faded the stars came out—great shining, tropical stars, that seemed to do their best to supply the absence of moon. The pony grew tired, the donkey stumbled with fatigue, and once even lay down; the boys limped, the porters were lost in the

darkness. Then fireflies came out in myriads, and added an extraordinarily weird effect to the scene.

After a long time of dark wetness we came to a river, and here the boys said we should have to wait for the porters, but fortunately there was a bridge that had lately been mended, and it was just strong enough to take us over. Somewhat risky work it was, getting the animals across by the light of matches, but it was accomplished somehow, and then we went on till we reached a wood. Here at one point my pony suddenly stopped, trembled all over, plunged into the grass, and refused to go on. Horses always tremble when there is a lion at hand, I believe, so of course I thought it could be nothing less that I dimly perceived on one side of the path; however, it was only a rock, and the pony, after some delay, consented to go past. On and on, a never-ending way it seemed; every time we asked, "Is Kologwe near?" the boys gloomily answered, "No, a long way yet." They *were* so tired, poor fellows, and, like all Africans, very much afraid of being out in the dark, so we had to cheer them on as best we could. At last, far away beyond the plain, we saw a steady light burning, and learnt it was actually the light of the Mission. This was good news, but still, it looked so inaccessible as to be almost more tantalizing than cheering, and we knew we had still some miles to go. It grew cold, and the damp mists rising from the plain were so suggestive of malaria that I kept wondering how much poison we were involuntarily imbibing, and

whether we should both perhaps succumb to fever next day, and thus be an extra burden instead of a help.

I can hardly reproduce in a letter the strange sense of hopelessly going on and on, never arriving, that this ride across dark Africa gave one. It was with almost a shock of surprise that I found at last we were stumbling up against a house and people, and then another house and more people, and lights, and greetings, and then—oh! strange and beautiful sound—a deep-toned bell close at hand—the voice of the Church, so it seemed, speaking a serene welcome to the weary. This was the bell for Compline, so we were not so late after all, only nine o'clock, yet it seemed as though it must be midnight at least!

What a pleasant arrival it was! How friendly and charming were all the boys, and how glad one felt at being able to bring some help and encouragement in nursing the sick boy! He, poor little fellow, was still most seriously ill with what I took to be pleuro-pneumonia, and both Padre C. and Mr. D. were tired out with nursing day and night, in addition to all their other work. I need not tell you particulars about his further progress, but will only say that he is now convalescent and able to walk about.

To D. M. W.

KOLOGWE, *June* 20, 1896.— . . . So ends chapter i. of the Kologwe visit. Chapter ii is a different matter. As soon as Sendaga began to get well, Padre began to look ill. He was wonderfully well when we arrived, and in such excellent spirits; but very soon he began to flag, and I felt sure he was going to be ill, though he had no definite symptoms—nothing that he could stay in bed for. Then one night he felt so ill after Compline that he sent for me. . . . I sat up half the night, and when he was quieter left him with Mr. D. The next morning I found he had the most dreaded form of African fever—a kind that I had not yet seen. We debated long whether we should take the patient over to Magila at once or not, but finally decided to stay here, at least for a few days, and watch events, sending meantime to Magila for half a chemist's shop of necessaries. This is now the third night, and so far he has gone on exceptionally well. . . . I am now—past midnight—sitting on the baraza, in front of which stretches a vast plain bathed in shimmering moonlight. . . . Kologwe is an enchanting place for beauty!

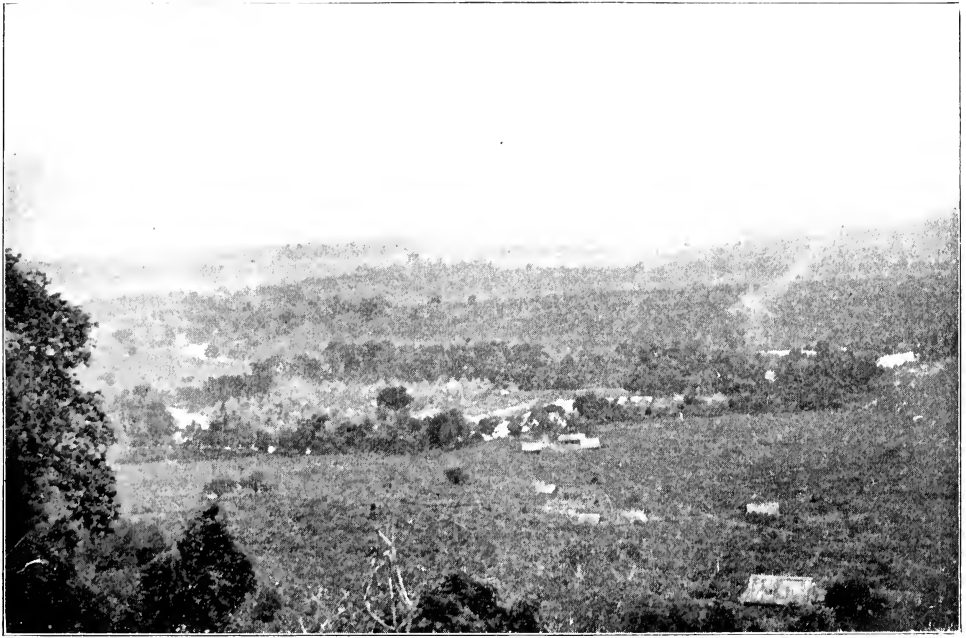
June 28.— . . . Chapter iii. is perhaps the natural sequence of the other two. I have had fever myself! I was most fortunately able to wait until Padre C. was up, and then I went down, but so very mildly that it wasn't worth calling a fever. . . .

We are now beginning to think of going home to Magila; but there has been a good deal of rain, and the return will have to depend on the state of the roads.

To the Editor of "Central Africa."

KOLOGWE, *June* 29, 1896.—Certainly Bishop Smythies had an eye for the picturesque when he chose Kologwe for a Mission station. Could anything be more beautiful, one wonders, than this vast green plain bounded on one side by a mass of dark hills, and stretching on the other to a limitless blue distance? It has its morning beauty, when the brilliant sun lights up every variety of vivid green with telling effect, heightened on those days when masses of soft white cloud cast moving shadows over the plain; it has its evening beauty, when the cattle are slowly wandering home, and the afterglow of sunset bathes the scene in golden light; and, above all, it has its midnight beauty, when the whole plain lies shimmering in moonlight, and the gleaming silver river fills the air with the sound of many waters, and the great pulsing heart of Africa seems, as it were, to lie in majestic stillness under the benign care of the "faithful witness in heaven."

The Mission stands on a steep hillside, its site being, in fact, cut out of the hill itself. This position gives it, of course, a great expanse of view, and,



KOLOGWE PLAIN.

though it adds considerably to the difficulty of building, has the advantage of having called out an ingenuity and inventiveness on the part of the architect that give a delightful sense of achievement now that the main buildings are finished. Kologwe is at this moment at an exceedingly interesting point in its history—a point where the ancient and modern meet. It is true that "ancient" only reaches back five years. Still, there it is, and the tiny dark brick house, the thatched mud school, once the church where the first Christians were baptized, the tumble-down carpenter's shop where the finely-finished woodwork of the new buildings was fashioned—these places have an historical, one might almost say a pathetic, interest attaching to them quite as real and quite as touching as any famed relics of early British Christianity at home. For was it not from these small beginnings that the present solid structures arose? Were not these humble huts the scene of many a talk, many a struggle, many a victory, yes, and many a defeat, in the days when the ground was being won inch by inch from heathenism? Are not these poor structures the shrine of that first example of apostolic life which set before the people of the Zigua country a pattern of what the Church of Christ should be? Such thoughts make one sorry that the old has to give place to the new, but the change is inevitable.

Side by side with ancient Kologwe, so soon to be swept away, stands the modern station, with solid stone church and house, small and unambitious, per-

haps, compared with Magila or Zanzibar, but well repaying study on account of its clever contriving, its careful work, its conscientious finish. Nothing cheap or common, nothing second-rate, temporary or make-shift about these new buildings, is the feeling they arouse; and besides this artistic satisfaction, there is the further pleasure of knowing that all the men employed on the buildings have had a high standard of work put before them, and have learnt what good building means. Some account of the consecration of the new Church of St. Mary appeared in *Central Africa* of June last, but I do not remember to have seen a description of the building itself. It is perfectly plain in design, without pillars, arches, aisles, or apse—not Gothic in fact, which is perhaps a refreshing departure from the beaten track. For dignity it depends on its fine proportions and solid workmanship, but for decoration it must depend entirely on future additions, none of which are as yet forthcoming. Paintings, mosaics, pictures, hangings, rich colouring and broad treatment are what it wants.

The new school and dormitories, now nearly completed, are an excellent example of how thoroughly well a wattle-and-daub house can be made. Simplicity, strength and ample space are here seen; deep foundations, careful attachment of each separate pole and stick, and a roof of unusual height supported by a new device, are its main points. This school stands on a terrace cut out above and away from the house, and later on, when the aforementioned ancient

structures are swept away, the terrace will be continued to form a covered walk reaching as far as the church, and the whole of the remaining ground cut out of the hill will be so levelled and laid out and walled up as to form not only convenient (and most necessary) walks from one part to another, but at the same time sturdy barriers against the tremendous rush of water that comes sweeping down the hill during the great rains. Efficient drainage is indeed quite a notable feature here; and had it not been in the first instance thoughtfully planned and quite recently revised and corrected, even the most solid buildings must soon have been washed away.

But Kologwe is much more than mere buildings. There are the boys and teachers, and workmen and house servants; there is the daily life of activity and progress, beginning with the waking bell and Angelus at 6, followed by Prime and the Celebration, after which every one sets to their appointed work—teachers, schoolboys, builders, carpenters, masons, cooks, and field labourers. It is amazing to see what manifold activities are going on in a place which five years ago had seen no sign of European civilization. For instance, just lately the German Government issued an order that maps of the Mission property must be prepared and sent in to head-quarters. So Mr. D. taught himself surveying, and set to work to measure the whole estate and make a map. Besides this he has lately built a new bridge, widened and improved the paths, and is

making a good road round the boundary of the grounds; he also supervises the builders and masons, besides teaching in school, instructing classes of hearers from outside, and generally developing the many-sidedness of character that is essential to a missionary. To give any sort of description of the work of Padre C. is impossible. It is a work felt more than seen, felt from the first moment of arrival, and increasingly appreciated as one stays on. It permeates the atmosphere, and gives to the life of Kologwe that intangible, indescribable *tone* which defies analysis, and which causes a visit to Kologwe to remain in one's mind as a fragrant and sanctifying memory.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *July* 9, 1896.—So I am to give you an exact account of "a day in my life at Magila"! This has been a fairly typical day, so I will describe it without further prelude.

The waking bell rang a little before 6, and I got up and dressed, and went to church at 6.30. As a rule we have a daily celebration, but Padre is away, so Mr. N. and Basil took Matins between them. At 7 we had coffee and porridge, and then immediately I went down to the hospital with my keys and set to work. The assistant Stefano is away at Kologwe, so I did everything myself. School-boys were first attended to

—ulcered legs, cut toes, sprained ankle, sore throat, headache, swollen eye (would be black at home, but retains its local colour here!) after yesterday's football, coupled with strict injunctions as to who is fit for school and who may stay out. Then outside patients, mostly bad ulcers of long standing, such as one has seen by the score amongst the poor in London, and so on till 10 o'clock. Then we had lunch, after which I saw two or three boys up in our own house who come at stated times for medicine, etc., and then I did Swahili and German in my room for about an hour, with several interruptions. At 12.30 we had Sext, and afterwards I wrote part of a letter home; but before I had done much, one of the men came upstairs wanting to see me. He said he had just found a man lying in the wood, unable to move, and nearly dead. What should he do? I told him to bring the man to the hospital, and then I went down to await him. After a time the poor creature arrived—a starved Chinaman—who said he had had no food for five days, and who had apparently lain down in solitude to die. Brandy, milk, blankets, and hot water soon accomplished a change in his condition, and I then left him in charge of a native. This was supposed to be "rest" time; but little diversions of this sort interfere with calm repose, and there was no sleep to-day. At 2 I got our tea ready, and sent down a good allowance of his native beverage to the poor Chinaman. At 3 we had Nones, and at 3.30 was the boys' choir practice. As it was a damp,

cloudy day their voices were not good, but they did their best, and worked hard, and were glad to be let off at 4.30. Then I went to the hospital again, saw several patients, looked after the Chinese skeleton, and left food and instructions for him; he was already much better. Usually at 5 we go for a walk, but as it was wet to-day we stayed in, and I wrote a letter and read *Life of Mackay of Uganda*. After the Angelus had rung at 6, a happy thought struck me, and I sent for all the choir boys. They came in trepidation, expecting, I believe, something unpleasant, instead of which I sat on the table on the baraza and distributed amongst them a whole bottle of sweets lately arrived from the Army and Navy Stores! They went off rejoicing, and I *hope* washed their hands before church—but I forgot to remind them of this detail. Meantime I sent a message to Mr. B. to tell him not to go to church, as he had told me he feared he had some fever. It was pouring wet, and at 6.30 we went with waterproofs and umbrellas to Vespers, after which English evensong for us in the side chapel. Then I looked in on Mr. B., who was 101°, but pretty comfortable. After supper I got ready the invalid room, and then sent for him to come over, put him to bed with blankets, hot bottles, and antipyrin, saw two or three boy patients, finished writing out some music for to-morrow's choir practice, wrote a Swahili letter to my late little patient at Kologwe, went down to Compline, and finally set to work to write to you.

BONDÉ BOYS.

Meantime it is still raining, and a hyæna is howling hideously just outside the quad. It is 10.30 p.m. Good-night.

To D. M. IV.

