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DRAWING WATER AT THE WELL.

# WHERE WE LIVE AND WHAT WE DO

COMPILED BY DORA S. YARNTON MILLS

AUTHOR OF 'IS IT WORTH WHILE' 'BABY SEFU' ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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## PREFACE

THE following papers and stories have been written at different times by several of the members of the Universities' Mission.

They do not pretend to make a connected whole, each chapter being complete in itself. But it is hoped that they may give some idea of parts of the country where this Mission works, and serve to answer many of the questions so often asked on the subject. The book is intended for three purposes :

1. Reading aloud at working parties or mothers' meetings, and for this reason women and babies figure rather largely in its pages.

2. As a book of reference for correspondents and local secretaries.

3. As a gift-book for interesting people in the Mission.

The papers are entirely confined to Zanzibar and Magila, but should these pages meet a need, we hope later on to bring out a companion volume giving some account of the people and their doings in Nyasaland.

DORA YARNTON MILLS.

SIMPLE RULES TO BE OBSERVED FOR PRONOUNCING  
AFRICAN NAMES

1. Vowels are pronounced as in Italian—  
*a* as in *ah*.  
*e* as *a* in *name*.  
*i* as *ee* in *feet*.  
*o* as *o* in *bone*.  
*u* as *oo* in *fool*.
2. Consonants as in English, *g* is always hard as in *gale*. *Ch* soft as in *cherry*.
3. *M* is pronounced as if it had *u* before it.  
Mkunazini = Oom-koo-nah-*zee*-nee. Mbweni = Oom-*bway*-nee.
4. No word can end with a consonant, it must end with a vowel,  
e.g. Du-nga, Ng-ambo.
5. The accent is always on the last syllable but one.

# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. ZANZIBAR: TOWN AND ISLAND . . . . .	1
II. THE MEN . . . . .	28
III. THE WOMEN . . . . .	42
IV. THE FAITH OF ISLAM . . . . .	53
V. MOHAMMEDAN OBSERVANCES, WITCHCRAFT AND SPIRIT WORSHIP. . . . .	73
VI. THE IGNORANCE OF MOHAMMEDAN TEACHERS	90
VII. AFRICAN GARMENTS: WHAT THEY ARE AND HOW THEY ARE WORN . . . . .	94
VIII. ABOUT THE LANGUAGES . . . . .	111
IX. TREES, FLOWERS, VEGETABLES AND HOW THEY GROW . . . . .	121
X. THE MISSION AND SOME OF THE WORK IN TOWN AND COUNTRY . . . . .	138
XI. TESSI AND HER BOYS . . . . .	157
XII. THE STORY OF A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL IN S. MONICA'S SCHOOL . . . . .	168
XIII. VISITING WOMEN IN ZANZIBAR . . . . .	174
XIV. A CHRISTIAN VILLAGE IN AFRICA . . . . .	186
XV. MISSION BABIES: STORIES OF CHILDREN IN THE LITTLE BOYS' HOME . . . . .	199
XVI. A CHRISTIAN OVERSEER . . . . .	217
XVII. MAMA KATE: AN AFRICAN SAINT . . . . .	223

CHAPTER		PAGE
XVIII.	AN OLD DHOBI: A ZANZIBAR SKETCH .	232
XIX.	NURSING IN ZANZIBAR DIOCESE . . .	238
XX.	DAILY LIFE IN ZANZIBAR HOSPITAL .	254
XXI.	AN AFRICAN VILLAGE AND MATTERS PERTAINING THERETO . . . . .	262
XXII.	SUNDAY AT MSALABANI . . . . .	282
XXIII.	BONDEI WOMEN . . . . .	293
XXIV.	A DAY AT MSALABANI SCHOOL . . .	310
XXV.	THE STORY OF A MAGILA BOY . . .	317
XXVI.	NURSING AT MAGILA . . . . .	322
XXVII.	ALL ABOUT BLACK BABIES AT MAGILA .	332

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
DRAWING WATER AT THE WELL . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ONE OF THE WIDER STREETS . . . . .	7
A ZANZIBAR SHOP . . . . .	11
THE ONLY MOSQUE WITH A MINARET . . . . .	15
GAMBLING GOES ON IN ALMOST EVERY VERANDAH . . . . .	17
ZANZIBAR RAILROAD . . . . .	27
A ZANZIBAR ARAB . . . . .	30
ARABS EATING . . . . .	31
WASHING HANDS AFTER A MEAL . . . . .	32
AN ARAB WOMAN AND CHILD . . . . .	43
CARRYING WATER . . . . .	49
'BOYS CARRY ABOUT COFFEE' . . . . .	77
GROUP OF AFRICANS . . . . .	93
THE KANZU AND SHEETIE . . . . .	101
A SCHOOLGIRL IN A TEITEI . . . . .	105
AN AFRICAN FAMILY . . . . .	120
BAOBAB TREES, BARE AND LEAFLESS . . . . .	126
THE GARDEN AT KILIMANI . . . . .	131
THE SCHOOL AT S. MONICA'S . . . . .	140
WOMEN DOING NEEDLEWORK . . . . .	141
NG'AMBO . . . . .	145
PALM MAT PLAITING . . . . .	153
A SHAMBA SCENE . . . . .	156
MISS FOXLEY AND THE SCHOOL AT NG'AMBO . . . . .	159
ZANZIBAR CATHEDRAL . . . . .	167

	PAGE
INDIAN CHILDREN . . . . .	169
INDIAN CHILDREN AT PLAY . . . . .	173
THE PARISH CHURCH . . . . .	188
THE DISPENSARY . . . . .	191
ONE OF THE OLD AND INFIRM . . . . .	195
CARRYING COCOANUTS. . . . .	196
FRANCIS . . . . .	209
PAUL . . . . .	215
EDWARD AND BASIL . . . . .	218
KATE AND HER CLASS AT MBWENI . . . . .	225
' SHE WORE THE ARAB DRESS ' . . . . .	229
A WARD IN ZANZIBAR HOSPITAL . . . . .	231
AN AFRICAN RIVER . . . . .	237
AN INDIAN LADY ARRIVING AT THE HOSPITAL	239
PATIENTS . . . . .	243
MISSION HOUSE, PEMBA . . . . .	253
NG'AMBO, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CREEK . . . . .	261
AN AFRICAN VILLAGE. . . . .	263
' THE PRIDE OF THE EYES IS THE GOAT ' . . . . .	275
CATTLE . . . . .	281
THE CHURCH AT MSALABANI . . . . .	283
A BONDEI WOMAN AND HER BABY . . . . .	294
CARRYING WATER FROM THE RIVER . . . . .	295
MSALABANI GATEWAY . . . . .	309
A MAGILA BOY . . . . .	311
MAGILA BOYS . . . . .	321
MAGILA DISPENSARY . . . . .	323
BABIES AND THEIR MOTHERS . . . . .	333

# WHERE WE LIVE

AND

# WHAT WE DO

I

## ZANZIBAR: TOWN AND ISLAND

A GREAT deal has been written about Zanzibar since the Universities' Mission made its head quarters there in Bishop Tozer's time in 1864. The island and the town, the people and the shops, the Mission quarters and the schools have all been described over and over again by the pens of many writers, and yet there still seem to be a number of people who do not know very much about it all, and who ask for more detailed accounts of many things—things which have perhaps been overlooked and forgotten by those who, as they see them every day, forget that the world at large is still in ignorance of what are just to them daily happenings and common events. So again we will try and give some account of the once almost unknown island, which of late years has sprung into considerable importance, and now boasts

some advance in civilisation ; and in giving this account we will confine ourselves chiefly to those things which concern the Mission and those interested in it.

**History.**—Zanzibar, if not the capital of Eastern Africa, is at least the largest town on the east coast, and readers will forgive the remark that South Africa and the people who live there are not within afternoon calling distance.

The first record we have of the island being visited by British ships was as far back as 1799, when the *Leopard* and the *Orestes* sighted the island on December 18, and anchored off a smaller island to the north till the next day.

A lieutenant on board one of these ships who kept a journal, says: 'The inhabitants went about armed; in their modes of traffic they are singular, a guinea is of no value, but a button of any kind is a gem in the eyes of the lower class of people, who, while they refused a guinea in exchange for some fowls, parted with them gladly for a mariner's button.'

And though this was in 1799, in 1879 a common pearl button cut off the garments of the Mission boys was still an article of some value in the eyes of the natives, and was easily exchanged for many desirable objects of more real value.

The Portuguese were in possession of the east coast from 1509 to 1698, in which year the Imaum of Muscat sent a naval force and succeeded in capturing Mombasa, Zanzibar, Pemba and Kilwa. Seyid Saïd was the first Sultan who transferred his



court to Zanzibar from Muscat in 1840, and since his time seven Sultans have reigned in succession.

In August 1841 Captain Hamerton arrived in Zanzibar as agent of the East India Company, and was appointed the first British Consul in December of the same year.

In 1845 the Americans sent vessels to Zanzibar and as well as oil introduced their cotton cloth, which is still universally used by the natives for loin cloths and is known as Merikano, a softer, heavier kind of our unbleached calico.