MAGILA, *July* 19, 1896.— . . . There is one question in your letter that astonishes me exceedingly: "Do I really get fond of African boys?" Well, *what* a thing to ask! Don't you know that boys are boys all the world over, and *especially* that choir boys are choir boys! You should see them creeping slowly and unwillingly across the quad in the cold early mornings, then again racing, tearing, shouting out of school when lessons are over, running down to the river to dabble in the water, hastening briskly when the dinner-bell rings, lolling about in the hot sunshine, laughing hugely when any fun is going on; standing up politely, caps off, when one of us goes past, running promptly at the slightest call to carry out any commission; and lastly, sitting quietly or listening attentively or kneeling devoutly in church. If you saw them thus day by day, and appreciated besides their picturesque colouring, silent movements, spontaneity and absence of self-consciousness, you would not wonder whether one could get fond of them. Of course I admit the great barrier that lack of language imposes. I cannot say I *know* them yet, but if I did the attraction would be only

the stronger. Some of the little ones are charmingly pretty; one little fellow of about seven has exactly a Sir Joshua child's face, and has the most engaging manners conceivable. Of one big boy called Petro I could write you a long story, but it is too long. He was my leading treble, and was always accounted one of the best boys here; then he did a great wrong, and was in disgrace for some time. Now he has gone to the college at Zanzibar. I had a charming letter from him the other day (Swahili), beginning "My dear mother," and ending "Your *very*, *very* loving son." In the course of the letter he casually let me know that he was in great want of a box which would cost about a rupee, and *could* I, etc., etc.! Don't you imagine that boy might be lovable? Some of them generally come up to our baraza in the evenings, and look at pictures or play games, or, if we are busy, they just sit quietly and talk to each other. In this part of the world the language is Bondei, which I don't understand one bit, but to us they talk Swahili, some of which I dimly grasp.

I have not written to you since we were at Kologwe —lovely place! . . . Our homeward journey was so straightforward that we had no adventures whatever, and as we came the right way we accomplished it in exactly twelve hours, and arrived in excellent form. Moreover the admirable Germans have just now issued orders for paths to be widened, and, to our great surprise, on the *Rückreise* we found some few miles of bushes and grasses cut down,

which of course made progress ever so much easier and quicker. In course of time we shall really have roads—and then we might begin to think of bicycles.

July 21.— . . . Occasionally here I forget that I am in Central Africa, everything seems so natural and familiar; but lately we have been vividly reminded of where we are, for at night we have heard LIONS roaring! There are said to be three prowling about within a mile or two—father, mother, and child. I long to see them, but somehow they do not seem disposed to walk into the quad. The first night I woke about 4, and heard quite distinctly a noise unlike a hyæna or any other animal I knew of; but I never thought what it was, and did not know till Padre told me next day. Last night we heard it faintly before we went to bed. All the natives are a bit frightened and we hear that women going down to draw water in the early mornings are accompanied by their menfolk with guns. So far no one has been killed.

. . . I wish I had a German "Polite Letter Writer"! How am I to indite a formal epistle to Baron von St. Paul, beginning, "Sir,—In accordance with your request, I beg leave to send you herewith," etc.? That is what Padre has just asked me to do! I am afraid the style of the translation is a little blunt.

To D. M. IV.

MAGILA, *August* 4, 1896.— . . . Yesterday at home was Bank holiday, and by a curious coincidence it was a holiday here too, for the preceding Sunday was our Harvest Festival, and the Monday had long been fixed as a picnic for the Girls' School, in which festivity I, too, took part. To begin with the Harvest Festival: On Saturday afternoon we decorated the church, which did not take long, as every sort of rich and beautiful vegetation is close at hand, and of course we only go in for simple effects. About eight or ten enormous palm branches—twenty feet high—were cut down by the boys and placed upright, one against each pillar; a few armfuls of rich variegated shrub leaves and flowers, cut from the churchyard, and arranged on the chancel-screen, font, etc., and then, finally, frangipani, eucharis lilies, oleanders, etc., picked on the spot, for the altar vases. This is all we did, and the effect was rich and good. On Sunday morning the church was crowded, and you would have been struck by the prettiness of the offerings "in kind"—baskets of Indian corn carried up by the women in their picturesque flowing drapery and deposited at the chancel gates; money is given, too, of course, in orthodox English offertory bags, which are not so novel or striking to the new-comer. "We plough the fields," in Swahili, went with tremendous fervour during the procession—from which, however, you must not

understand that they plough here—oh dear, no, nothing so advanced; they scrape up the surface of their fields with a thing somewhat resembling a hoe with a dash of the pick-axe, and that suffices for preparation of the soil, on which splendid crops of corn grow. So the hymn is translated freely and adapted to the usage of the country. . . . The day was brilliantly fine, and I have never seen the quad looking prettier than it did: so many people had come in from a distance, and all were in spotless clothes with those fine touches of rich colour that they so well understand. You can't think how pleasing it is to see every one always in clean, newly-washed garments, and to know that they (the people as well as clothes) have been in the river every day. I am afraid the dingy dirt of an English gathering will rather shock me when I come to see it, in spite of such a long training in the slums as I have had. The rest of the Sunday passed off quietly: it is always a restful day, as everything in the way of church, school, classes, etc., is over by 10.30, and then there is nothing more till evensong. The boys generally play football in the afternoons.

On Bank holiday the girls turned up in good time (they are day girls, as you know, not boarders), and soon after 8 we set off. It looked rather like the familiar pictures of slave gangs going down to the coast, as they sallied forth single file, each carrying her share of the day's refreshments—great sticks of sugar cane, or baskets of oranges, bananas, mangoes,

sweets, etc. Some men had gone on ahead with the chief loads, namely, two huge cauldrons for cooking, and a sack of rice, and a goat in sections. The place we went to was a lovely waterfall, up a steep hillside, about an hour's distance, and to the cheerful beating of a drum (no party would be reckoned complete without this) we toiled up the ascent, some of the tiny children having quite a struggle to get over the rocks, while the bigger girls skipped lightly over them with the free movements of bare feet and no petticoats. They are wonderfully graceful. Arrived at the spot, we ourselves sought shade as a matter of conscience, and were soon established in a delicious sort of arbour, with thick leafy foliage overhead. Such a luxurious picnic I have never known in England; but you have to be an African missionary to learn what luxury is! The men had hatchets and cut away the lower branches; we had our chairs spread out, a hammock was hung up for the laziest of the party (not me!), a fire was lighted and tea made, and soon we lunched off sandwiches and biscuits and oranges. Meantime the sixty girls, with their teachers, were cooking their own food, which, to them, was the most enjoyable part of the day. I went down to the river side presently to see them, and it really was a pretty sight to watch them—the fires burning between great stones, on which simmered the cauldrons, and all the children splashing and paddling about in the water, jumping from rock to rock, laughing, singing, chattering, as

merry as could be. I longed for a camera to take the group; but even that would have lacked the chief beauty—colour, so I have to be content with memory, which is very poor in this climate. Then I went back to my chair in the shade, and was soon enthralled in the intricate horrors of *My Official Wife*, which I had taken up to read. Suddenly a movement in the branches attracted me, and I looked up to see a messenger standing before me with a letter from Padre, addressed, "Miss Ward, The Waterfall, or Elsewhere. *Immediate.*" Oh! I thought, a new patient brought in, an accident, an emergency—what can it be? Tearing the letter open, I found something very different, but quite exciting enough in its way, namely, a proposal, or rather a request, that I should go back to Zanzibar and work there! The answer was to be sent at once. It came so suddenly and unexpectedly in the midst of the leisurely picnic—this suggestion of an up-rooting, for such it would really be now—and Padre left the matter for me to decide. I was to send him word what I really *wished*. I don't believe I hesitated a moment in deciding, and my decision was to stay here. . . .

August 20.—I never finished about the picnic—such ages ago! I wrote my answer (the forethought of Padre had supplied the messenger with paper and pencil) and sent it back, asking to be allowed to stay here. Then the day passed away, the girls played and skipped about, and we strolled

by the water side, and they ended up with games and races for prizes of sweets, and altogether it was voted a thoroughly successful day. And the most remarkable thing about it was that none of us had fever afterwards!

. . . We have had a good many German visitors passing through lately, and last week I had even a professional visit from a doctor. He had come down from the coffee plantations to see one of their Chinese labourers who is under my charge with a bad foot, and I was pleased to find that he was quite satisfied with all he saw. I was embarrassed when it came to a discussion on the merits of corrosive sublimate, mercurial gauze, iodide of potassium and other items familiar to students of the British Pharmacopeia, but I managed to find out all I wanted to say, and was glad to see how very much like us the Germans are in their treatment. The German doctor at the Government Hospital in Tanga, by the way, wrote to me the other day "*Sehr geehrte Fräulein Collegin*"!

. . . Have you seen that a certain Schröder in these parts has just been sentenced to *fifteen years'* hard labour for cruelty to natives? There was great excitement about the trial, and one of our clergy was one of the most important witnesses. This I hope will put a stop to the harsh treatment, so often complained of by those who work under irresponsible private traders. The officials are just and humane, but up-country individuals are not seldom brutal.

August 24.—I have just completed a great task—

translating fifteen pages of lithographed foolscap German Police regulations and byelaws, etc., relating to building in Tanga! The Mission has bought a piece of land there, and is going to build a house, and woe betide us if we infringe any one of the rules laid down by this most paternal government.

. . . To-day I was flattered and encouraged by my Swahili teacher remarking that there was nothing more he could teach me! I am afraid their politeness often leads them to say what we in rude English should describe as an untruth, but they mean it well. As a comment on his flattery, I will add that I had to ask him three times over before I could fully understand what he said!

To A. J. W.

MAGILA, *September* 7, 1896.— . . . Do you really want to know what "fever" is like? I never write about it because I think it quite unnecessary to describe the symptoms of one's own frail body. I will only say that with me head and eyes chiefly suffer,—but I ought not to use the word "suffer" of my own slight attacks when I think of what I have seen others go through.

Long before you get this you will have read and forgotten telegrams about the bombardment of Zanzibar,—the storm in a teacup which people at home

take no notice of. We were of course a good deal excited about it, and it was tantalizing to be able to get no direct news. The wildest rumours reached us from Tanga, but they were soon corrected by authentic information from our own people. Happily, none of them suffered. All the women folk were taken on board the men-of-war, and after the war was over they returned to the island, the nurses hastening to the hospital, which was soon crammed with wounded natives, mostly quiet citizens, men, women and children, shot by the random folly of the usurping Sultan's soldiers, who of course, at the sight of English cannon, lost their heads, and fled wildly through the streets, shooting at everybody! We have two of our native people here now, just come from Zanzibar, and they of course are very full of it, and are oddly proud of belonging to a mission which comes from the same country as those all-powerful men-of-war!

Nothing could be more tranquil than the mainland, where the only sounds are the merry shouting of the boys by day, and the occasional howl of a hyæna (sometimes a lion too!) by night. We went for a walk yesterday afternoon, and had pointed out to us the footprints of lions. Everything goes on quietly, pleasantly, happily. I am busy, but not overworked, and the time slips by so quickly that I can hardly believe it is a year to-day since I left St. Thomas' to begin my holiday before starting for Zanzibar.

To Dr. O. A. B.

MAGILA, *Holy Cross Day*, 1896.— . . . To-day is Magila Dedication Festival (Kanisa la Msalaba Mtakatifu), and everybody has done their best to make things worthy of the great day, with results that were quite admirable. Both the native Padres came, and the full staff of Magila was in working order (some of them only *just* managed to get down to normal in time!) and the people came in great numbers, and altogether it was very beautiful, with the exception of the weather, which was quite English in its wetness, but did not succeed in damping our spirits.

Your letter was most welcome, and gave me a great deal of news of just the sort I wanted. . . . We still desperately want some one medical and surgical, to come and help us. If you won't laugh too much at the idea, I will tell you some of the things I have lately had to do. When I was in bed with fever at Kologwe, a boy fell out of a tree and (I think) dislocated the elbow and possibly fractured too; as there was nobody else to fix him up I did my best then and there. A fortnight ago a woman was sent down from the German plantations, with dislocated elbow. This I also did up for her. (Yesterday I took off the splints, and found it all highly satisfactory.) Last week I was in bed, and they brought me a man who had gashed his foot through with a hatchet, and had afterwards walked several miles to

get here. So I had the foot up on my bed, and did it up after a fashion, but the results will be poor, I'm afraid. Three of the toes were loose, and there had been such a lot of hæmorrhage. The next morning an old woman walked in who had just fallen down and fractured radius or ulna (I don't know which !). Now ought not the thought of all this bungling work to stir the heart of some qualified surgeon, and bring him out here? I can't think what doctors are made of that they don't come, instead of struggling to get a practice in already overcrowded England, as so many of them do on leaving hospital.

People have been pretty well here, but Mr. B. still has a good deal of fever, and he is generally rather bad too. He and Mr. N. and I all followed each other's bad example within the last fortnight; but, as I remarked, we just managed to be up in time for our festival. I was very angry with myself, for all those days I wanted to work the choir very hard; however, I had the boys in my room when I was better, a proceeding that seemed to amuse and impress them very much.

. . . Of course you know the new hospital is almost here by now. It all sounds very magnificent and splendid, and perhaps it will some day be standing on its legs. But—— Did you ever hear of building a church for which there was no priest? I find myself wondering what is the good of a hospital without a doctor?

To Dr. O. A. B.

MAGILA, *October* 3, 1896.—It is not my turn to write to you, but sad duty obliges me to write by this mail to give you news of Padre C.'s last illness. . . . This time he has been very, very ill—hæmaturic fever again—much worse than last time; and if it had not been for a God-sent German doctor, a skilful, kind, and devoted man, I do not think he would have lived. As it is, he is now convalescent. . . . However it seems clear that his work in Africa is done for the present, and I am quite convinced this time that it is right for him to go home. . . .