Since 1890 Zanzibar has been a British protectorate, or rather a sultanate under British protection. The present Sultan was proclaimed on July 2, 1902, but being at that time a mere boy, an English Regent was appointed for two years. Seyid Ali was enthroned in 1905. When a boy he spent several years in England, and was at Harrow for part of the time. He speaks English fluently.

**The Island of Zanzibar** is not unlike the Isle of Man, though it is nearly three times as large. It is about fifty-four miles long, twenty-three broad in its widest part, and has an area of 625 square miles. It is separated from the mainland by a channel, which at its narrowest part is twenty-two and a half miles across.

Pemba island lies to the north-east of Zanzibar, at a distance of twenty-two and a half miles. Steamers run regularly between the islands, and leaving Zanzibar by one of them at 5 P.M., you arrive at Chaki Chaki about daybreak the next

morning and get to Weti, the Mission station, at noon.

Zanzibar town is built on a sandy peninsula, and in shape is not unlike a shoe, with a very long pointed toe. A shallow creek of the sea, which is almost dry at low water, runs in round the toe and almost severs the heel from the mainland of the island. This creek, which is so often mentioned in *Central Africa*, the monthly magazine of the Universities' Mission, is spanned by a bridge, and there is another town or suburb on the other side.

**The Harbour.**—As you approach Zanzibar from the sea you are struck by the absence of cliffs and the varied beauty of the brilliant foliage of massive mangoes, feathery palms and trailing creepers which grow right down to the shore, where the bright blue waters meet the dazzling white of the sandy beach. The harbour presents a great scene of activity. There are often several large steamers, British, German, French and others, taking in mails and cargo. There are also any number of steam launches, dhows and small native craft, besides an occasional man-of-war. The Sultan's boats are distinguished by a plain red flag.

**Landing.**—Although we who live in Zanzibar think that in these days we are very civilised in most respects, yet a visitor from Bombay seemed quite surprised to find there was no pier when he landed, and no carriages which he could hire to drive him to his destination.

The mails all anchor some distance from the shore, and passengers and luggage are conveyed there in small boats. To newcomers this is rather a nervous moment. The boats crowd round the steamer, bobbing up and down in the water, while each owner tries to arrive at the gangway first, and all of them shout directions and abuse at the top of their voices.

Accidents very seldom happen however, and many friendly hands are held out to the passengers, so that in time they generally find themselves safely seated in the boat. But once a new arrival, having collected all the things she held most dear in a small bag, gave it to a native boy, and said : ' Whatever you do, don't lose hold of this bag till we reach the Mission.' Five minutes later the boy, who was sitting on the edge of the boat, lost his balance and fell into the sea. Being a good swimmer he thought nothing of the occurrence, and as he reappeared on the surface and scrambled in again, he smiled joyfully at the owner of the bag saying : ' I did not forget to hold on to the bag all the time.' On arriving at the shore all the luggage is seized by clamouring porters, and carried on their heads through the narrow streets to its destination.

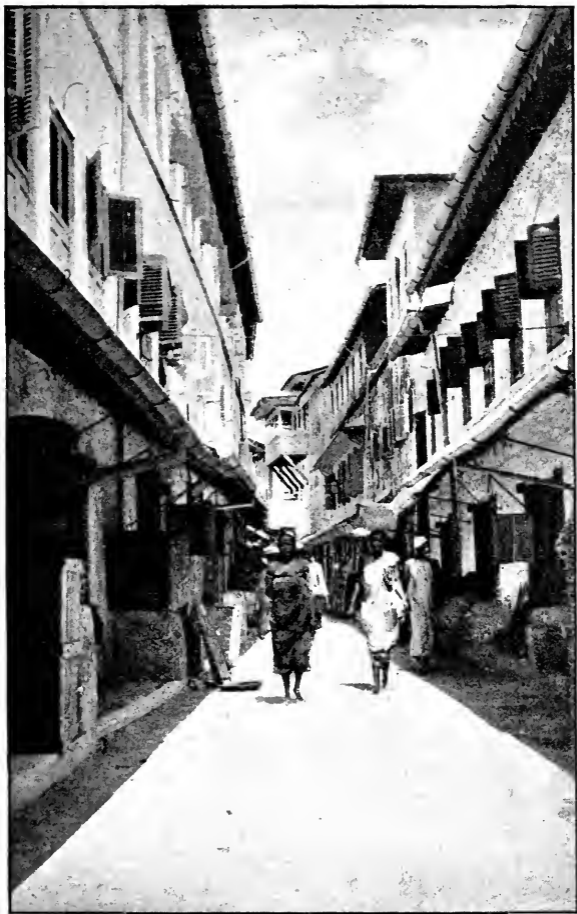
**The Town.**—The town itself shows a long and somewhat straggling front of large square houses built of stone and whitewashed, with flat roofs covered with corrugated iron. These houses almost entirely hide the masses of huts which lie behind and among them. It is picturesque

beyond words, and till recently dirty beyond description, for the writer remembers the time when all the rubbish and refuse from the houses and shops was just thrown into the street and left there till a deluge of rain floated it into heaps, where in corners and vacant spaces it rotted in the sun, producing an odour which once inhaled could never be forgotten—the smell of a Zanzibar street, entirely unique and most powerful! But those days are gone by, the streets are now swept twice daily and all the refuse carted away outside the town.

**The Streets.**—These streets are only from ten to twelve feet wide, and they swarm with natives from India, Ceylon, Persia, Egypt, Japan, Greece, China, and Somaliland, besides Arabs and Swahili, guide-boys, carriers and camel drivers in all the wonderful colour and variety of their native costumes, and we must not forget to add Europeans to the list, generally attired in white clothes, white shoes and white sun helmets.

Besides the people, you come across goats foraging for food, lean and lanky fowls which have a most undue proportion of leg, strings of small brown donkeys laden with sacks of red sand, and now and then a stray camel and a few small cows individualised by humps on their backs.

The streets wind in and out in a surprising manner: without a guide it is an easy business to lose yourself hopelessly. They are lined on either side by small shops, which are merely stone houses with the front of the bottom storey taken



ONE OF THE WIDER STREETS.

[Photo by Gomes]



out, a raised platform faces the road and is protected above with a sort of awning of corrugated iron or oil tins beaten out flat. Formerly these awnings were made of cocoanut thatch which, when the rains descended dripped into the road till it became a rushing stream. The natives never mind this sort of thing. You may often see a man or child take a bath underneath a waterspout, and having taken his bath in this primitive fashion, proceed to wash his garment and put it on to dry.

**The Shops.**—Wares of every sort and description are set out, generally in little heaps, either on the platform or in native baskets or old wooden boxes. At the back you may see a row of glass bottles with most unwholesome looking sweets from Europe, soap cut into square inches and sold for a farthing each, sugar, flour, grain of various kinds and popped corn in large native baskets (*kikapo*), little cakes, sweet or savoury, bright scarlet chillies, fresh green betel leaves enclosing lime and tobacco for chewing, oranges, mangoes, great bunches of pale yellow or green unripe bananas, funny little tin oil lamps, curry powder, candles, blue, cotton, skeins of Berlin wool, very thick and gaudy plates and cups, short native brushes hanging in strings, bundles of split palm for mat making, great hanks of cocoanut rope, beads, nails, looking-glasses, sweet potatoes and pineapples, in fact a little of most things, the whole being crowned by the owner, generally an Indian (sometimes a woman), who

squats among the wares with the cash box close at hand on a very low, wooden table.

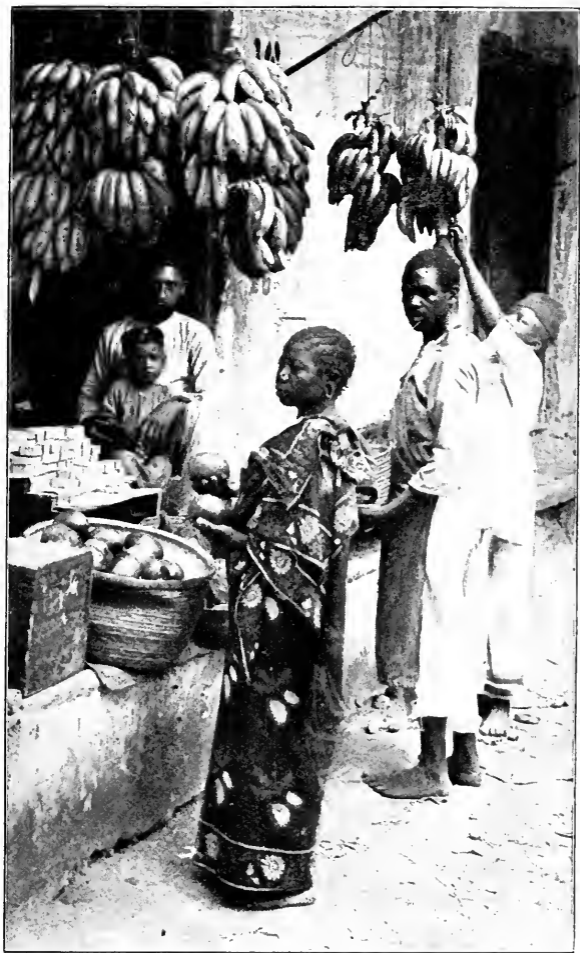
Inside the shop you have a vision of wonderful sheeties and loin cloths hanging on strings ; while in many of the shops costly fabrics, silks, satins, embroideries, gold and silver braid, thread and spangles are stored in glass-doored cases against the walls.

There are more distinguished shops in the principal parts of the town, kept by Goanese and Hindus, some of them even boasting plate-glass windows, and in these you can buy, at some expense, many things in the way of dress and material that you would meet in an English town, such as shoes, hats, blouses, even tea-gowns and costumes.

There are also wonderful shops for silver, lace and jewellery, Chinese and Japanese wares, Persian rugs and carpets, and all sorts of articles, including grey parrots. I have seen a shop up a flight of ladders, where some fifty parrots strolled about in a leisurely manner among costly carpets and rich rugs.

**The current coin** in Zanzibar is the same as that used in India, rupees, half and quarter rupees, annas and till quite lately pice, but these latter are giving place to cents, one hundred of which go to the rupee, which is like a florin and is valued at 1s. 4d. A pice was rather more than a farthing and resembled a halfpenny, they were cleverly and neatly done up in paper thirty-two in each roll ; these were called *robos*, and were





A ZANZIBAR SHOP.



always kept handy for change. A cent is much like a farthing. Paper money is also now used in notes valuing five, ten, and fifty rupees. Purses are seldom used even by Europeans in Zanzibar, who generally use notes or carry their rupees in a bag. Natives tuck their coppers into the fastening of their loin cloths or knot them in the corner of a handkerchief (*leso*).

**The Fort.**—The most picturesque building in Zanzibar is undoubtedly the old fort which dates back to the time of the Portuguese possession of the island. It was formerly used as a prison, and is a massive building, round in shape and turreted. The coral rag of which it is built is almost black with age and damp, and it stands grim and solitary—a fitting memorial of the death, disease and misery which once raged within its walls, when slaves and prisoners were only released by death from the horrors which surrounded them. The fort is now used as the telephone exchange!

**The Sultan's Palace**, which is new since the bombardment of Zanzibar by the British in 1896, is a large, uninteresting building with a wide verandah in front, from which the Sultan reviews his troops who assemble in the square below on state occasions. Hard by is the clock tower and lighthouse, which at night is a blaze of electric light and looks very pretty from the sea. The clock keeps Arab time and this at first is very puzzling to newcomers; for as in the Bible, the third hour of the day is nine o'clock in the morning, six o'clock being noon.

**The old Consulate** stands facing the sea, but is no longer used as a residence. The building is interesting, as it was the head quarters of the Mission in Bishop Tozer's time, and housed him and his scanty staff in the great cyclone of 1872. It was in the lower storey of this house that we had our first chapel.

In this quarter of the town, which is called Shangani, are the German, French and other Consulates, the Roman Catholic Church and Mission, the post and telegraph offices, banks, chief hotels, English club, and shipping offices—it is, in fact, the aristocratic part of the town.

**The Railway**, which was laid in 1906, starts from near the Palace, runs through the narrow streets of shops, from which you can almost take the wares in passing, crosses the bridge and runs along the North road as far as Bububu, a distance of eight miles, and the line is being further extended. It is a very enjoyable trip; the return fare is only fourpence for a native, but a European who travels first class and is provided with a special car is charged two rupees return. If you pursue your way along the quay the town becomes more dirty, and the strong smell of salt shark proclaims the fact that you are approaching Malindi, the more distinctive Arab quarter. The population has altered and the colour of the people has changed from chocolate to tan. Nearly every house appears to be inhabited by Arabs, and no Hindus are to be seen.

**Mosques.**—It is just about here that you come

to the only minaret in Zanzibar, for though the island is full of mosques, or Mohammedan places



THE ONLY MOSQUE WITH A MINARET.

of worship, this is the only one crowned by a small cupola of a curious shape. The mosque

itself is also more ornamented than others in Zanzibar, which are merely low stone buildings whitewashed within and without.

Turning to the right you may come upon a characteristic scene—a row of Arab barbers, shaving the heads, not beards, of their customers, and this is done in the open street with no sort of attempt at privacy.

From this point you become involved in a labyrinth of streets all much alike to a newcomer, but those who can hear and see and understand begin here to get some idea of the exceeding wickedness of this godless city.

**Evils.**—There are innumerable drinking shops (which are not publicly recognised as such), many of which are not even noticed by the casual passer-by, but which, nevertheless, drive a deadly trade among the natives; and there are many other places of evil repute where the toils are spread, and alas! not in vain, for heathen and Christian alike.

Gambling goes on in almost every verandah; even the tiny children who play in the streets speak the language of hell and are conversant with the worst immorality, while the laughing women who pass you in the road make remarks which are untranslatable in their obscenity. Once when a newcomer was walking with Bishop Steere, they met a party of women carrying stones on their heads and singing, and the newcomer innocently remarked, 'How pretty it sounds,' to which the bishop sternly replied, 'They are using the most unspeakable language you can imagine.'

It is not our purpose here to unveil these scenes of wickedness or to describe the sinfulness of this sinful city, but day by day as it unfolds itself to the opening eyes and growing knowledge of our missionaries, they are filled with an ever stronger longing



GAMBLING GOES ON IN ALMOST EVERY VERANDAH.

to do something to purge it from its iniquity, and they feel it is but a little thing to give their whole lives in trying to save one soul for Christ from this cesspool of the devil. These streets lead you to the Mission premises and the quarter of the town known as Mkunazini. Kunazi is the name of a very pretty and elegant tree which

bears a fruit something like a cherry, and from this tree the place derives its name.

It is a rest to pass from the hot, noisy, dirty town to the comparative quiet and peace of the Mission, with its flowers and its trees and the shadow of the beautiful cathedral, but all this will be described in another chapter.

**The Sultan's Market** is one of the most interesting places in Zanzibar for those who want to study the people. It is very near the Mission, on what is called the Creek Road, a recent Government improvement which has turned mud and filth into a good solid thoroughfare. To this market the produce of the plantations (about 3000 loads) is brought every morning at 9 A.M., entirely on the heads of the natives.

There is one good building for meat, fish and poultry, which are all examined daily by officials appointed for the purpose, and the open space all round is a regular Covent Garden, where fruit, vegetables, grain and provender of all sorts, and also goats and sheep can be bought, not as cheaply as in days gone by when a dozen oranges went for a farthing and two fowls for sixpence, but at quite fair and reasonable prices.

Beside the regular market a sort of cheapjack fair goes on. In one part you may see an Arab, in his flowing *kanzu* and bright coloured turban, presiding over a box studded with brass nails, and from it he produces for sale a looking-glass, a Waterbury watch, a pair of heavy silver anklets, a murderous-looking silver bracelet surrounded



with sharp spikes, a very ancient pistol, an Arab *joho*, which has feasted many families of moth, a very seedy-looking European coat, and many more valuable, and to the African, desirable articles. In a corner sits a Turk with an amazing collection of trinkets, pistols, daggers, swords, &c. ; another man has an array of what look like mere sticks for sale, but which are in reality native tooth-brushes, and most efficient ones they prove.

Almost every description of native cake, including earthen bowls of *halua* (Turkish delight) and yards of sugar-cane, can be bought in the market, and there are piles of the funny little cooking pots made of red clay and sold for three farthings each, strange looking pieces of firewood (*kuni*), and bales of rough cocoanut rope; while in and out among the wares, chattering, laughing, bargaining and wrangling, moves the noisy, restless throng of people representing nearly every nation under the sun, each speaking his own language and dressed in the costume of his own country.

**The Victoria Gardens**, opposite the Creek road on the highway coming from the town, were laid out in honour of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and there is a beautiful new Government Hospital.

**The Prison** is a large Eastern building with good-sized rooms and a stone floor covered with matting, on which the prisoners sleep. The women's cell is on the outer side of the high battlemented wall which encloses a large central court.

The prisoners, who wear a very ugly mustard-coloured uniform, are employed in various public works, gardening, building, &c., and when out of doors are joined together by a long chain fixed to an iron band to prevent them from running away. You often meet the chain gang in your walks abroad, and some busybodies, with more zeal than knowledge, sent photographs of it to England to prove that slavery still flourished under the British flag. Women do not now work in the chain gang, as it was considered unsuitable for them. There is a separate building for European prisoners.

**The British Agency** is a large, handsome, up-to-date building, standing in its own beautiful garden, which at the back slopes right down to the sea.

**Nazi Moja.**—This historic road, to which we now come, is bordered on either side by tall casurina trees, which give a delightful shade and are very pleasing to the eye.

*Mnazi mmoja*\* means one cocoanut tree, and the name dates back to the hurricane of 1872, when there were 144 cocoanut palms growing on this piece of ground. All of them were blown down by that mighty storm excepting the one which has ever since given its name to the road, though the tree is no longer standing, having succumbed to another cyclonic storm about sixteen years ago. Of course, at the time of the hurricane, there was no road, only a narrow footpath which was flooded daily by the tide.

\* The road is now generally called *Nazi Moja*.