Dr. Heyn was so pleased with Magila, especially when he heard that a hospital was coming, that he offered to come and be our doctor, failing an Englishman. He has been four years in Tanga, and seems to know about things. What would the English medical profession say if it came to this, that even our doctors are "made in Germany"?

October 23.— . . . Nursing here is very different from nursing at home. Until I came to Magila, all my patients had been strangers; now they are brothers and sisters. And though, indeed, in London they were *pauperes Christi*, and I loved them as such, yet it is after all quite another matter. . . . So, if nursing in these climes is a "work of soul-searching difficulty," it is not because of the "monotony of level commonplace," but rather because of the unex-

pected, the perplexing, the impossible, and because of the demand on the emotions as well as on the intellect and powers of endurance. Ought one to *feel* less as one grows older? I find my capacity for feeling is so much greater than it used to be, in everything—beauty and joy as well as sorrow and suffering—that I often wonder what I am coming to, and only hope the prosaic capacity for *doing* does not diminish in like ratio!

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *October* 23, 1896.—When I last wrote, it was just before going down to Tanga, and since then nothing except the journey and its object has happened, so be prepared for an exceptionally dull letter. The day of the journey was beautifully fine, and as Mheza station is only about as far from us as Godalming from Borough, and as the road is now all the way as good as the sandy track, and often better, and as there is only one river to cross, there was no need to start at an unseemly hour to catch a train that was expected any time after 8.30. Padre C. was put into the hammock to be carried. . . . I rode the donkey, which was exceedingly fresh, not to say frolicsome, and tried to run away several times; Mr. S. walked, as did all the natives, of course, and our procession wound its way speedily

through the pleasant green country—so like an English summer landscape—until we reached the station. This was the first time I had seen the railway since I arrived last December, and since then the station has been built and the road made and all sorts of other advances carried out. There was a waiting-room with cane chairs, where we sat, feeling *so* civilized, and presently the train came and we took our seats, and, after a not more than ordinary African wait, off we started. Arrangements had been made for us to go to the German hospital in Tanga, so we went, and were very cordially received. One of the nurses I found had travelled out with us on the *Bundesrath* last year. The other nurse was a new arrival from Dar-es-Salaam, and she seemed a little mystified as to who and what we were, and in the middle of lunch amused me by suddenly asking whether I was English! Seeing a hospital again, with its clean, orderly arrangements, its beautifully-kept surgical room and its busy doctor, made me feel quite odd,—a sort of wistful yet hopeless home-sickness for the proper belongings of my profession, with amused recollections of my funny and *most* unprofessional proceedings at Magila. In the afternoon I went to pay a call on the Countess von Zech, who was as cordial as ever, and whose fairy-princess daughter is in blooming health. Towards evening news was brought that the ship was in, and we prepared to go on board. By good fortune the boat was the splendid new German liner the *Herzog*, the finest ship they have yet built

on this line, returning from its first outward trip. Everything was very luxurious, and to our unaccustomed eyes dazzling in its magnificence. When we sat down to dinner (I dined on board), I was so overcome by the sight of fish-knives, and entrées, and ices, and waiters, and fashionably-dressed people, that I couldn't take it all in at once. However, I managed to do full justice to the excellent repast (as the books say), and in time began to feel at home,—almost at 25, G. P. in fact! After dinner we sat on deck, and Padre C. had last words with his boys. Needless to say, two Kologwe boys came and stayed up to the last minute. . . . Soon after 9 the boat came to fetch me on shore. It was a lovely night—starlight, moonlight, soft balmy air, gently plashing waves. . . . I went back to the hospital and slept, and before 6 next morning was in the train and reached forlorn Magila by 10.

I say forlorn, for you remember I told you all the world had gone down to Zanzibar, where the Synod is being held, and we are such a small party, the schools being closed too, that it seems like the deserted village. However, we manage to exist somehow—to rest if nothing else, and next week we hope to be all in full swing again. I *very* nearly went as far as Aden in the *Herzog*, and, once there, I might have got drawn on to London,—who shall say?

The only event of any sort or kind that has taken place since my return is that last Sunday afternoon, just as we were going to have tea on the baraza, we

found a snake by the tea table, eating a lizard. I had been standing on the spot a minute before, and had gone into my room to fetch something when I heard Miss D. say, "Oh, there's a snake"; but I thought it must be down in the quad, and was much surprised to see it where I had just been standing. Miss D. got a stick and struck it a good blow on the head, which killed it, though it still continued to writhe about. The lizard was minus tail, but still alive; later, it died of the shock. The snake was the most brilliant grass-green, very pretty, about two feet long, and not much thicker than one's finger. The natives were dreadfully afraid of it, even after it was dead. I showed two girls the stick, on which a drop of the snake's blood was to be seen, and they shrieked with terror, and said, "Oh, it will turn into a snake," and when I ran after them with the stick they fled for their lives!

At home I hope you are realizing that Christmas is drawing near, and that foreign mails for that season leave, I suppose, in November, and parcels of course much earlier. Not that I wish to ask for a plum pudding or a bottle of orange wine, but one thing I hope some kind friend will send me, and that is a calendar for '97 to hang up and remind me of the course of time, and a small diary to enter correspondence, etc. Otherwise I shall be hopelessly lost. In fact, if it weren't for the Psalms, one would have no means of fixing the date, and between matins and evensong one is apt to forget.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *October* 21, 1896.—There is no news, of course, from this City of the Dead—poor forlorn Magila left shepherdless for a whole month; so I must write without news. After I came back from Tanga, I spent a few days in "retirement" (which you will not be surprised to hear), and in the meantime finished reading Sim's letters [1] —a very interesting book, I think, for those who care for Africa and the Mission, but on the whole a depressing, saddening book. . . . Mr. Sim was himself hardly to blame, because he was so entirely ignorant of the first essential knowledge for life in Africa—viz., self-preservation. To read his accounts of his own treatment of fever is enough to make one groan at the hopeless irrevocableness of the whole thing. That man ought never to have been alone, and he ought to have passed his first year in company with some one of experience, who could have taught him the wrongness of so lightly treating severe attacks of fever. . . . Even a cast-iron constitution cannot stand so much neglected fever as he went through; and though he was better towards the end of the year, yet, when the bad attack came on (caused, they think, by his bad well water), of course his strength was exhausted. . . .

The letters are exceedingly interesting. But why

[1] *Life and Letters of Arthur Fraser Sim.*

was Sim so home-sick? It is too pathetic to read of how he simply lived on the memory of his north-country friends, and how lonely and isolated he felt. Is the Mission right in sending one man alone to form a new station in totally untouched country? Just at the end of the year he began to take root, and one sees indications of his beginning to *love* his boys; but he strikes me as being unusually slow (for a priest, I mean) in discerning the lovable qualities of the boys—and that probably accounts for his home-sickness. He reached Kota Kota early in September, and not till June can he even get so far as "I believe I am getting fond of my life here." . . . As I read through Mr. Sim's letters I was never tired of comparing Kota Kota with Kologwe, and the mind of the one missionary with the mind of the other. What a desperate wrench it was to the one to leave home—and the other? Well, I don't know about the first time; but the second, he was only counting the hours till he stepped off the shore of Italy. . . . Ah! probably Mr. Sim would have felt the same after three years—after his first baptisms, after he had begun to see the Church grow up around him, and had felt himself the spiritual father of a little band of lovable boys.

To E. R.

MAGILA, *October* 24, 1896.— . . . If you read September *Central Africa* you will have gathered that my impressions of Kologwe lay too deep for words. I could only write about the *outside*; the inner life was too unique, too precious, too intimate to be made public. I shall always look back on that visit as something quite apart from anything else. The object of my going was to nurse a boy who was dangerously ill: he recovered, and then Padre C. fell ill of the most dangerous form of fever and—"*je le pansay Dieu le guarit.*" . . . Then in September, one night, suddenly, with a shock of suddenness such as one ought to get used to here but somehow doesn't, came a letter to say they were carrying him over here, again with pernicious fever. . . . One has to come to Africa to learn what nursing means,—how it seems to draw out the whole of one's powers; how every faculty of emotion, of understanding, of endurance, seems to lavish itself in one profound and sustained act of self-abandonment. . . . It is such a help to know that people at home are thinking about one, and helping by their prayers. I daresay you thought of me between September 24 and 29, little knowing the "intense" time I was going through. Perhaps for weeks one

goes on simply and uneventfully, almost monotonously, till suddenly there comes a call, and a short, sharp spell of work. Don't imagine that one *always* lives at tremendously high pressure. It is only just now and then. Since October 8, when I went down to the coast, nothing whatever has happened; indeed, it has been a peculiarly dead time, for all the clergy have gone down to Zanzibar for the Synod, and we are left as a deserted flock without a shepherd. But synods do not happen every day—indeed, Bishops are none too plentiful in our Mission—so we had to let them go with a good grace, and hope to see them back next week, after they have wisely and peaceably settled all great affairs of state. . . . The Bishop *must* rule; his word is law, and without his word there is no law, as there is no one else to dispose of matters. This is very hard in native questions, especially the eternal problems of marriage difficulties, which trouble the native Christians more than anything else. It takes years to understand the traditions and customs of heathen races; and this is one of the things that make the early death and disablement of the staff such a real misfortune, as each new man begins all over again, and makes the same mistakes, and establishes wrong precedents, which are not easily disestablished.

To P. R. H. C.

MAGILA, *All Saints' Day*, 1896.— . . . You will, I am sure, be deeply grieved to hear that the Count von Zech is dead. He was carried down from Kologwe neighbourhood to Tanga with black-water fever, and died in the hospital there on October 31. It is terribly sad for the Countess and her child.

To D. M. IV.

MAGILA, *November* 9, 1896. — What better occupation for a wet day than letter-writing? And if the length of the letter were in proportion to the wetness of the day, then this would be never-ending, for the rain *is* coming down. Now I see what the books mean by tropical rains; but all the oldest inhabitants say it is quite exceptional, and they have never known anything like it at this time of year, when all we expect is the so-called "lesser rains." We are thankful to have solid houses to live in. . . . It does seem *so* English to wake up to a dark, rainy morning, and then to splash about the quad in waterproofs and umbrellas, and this is what we have been doing for days and days. The river is immensely swollen, and, in fact, quite floods the low-lying lands, and we have some fears for our bridge, which was only built a few months ago, and which might possibly be washed away. The other day,

during a short, fine interval, we went down to look at the river and to watch a German gentleman get his goods across. The donkey was the great difficulty. As they knew of old that the creature absolutely declined to walk on a bridge, the men tried to get it through the water. Taking off the saddle, they dragged, and coaxed, and pushed, and did their best; but no—as soon as they reached the middle the swift current carried them all off their feet, and the terrified donkey kicked and struggled itself back to the bank. This went on for about half an hour, and then they made a final struggle by way of the bridge, and ended by practically carrying the donkey across! After this, the loads were mounted on the men's heads and the German on the donkey, and they proceeded cheerfully on their way. We sent some things down to Tanga the other day, and after a time the man came back and said he was very sorry he had lost them in the river, but luckily he managed to save the letters. . . . All of us here are quite well. The rain, with its accompanying cold, seems to suit us all, and we wear thick clothes, and keep the doors shut, and long for a little sunshine in the most untropical style. Perhaps at home you are still imagining (as I find every one does) that we are suffocated, baked, steamed and shrivelled, and that we pant for a breath of cool air; whereas, in reality, I have been sitting at my table with a thick shawl round my knees and hanging on to all letters and papers to prevent them being blown away. . . . One change has taken

place at Magila which I expect you will be glad to hear of—we have another nurse. Miss S., one of the Zanzibar Hospital nurses, has come, and forms a very pleasant and welcome addition to our party.

To P. R. H. C.

MAGILA, *November* 12, 1896.—The news of *hapa petu* is that we have been nearly washed away by most violent rains; one boys' dormitory has fallen to the ground, and the roof of the old cowhouse has collapsed. I wish we could have had the scenes of desolation photographed, not omitting the bridge, which, alas! was utterly washed away. The noise of the perpetual rushing rain, and the general wetness of everything, and the dark dull skies, and the imprisonment within the precincts, and the loss of buildings, and the absence of milk, and the uncertainty about Kologwe's welfare, and the news that the railway was washed away, combined to bring on an epidemic of "accidie," amongst both natives and Europeans, from which we have hardly yet recovered, even after two days' beautiful sunshine. However, we are still alive, and no one has fever, and the invalid boys are recovering, and the bridge has been recovered—almost intact—and set up again. The remaining dormitory has been divided between the cattle and the boys (but as the calves can't be separated from their mothers, we still have no milk),

and it is once more possible to hear in church, and good news of Kologwe has come, so our spirits are rising. Padre Samuel went to Kologwe yesterday. . . . The water was up to their necks, the people said.

November 14.—The sunshine was but a deceptive consolation, for yesterday the rain came on again, and we are so uncertain of the road to Tanga that we have to send all letters off early. . . . Every one is very well indeed. We are expecting the Bishop in a week or so, if travelling is at all possible, but even natives cannot get across the rivers to-day.

November 19.—After I sent off my last letter we had a further series of disasters. An extraordinarily violent rain came on, lasting all one night and the next day, such rain as no one in the Mission has seen before. From 7 a.m. to 10 a.m.—three hours—there fell three inches! The result was that the river became a raging torrent, the second bridge was swept away, vast stretches of land were flooded, many land-slips occurred on these hills, the Misozwe road was washed down by a torrent, towns were destroyed, great bare gashes were torn open from hill summits to valleys, the football field was up to the boys' knees in water, and down by the orange grove they were able to swim. By great good fortune Padre Samuel reached Kologwe before this happened, and though he had a terrible journey, he arrived safely and found all well there. The news of the railway is most sad; one German says it will be two months before it

is repaired, and some people from Tanga say five months.