In the old days, the wide open space on the right between the road and the sea was an unpleasant sandy waste, foul with the bodies of dead dogs and camels ; it is now well drained and covered with turf, and is used for golf and cricket, while many famous games of football have been played here between the boys of Kiungani College and the British blue-jackets from the men-of-war in harbour.

Nazi Moja is also the great resort of holiday makers on the *Siku kuu* (festival) after the Mohammedan fast of Ramadhan. Here also is **the Navy canteen** built to the memory of that gallant young officer, Lieutenant Cooper, who was shot by Arabs when chasing a slave dhow in 1887. The canteen is known as the Cooper Institute.

About here Nazi Moja branches into two roads, the one on the right takes you past Kiungani, the French cemetery, Kilimani, Mbweni and further on to Chukwani, where the Sultan has a country palace. The one on the left passes the English and German cemeteries and brings you to Ziwani, the Mission graveyard, where white crosses gleam amid a glowing splendour of crotons, and pink and white lilies flower on the graves of those men and women who have given their lives to God and Africa, and whose bodies rest among their African converts.

The Dunga road goes right through the island to Chuaka Bay. These roads are bordered with tall waving grasses many feet high (after the rains), hedged with jasmine, festooned with

flowering creepers and shaded by magnificent mango trees and tall cocoanut palms.

**Scenery.**—Now and again a break in the trees gives you a ravishing glimpse of the wonderful blue of the sea, which is often flecked with white wavelets and alive with canoes and little native sailboats: or when more inland, a clearing at a little distance from the road shews a picture of a few native huts, a group of lightly clothed infants, a man in his snowy *kanzu*, and perhaps one or more women in bright sheeties, hard at work pounding Indian corn in a wooden mortar, or cooking their evening meal over a fire made upon three stones. Or you may happen upon a little wayside shop, just a simple shanty of cocoanut thatch on poles, with the owner sitting under its shadow with little piles of oranges and mangoes, the inevitable betel leaf, and a few dried fish.

Besides the town of Zanzibar the other principal places on the Island are Mkokotoni, Dunga, and Chuaka.

**Mkokotoni** lies about twenty miles to the north of the town, and with its bays and inlets was a favourite haunt of slave runners. At one time (about 1870) there was a large sugar-cane plantation here, and oil and soap manufactories run by Captain Fraser, who had been in the Indian Navy, and was then the only English merchant in Zanzibar. But the whole business failed. The governor or *Liwali* is a courtly Arab gentleman, who is delighted to receive visitors and regales them with sherbet and coffee. Pemba steamers make regular calls

here after leaving Zanzibar. The inhabitants are mostly Mohammedans, and there is a flourishing Moslem school, where the children sit and shout sentences of the Koran and the name of Allah, and do little else. And though this part of the island has been visited many times, the Mission staff has never been strong enough to take up work among the people here.

**Dunga** is in the centre of the Island, and part of the palace of former Sultans is still standing. Several African Christians live here, and are employed in road making and on the Government plantations, where vanilla, rubber, pineapple, &c., are cultivated.

But the real inhabitants of the interior are the Wahadimu. The Arabs were unable to conquer these people when they took possession of the island, for as fast as they tried to march across the sharp pointed coral rag which led to Dunga the fierce and independent inhabitants shot the invaders down. The Wahadimu have mostly withstood the influence of Islam.

There are weird legends about the old palace and the building of it, when the sacrifice of many slaves celebrated the laying of its foundations in accordance with the cruel customs of those times, and indeed, our own missionaries testify to mysterious happenings in the old building. And when part of the building was pulled down of late years, so great was the superstition regarding it, that only Christian workmen would undertake the job.

Classes for Christians and catechumens go on at Dunga to a small extent and a little school has been opened, but the work is fettered and hindered by the want of men.

**Chuaka** is a large village on the east coast, almost exactly opposite Zanzibar town; it is very much used as a health resort by Government officials and residents in the town.

**Tombs** are a striking feature in Zanzibar. Wherever you go you come upon them, sometimes many together making a regular graveyard, sometimes two or three, or only one in some unexpected corner. They are built of the coral rag and were originally covered with white plaster, but this has worn off long ago, and they are black with damp and age. Their number is easily accounted for when we remember the mortality that raged among the people during the frequent epidemics of small-pox, which struck down its thousands before vaccination was known or any precautions taken to prevent the spread of this terrible disease.

**Evil Spirits.**—Walking about the town or country you will frequently come upon what is called *Mzimu*—a place said to be haunted by evil spirits. Such places are specially to be found near a strange-looking tree called baobab, which is fully described on page 125.

At one time one of these trees which stood near the town was full of great nails which had been driven into the trunk 'to fix the evil spirit,' and at the foot little offerings were often to be seen—a few bananas, one or two eggs, a written

charm, and a small earthen pot of burning incense. In other places you see a string tied from tree to tree and hung with scraps of coloured rag; these also are offerings to spirits. Natives do not like passing these places, and after dark will make a wide detour to avoid them.

**The French Mission**, the only mission working in Zanzibar besides the U.M.C.A., is that of the Black Fathers, called the Mission of the Holy Ghost. It was founded in 1860, and one of their staff, Père Etienne, has worked for more than forty years in Zanzibar. The Romanists have a large cathedral in the Shangani quarter of the town, and besides their schools, hospital and convent, two of their sisters have charge of the leper establishment at Walezo, four miles out of the town, in co-operation with the Zanzibar Government, and they have also a home for the sick and infirm at the same place.

**Livingstone's House.**—Just out of the city is the house of David Livingstone, the founder of our Mission. Though he did not actually work in Zanzibar, his name must for ever be associated with the Island, for it was from here that he generally started on his journeys. The house is very conspicuous before you enter the harbour, 'and is not in the European quarter but in the slums of Malindi, where Livingstone might have been expected to choose his dwelling.' It is a tall square house, a little removed from the road, standing in its own garden.

**Lighting.**—All the principal streets and

buildings in Zanzibar, including the cathedral and the Creek Road, have within the last three or four years (1908) been supplied with electric light, and the effect at night seen from the water is both dazzling and fairy-like.

**Education.**—The Government are now endeavouring to plant schools in different parts of the island in order that the children may get a more comprehensive education than they can receive in the ordinary Mohammedan school, and there is a good secular school for Indians.

**Board of Health.**—The sanitary conditions of the town have been immensely improved of late years by the Board of Health, which has done splendid work under Dr. A. H. Spurrier ; in fact, all the outside evils are being wisely and vigorously dealt with, but alas, the inside are scarcely touched.

I have tried to describe the outward appearance of the island, with the glowing beauty of its vegetation, the picturesqueness of its buildings, and the hum of its daily life ; but who can paint the interior life of that great heathen population, numbering as it does some 200,000, with its tremendous death-rate and appallingly low birth-rate ?

Who can write of the depths of degradation within its walls, the blunted, sordid lives, the hopeless, unknown misery of those who, not only do not know, but do not even want a Saviour ? As yet the Mission has only touched a few of the



many thousand inhabitants, and we have been told that our work here is a hopeless task, that we are even throwing away the Mission funds in attempting it, that it would be better to concentrate all our energies on the more hopeful work of the interior.



ZANZIBAR RAILROAD.

But that can never be, for God has given us this work to do, and we believe that He will surely bring it to pass, granting to those who have worked for Him faithfully in this weary vineyard the great joy of seeing among the gems of His Royal Diadem Jewels even from Zanzibar.

D. Y. M.

## II

## THE MEN

IN reading accounts of mission work in Zanzibar allusion is often made to various people, such as the Arabs, Swahilis, Indians, Goanese, and so on, and it must be a little difficult for those who have never visited these parts to know exactly who are meant when these terms are used. So we propose in this chapter to give some slight description of the inhabitants of Zanzibar and Pemba.

**Population.**—The town of Zanzibar is believed to contain 100,000 inhabitants, but such a thing as a census has never been taken. The plantations are supposed to have another 100,000. In the Island of Pemba the numbers are given at 60,000. There are over 10,000 Indians in the two islands, and nearly 400 Europeans, about half of whom are English.\*

**Races.**—The basis of the population is the mixed race between Arab and Bantu, which we call Swahili; *sahil* is the Arabic for coast, and the term was first used to describe the coast tribes from Somaliland to Mozambique. The

\* These figures, &c., are taken from *Zanzibar in Contemporary Times*, by R. L. Lyne.

history of the east coast is merely that of a succession of Arab conquests. One tribe came down, conquered the natives, mixed with them and interchanged customs; then came another tribe conquered in their turn, intermarried, and losing their energy made way for a fresh tribe of conquerors; and the effect of all this is a race and language in which Arabic and African elements are thoroughly mixed up together. The great men of Zanzibar and Pemba are the Arabs from Muscat and Oman; they possess most of the land, and carry on the clove-growing industry for which both islands are famed.

**The Wahadimu** are the descendants of the early settlers on the island, and live principally on the eastern side of Zanzibar. The old inhabitants of Pemba are called the Wapemba, who were conquered by the Arabs but never enslaved.

**The Indians** are the chief merchants and traders; they are either Mohammedan Indians who settle in Zanzibar, or heathen Indians, vulgarly known as Banyans, who never bring their wives with them, and only come for a time to trade and make as much money as they can. The Goanese run the European stores and provide the cooks and clerks for European houses; they are all Roman Catholics. As we have said before, almost every nationality is represented, but these are the principal inhabitants.

**The Arabs.**—Zanzibar Arabs have lost much of the vigorous temperament which we associate with the name, but their dignity, courtesy, and

a certain aloofness remain. No man I have ever met comes up to an Arab in the perfection of his manners. Their walk is slow and very dignified; they never run or show the least impatience, and



A ZANZIBAR ARAB.

they give you the idea of having boundless leisure at their command, and this is probably a fact, when you consider the way in which an Arab gentleman passes his days, which is something like this. He rises soon after daylight, which comes in Zanzibar with the rising of the sun at 6 A.M. If at all devout he goes through his morning devotions, after which he sits or lies on his bed, which is a light wooden frame, the legs generally painted red and green, and the frame laced with coconut cord and covered with a mat of split palm leaves. About ten or eleven o'clock he dresses himself and goes

out. Every Arab house has a covered verandah with a seat, called a *baraza*, either of mud or stone, and on this the owner spreads a mat and awaits visitors. Anyone who comes to him salutes him by saying, 'Hujambo' ('Are you well?'), to which he invariably replies, 'Sijambo'

(‘ I am well ’), and having said this he may give a list of his ailments if he has any, but not before ; and in just the same way when asked the news, he must always begin by saying it is good, and then qualify it in any way he likes ; if he began by saying it was bad his hearers would be horrified.



ARABS EATING.

About noon our Arab makes a meal off rice, with a relish of fish or vegetable if he is only a poor man, but a rich one will have, in addition to the rice, a fowl, sweetmeats, and fruit. Arabs eat with their fingers, and always wash their hands by pouring water over them after a meal, and they are most particular never to touch anything

unclean with their right hands. Bishop Steere was once told by an Arab that his own method of eating was far cleaner than that of a European. 'What,' said he, 'have your knives and forks touched, and where have they been washed?' and then throwing out his right hand he continued, 'My



WASHING HANDS AFTER A MEAL.

hand has never been defiled or touched by an unclean object.' 'And what could I say,' added the Bishop, his eyes twinkling as he looked at the housekeeper, 'when this very morning I had seen the knives and forks lying in a dirty pool on the pantry floor!'

This meal is followed by another rest, and between three and four the man dresses himself in his best, and scents himself profusely with attar of roses if he is something of a dandy, then

he takes a string of amber beads which he uses as a rosary, in his hand, and goes the round of his friends' houses. Those who do not go out sit on their *barazas* and have a supply of coffee or sherbet ready for visitors ; the latter is only syrup diluted with water. At sunset, 6 P.M., the man again performs his devotions and has another meal of much the same kind as the first.

During the day he has bathed once or twice and washed his feet. When darkness comes on, which it does as soon as the sun has set, his wives take their turn to go out, and so the day passes.

The Arab by religion is a Mohammedan (see Chapter IV). They are generally learned in the Koran and very particular as to their hours of prayer and observance of fasts and feasts. They are well up in the traditions of their race, but ordinary education they have none, and they are entirely ignorant of the history of other nations, the geography of other countries, mathematics and science ; indeed, the Koran forbids them to inquire too curiously into high and weighty matters. They are fatalists and accept evil and good alike, saying it is *Kismet*, that is, the will of Allah. They also qualify every plan they make, whether good or bad, by saying *Inshallah* (if God will). The Arabs are very hospitable, and when you visit them they always invite you to eat and drink, delighting in setting before you their very best. When an Arab receives his guest he lays his right hand open on his forehead and breast and then

extends both his hands ; a great deal of repetition is used in the formal greetings.

Most of the well-to-do Arabs in Zanzibar have country houses with plantations away from the town, and ride to and fro on fine white Muscat donkeys, which are generally stained a red-brown with henna.

In place of a bit and bridle they use a richly adorned head-stall. I have seen them with silver bands and rows of silver bells, and indeed I once had a magnificent bridle of this description offered to me. I was busy with household duties when one of the boys brought it to me, saying, 'Bwana Ali wants to give you this.' Much taken aback by such munificence, I went to the front door where Bwana Ali and his donkey were waiting. From his manner I was sure there was something behind it, and after a little beating about the bush it came out. He was in difficulties and in immediate want of 20 rupees ; he thought if I had a fancy for the bridle I might take it and use it for the rest of my sojourn in the land, and then, as I was his friend, perhaps I would lend him the money.

I rather fancied the picture of myself ambling along on my white donkey to the accompaniment of silver bells, and the boys stood round urging me to accept it, assuring me how very beautiful the bridle was and how very striking it would look. However, I had to tell my friend I had no money, being a poor man like himself, and that the bridle was not at all suitable for a missionary, though I



was deeply grateful for his offer ; and he departed, shaking his head sadly.

They do not use a saddle, but have a gaily coloured padded cloth ; they use no stirrups and sit almost on the donkey's tail, gripping his sides with their knees. These donkeys are very expensive to buy, and a really valuable one costs as much as 600 rupees (£40).

In talking an Arab uses the name of God, *Allah*, very freely. It is considered profane not to do so, and when there is an awkward pause in the conversation one of those present will say, 'God is great,' or some such pious observation, and then the talk proceeds naturally. They are forbidden by their religion to use intoxicating liquors, and you never see an Arab drunk in the streets of Zanzibar. But they often drink and use drugs and intoxicating perfumes in the privacy of their own houses. Their religion allows them several wives and concubines, and most of them take full advantage of it. An Arab never thoroughly trusts a European, and 'there are no people in the world from whom it is so difficult to get information. They seem to have a religious dislike to talk of their past, they care little for the present, and for the future nothing at all.' \*

The colour of an Arab varies from tan to almost white, their hair is black and straight, but they shave their heads, and many of them wear venerable beards.

**The Swahilis.**—'I know of no such raw

\* Captain Hamerton.

material in the world ; you can mould them as you will,' so says Sir F. Lugard in his ' Rise and Fall of our East African Empire,' and to a great extent this is quite true. But though you can train them and mould them, the one thing that they need, and the one thing no mere man can give them, is the moral backbone in which they are so sadly deficient. Can we wonder at this ? ' Look to the hole of the pit from which they were dug,' and consider the generations of slavery through which they have passed and the sin and wickedness which have been the regular accompaniment of their lives.

The Swahilis are shrewd and possess great power of concealing their thoughts, they have plenty of self-confidence and are fond of praise ; they are keen but short-sighted in business matters, they dislike responsibility and shirk regular employment, and they are intensely jealous. They are gentle and respectful in their manners, very good-tempered, wonderfully light-hearted, and above all things, patient. This patience is never so conspicuous as when they are ill ; they endure without any complaining the most painful sores, suffering, in what almost looks like stolid silence, pain which must really be almost unbearable at times. I have heard people say they cannot feel, but that is about as untrue as many of the other things said of Africans.

They respond warmly to real affection, and are very sympathetic, and if they manage to deceive us as to their characters, we have a very

poor chance of blinding them, so quick are they to discern your motives. Many of them tell lies with the greatest ease and readiness, and deceive you at every turn. But with regard to the former failing, we must always remember that an Oriental does not consider it good manners to contradict or disappoint you, and often what a European calls lying is merely the Swahili way of being polite.

For convenience they may be divided into two classes—those who live in the town and are employed in coolie labour, such as carrying cargo to and from the ships, porters, builders' assistants, guides, and doers of all sorts of odd jobs; and those who live in the plantations, as the freed slaves of Arabs and work for them on the land.

They vary in colour far more than in feature, some are almost black, others light copper coloured, and there is every intermediate shade. Their hair is woolly and curls tightly over their heads when long enough, but all respectable Swahili men and boys shave every ten days or so. Their noses are snub, their lips rather thick, though these features differ in almost every individual; they mostly have bright, intelligent eyes, a very engaging smile, and charming manners.

Travellers are never tired of telling the old, old story of the native's ingratitude. This is utterly untrue, they are quite as grateful as Europeans, if not more so, when they see and feel that there is real cause for gratitude, but their ideas on this subject naturally do not always

agree with those of Europeans. Speaking from my own experience, a fairly long one, I have met with a great deal of gratitude from the Swahilis. We had an old cook in the Mission who suffered a good deal in the rainy season from rheumatism. When I went on furlough to England I bought a piece of warm cloth and sent out to him to make one of the coveted long coats, called a *joho*, to protect him from the damp. He had left the Mission service before my return and I did not see him for two years, when two of us met him as we were walking in the town. He greeted me effusively, and my companion said: 'You seem very pleased to see this *Bibi*.' \* 'Ah, *Bwana*' (sir), he replied, 'I love everyone in the Mission, but this *Bibi* I love more than all, for when she was far away in England among her own friends, she remembered the old cook and his troubles, and sent me a beautiful coat.' 'Words,' you will say; yes, but listen to the sequel. About three years afterwards our cook fell ill and had to leave suddenly, we could find no one to take his place and had to cook for ourselves, which is very warm work with the temperature at 90°. One morning I was told an old man wanted to see me, and at the door I found the old cook. He had retired from work and was living at ease on his earnings a long distance off, where he had a *shamba*, but the news reached him (it is wonderful how news travels in Zanzibar without any modern assistance, such as newspapers, &c.) that I was cooking my

\* Term of respect to a woman.

own food, and off he came post haste to offer his services for as long as I should require them. Another instance of gratitude was that of the mother of one of the small schoolboys. Whenever I was ill or had extra work on hand, she came of her own accord to help me, and as she was an excellent needlewoman her services were most valuable; she refused all payment, saying firmly, 'No, *Bibi*; do you not take care of my child?' This woman spoke English very well, and many English ladies in the town had offered her high wages to accompany them to England as *ayah*, but she always refused, having a great dread of the sea voyage. Yet when I was ill and she heard there was no one to go home with me, she came and offered to accompany me at once without asking a word as to what payment she would receive. Cases like these I am quite sure might be multiplied by all the Mission workers, while if I mentioned the many acts of gratitude which my own boys have shown me I should never get done.