The boys were of course wild with excitement over the floods, and spent all their play-time dabbling in the water. The consequence is that several of them are ill—in fact, I have never known such a time for sickness amongst them. Partly, no doubt, this is owing to their being overcrowded in their dormitories—about the strongest predisposing cause of sickness that exists—and this unfortunately must continue until some new place is built for them or for the cows, which occupy part of their house on Kaule. One very sad occurrence has just taken place, which has had a solemnizing effect on every one. One of the catechumens, a boy called Kimwaga, had been a little seedy for a day or two, and had been treated by Nurse S. for headache and slight fever. Last night, at 3 a.m., he was seized with some unaccountable disease (exactly like your boy at Kologwe, I should say) which I could not understand in the least when I went down to him. As he was convulsed and noisy, I gave him bromidia, which quieted him for a time, and he apparently slept. But early in the morning he died quite suddenly. *And he was not baptized!* I am afraid you will think we do not manage these things well at Magila, and I quite agree with you if you do. I did not in the least realize that the boy was near death, so I did not warn Padre, nor did I sit up with him, and I was not there when he died. . . . It is quite true, as I once said to you, we do not take

things *intensely* at Magila, not intensely enough. As a result, we perhaps live longer, but not I think as well as those who are otherwise constituted.

To E. T.

MAGILA, *November* 15, 1896.— . . . The solitary responsibility of nursing a patient in a place like this is something that one knows nothing of at home. No doctor! Just picture to yourself what that means. Imagine a priceless life in your hands, with the knowledge that not a soul within reach knows anything about sickness, and that your own narrowly limited knowledge is all that you have to rely on. No one to help, suggest or improve. Well, I have gone through it more than once now, and I shall never forget it. True, this last time a passing German doctor arrived at Magila the very day I most wanted him, and was of the utmost use and comfort, but one cannot count on that happening again, and it did not happen before in times of need. From which you see that we still want a doctor very much; but it is uncommonly difficult to find a Catholic medical missionary. *Why* I can't imagine. Presbyterians abound, and Scotland supplies China and other remote and dangerous parts of the world with excellent doctors, who care for coloured races and give up professional advancement for the sake of helping to raise them; but it seems as though the English Church produced very few of that sort.

To Dr. O. A. B.

MAGILA, *November* 21, 1896.— . . . Now as to food. I suppose it is for "Medical Board" reasons that you want to know. . . . There is always enough to eat, the meals are punctual to the stroke of the clock, and the cooking is fair. I think myself that the food is, as a general rule, quite sufficiently good, and the hours (based on the French style) far more suitable to tropical life than English hours, which some of very British tastes would prefer. We cannot get great variety of food because the country does not produce it; and if we lived more on imported goods, the expenses would be considerably raised. The great point about Magila is that the meals are regular, and we are a large enough party for them to be a kind of social gathering, as I suppose civilized meals were intended to be. It is solitary people at out-stations who miss the compulsion of social custom, and grow careless about hours because it bores them to interrupt work for the dull necessity of eating alone at a stated time.

. . . How busy you are in London! A simple enumeration of your duties makes me feel horribly idle. I often wish for more work to do, but the work of "taking care of oneself" (*such* a nuisance!) always prevents one having a regular good desperate spell of activity as one did at home, unless indeed a sudden emergency demands it, which is rare. I know the Bloomsbury nurses immensely enjoyed your lectures,

and I hope you may one day give them again. I hope you always impress upon your audience *never* to do anything without a doctor's advice, even in Central Africa, where the nearest doctor is thirty miles distant!

. . . English news has occupied our thoughts a good deal of late: first the Pope's Bull, and then our Archbishop's death. The latter I felt, of course, as a personal loss as well as an ecclesiastical, and I feel so glad that I stayed with them and saw a good deal of him quite quietly in his home circle just before I came away. . . . I have a beautiful photograph which he gave me of himself, and which it is a great joy to possess.

We read everything we can get about Orders and what people are saying about them, and quite feel how right we are and how wrong Rome is, which is, I suppose, what we ought to think at the present juncture. The English Church would lose half its charm if it didn't have so many reactions, and the present one will probably last some little time. As you justly say, how delightfully Protestant we are! but a few months ago, when Lord Halifax and the Cowley Fathers were being so civilly treated in Rome, we were all the other way!

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *November* 28, 1896.— . . . The great damage that is most affecting us is that the railway is destroyed. So when the Bishop landed at Tanga he found no train running, and the floods were such that no one from here could go to meet him. Consequently he had to wait at Tanga, and then he could get no porters to carry him, so Padre made a public appeal in church for Christian men to volunteer; about fourteen went, but somehow the Christianity in these parts doesn't seem to be very muscular, and by the time they had carried the Bishop about three hours, they sent up a piteous appeal for help. This active correspondence occupied some days. . . . Finally, Mr. B. landed the Bishop safely here, exactly eight days after he landed in Tanga, a distance of thirty miles, which we generally accomplish in four hours. The fact is we were getting spoilt at Magila with all the conveniences of civilization, and these storms and floods came to remind us that we do after all live in Central Africa, and that we must have patience with delays, and not mind if even our letters lie all night at the bottom of the river, as one of mine did the other day.

November 29, *Advent Sunday*.—To-day has been very nice indeed. The Bishop has been with us, and the services were rather specially nice. The boys seemed specially attentive and thoughtful, and when they are like that the singing is always good.

The difficulty is to get them to concentrate their thoughts, they are so dreamy and easily distracted, and so often sing in an absent-minded fashion which never satisfies me. But to-day they sang with feeling.

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *November* 30, 1896.— . . . I like M.'s photograph immensely. The boys are much struck by it and are always asking who it is, to which question I reply "Ndugu yangu," which means my brother, sister, cousin, or any relation, and is the common name for family relationships, much to the confusion of us English with our precise Western notions of degrees. I often think of the many passages in the New Testament where "brother" is probably used in the same sense. And the words father and mother are used even more loosely. Children will often tell you they have several mothers —by which they mean those who take an interest in them, keep them, or show any special kindness— besides aunts and other relatives. This, to inexperienced foreigners, is a great difficulty; often it is impossible to trace relationships, and the difficulty is increased by curious customs of names, the same individual often possessing two or three names, to each of which he answers according to circumstances: *e.g.*, one is his public name, another the name his

mother only is allowed to call him, a third, perhaps, quite different again. All these things are only found out by slow degrees amongst a people who possess no literature, and who are intensely reserved in revealing their traditions to foreigners.

December 2.—Nothing could be more exquisite than our December weather here. One loses all count of time living in a perpetual summer, with only occasional breaks of storms and floods. The hot season is coming on, but so far it is not excessive, in fact the November rains are hardly over. By the way, the day after I wrote last week, we had such floods as no one has ever known before. Magila was an island, the boys swam about their playing ground, and new rivers burst out in unexpected places. . . . One place, which was a path on which we were accustomed to walk, became a river bed three feet deep, with a permanent rushing stream in its rocky channel. I had never seen geography grow like that before. Talking of growing, do you realize that pine apples grow just like turnips in the fields, and cost ½*d.* each? I must confess that I always thought they grew on a tree!

. . . One day not long ago we had a man brought here by the Germans, with a badly wounded leg, torn by a falling tree. It was very difficult to know what to do for the best for him, as it was just the kind of leg that surgeons dread. We kept him for a few days, and then wrote to his master to say he was not doing well and ought to see a doctor; so they

sent and took him away to see Dr. Heyn, who was said to be just returned from a journey. Three days later the poor wretched man was brought back again, *not* having seen the doctor, whose whereabouts were not known, and in the meantime his leg had not been touched. He was, of course, much worse, so I did not wait to get his master's permission, but sent him straight away to Tanga, where I fear he may have parted with his leg, but I have not yet heard.

To P. R. H. C.

MAGILA, *December* 13, 1896.—On Thursday we had another alarm about a boy, but fortunately this time he did not die. Just before tea word came that a boy (a Hearer) was hurt down by the river, and supposed to be dead. Padre hurried down and I followed, and met the elder boys carrying their unconscious burden. They brought him into our house, and as we reached the oratory door, Padre said to me, "See whether he is breathing, and if so I will baptize him at once." At that very moment he began to regain consciousness, and struggled to breathe. So the baptism was deferred, and they carried him up to the little room where you lay in September. Brandy and hot bottles helped his revival, and I have seldom seen anything sweeter than his smile as he nestled into Padre's arms, and realized

that he was saved. It appears that they were playing their favourite game, *piga kambi*, and Mhema was severely struck by three boys, and sank under water. When they got him out he was to all appearance drowned, but I cannot quite understand the story. I think he must have fainted before sinking, as he was not in the water long enough for what followed. The afternoon passed, and he seemed quite well, but in the evening he quietly ceased to breathe again; this made me very anxious, for though he was soon restored, it seemed an uncomfortable symptom. Twice next morning he did the same—fainted, I suppose—but it was rather odd, and altogether I feel mystified. However, now I think he really is quite safe, and I hope he will have no further relapse.

To A. J. W.

MAGILA, *December* 19, 1896.— . . . I don't think Africa will ever have any ancient buildings. Human life is so short, and each man who comes builds in hand-to-mouth style, and the ravages of climate are so severe that one gives up hoping for anything very stable. It is as much as we can do to keep our buildings weather-proof, and this autumn the damages by storm have been very great.

The above remarks perhaps verge on the melan-

choly, so you will doubtless appreciate them, for I notice in you a morbid craving for news of what is sad and bad. First, you beg to know all particulars of fever, and then you want me to write and say I am home-sick. Well, in the last request I really can't oblige you, for I'm not a bit home-sick. Did you ever meet a Central African who was? But you must not think I mean by this that I don't want to come home some day, or that I don't follow all home doings with warmest love and interest. No; it seems a peculiarity of this place that it casts a spell over people and holds their affections captive to an extraordinary degree. If I were quite alone, a solitary white with no work to do, I should doubtless be low; but the life of Magila—often it seems to me so like Nicholas Ferrar's Little Gidding—has that happy mixture of *gaieté* and solemnity that one cannot but get to love it. Perpetual summer without excessive heat, plenty of work without overwork, great simplicity and regularity of life without hardness or rigidity, pleasant fellow-workers, each with his or her appointed work, endless amusement in the boys and children, a beautiful church with dignified and reverent services—these are some of the things that prevent one being melancholy.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *December* 19, 1896.—It is very near Christmas, as you see, and my thoughts are much with all home friends. I can hardly believe this is my second Christmas here, yet so it is. I now feel so entirely a part of Magila that it would be difficult to think of being anywhere else. Just now we are a large party, for the Vassall Road contingent[1] adds to the size, and, I need not say, also to the pleasantness of our circle. . . . They are a splendid set; how one honours Vassall Road for the work it does. Fr. Woodward is quite proud of his noble army of white-robed sons. . . . Did you know that Mr. S. was a violinist? I could hardly believe my ears when the first night after his arrival I heard the strains of a violin on the opposite side of the quad, very soft and tender, accompanied by my own boys' voices, which at that distance sounded exceedingly sweet. It was the first musical emotion I had had since I came here.

December 26.—Christmas Day is over, and some of us have survived it, but it has been something of a typical Magila Christmas. . . . Wonderful to say the music seems to go all right. In the intervals of quinine, blankets, hot bottles, washings, and feedings, I pack in a few practices, and really the service on Christmas Day was *excellent*: very long, but so

[1] The Society of the Sacred Mission, then at Vassall Road, Brixton, now at Mildenhall, Suffolk.

orderly, recollected, reverent, and careful. There is now the sympathy and silent understanding between organist and choir that of course there ought always to be, but which didn't exist of old, and is only now beginning to grow; they begin to know what I want them to do, and respond to the least look or sign or note in a way that is very encouraging. People are surprised that a long and rather elaborate service "goes without a hitch," but it is this sympathetic understanding that prevents hitches. Of course Nurse S.'s help enables me to continue the music in a way that I could not have done in times of sickness without her.

Please, we do so very much want a new organ! I wonder what it is like to hear a pure diapason stop and to feel the thrill of a pedal note!

To Dr. O. A. B.

MAGILA, *January* 31, 1897.— . . . I am rather amused at your appreciation of my letter *re* A. F. Sim, and especially at your surprise at my being a champion of the common-sense side. Gracious me! I never was anything else that I'm aware of! I didn't in the least come out to be a missionary, but only to try and keep some of the missionaries alive, and one cannot do that without a fair amount of practical, everyday common

sense. If I looked at times surprised or incredulous during your admirable homilies of last year, it was only because in my ignorance I did not understand the details of life here, and did not know in what strange ways men defied the laws of nature. As soon as one has looked round a bit, and settled down and begun to take things in, it all seems so clear, this necessity for thought and care at every moment of the day, this imperative need of adapting one's northern self to southern surroundings, and after a time, though it is always irksome, it becomes natural routine. But I could write you volumes about the extraordinary ignorance and incredible simplicity of the men who come out. From the strange things they do, one wonders really where they have been brought up, and whether they have either been to school or read a newspaper. Perhaps if they *had* been to a Board School (in these latter days) they might have imbibed some notions of elementary hygiene, but as it is, they mostly have none. Please don't make fun of my sweeping statements. I could prove them by many facts which it would take too long to write; but, meantime, I seriously think some simple printed instructions given to the men (perhaps before the final rush and excitement of leaving home, when one feels all upside down) might be of some use. And let them be ridiculously elementary, such as—

Never go out without a proper hat specially made for the tropics.

Do not exercise and race on your bicycle in the hottest part of the day and "beat the record," and then plunge into the sea and bathe.

Do not sit down or wait about in clothes wet from rain, river or perspiration.

When you go a journey, however short, take with you a change of clothes, and change your saturated garments at once.

Do not take a cold bath when you have fever.

When you go to a new place make it your business to see that the water brought to you by the natives is fit to drink. Do not trust their opinion on the matter.

Be very careful that your own room is kept clean in every way. Teach the room-boy clean habits, and insist on their being carried out.

Do not bathe in rivers, but have a warm bath in your own room.