There are three common words in the language which are the key to a good deal of the Swahili character.

One is *bado*, which means 'not yet,' and is invariably used when a man has failed in, or neglected to perform, some duty; he won't confess to his shortcomings outright, but leads you to suppose that he is only waiting his opportunity and will do it as soon as possible. *Bado* seems exactly to express their prevarication and dilatory habits.

*Sijui*, 'I don't know,' is always the answer when knowing would involve himself or his companions in unpleasant consequences. A new-comer once asked an old worker in the Mission the meaning of this expression, and was answered, 'I don't know.' 'Not know,' said the astonished new-comer; 'why, the people say it fifty times a day!'

*Hapana*, 'it is not there,' is used in much the same way, meaning that they don't want the trouble of looking for or finding what you ask for.

Many of the Swahilis follow the religion of their Arab masters as far as the outward form goes, but of personal religion they have none, save an overmastering fear of evil spirits and belief in the power of witchcraft (see p. 80).

They are very sociable, and you seldom see a man or boy sitting alone, while the women seem to live in groups. They generally eat in company, sitting on the ground and sharing one dish between them and, of course, eating from their hands; they never stand up to eat or drink, but squat on their heels, and however poor or hungry they may be, they are always ready to share their food with another. This hospitality seems born in them. I have often seen quite small babies solemnly dividing a tiny portion of a native cake (*ladu*) with two or three others, giving a few crumbs to each. I do not agree with those who say it is impossible for a native to be punctual. They have no clock but the sun, and very little idea of time and none of the value of it, but once get them to understand that a certain duty has

to be done at a certain time, and it will always be done, and done punctually.

Though they make weak and injudicious parents, they have a real love for their children. They do not shut up their wives, but they are generally ready to listen to and investigate charges of infidelity against them, though many of the most serious quarrels between a man and his wife are generally when the latter has failed to provide him with a meal after his own heart, for the Swahili, in common with men all the world over, has a great regard for—we will say—his dinner! and when he comes home in the evening expects to find it ready for him, and his wife waiting to attend to his wants.

Perhaps the most difficult thing of all to deal with in a Swahili, is his utter want of morals, and almost entire absence of shame. But those who have read their Bibles and know anything of Oriental life (not to mention slavery) are not surprised at this, and would never dream of losing heart because their converts of the first and second generation do not come up to the standard of the saints. And a true missionary always remembers that—

‘God is a Merciful Judge, Strong and Patient.’

Such, then, are the principal inhabitants of the sister islands. May the day be not far distant when the courtly Arab, the patient Swahili, and the intelligent Hindu shall swell the ranks of the Church’s army!

D. Y. M.

## III

## THE WOMEN

THE female population of Zanzibar like the male is comprised of many different races and religions, Arabs, Parsees, Hindus, Beloochis, women from the Comoro Islands and Swahili are among them, but the real people of the country are Arabs and Swahilis, and the others come, most of them, under the head of Indian women.

The Arab ladies live in large white houses in great seclusion, never going out in the daytime from one year's end to another, and their lives are as monotonous as their climate. A little cooking and sweetmeat-making is their only recognised employment, though some few of them can do beautiful silk embroidery. To lie on their beds and be fanned by their slave girls is the usual occupation of the richer women. If they want to visit their friends, or, as is more often the case, to perambulate the town, they wait until eight o'clock in the evening, when the gun warns all Mohammedans that it is the fifth and last hour of prayer, and then they may take their walks abroad. They are entirely enveloped in a large mantle, and



their faces completely hidden by a very ugly gilt mask called a *barakoa*, with oblong slits for the eyes. Many of them wear these masks even in the



AN ARAB WOMAN AND CHILD.

privacy of their own homes. Their other garments are silk or calico trousers and a tunic reaching below the knee, which is often embroidered and trimmed with gold braid. They often have a

number of gold and silver ornaments, nose and ear-rings, bracelets and anklets. They are very light in colour, many of them cream-coloured, their features are regular and good, and they have dark eyes and silky black hair. Both the Arab and Indian women are very fond of using henna to stain their hands and faces. When first applied it is dark brown, like chocolate. Afterwards, when dry, it turns red. After being painted they sit with their hands extended, doing nothing, waiting till they get dry, which is not till the next morning ; but they may go to bed, though they must be careful not to touch anything ! Another of their customs which seems to us very barbarous is that of making holes in their ears. They begin when they are still children by having holes made round the outer part of the ear, large enough to insert sticks the size of matches ; afterwards they stretch them by putting larger sticks, and at last they put coloured paper, rolled up like small draughtsmen, in each hole. They often have as many as five or six in each ear. These papers can be bought in the shops ready rolled up, in assorted colours. If they want to go any distance from home they ride through the narrow streets on large white asses stained a brick red, their slaves running by their sides ; but you generally meet them stalking solemnly along, surrounded by their slaves, who in the old days before the streets were lighted, carried enormous lanterns as big as a London street lamp. Very often the ladies do not return home till four in the morning, when another

gun is fired proclaiming the first hour of prayer. It is very awkward at times when you meet some of these ladies, whom you ought to know, in the streets and are greeted by them, you cannot see their faces, and it is not always easy to recognise a voice; but nothing would offend them more than to ask them who they were.

Very often the whole of a basement of an Arab house is given up to slaves, goats, asses, and all kinds of lumber. There is a stone staircase, the steps so worn away and so dark that mounting them, when you are unaccustomed to the feat, is both dangerous and difficult. At the top you come to a large landing, and either there or in an inner room, to which a slave girl conducts you, the mistress of the house receives you. You will find her sitting on a carpet with the other members of her family, and sometimes a number of children and slaves. There are cushions all round the walls, which are often hung with curious Arab pictures, and the recesses are filled with all sorts of common china and occasionally rare Persian vases. There is often a bedstead heaped up with mattresses and pillows, and covered with a mosquito-net, at the end of the long, narrow room.

The Arab women are strict Mohammedans, and though the men consider women have no souls, many of them are very devout. They keep their hours of prayer most strictly, and kneel down anywhere quite regardless of time or place, for they have no false shame about praying; and in this they are a splendid example to us.

All their weddings, funerals, and religious feasts are held at night. The following will give an idea of the weddings and funerals, to many of which we have been invited. 'First of all we went through two rooms—dens I might call them—where there were several huge cauldrons or pots full of a kind of hotch-potch. They were standing on three stones over wood fires, which is the usual mode of cooking here. It reminded one of the witch scene in Macbeth with all the black slaves flitting about. Up and up we went to a large stone landing crammed with slaves, who upon seeing us set up the wedding cry. This is a peculiar sound made in their throats, only uttered by women; it is considered a disgrace for a man to give vent to it. Upon hearing this cry, the bridegroom came out from an inner room and led us in. This room was crowded with Arab and Indian ladies, dressed in all the most brilliant colours imaginable, and laden with gold chains and bracelets. They were sitting on mats; those among them whom we knew arose and shook hands with us. Chairs were then brought to us, and a slave handed us sherbet to sip, another gave us jasmine blossoms, and after that we gazed and smiled at each other and exchanged greetings. At the end of the room there was a bed all covered up with a red and white net. Presently a lady came forward and took us up one by one to see the bride, who was sitting in state inside this net, which was raised to admit us. She was dressed most gorgeously, and the amount of gold

ornaments she wore in her nose, ears, on her neck, waist, ankles, arms, hands, and even on her toes, would have set up a modest little jeweller's shop. The heat was overpowering, and only an Arab or an Indian could have sat so patiently and calmly through it all. She told us that she would have to remain there all night while her friends and slaves feasted! Her husband-elect was the only man present. After a time we left, followed by deafening wedding cries.

'When I had only been working a short time in the Mission and did not know much Swahili, a slave stopped me in the street one day and told me that I was wanted at once. I went, not knowing in the least why I was required. I was taken to a house which I had often passed, but had never entered. We went into a room which was full of women all sitting upon mats. Directly I went in some of them began to wail, so I knew it was a funeral party. A lady, covered from head to foot in dark blue, beckoned to me to come and sit on a cushion at the head of the room, and I sat down. Presently they stopped their wailing, and then one of them whom I knew, told me that the daughter of the house was dead and would I read to them? So I opened my Testament and read the raising of Lazarus. I would have given all I possessed to have been able to speak Swahili fluently—for their hearts were longing for real sympathy and comfort—and I longed to tell them about the Holy Ghost the True Comforter.'