Every one of the above rules I have personally seen broken, except the bicycle one, which of course every one knows about through Mr. ——'s short career in Zanzibar.

There is a whole other set of health questions which are most important, but which, so far as I know, no one in the Mission appreciates. . . . I refer to the accommodation of large numbers of boys and girls. . . . People look at you in astonishment when you name such a word as "overcrowding." Here at Magila we have lately had such a remarkable object lesson in this matter that I think

it ought to be recorded and made use of. It quite reminds me of Parkes' *Hygiene* and all his nice little anecdotes. Perhaps I might jot down the main dates and events as a continuation of Fr. Woodward's Diary in January *Central Africa.*

November 19.—Many boys ill with bad coughs and colds, fever, headaches, etc., also pneumonia and boils (which used to be very common, but have not been so this year).

Later.—Boys' coughs still continue; got up in the night to take medicine to one; dormitory so packed with bedsteads that I could not get inside; handed the cup to a boy, who climbed over the sleeping crowds to the coughing boy away in the furthest corner. This dormitory was a disused carpenters' shop, but has to be used for boys during present emergencies. State of atmosphere indescribable.

December 5.—Padre W. very seedy; has not been well for some days. Quad of late decidedly odorous. Weather exceptionally hot.

December 12.—Arrival of Vassall Road men.
" " —Nurse S. fever
" 23.—Mr. S. fever.
" 25.—Mr. D. fever.
" 26.—Mr. C. fever.
" 29.—G. W. fever—a different kind from all previous attacks.

January 7.—The Bishop fever.
" 8.—Mr. S. fever.
" 11.—Nurse S. fever.

January 13.—Mr. C. fever.
„ 15.—Mr. R. fever.
The weather exceedingly hot, natives say exceptional. Quad very glary.
„ 18.—G. W. fever again.
„ 25.—G. W. relapse.

Council of authorities! Decided to close the school at once and send all boys home, thus clearing out the crowded dormitories. Great rejoicings of the hygienic-minded members!

Now for a short retrospect. For many years health of Magila notoriously bad. At last Fr. Griffin decided on the enormous innovation of removing the boys at night. Two large dormitories built on a hill half a mile distant. Boys, all except a few, began to sleep there October or November, 1895. I came here December, 1895. From that time onward no bad fevers of Magila residents; my own health excellent, and fevers quite mild. Every one astonished at the change. Miss D. all the year without fever. Health of boys excellent. No boils or pneumonia. November, 1896, severe storms, cow-house demolished, one whole dormitory destroyed. In consequence, remaining dormitory divided in two, half for cows and half for twenty-five boys. Remaining boys (nearly 100) all came back to sleep within the quadrangle, as of old. Habits of boys are those of untaught natives of any primitive country. Consequences as recorded above.

I suppose nobody can say definitely how far these things are cause and effect; but it looks as though they had something to do with each other. I only send you the facts and ask you to meditate thereon. Of one thing I am sure. There is in the Mission no knowledge or appreciation of dealing with the health of crowds. "We must not Europeanise the boys," is all the cry. "They crowd anyhow into their own huts at home, and like it; do not let us give them grand ideas which would unfit them for their huts afterwards." All very true and right, but town is not country; a single hut in the open ground with six people in it may be overcrowded, but not hurtful to health in comparison with a stone-built, two-storied town (as Magila, Kiungani, Mbweni, etc., practically are), packed from end to end with human beings. No one seems to grasp this.

. . . Go on "preaching" to the men. I do plenty of that here, and mortally offended a certain new-comer the other day by remonstrating with him on the non-use of a hat. "I forgot." "But it's your business to remember." He clearly thought it was no business of mine to "interfere." Not that I care in the least, and I continue to interfere actively when occasion arises. In a year's time, perhaps, he may be grateful.

To D. M. W.

PLANTAGE MAGOROTO, CENTRAL AFRICA, *February* 1, 1897.—You may perhaps be surprised at the above address, and wonder where I am, so I will explain that I am staying at a German coffee plantation by way of a new experience, and very new it is. I told you in my last letter that we were thinking of going away to Misozwe for a change, but various things happened to prevent that plan being carried out, and as it seemed doubtful whether we could all get away together, I finally decided to invite myself to the very friendly Herr and Frau von Brandenstein, who have always been inviting me to come and see them ever since they stayed at Magila last year. I have not been very well lately, and a change to mountain heights was just exactly what I wanted. This place is 2,000 feet above the sea, and the morning and evening air is quite suggestive of Switzerland. I came only this morning, so have not yet had much time to take in the novelties of the surroundings. The journey was great fun.

February 2.—A mountain ascent was rather more than I could manage on my own legs, and decidedly more than any donkey could manage (for they are poor creatures in this climate, and can't undertake great exertions), so there was nothing for it but to be carried. Accordingly the hammock was ordered, and eight strong men were sent down from here to carry me, and with two men for porters and a boy as

friendly companion, I set forth from Magila as the clock struck 6 a.m. It was a lovely morning: the sun had not yet peeped over the eastern hills, and all was cool and fresh. The first part was flat ground, but in about half an hour the path began to mount, and as I knew it would thenceforth be nearly perpendicular, I made the men turn round so that I might be carried head upwards. Only two men at a time carry, but the pole is heavy on their shoulders and they have to keep constantly changing. First it was cool, and the wet bushes went swish against the sides of the hammock, not wetting me however, as a mackintosh sheet was spread for protection. Then the sun at last caught us, but not severely at that early hour, and very lovely it was to lie and watch the valleys being lighted up one after another, and see Magila roofs far away shining white and clear. Up and up we came, through lovely forest not yet cleared by advancing civilization. Splash went the men's feet through running streams, and every now and then bump went the hammock against a branch or tree stump. One grew half sleepy with the easy movement and gentle swinging, but there was not time to fall asleep, for by 8 o'clock our destination was reached. Only two hours' climb, but *such* a difference of climate. When I tumbled out of the hammock on to the baraza, welcomed by Frau von B. and Dr. Heyn, it seemed as though I could not drink in enough of the freshness. Breakfast was ready, and afterwards we sat on the baraza,

and surveyed the work of a Colonial Company. First, destruction of course. Thousands of splendid trees cut down, acres of land laid perfectly bare. That is all one sees at present. The coffee must be planted on this prepared ground in the rainy season. Over 600 men are at work all day, superintended by three stalwart, enthusiastic German planters, of whom the *Freiherr* is one. In six years' time they will know whether it is all worth while, whether the Fatherland's baby colony is to thrive, or whether their capital is thrown away. In the meantime they work in hope, enduring fevers like every one else, and bent on making the country a success.

It is a remarkable change to come and stay in Africa amongst people whose avowed object is to make money: their whole view-point, as the Americans say, is so different from ours, and it is interesting to study their ways. They all know Magila and its work, and have the greatest respect for the Mission, and employ some of our educated boys. The *ménage* consists of one house (of wood and iron), in which two bachelors live with the von B's. In another house lives another man. Dr. Heyn happens to be on a visit, as one of the Germans has been ill. Frau von B. is most energetic in the *Wirthschaft* —a rather pretty, very pleasant, lively little bride, who quite astonishes me with her fluent (though bad) Swahili, and her complete grasp of the intricacies of colonial housekeeping. They *are* practical, these Germans, both men and women, and their thorough-

ness is a contrast to the casual, happy-go-lucky English fashion, in which we of the Mission often jog along. All the people here are very friendly and make things as pleasant as possible, and though space is somewhat limited, it is quite comfortable. If only it weren't the tropics one would stroll out after breakfast and spend long hours rambling in the delicious woods which have not yet been destroyed. But this is summer, and after 8 it is too hot to go out—and this morning I regret to say I did not wake till 8. I mean to spend a week in thorough laziness here, no patients, no choir—nothing to do but write letters for the mail, which leaves in a few days. It is very nice to think that such a place is so easily accessible, but unfortunately no one but myself from Magila would enjoy it because of the language. The evenings are cold—too cold to sit out, unless one is very warmly wrapped up. By the end of the week I expect to be quite restored to my usual vigour—not that I am ill now, only a bit run down.

. . . I'm afraid I haven't any exciting accounts of rains and storms to send in this letter, for it has been serene summer for some time past, hot exceedingly, exceptionally so, the natives say. School holidays began a fortnight ago, and never have we had so few boys come in for Sundays as this time. They usually come in good numbers on Saturday afternoon for Sunday morning, and go to their homes again, but this time they say the ground is so hot it scorches their feet and they can't venture. One good result of

the fine weather is that the noble Germans have succeeded in mending their ruined railway, so after nearly three months without a train we hear it is at last available, at any rate part of the way.

The hot weather and other causes had no doubt something to do with the unusually severe run of fever that we had at Magila from Christmas onwards; but we hope that it is now a thing of the past, and February brings us near March, when it certainly ought to be getting cooler.

. . . It is difficult for John Bull not to feel a wee bit "superior" up here, amongst these patriotic painstaking colonists, with their new toy. But I manage to refrain from mentioning Canada, Australia, Cape Colony, India, and other little corners of the globe, lest their feelings should be hurt.

To C. J. V.

KWA MAGOROTO, *February*, 5, 1897.— . . . Your great piece of news, that the organ was to be ordered at once, quite took my breath away; but I can't believe I shall see it yet awhile. Things really do go so by contraries out here, that I cannot imagine a real, new, sweet-toned, diapason-sounding, pedal-effect-producing, solo-stop-containing organ will stand in Magila Church by Easter. No; it is much too good to be true!

To P. R. H. C.

MAGILA, *February* 25, 1897.— . . . I came down from the mountains a week ago, very well indeed, and thoroughly secular and Germanic in my views. It is long since I had such a lively time as I had up there, and I think a thorough change of mental surroundings does one a world of good. They are very well-informed, intereresting, enterprising people, and as we got to know one another better we had keen discussions on every possible subject. . . . While I was there, the new Governor, von Liebert, came on his first tour of inspection, bringing a government doctor and lawyer, and Baron St. Paul, and an enormous retinue. That was the most interesting day of all, and it was rather nice to be able to give them information about our doings, and to help towards a clear understanding on both sides. Their tone is one of genuine respect towards the Mission, though they think we go in too much for school work, and too little for industrial. They think nothing of their own missions, which blandly content themselves with "spreading the Word," but have the greatest admiration for the French Fathers, who apparently turn out boys and men with a genuine love of work.

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *February* 29, 1897.— . . . Oh, how dreadfully I was teased up at Magoroto! Did you ever find yourself alone amongst a party of foreigners, called upon to defend your own country—its army, navy, and colonies? If there is any prospect of your being in that position, get up a few facts beforehand. I longed for facts—and if I had had a *Whitaker's Almanack* at hand I could soon have demolished their stronghold; as it was, I managed to find a few things to fling at them. When we got to know each other better, we told each other heaps of home truths; they really could not deny that England had a few possessions worth having—but we are to wait a bit! The new nation, with its growing *Nationalgefühl*, is going to do wonders, even in malarial East and West Africa, and waterless Damaraland; and the navy is copying (and improving upon!) ours so rapidly, that, if we don't look out, our colonies will be taken from us, for we live on the reputation of Elizabethan and Nelsonian greatness, and are not keeping up to date. As for the army, of course our handful of soldiers is ludicrous—just enough to muster a review when the Kaiser pays us a visit! This was the kind of thing, and very lively, entertaining evenings we had. Besides national questions there was the Mission and the English Church to defend, etc., etc. Altogether it was great fun. Needless to say, I came back in rude

health after such bracing atmosphere, and I am still very well. So is everybody else.

To A. J. W.

MAGILA, *March* 28, 1897.— . . . Civilization is advancing rapidly. When I first came, fifteen months ago, there was one mail per month to and from home. Now there is one every fortnight *to* Europe, and every three weeks *from*. Roads have been made all over the country, and laws are constantly being made by the Government. Money is lacking, however, and the unlucky railway is more often at rest than at work. It did work last week, however, and so effectually that it managed a collision (imagine what congestion of traffic!), and two Germans were badly hurt. Sometimes the train runs twice a week, sometimes oftener; sometimes all the way, sometimes half. The station-master at the terminus has just been carried to the coast with hæmaturic fever, not long after the death of his only child. Such is life.

. . . We are just in the middle of Lent; and Lent is a reality here as far as climatic difficulties will allow, and after mid-Lent Sunday time seems to leap on to Easter. I hope you at home will have a sweet spring-time for the festival. . . . I always think of Shorthouse's introduction to George Herbert's "Temple" when I think of an English Easter.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *March* 28.— . . . I am waiting with keen expectation for the organ, and only trust that the railway will be running at the time when it arrives. But I expect you hardly realize the difficulties of getting things from the coast nowadays. Porters are not to be had—they simply don't like the work, and won't do it. They can earn more money in easier ways, and of course we can't compel them. Besides, they don't want money, and are quite happy without it. The railway company has failed, and rumour says trains cease at the end of this month. Whether the German Government will come forward or not I don't know; they are shy of spending money, and can't vote a few millions, like our parliament for Uganda.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *April* 10, 1897.— . . . I don't suppose you have ever had such an exciting choir practice as we had here the other day. The boys were all standing in a row near the harmonium, singing, "All glory, laud, and honour," when one of them suddenly called to me in an excited whisper, "Bibi tazama, *Kenge*!" and when I looked to where he pointed, I saw a huge creature like an

enormous lizard, or a young crocodile, up on the top of the curtain that screens off the Lady chapel. It was hanging over the iron rod, listening intently to the music ! And I'm sure I did not want to deprive it of that great treat, and would have let it remain as audience; but the boys' attention was gone, as you can imagine, and no work was to be got out of them. So I sent them all out, and got the deacons and Brother C. and Reader B. to come with sticks, and they endeavoured to persuade the creature to walk decorously out at the door. Of course he declined, and being thoroughly terrified at the large influx of wild men with weapons, it fled for safety to the altar; but not being allowed sanctuary there, it sped like lightning down towards the font, and was there slain by our valiant violinist. The length of this intruder was about two feet. I don't know what he came to church for, for neither chickens nor eggs live there, and those are his delights. It must have been the music, I think, which attracted him. The boys then came back to the dull work of practice.