An Arab lady never eats with a man, not even

with her husband or grown-up sons. The truest affection which exists in Zanzibar is between a man and his mother—a man's home is generally with his mother—and the marriage tie counts for far less than that of kinship. A bride's father is bound to provide her a house, and her husband must spend a certain portion of his time with her, and if he has several wives to give each an equal share of attention ; but the wife always feels she belongs to her father and brothers more than to her husband.

Such, then, is something of the life of an Arab woman. But the principal bulk of the women in Zanzibar are Swahilis, many of whom are still slaves, though they have only to present themselves to the British Commissioner's Office for the Freedom of Slaves, and they can at once receive their freedom. Domestic slaves are amongst the lowest type of womanhood. They are the property of their masters, and you can to a certain extent understand what that means. The best of them are employed in the house or about the person of their masters, especially the young women. The pick of all domestic work is the post of nurse to the master's children ; a real affection often grows up between the foster mother and the children, and nothing would persuade her to leave them.

The women lead very idle lives ; drawing water is one of their chief occupations. In these days domestic slaves are not badly treated, but if any of them are ill, and unlikely to recover, their

masters have no hesitation in turning them out to die. A Swahili woman is expected to do a good deal which we should consider the work of a man. They carry lime, stone, and sand for building, beat the floors and roofs of newly built houses, and above all carry water. They congregate morning and evening in large numbers round the wells, waiting their turn, each with one or two earthenware jars, which hold two or three gallons, and a *kata*, which is a cocoanut shell at the end of a long stick, with which they scoop up the water. Here they settle all their disputes or create new ones, so that the wells are



CARRYING WATER.

generally a very lively if not pleasing scene. Women also do heavy work on the *shamba*, which we should call field work; they carry wood for the fires, as no coal is used; they grind the corn and do all the cooking. In the town many of them carry coal to the lighters or barges which supply the ships.

Swahili women are mostly dark-skinned, not black, but more the colour of chocolate, with rather thick features, and woolly hair, which they comb out and dress in the neatest and most elaborate style.

They have no religion, but the slave women to a certain extent follow their mistress's creed, and they all believe firmly in witchcraft and evil spirits.

There are some women—terrible people—who make a livelihood by professing to drive out evil spirits. These witch doctors paint their faces, necks, arms, and legs with some thick white preparation like chalk, and this gives them a most ghastly appearance; they wear a short skirt, made of grass, feathers, and beads, and hang shell necklaces round their necks and waists; in their hair, which they comb out till it stands on end, they stick feathers, often half a yard long, or sometimes a young leopard's head, or the horns of an ox, and they wind strings of little iron bells round and round their legs, which jingle as they walk. In their hands they carry a long staff, and rush along like a whirlwind, till they arrive at the house where the person supposed to be possessed by the evil spirit dwells. Rites and ceremonies follow which would be ridiculous if the whole thing was not so



sad ; sometimes the poor patient dies under the treatment.

I do not think I am speaking too strongly when I say that Swahili heathen women have no morals, and those that are slaves are at the entire disposal of their masters. They are affectionate mothers, but entirely irresponsible, without the smallest idea of nursing or training their children. When the children are babes, and often till they are three or four years old, they carry them everywhere on their backs, feed them with all sorts of improper food when they cry, and shake or smack them when troublesome ; after that age they are allowed to run about and play in the streets as they please, and when expostulated with for allowing them to indulge in evil habits, the mother will smile and say, 'They are amusing themselves.' There is no doubt that the uneducated women are below the standard of the men, and it is very difficult to teach adults, as apparently they never think, and yet the following story shows how they do in time take in the teaching which at the moment seems thrown away. There was an old woman who for weeks came to listen to Christian teaching. One day she was asked, 'Do you remember who made you?' 'Yes, *bibi*,' she replied. 'Who was He?' 'Yes, *bibi*.' 'Try and think ; who made the sea, and trees, and Indian corn?' 'Yes, *bibi*.' 'Now, *mama*, try and say His Name.' 'Yes, *bibi*.' What was to be done? thought the teacher. Was her Swahili all wrong, or had the woman no wits? But a week later the same old woman startled the teacher by saying suddenly: 'God made me, and

the trees and everything, and He is everywhere, but I can't see Him.'

African women are capable of great devotion to those who have been kind to them ; to such a one they will give their services without stint and without price, and they often make very tender, gentle nurses.

In the town of Zanzibar we find that if our young married women are to lead good lives it is very necessary to provide them with work, which shall in some measure keep them from their evil surroundings. The chief meal in the day is at 6 P.M., so that morning work does not interfere with the household duties or the husband's comfort. For this purpose we have a large sewing class, where a number of women are employed in making and mending clothes, and also a laundry, which employs some of them, and where one year we earned 1269 pice ; this sounds a large sum, but as four pice make a penny it is not so very magnificent. A woman's wages are from eight to fourteen pice a day.

The Arab ladies are visited from house to house ; they gladly welcome the visits of missionaries, and like to talk to them and ask questions, and they are generally quite ready to listen to the Bible being read and explained, and will at times ask for it themselves. In another chapter we give some account of these visits.\*

D. Y. M.

\* Part of this paper appeared in *The Guardian*, and is reprinted here by kind permission of the publishers.

## IV

## THE FAITH OF ISLAM

WHEN we hear people talking about Mission work, there are some who are apt to think only of missions to the heathen, to those who know little or nothing of God. They forget that there are many who have some knowledge of God, even though that knowledge is imperfect, or partly false. So it is that for a long time people thought very little about missions to the Mohammedan world, and some who did not know much about Mohammedanism went so far as to say that it is a good and simple religion, and more suited to the Eastern races than Christianity. Many people are beginning now to see how untrue this is ; they find out how badly Mohammedan countries have been governed and still are governed, unless Christianity has had some influence upon the minds of those who govern.

We know that Morocco and Turkey and Persia are not well governed now, and that Egypt and India have only been well governed since they passed under the rule of a Christian nation. So we ask, why is this ? Why is it that the Mohammedan religion, if it is a good and simple faith, has not had

better results ; and if a country is better governed under Christian than under Mohammedan rulers, surely the more we try to spread the Christian faith among Mohammedans the better.

If you look at a missionary atlas, you will find a large portion of the map of the world marked a certain colour, often green, and that means that that portion of the world is inhabited by people who follow the religion of Mohammed, viz. North Africa, Turkey, Asia Minor, Arabia, Syria, Persia, Afghanistan, large parts of India and of the East Indian Islands.

There are more than 200,000,000 Mohammedans in the world to-day, as against 500,000,000 Christians, and we must remember that Mohammed was born nearly 600 years after our Lord, so that Christianity had quite 550 years start of Mohammedanism, and although Christianity is spreading all over the world to-day, as it never spread before, yet Mohammedanism is also advancing in some countries, and perhaps faster in Africa than elsewhere.

Mohammedanism has special interest for Christians because it is the only great religion which has arisen *after* Christianity.

The two other great religions of Asia, Buddhism and Confucianism, the religions of the most thickly populated countries in the world, viz. India, China, and Japan, arose nearly 500 years before Christ. Mohammedans make a great deal of this. They say, 'Our religion came last, and therefore it is the best.' This is half a truth. It did come last,

but we must look into the religion itself and then we shall see how false it is to say that it is the best because it is the last, or that Mohammed is greater than our Lord because he came after Him. That is what they say and that is what they believe. Now let us examine Mohammedanism. It is like Christianity in this, that it is the religion of a Person and a Book! The Mohammedan follows Mohammed as closely, in some respects more closely, than the Christian follows Christ, and he reverences his book, the Koran, as much as the Christian reverences the Gospel. He thinks that Mohammed has succeeded to the throne of Jesus Christ, and that the person who reads and knows the Koran need not trouble himself to read and know the Gospel. So that when they tell us Mohammed is greater than Christ, and that the Koran is better than the Gospel, we say: Let us examine the lives of the Founders of the two great religions, and let us examine the books of the two great religions, and we shall see then which after all is the best religion to follow. One man is not necessarily better than another because he is younger, or one book better than another because it was published after the other. We must examine the lives of the two men, and we must study the contents of the two books.

Now we know about Christ, and we know the contents of the Gospel, so that we have only to keep these in mind while we hear about Mohammed and the Koran.

Let us take Mohammed first and remember

that what I have written about the facts of Mohammed's life I have seen in books written by Mohammedans themselves.

He was born at Mecca about 570 A.D., after the death of his father Abdallah. His mother's name was Amina. She died when Mohammed was quite young. Both his parents were heathen. He was taken care of first by his grandfather, Abdul Mutlahb, and after his grandfather's death by Abu Talib, who was his uncle on his father's side.

We know very little about his youth and early manhood, and in a very short sketch like this need not trouble ourselves about it.

Mohammed was employed as a young man by a wealthy Arab lady of noble birth, whose name was Khadija, and his trustworthiness pleased her so much that she married him. She was many years older than Mohammed himself, and seems to have exerted a very good influence over him. Mohammed, before Khadija's death, and Mohammed afterwards are two different men.