Palm Sunday.—The day is over, and has been beautiful. Oberammergau was constantly in my mind, as it often is here, where the simplicity and grace of the people are so akin to the Bavarian peasants.

To Rev. E. C. C.

MAGILA, *Maundy Thursday*, 1897.—I must not delay writing to send our most hearty thanks to every one at St. John's who gave the time, thought, trouble and money that produced our beautiful new cassocks. They were worn for the first time to-day at such a service as it has seldom been my privilege to assist at. For Padre had arranged that on Maundy Thursday a large number of those who had been recently baptized and confirmed should make their first communion, and as several of the choir boys were amongst these, we thought it would be a good day for them to begin their new cassocks. These special occasions are very wonderful here, because the whole company of Christians takes a real share in them, and one feels that all outside circumstances help to emphasize the importance of the spiritual event. All the people know, many of them care very much, the hours of work and occupation are adapted so that it is impossible for them to forget, when they come out of church, what day it is.

Last night, after the usual daily services were over, the boys assembled in the side chapel, each wearing his snow-white *kanzu* and each holding a lighted taper in his hand. Then we had a short, simple service of preparation, a Litany of the Blessed Sacrament, and an address from Padre, and the boys went straight from that quiet, solemn, glowing scene to their beds, to awake this morning ready for the great moment.

At the 7 o'clock celebration this morning, those who did not belong to the choir—about twenty—sat in front, again in white; and the choir boys all wore their new cassocks, which looked very bright and fresh and fitted so nicely. The singing was what I call good, *i.e.* thoughtful, careful, and reverent: that is all we can hope to attain to, for brilliance is beyond us. After it was all over, we had a special little thanksgiving service, all singing part of the *Benedicite* and Psalm cl. I am sure this must impress them and help them to realize the greatness of the day. To me it seemed wonderfully impressive, and I kept wishing, as I so often do, that our friends at home were with us to take part in the scene. Things here are so much more dramatic than at home. I don't know whether it is that we English are too stiff and conventional, or too shy and reserved, afraid to show outwardly what we believe inwardly, or whether the grey gloom of our climate crushes the germs of artistic presentation that flourish in peoples of sunnier climes. Whatever may be the cause, we certainly miss a great deal by not making more of these things at home, by not teaching more by the eye. It is not that one wants elaborate ritual, or anything complicated or showy; only I often wonder whether we are not a little too tame on the one side, too rigid on the other, and whether more originality and dramatic effect would not often be a great help.

MAGILA CHOIR, 1897.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *Easter Day*, 1897.— . . . To-day—O Day of days! — I could never describe the stately beauty of the Easter service, the full choir, the full church, the quiet, picturesque scene, the wealth of decorations, the soft glow of candles on white vestments and frontal, and, best of all, the perfect order and devoutness of a hundred communicants. The burst of the Easter hymn at the end was magnificent. It seems inconceivable that thirty years ago this was an absolutely heathen land.

Easter is superb; but always with it is mingled a tinge of regret for the "dear feast of Lent," from which one is so sorry to part. Looking back over many years, I think I can say that this has been the most lovable Lent I have ever spent. The luxuries of London we had not—famed preachers, fine music, solemn functions do not fall to our share, but the *tone* is what one wants, and that Padre and the brothers and every one combined in producing.

. . . I have written to the Vicar a few words about Maundy Thursday. We only see the *results* at these fine moments, but the long, careful, patient teaching, the hard work, the love and the prayers that go to produce these results are Padre's. One has to live here a long time before one realizes the immense amount of work he gets through. I am only now beginning to realize it.

To M. A. W.

MAGILA, *April* 19, 1897. *Easter Monday.*— . . . I am a little bit amused at your classing us prudent and prosaic people with mediæval mystics in the matter of "ill-treating the body in the name of religion." No, we don't do that kind of thing here, being strongly of opinion that if we want to advance the cause of religion the first thing we must do is to keep ourselves alive and in working order. And though we do hold the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and belong to a Mission (some of our men are even members of a Brotherhood !), yet science has its influence upon us ; and for my own part, having been brought up in London, and having always diligently read the newspapers (especially police news and inquests), I confess that whenever I hear of any one having "laid down his life," as the expression is, in the wrong way, I always mentally bring it in as suicide while of unsound mind. Not that I think every one's main object should be to live long. On the contrary, Christianity entails certain works which necessarily shorten life, and no Christian shepherd could wish for a higher privilege than to give his life for the sheep ; but care and prudence ought to be observed, and I think we are most of us quite convinced that they are necessary.

I expect you would be surprised (if ever you could look in upon us for a glimpse of our life) to see how

very simple and matter-of-fact we are—nothing high-flown or heroic, but at the same time not the least dull. I often wonder what it is that prevents us tiring of the place, and of our work, and of each other, and can think of no other explanation than the charm of sheer goodness, as seen in the type of men we get out here. Perhaps another thing that would surprise you is that I so often find myself wondering how such and such a thing would present itself to you, whether it would attract or repel you, and whether, if you had before you the task of civilizing and purifying these people, you would work on very different lines. Sometimes when a disgrace comes upon us—when a man on whom we set high hopes falls into sin (as we call it—how do you express it?), or when we quite fail to win a Christian man's heathen wife to come, or even to wish to come, for instruction, or when a carefully taught boy disappears one day without a word, and declines to come back, preferring the licence of his own village to the restraints of school—then I wonder whether work on other lines would succeed better. But, on the other hand, when I see a scene such as our church presented yesterday—Easter Day—with its indescribable sanctity and beauty, and realize what it all means in this heathen land, I am overwhelmed by the thought of the living power of the Church. There are certain pictures that remain in my mind—the night before Maundy Thursday, for instance, when in the side chapel a little company of the

newly baptized met together for their final act of preparation before making their first communion; and the morning of the day itself, an unforgettable scene of faith and reverence; and Good Friday, with crowds of quiet, simple people, freely choosing to spend a great part of the day there in recollection; and then again on Sunday the magnificent outburst of praise in the Easter hymn, which was taken up by every voice in the church, and sung with a fervour of worship that we could hardly equal anywhere in England—often and often at such moments as these, side by side with the joy of being allowed to share in such things myself, I feel a pitiful regret for those who have never known that joy, and a longing that they might some day know it.

There are many experiences of ours which would be strange to you, and which, because you do not know them, and because you perhaps have had them misrepresented to you at one time or another, sound unattractive. One of these is Lent. Do you remember Herbert's lines beginning "Welcome, dear Feast of Lent"? No one can possibly judge of the rightness and wisdom of such a season who has not given it a fair trial; and I think no one who has experienced the spiritual help of the special quietness, retirement, thought, discipline and prayer (none of these being allowed to interfere with one's ordinary work and sphere of usefulness), can help being sorry for those who have never had the privilege of living through such a time. The abuse of any good use is of course

bad: and it is the caricature of such things that generally gets known in the world and calls forth either ridicule or righteous indignation.

April 25.— . . . I have been having very good musical times with our violinist, who plays extremely well, and is devoted to his fiddle. It's rather nice being part of an orchestra in the church music, as I feel myself when playing with him. Strange that a perfect rendering of Händel or Bach should be heard in this wild region! Some of our educated natives enjoy it extremely, and the boys I think understand it as much as—no, probably more than—average country children at home.

Tell J. I have blessed her many times for sending me *Weir of Hermiston*. How splendid it is, and how tragic that it broke off just there. It has been much enjoyed here, and is a treat I keep for convalescents.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *May* 7, 1897.— . . . Yesterday was mail day. About half-past nine we caught sight of the ever-welcome Tupa (who, like a true postman, always wears a red coat when he carries the mail bag) entering the quad, and within ten minutes a boy emptied a pile of good things on to our baraza table. Of course about five-sixths of

the pile was for me! . . . First, Mr. N., who is just now a convalescent, had his letters, and then—*Oh!* the bell rang for Terce! This was followed by lunch, with reading, and then, being sufficiently fortified in body and soul, we were able to throw ourselves into the task of reading the mail.

One after another the letters with their goodness and their delicious wafts of home were read, and then the various packets and parcels were opened—string of course being ruthlessly cut, in defiance of Magila's reputation for economy! The *History*, Browning, the *Architectural Review* and magazines, the *Century*,—*and* the invoice and papers of the organ! Letters from home with photographs, and letters from friends, and various papers, and then, as though all this were not enough for one day, late in the evening a native arrived from Zanzibar, and brought me a letter. When pitying people at home think that the "mission lot is not a happy one, happy one," I wish they could take a peep at a day like this, with its setting of mountain and sky and sunshine, to see things as they truly are.

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *May* 8, 1897.— . . . Aunt M. sent me photographs of their present abode, which looks very pretty and wooded; but when I saw the carriage and pair drawn up at the

door, I *did* laugh. Somehow it looks so *intensely* English and respectable and proper, I couldn't imagine myself even remotely connected with it. One is centuries behind wheeled vehicles here, not to mention men in livery.

. . . Last night after evensong, when I was clearing up the music, etc., I suddenly heard *thud, thud* just behind me, and, turning round, saw Padre W. killing a snake. It was on the carpet in the side chapel, within a few yards of the harmonium, quite a small one. It had kept very quiet—perhaps was charmed by the music.

To Dr. O. A. B.

MAGILA, *May* 9, 1897.—Was it really as bad as all that—a sleepless night? How splendid that the African health question should have that power! I almost wish I had some more meditations ready to send you; not that I wish to deprive you or any one else of their night's sleep, but I long to see that epistle *ad clerum*; and still more, I long to see the results thereof in well-ordered hygienic surroundings, with accompanying prolonged lives of missionaries.

. . . I am so glad you spoke for the Queen's Nurses at Grosvenor House. I always was proud of belonging to them, but now more than ever, after the

character you give them—"the most intelligent and the most modest." I don't think any nurse could wish for higher praise in her relation to a doctor. Thank you very much for that phrase.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *May* 20, 1897.— Once more the refrain to all our letters is rain, rain, rain; for the wet season has come upon us with great severity, causing, moreover, the usual delays, disappointments, and inconveniences, which come periodically to remind us that men are as nothing compared with the elements. Railway washed away, river impassable, journeys out of the question, mail unobtainable, food supplies short, Messrs. B. and M. imprisoned in Tanga, Mr. K. isolated at Kologwe, *and*—the organ delayed I know not where.

Let me begin somewhere near where I left off last mail. Mr. C. tried to arrange a dainty little surprise for me by sending special messengers surreptitiously to Mheza, and even going himself, and doing all he could to hasten the eight cases which we had reason to believe had been dropped at Tanga. To our great disappointment, however, we learnt that only three had been landed, the others being carried on to be unloaded on the ship's return from Dar-es-Salaam.

The Tanga people, however, quite realized the urgency of the matter, and being from the land of music, doubtless felt some anxiety, and promised to send up the cases at the earliest moment. *Then* came the rain; and there are no trains, and I am only thankful to believe the precious instrument safe and dry in the custom house sooner than proceeding slowly here on men's heads.

Organs, however, have been of trifling moment in my mind since last Thursday—a week ago—when once more one of those sudden emergencies arose for which one has always to be ready. It was lovely moonlight, and every one had gone to bed. I was later than usual, and was not asleep, when, shortly before midnight, I heard a man's voice calling somewhere outside. First I did not take much notice; then again, in the profound stillness of the night, I heard repeated calls. Jumping up, I went on to the baraza, and heard, "Open, open," from outside the quad gate. A presentiment of what it was flashed into my mind. I called out, "Who is it?" and the voice replied, "We are from Kologwe; we bring a letter." Ah, how well I knew what *that* meant! No one in the place seemed to be awake except myself. I took a hand lamp and the key of our door, went down to the work-boys' dormitory, where all were sound asleep, woke the nearest boy, and sent him to get the key of the gate. While he went off in startled half-sleep, I went to the gate, and the man handed me through the bars a little roll of rough wrappings,

with a hasty note inside addressed to me. By the light of the lantern I read it: "D. has hæmaturia."

They were on their way, and might arrive any time during the night. The porters were admitted to shelter, the gate relocked, and I went up to Nurse S. At once we set to work to prepare two rooms, light the lamps, put on hot water, etc., and get all ready, and then retired again to await the *safari*.

May 21.—They did not arrive till after 6.30 a.m., having been seventeen hours on the way, delayed by full rivers, flooded plains and slippery paths; both were wet through, Mr. D. very prostrate, and Mr. K. completely worn out. . . . Throughout the day we were a little anxious, but so thankful to see, as time went on, that he was doing really well, and now he is practically convalescen , though not up yet. Mr. K. recovered after a good night's rest and sleep, and actually went back next day in torrents of rain and arrived safely. That is all we know of him, for since then the floods have risen so as to make a journey impossible. No one can go, and he is alone there, I'm sorry to say. No one ought to be alone such a long distance off.

. . . An odd complication has arisen by Mr. B. and Mr. M. going down to Tanga on business for *one* night only; the former vowed he would not stay a minute longer, as he hates Tanga. And now there they are—imprisoned by water for five days, and can't get back, and we can't communicate with them; and poor Padre has everything on his hands again, for the

two deacons are, I regret to say, also in bed! . . . It is great fun to watch the boys in the rain; they thoroughly enjoy it, and are so free and happy in splashing about, never burdened by the consideration of spoilt clothes or wet feet.

Do you know, two wonderful conversions are now taking place here: Mr. S. is being converted to Browning, and I am being converted to plainsong! I think Padre is beginning to have hopes of me at last, now that I am keen on the proper melodies for the Office hymns of the seasons.

I do not think there is anything else to tell you, except that I have just been re-reading Mr. Pater's *Marius the Epicurean* and living in a dream-world of beauty during the process.

To Dr. O. A. B.

MAGILA, *May* 21, 1897.— . . . A nurse must, of course, never suggest anything to a doctor, still less criticise any deed or non-deed of his, nor so much as question the faultless efficiency of the Medical Board. But I suppose I may tell you a piece of news—especially a rather startling piece of news, viz.: Of all the men who have recently left England and come here *not one* has been re-vaccinated!

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *June* 3.— . . . There seems to be much in Europe to occupy one's thoughts just now, and it is strange to think that the war news reaches us a month late, *viâ* English newspapers, when we are really not very far away from Greece. I was quite thrilled by reading the *Daily Chronicle* account of the departure of doctors and nurses, for Mr. Abbott is, of course, a St. Thomas's Hospital man, and I know him quite well, and have waited on him heaps of times, and watched him always with admiration of his skill. Of course the *D. C.* is hysterical, not to say mad, in its tone, but I balance myself by reading the *Standard* and *Guardian*.

. . . We had the other day quite a stir in the village, of a sort that makes one realize that Africa is not yet civilized. A young Christian woman had twins born, and twins in this tribe are considered frightfully unlucky, and are always put to death. But these people, being Christians, did not quite venture to go so far, though their heathen relations urged them strongly; they adopted the slower method of starvation. Perhaps we should never have heard about it, but an old Christian woman had the courage to come up and report to Padre that the mother refused to nurse the babies. So Padre asked me to go down and see to the matter, and I went and talked to the mother, and fed the twins with milk, and har-

angued them all round, and extracted a promise from the mother that she would not neglect them. They really were very nice infants, and any mother at home would have been proud of them. This was on a Thursday. Friday I went again, but we did not feel easy about the matter. Late on Saturday night a message came to Padre that both babies were dead! We did not hear of this; scarcely any one knew till Sunday morning in church Padre preached a most tremendous sermon which electrified the congregation; then he gave notice that all the elder men were to wait for him after church. He went out to them and told them to go and inquire into the matter, and bring him their verdict. In about an hour's time the principal men of the place came back with the unanimous verdict that the children had been starved to death. This was a tremendous charge to bring against their fellow-Christians, but the evidence was so strong that there could be no doubt as to the parents' guilt; the father was as much responsible as the mother. So Padre has reported the matter to the Government at Tanga, and we hope they will take strong measures, for one sharp action on their part would do an immense deal to rid the country of these strange superstitions to which the people cling with such tenacity.

Two things in this outline sketch will perhaps strike you—the native laity take part in all important decisions, and all such matters as murder, theft, etc., are affairs of the Church. . . . Things of this

sort help one to realize how simply and naturally the power of the Church grew in early times, and how easily it might slip into the hands of the clerics only, if the laity were timid or indifferent.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *June* 3, 1897.—The anniversary at home! What thoughts it calls up! what memories of past years, and especially 1895! what imaginings of the present moment! I have been following you all through the day, but while we are just at sunset, you have not nearly finished, and the best part is still to come. Precisely at 1.30 (*i.e.*, 11 a.m. with you) I thought of Gounod—and just now you are all packed in the Church House. How strange and far off it seems!

June 4.—In the evening, as we were at table, I reminded people that there was probably tea going on in the new office at that moment; and a little later it appeared that Padre's appetite was flagging, for he even refused his daily rice pudding, remarking sadly, "I'm thinking of the Buszard's cakes at Dartmouth Street!" I'm afraid that by 10.30, the moment of your 8 o'clock meeting, I was fast asleep. Nothing short of Scott Holland's speech would have kept me awake, and not having that stirring joy, I resignedly

slept without it. In a month's time we may get a feeble suggestion of it in the newspapers.

The organ—oh dear, no; I'm afraid it's not here yet. First, only three cases were landed, and then only two more, and it was no good having part of it while the rest was on the high seas. However, Mr. B., when he was down in Tanga, energetically got the five cases out of the customs, and put them in a van on the railway, ready to come up with the first train. At that time the water was up to people's necks, and in Tanga streets boats were being used. It would therefore have been madness to have the cases brought by porters, especially as they are heavy three-men loads, for they would probably have dropped them in the rivers, or indeed used them as stepping-stones, as we hear the Kologwe porters recently did with Mr. D.'s boxes of clothes and books, all of which are ruined. So we have had to be patient once more, though I expect what we call patience must often seem to you feeble want of enterprise. The waters have abated now, and we believe the train will come up to-morrow. There is no fear of the cases lingering at Mheza, for Mr. C. is bent on getting them up as soon as the elements will allow him to. Mr. M. gave me a dreadful fright when he came from Tanga, for he declared he had seen loose organ pipes on an open railway truck, deluged with two days' rain. On appealing to Mr. B., I was relieved to find that in his judgment the articles in question were rain-gutters for the roof of a house!

. . . I expect you wanted to "get a rise" out of me when you started the subject of nursing without heart service. My goodness! I really don't know *what* to say when you suggest that one should be more professional, and leave out the heart service, and work only with the head and hands. The only thing I can think of is that if ever the day should come when you were ill, and had to be nursed by me, I might try the method on *you*, just for an experiment, and see how you would like it! I hope no one here has gone through the experience.

Give my love to every one. It is wonderful how close Magila feels to London sometimes. But how could it be otherwise? *Oceano divisi Eucharistiâ conjuncti.*

To A. J. W.

MAGILA, *June* 6, 1897. *Whit-Sunday.*— . . . No wonder the Africans are such a patient race. Certain precepts one hardly has to insist on in building up their morals. One is patience, and another is "Lay not up for yourselves," for the corruption of rust and moth is so palpable that no one but rich and powerful Europeans would think of undertaking to withstand it! I ordered a quantity of stationery from Zanzibar three months ago, and it arrived yesterday, the whole dozen packets of envelopes being a sodden mass of malarial pulp. The

boxes had gone astray somewhere, and had apparently been dropped in a few rivers on the way. The whole lot had to be thrown away. But it doesn't seem to matter much—not in this case, at least, though I admit I should have felt differently had it been the organ!

. . . Whitsuntide is so beautiful here. I only wish you may be having as fair and peaceful a time as is granted to us, together with health as good as mine wherewith to enjoy it. Fortunately, I was quite well and was able to take the music as usual; it is horrid to be laid up at a festival, when there is no one else to play, because (without setting more than a duly low value on one's own capacities) of course it does make a great difference to the decency and order of things in church if there is no organist; and even so efficient a choir as this is liable to go astray unless kept well in hand!

. . . All this time I have not said anything about your Kennington plans, which surprised me a good deal and of course interested me too. I think of you as going about the southern slums I know so well—for West Square is close at hand—and I hope the work will be what you will enjoy. To get to know the poor is a great happiness,—but I don't think any one can really get to know them in so delightful a way as a district nurse, for no one else has the same opportunities.

. . . All London is, of course, Jubilee mad just now, as it was ten years ago. I hope you won't all

be quite exhausted after the festivities. We are out in the cold here, being in the Imperial Grandson's territory, and not daring to make an English demonstration!

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *June* 20.— . . . The week has been very full, indeed there seems too much to tell about, at any rate in detail. Corpus Christi was so exceedingly beautiful that it might seem exaggerated if I described it fully. . . . At the evensong of Wednesday we had a visitor—a German Catholic priest from the Fathers' Mission in Tanga, who was so overcome by the beauty of our ritual and music, that he could scarcely express himself. This visit of his, just on that day, added greatly to our pleasure. . . . To-day, Jubilee Sunday, I feel depressed and sad, because I have just discovered that although I played "God save the Queen" with great *éclat* after service, neither Padre nor Miss D. recognised it! What *is* one to do under such circumstances?

To P. R. H. C.

MAGILA, *July* 1, 1897.—We have heard very sad news from German visitors who lately passed through. You remember the gentle pious deaconess who travelled with us on the *Bundesrath*? She went first to Dar-es-Salaam, and then came up to the mainland, and was to carry on the girls' school at one of their hill stations. Both she and the Brother she travelled with were ill on the way up, he with hæmaturia; on arriving, she went to bed feeling better and fell asleep. Finding that she was long in waking, they looked through the window and saw her dying, and shortly afterwards she died.

Dr. Heyn, our kind good friend, who seemed so strong and well last September, left Tanga for Europe last month very ill; on reaching Naples he was carried straight to the hospital in an apparently dying condition, legs and arms being paralyzed. I hear he has cancer and cannot recover. I never knew until I stayed at Magoroto how much beloved he was by everybody in the colony, and how wonderfully good to all natives as well as Europeans.

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *July* 4, 1897.— . . . Perhaps you would like to know what happened in the case of those poor babies I told you of. The authorities at Tanga sent to fetch the people, and the case came on without much delay. There was practically no doubt as to their guilt, but as it was a first case, and they did not want to be too hard on people who plead ignorance of the law, they let them off with a severe caution, and proceeded to publish a very emphatic Declaration that in the future such acts would be counted as murder, and their perpetrators treated accordingly. The whole occurrence has made a great impression on the people, and makes them fear the Germans more than ever. Of course they look upon all rulers as oppressors, and the ignorant amongst them wish to goodness the white man wouldn't come interfering where he is not wanted!

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *July* 4.—There is but one piece of news this week,—ORGAN!!

Everything else pales beside it, and really there is hardly anything else to write about. What shall I say first? To begin with, I was woefully dis-

appointed at the small compass—only three and a half octaves apparently! I thought, how ever can one play on such a thing? Where does treble begin and bass end? How *very* small it all is! But this was before I had tried it. Then, when I did try it, I was still disappointed because the bass pipes were not on, and it sounded without them weak and poor, and I pined for pedals and a swell.

So I think for about a day and a half I was quite unhappy, and wondered whether it was worth while having had it sent, and whether your judgment had been too favourable.

However, these were only first impressions, and they are proverbially erroneous!

I have tried the organ now every day for a week, and my mature judgment is that I like it immensely. The *tone* is extraordinarily good for so small an instrument, and the melodic diapason and double bass are extremely clever contrivances. After using it for a few days, I went back to the harmonium one day for a boys' practice, and not till then did I fully realize the difference! The morning it was finished some Germans passed through, and I took them, of course, to see and hear the latest novelty. "Ah!" said one, "it is more than a year since I heard an organ. How solemn and devout it makes one feel!" That shows it is a *real* organ, doesn't it? for no other instrument has that effect on people.

To the Editor of "African Tidings."

SOME of you will like to know how the new organ came all this long way.

First, it was ordered in London, and specially made with great care to suit the climate—made so that the damp would not rust it, nor heat warp it, nor rats eat it, nor ants build in it. Then it was divided into parts and packed in eight enormous packing cases and put on board the ship that was to travel through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to Tanga. A member of the Mission who was on the same ship wrote to tell us that the cases were safely landed at Tanga, and that we had only to send for them, and in a few days we should have our organ here. But things don't go so quickly in Africa. First, the ship's people kept some of the cases on board by mistake and carried them miles and miles away down the coast where nobody wanted them. Then came rain. Such rain as you might see *very* rarely for five minutes in England, but which went on for days and nights, never stopping at all. What has rain to do with our organ? you might ask. Ah, a great deal. It washed away the railway, so that trains couldn't run, and it flooded miles of country, and broke down river-bridges, so that no men could journey with heavy loads. So it was a case of "wait till the clouds roll by," and even then wait again till the line is repaired, and then wait till the floods have gone down and until men can get across the rivers. This was about the begin-

LOADS ARRIVING AT MAGILA.

ning of May. We kept sending and sending about these precious cases, but again and again found they hadn't come. At last came the incredible news that five cases had arrived at our nearest station, four miles off. Five cases! Well, though half a loaf is better than no bread, I don't think half an organ is any good at all, and it was most tantalizing to know that the bellows were still somewhere on the broad ocean, even though the pipes were within reach. The next news was that the bellows had landed, so now we began to feel a little more cheerful; and when five great boxes were one day carried in at the gate by panting, breathless men, we seemed near the end. Not yet quite, however. Trains were scarce just then (it was the middle of June by now), and only ran about once a week. I think the railway company had run out of coal, so they had to economize trains. One Tuesday afternoon the sixth case arrived, and the next was said to be on the road. It did not come till after dark, when the gates were locked, and when it was carried in the boys gave it quite a jubilant welcome, shouting, singing, and dancing about in great excitement. They knew that "organo" was some new English mystery, and they were growing very keen about it. Finally the eighth and last case arrived the following day, and then all were carried to the church and the work of unpacking and putting together was begun.

It was a long and complicated business, and took two or three days before it was complete, for though

the organ is very small—quite tiny compared with an ordinary church organ at home—it has 182 pipes and a great deal of delicate mechanism. It was very exciting to listen to the *first* sound it uttered; and as it went on getting more and more voices the boys were more and more surprised. Some of them were allowed to come and watch—standing at a respectful distance—and their "Loh!" of astonishment was very expressive. It was on the second morning, I think, that there was a helter-skelter rush out of school, with cries of "Organo! organo!" and a general run to the church door. Before it was quite finished the choir had a practice with it just to see how it went, but they were so taken up with looking at the pipes and the blower that they quite forgot to sing. Mr. C. worked hours and hours to get it quite perfect, and, when it was finished, took it all to pieces again in order to put it in a better position. At last it was quite, quite ready, and the first day it was used for a service it was blessed and dedicated to the service of God. We like its sweet and powerful tone so much now that we keep wondering *how* we ever got on without it, and *how* we endured the wheezing, harsh harmonium so long.

To A. J. W.

MAGILA, *July* 13, 1897.— . . . Since I sent off my last letter the first parcel of magazines arrived, for which very many thanks. Several of us have been in the convalescent and light-reading stage lately, and your books were much appreciated. Really the illustrations nowadays are so very good one can get endless amusement out of modern magazines. Phil May made us shriek with laughter, and we wanted some more.

Your letter of June 11, written after the U.M.C.A. meeting, was very interesting. I am so glad you made yourself known to the Bishop. He is a dear venerable person, and I am always glad to know of him being within reach of doctors, for his life is precious, and I shall never forget the agonies of responsibility I suffered last Christmas when he was ill on my hands.

. . . I am quite pleased to think you are looking out for me in the magazines. Only laziness has prevented my writing all this time, but last mail I did manage to put together a few lines and sent them off to the Editor of *African Tidings*. I lack the seeing eye that some people possess; if I had it, there would be every day material full of interest for those at home. Another thing that often acts as a paralyzing influence on one's ideas is the thought of being read *out here*. Readers at home one does not dread—indeed, one writes for them; but to report trivial daily

occurrences, or air one's crude opinions, or lay bare one's inner thoughts for the criticism or amusement of one's experienced daily companions or Mission friends is a very different matter. I think people would write more and write better if the magazines were not sent out to us here.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *July* 13, 1897.— . . . This last mail was a delightful one (of course *every* mail is a joy, but some are exuberantly joyous, and this one was so), for it told us all about the anniversary, which we had been longing to hear of ever since it took place. . . . We are all so glad to hear the Bishop was well and vigorous and made a good speech. I am particularly glad that he dwelt on the need of girls' schools on the mainland, for it is indeed a great want.

. . . We have not all been quite so virtuous lately as we were. Mr. C.'s bad example was followed first by myself, then Nurse S., then Mr. M., then Mr. C. again, but it wasn't fever the second time, only vaccination. For a day or two it was quite like old times. Saturday I got up. Nurse S. was in bed. I played for evensong and Sunday service. Sunday, Mr. M. walked in, temp. 104.4. Just before evensong Mr. C. sent a note "I have

fever," so I sent two answers, one to him to say "I will be ready for you in ten minutes," the other to Padre to say "Sorry I can't play for evensong." So there were three of them on my hands. I suppose they thought after a week's rest in bed, I wanted something to do.

July 18.—We are very anxious to hear further news of Zanzibar, for the smallpox news was most disquieting. It does seem dreadful that two of our own people should have what is really a preventible disease. I vaccinated Brother R. the other day, and Mr. M. will be done in a few days when he has quite got over his fever.

The organ still goes on well and continues to please people.

To C. J. V.

MAGILA, *August* 1, 1897.— . . . Since I last wrote I am sorry to say I have had fever again, which was very tiresome, as it means I am now going down to Zanzibar for change of air.

Mr. C. went to Misozwe last week, and came back with fever. Brother R. has had a bad arm (after vaccination) and fever. Mr. N., two days after returning from Zanzibar, retired to bed. Mr. M. has been trying to get up another fever, but we persuade

him it's only vaccination. . . . It's surprising how these people seem to think an ordinary arm, after a well-taken vaccination, entitles them to board and lodging in hospital; but they don't get invited, and they can't come unless they are! So Mr. M. this morning thought better of it, and got up and came to church and distinguished himself by singing the tenor solo in *Tours in C.*

To D. M. W.

MAGILA, *August* 2, 1897.—This is a short note just to thank you VERY much for your joyous Jubilee letter, which certainly *schmeckte nach mehr*, and only troubled me by its tantalizing breaks and collapses, and gave me a vision of a life devoid of all repose or peaceful self-possession. This, I suppose, is only natural in the week of a Diamond Jubilee, when all the world was mad, and I was probably very lucky to get as much as I did! . . . All the papers I have seen gave most thrilling accounts of the day's proceedings, and at the end of mail day we almost felt as if we had been there, and as if we too ought to shout and sing and cry.

Next week I am going to Zanzibar—at least I propose going. . . . I am only going for change of air, and confess to being rather bored at the prospect, as the journey is tiresome, and it's so very dull to travel

with no object but one's own benefit! I have been here one year and eight months, and if I have a change, I shall probably be quite well and strong for some time to come.

To D. M. W.

TANGA, *Sunday morning, August* 15, 1897.—Here I am on the coast, sitting on the baraza of the German Evangelical Mission, looking out over a fascinating stretch of blue sea, yellow sand, and green trees, watching the soft white clouds and feeling very lazy and leisurely. August, you see, means the seaside, so we have done the correct thing and left town for a change. We had a delightful journey yesterday, leaving Magila about mid-day, when it was cloudy and not at all hot. The train was to leave in the afternoon—time uncertain—so we got to Mheza by 1.30, and sat in a nice out-door waiting-room and had a picnic, having brought tea, spirit kettle, etc. This passed the time till about 3.30, when the train appeared, and after the Germans had well drunk of various liquors we started off for Tanga. I forgot to say that I had to be carried to the station, as we haven't a carriage and pair nor a bicycle. It was very lazy and comfortable. Tanga at sunset. The Germans were hilarious, having got out at every station to drink, but they soon cleared

off and did not interfere with us. Our party was Nurse S., two men, and myself, and by 7 we two nurses were comfortably established at the German Mission, while the men take care of themselves in town. The Frau Pastor was in bed very ill; the Herr Pastor was only just up after a severe fever, so we were very apologetic at coming; but they are so hospitable and friendly that I think they are really glad we came. To-morrow the boat is expected, and then away, away to British territory, where, no doubt, the sight of the Union Jack will quite restore me to my accustomed vigour. It was rather unlucky that I had fever again just this last week before starting.

. . . I haven't seen the sea for nearly a year—not since I brought Padre C. down last autumn. It is lovely to see it again so blue, so tranquil, so smiling, and I quite wish to-morrow's voyage were more than six hours. The boat is the same old *Bundesrath* that I came out on—a rotten old ship not worthy of the line, but to me full of pleasant associations of that delightful voyage.

In Zanzibar they have lately had much trouble through smallpox and other sickness. One of our young Englishmen died of smallpox—a young printer only just out; and last week a deacon died of fever, and just afterwards a native student of about twenty-one, a most promising youth, of whom great things were hoped. Poor Mr. Fitzhugh had not been vaccinated before coming out—a most careless mistake, much deplored when too late.

This morning at breakfast I spent all my energies trying to make clear to these good Germans (there are two men) the exact position of the English Church and of our Mission. Poor things! it's very bewildering for them, for every Englishman they meet gives them a different account! But at last Herr Pastor Ostwald said that *my* explanation was so exceedingly clear that he thought he had grasped it and would remember it. What a satisfaction to think that he has got hold of the *right* one!!

. . . The old *Bundesrath* will bring me, I hope, a precious home budget of news, which will, of course, be landed ready for transit to Magila. If we are very quick, we can just catch them and ask the post-office to give them up. I find a knowledge of the German tongue commands anything and everything here, and people are so polite that I think they would put on a special steamer or train if I were to ask for it!

To C. J. V.

ZANZIBAR HOSPITAL, *August* 27, 1897.—Thank you so much for your letter of July 24, which was put into my hands as I sat on the baraza of the German Mission at Tanga just after parting with Nurse S. and Mr. C., who were obliged to return before I left. It was particularly nice to get one's home mail then, for I was all alone and had

just parted from the last bit of Magila. Isn't it foolish to get attached to places? I always vow I never will again, but it's no good, and uprootings are always painful.

. . . I ought to go back a week and tell you about my crossing and arrival. The passage was not bad, and as I travelled this time *first* class on the old *Bundesrath*, I was much more comfortable than I need have been. (That ticket, by the way, was Padre's doing, and I knew nothing about it till it was put into my hands.) As we neared Zanzibar at mid-day, I looked eagerly for the boat. . . . How glad I was to learn that the smallpox was all over and that Mr. S. had recovered, and that all were well.

To J. P. W.

ZANZIBAR, *August* 27, 1897.— . . . You will see that I am once more in Zanzibar. A year and eight months ago I was here, but then as a nurse, now as a patient. . . . One of the odd things about being ill here is that you have a doctor to come and look at you and feel your pulse! I could hardly help laughing when Dr. Charlesworth came to examine me, but I managed to behave with becoming decorum. For the consolation of my anxious family I hasten to forward the joyful news that Dr. C. says I am not at all damaged (*i.e.* my vital

organs are still intact !), and that as soon as I have picked up a little with sea air, etc., I can go back again to Magila.

. . . I cannot say I have seen anything of Zanzibar as yet, though I have been here a week, but I hope to be able to go about a little now. . . . Here in hospital one is "in town," in the midst of streets, and buildings, and noises, and afternoon callers, and many other things to which I have long been unaccustomed. Fancy—I went for a drive one day in a victoria—the first wheels I had seen go round for a long time. It was very pleasant.

As you always read the papers you know of course that of late all slavery has been abolished in Zanzibar, and that, under the beneficent British Protectorate, every native is, or can be, free. It really is so—on paper ! But to show how little the inhabitants understand this I will tell you what happened the other day. A boy in our hospital—now employed as attendant—was for years a slave. One day about a year ago he was found, an outcast with a very bad leg, quite ill and helpless, and was brought here to be tended. For months he was very ill, but at last got better, and is now able to work. A few weeks ago he went out for a walk, and met a man who seized him and said, "You're my lost slave; come back with me at once!" The boy had spirit enough to reply, "I'm not yours any longer, and I won't come ; you cast me out when I was ill." On this the master was furious, and called a policeman, who actually came and

arrested the boy and marched him off, in obedience to the master's demand. As they went along they chanced to meet the English doctor, who knew the boy well as one of his patients, and insisted on the policeman letting him go. The boy then came back to the Mission, was sent to the English Consulate, and at once procured his formal declaration of freedom. But had they not chanced to meet the doctor, the boy would probably have been smuggled away and made to work as a slave.

I do not think the vast majority of slaves working for Arab masters on the clove plantations have any idea that a new law has been passed regarding them. Our people one day sent some educated native teachers out to explain to some of these men that they could have their freedom by asking for it, and they none of them had any idea that such was the case. I think a great many don't care about it, and are quite content as they are.

To A. J. W.

ZANZIBAR, *September* 3, 1897.— . . . I should have written before, but have been rather deranged by travelling, preceded by various "retirements" at Magila, and succeeded by all the excitements of the great world of Zanzibar. . . . A country cousin coming up to London

could not feel more bewildered and amused by the sights and sounds of the metropolis than I have been in coming here. Everything is new and strange, especially roads, carriages and crowds. The doctor took me the other day for a long drive in his high dog-cart with a very spirited horse, and I felt as delighted as a child to go spinning along through the fresh evening air, coming back just as the moon was beginning to touch the sea with silver, and feeling afterwards as exhilarated as if I had been skating! . . . You ask when am I coming home? Well, I don't think for another year at least, as I shall certainly stay three years if I have good health.[1]

To D. M. W.

THE *NORHAM CASTLE*, OFF EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA, *October* 3, 1897.—When I left Zanzibar I had no idea there would be an opportunity of writing a letter that would reach London before I should get there myself, so I have left unrecorded all the adventures, such as they were, of the first three weeks of the voyage. Now I find that the train carries overland to Cape Town letters that will catch the homeward-bound mail.

[1] Urgent letters from England by the next mail made it, however, imperative that I should come home at once.—*G. W.*

Three weeks I have now been at sea, and as we haven't turned the corner of this vast continent yet, I do not feel that we are any nearer home; only further and further from Magila each day, that's all! . . . The German boat, *König*, on which we travelled until yesterday, was splendid in size and comfort. There were very few passengers, and the last few days I was the only lady! But the delays were tedious, especially at Beira, a mere handful of iron huts on sandy soil, where we stayed seven whole days unloading vast quantities of cargo, including railways and trains and stations—all iron, destined to increase the importance of the future great port of Mashonaland. Of course we kept on board all the time, for one half-hour's walk on shore was quite sufficient acquaintance with the dreary place, whose one straggling sand street contained twenty-nine drinking-bars! It is Portuguese territory, but the English are making it, for the miserable owners have neither money nor energy to run their own possessions. It is rather interesting to have seen just once the beginning of one of these rapidly-growing South African towns.

Then we stayed four days at Delagoa Bay—a lovely spot, high red cliffs like Devonshire, enclosing a beautiful blue bay, where the first ship we saw was a British gunboat. Here we spent one day on land with some friendly English people; but it was too hot to go again, so we stayed on the now empty *König* and watched the picturesque sight of ships ever coming and going. Delagoa is the only real bay on

the whole east coast, and is consequently of enormous importance. Everybody wants it, especially the English and Germans, but the Portuguese sit tight, and are even making roads and waterworks to show that they are in possession. But they are so bankrupt that many rumours are afloat as to its future.

At that point we left all that was attractively African and came next to Durban, where the colonial twang of the English spoken showed at once where we were. A splendid wharf, good roads, tramways, trains, banks, offices, town hall, post office—all in good condition, all prosperous, and eminently British. Neat little boys in clean collars, proper little girls with fair hair, business men, lady cyclists, Salvation Army, babies and perambulators—it was just exactly an English provincial town; and I am afraid you will be shocked to hear that at the sight thereof I shuddered and longed for the tropical and oriental!

The German ship turns back at Durban, and goes home *viâ* Zanzibar, Tanga, Naples. Ah! how nice it would have been to return by that route! We longed to do so, and, as a matter of fact, should only have arrived three days later than we shall do by the Cape route. But it was too dangerous! I told the captain he would have to chain us on board, or we never should have gone past those first two attractive ports.

. . . It is very wonderful and delightful to think that I shall really see you all again so soon—just two years after parting. Shall I find you much

changed, I wonder? Probably not. People don't change much after two years of prosperous good health in England, and by the time I have been at home five minutes I expect I shall feel that I have never been away, which will be very, very nice. Only, of course, I shall want to go away soon, and leave you all again!

Postscript.

After a year's furlough in Europe, I returned to Zanzibar, and even had the great happiness of seeing Magila once more. But a complete breakdown in health, at the end of a few weeks, obliged me to leave first the mainland, then Zanzibar, and eventually also the service of the Universities' Mission.

G. W.

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