The Arabs of Mecca were nearly all of them heathen. There was a temple in Mecca called the Kaaba, said to have been built by Abraham and Ishmael near the spot where Hagar found the well of water, when Ishmael was dying. This temple was full of images worshipped by the Arabs, and there was a curious black stone built into the wall of the temple. The Arabs used to walk seven times round the temple and kiss the black stone, just as the Mohammedans do to-day when they are on pilgrimage.

There were a few Christians in Mecca, probably slaves or Abyssinians, and a few Arabs were beginning to have a purer faith. One of these, whose name was Waraka, was a cousin of Mohammed's wife.

Mohammed was nearly forty before he began to believe that he was sent by God to be the prophet of the people of Mecca, and to preach the Unity of God, and to denounce his fellow-countrymen for worshipping many gods. He used to go to a cave near Mecca for meditation. He became very depressed and was tempted to commit suicide, so that his friends even thought of summoning Arab doctors who pretended to be able to expel evil spirits. At last he had a dream that an angel came to him and told him to read certain words announcing that God is the Creator of mankind. He was very frightened, and returned home to Khadija, asking her to wrap him up.

This first vision explains to us the Mohammedan idea of a sacred book. It is a book written in heaven by God and then sent down, and all the prophet has to do is just to read the words and repeat them to others. They say that every word and letter is sacred. It is written by the 'hand of God'! Because the Mohammedans believe this, they will not translate the Koran, and do not like explaining it, their reverence for it is so great they wash their hands before reading it, and generally rest it on a carved stand.

They think the Gospel was a book given to Jesus Christ in the same way. After Mohammed

had had this first dream, there was an interval, and then he thought the Archangel Gabriel came to him and ordered him to preach. So he began. His first convert was his wife, then his two adopted sons Ali and Zaid, then his great friend Abu Bakr, whose daughter Ayesha he afterwards married, and some others. Many of his first converts were poor, some of them slaves.

When the Arabs of Mecca found that Mohammed had begun to attack their religion, to abuse their God, and laugh at their superstition, they began to persecute his followers, so that they were compelled to flee away to Abyssinia, where the king, who was a Christian, gave them refuge. Afterwards they had to shut themselves in a ravine in the outskirts of Mecca, and were boycotted by all the other Arabs. Some of his followers were subjected to cruel treatment, and but for his powerful supporters among the noble Arabs, Mohammed's own life would have been in danger.

This is by far the best part of Mohammed's life. He was living with one wife only, he was preaching the Unity of God against the many gods of the heathen. he was denouncing evil customs, such as burying infant daughters alive, and he was enduring persecution for a truth, 'That there is one God.'

When he found that the people of Mecca would not hear him, he tried another town, Paif, some distance away, but was repulsed with scorn and wounds. His wife Khadija had died, and also his supporter Abu Palib, and things seemed very dark



indeed, when he took the step which retrieved his fortunes and led to the final triumph of Mohammedanism in Arabia.

The Arabs used to come to Mecca every year on pilgrimage to the Kaaba, and Mohammed began to preach to these pilgrims. Among them were some pilgrims from Medina, a city to the north of Mecca some ten days' journey. These pilgrims listened to him, and he sent them to explain his mission to their fellow citizens. There were also many Jews in Medina and its neighbourhood, and the Arabs knew that these Jews were expecting a Messiah, and so were ready to believe that perhaps Mohammed, who claimed to be descended from Abraham, was the prophet the Jews were expecting.

The next year twelve men came and a great compact was made. They swore allegiance to Mohammed and promised to obey some simple moral commands which he gave them.

The Arabs of Mecca meanwhile had been trying to bribe Mohammed to recognise their gods as well as Allah, and once he gave way, but immediately repented.

Then persecution waxed very fierce, and some of his companions suffered so much that he meditated flight to Medina, and advised his followers to do the same. They did so, and after a short time his own life was in such danger that he had to flee to a cave with Abu Bakr. They were almost discovered, and Mohammed comforted his friend by saying, 'There are three in this cave. God is the third. Fear not!' Eventually they succeeded in

escaping to Medina. This is called by Mohammedans the year of the Higira or 'Migration,' 622 A.D., and they date everything from it, as we do from the birth of Christ.

After a short time all the money of the Mohammedans in Medina was used up, and Mohammed made an arrangement by which his disciples in Medina, called 'Helpers,' should make a brotherhood with his disciples from Mecca, who were called 'The Refugees,' supporting them and even leaving them their property. This did not last long, and was a very dangerous experiment, and so Mohammed organised a raid on the caravans of the Arabs of Mecca. He does not seem to have had any sort of feeling that this kind of highway robbery was wrong. They had to get food and money somehow and they considered the infidels of Mecca were their lawful prey. This raid led to a battle, in which the small Mohammedan force conquered a much larger army of the Meccan Arabs. This was called the battle of Bedr, and all the warriors of the battle of Bedr are considered to be saints by the Mohammedan world, and invoked in time of difficulty and trouble. There were many raids after this, some of them successful, some not. There was another battle at Ohod; in this the Mohammedans were defeated, and Mohammed himself severely wounded. Then the Meccan Arabs came in great force to besiege Medina, but through utter want of courage and enterprise failed to make any impression on the braver and more strategic Moslems. Mohammed then turned his attention to the Jews.

He had hoped to gain them over, but when he found they would not leave their religion for his, and that they were a source of disaffection in Medina, he determined to expel them.

This he did very cruelly and unmercifully, taking away all their property and sending them away almost empty handed, and in some cases massacring the captives without scruple or remorse.

At this time he was increasing the number of his wives, on one occasion marrying a Jewess, very shortly after killing her husband in battle; on another occasion falling in love with the wife of his adopted son Zaid, and making his affection for her so obvious that this adopted son offered to divorce her. At first Mohammed refused to allow this, but at last he said that the Archangel Gabriel had revealed to him that it was God's will that Zaid should divorce his wife Zeinab, so that Mohammed might marry her. Words to this effect are in the Koran to-day, and are believed by all Mohammedans to be the words of God, and part of the final and perfect revelation of God to men!

Mohammed had eleven wives in all; the separate houses in which they lived being in the immediate neighbourhood of the mosque at Medina. The whole history of Mohammed's life at this time is a history of raids and marriages. At last he felt himself strong enough to attack Mecca. In this he was successful, and before he died had the satisfaction of performing the pilgrimage to Mecca unhindered, of destroying the images in the Kaaba, and of feeling that he had the whole of Arabia more

or less at his feet, many of the Arabs, at least outwardly, professing belief in the Unity of God and in Mohammed as the prophet of God.

He died June 7, 632 A.D., and in a surprisingly short time after his death Egypt, North Africa, Syria, and Persia were conquered, and either accepted the Mohammedan religion or as Christians and Jews agreed to pay tribute and to accept an inferior position under Mohammedan rulers.

Such is a brief and of course very imperfect sketch of Mohammed's life, and of the life of the man whom the Mohammedans wish us to believe is greater than Christ!

If we wish to be quite fair, we must remember that in the soul of every man there is good as well as evil, and so to acknowledge that there *is* good in Mohammedanism and in the Koran.

The Arabs had many traditions about the Old Testament prophets; there were many Jews and Christians in Arabia and in the neighbouring countries in Mohammed's day.

A boy like Mohammed, who went with caravans to trade in Syria, and a young man who passed many a night in the inns where men of all religions foregathered, must have known much of the religions of the Jew and the Christian, although the information he picked up would not always be very correct. Thus as a thoughtful man he would begin to see the folly of idolatry and the other heathen habits of the Arabs, and he would begin to see the evil of some customs such as the habit of killing infant daughters. He might know

all this and believe all this without being what we should call a prophet in the highest sense. He would pick out of the Jewish and Christian religions what he approved, and would continue to allow Arab customs to which he could see no objection, and yet in spite of it all remain, what he certainly did remain, a man full of superstition and cruelty and lust, and not at all above lying, and lying badly to suit his interests and to attain his ends.

He lied to get Zaid's wife, he had no scruple whatever in letting people be assassinated who composed ribald songs about him, he cruelly massacred the Jews when he had them in his power, he was a confirmed polygamist, had no scruple in marrying a woman whose husband's death he had brought about for political ends, and he had no scruple whatever in sending camels and attacking caravans. Therefore in spite of the fact that there are many noble passages in the Koran and much simple morality, obviously borrowed from Christian or Jewish sources, as we reflect on Mohammed's life in Mecca, Our Lord's words come to our minds, 'Beware of false prophets who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves: by their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. The thief cometh not save to rob and kill and destroy. I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. I am

come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly.'

If we compare the two leaders of the two religions *that* must be our final verdict as Christians.

Now let us turn our attention to the Koran, the book which Mohammed declares was given him by the Archangel Gabriel from God, and which is to take the place of the Gospels in the religious education of mankind. The Mohammedans believe that every word of it was written by God in Arabic before the foundation of the world, and kept in heaven until Mohammed was forty years old. It was then brought down by the Archangel Gabriel and revealed to Mohammed piecemeal as occasion required. He simply read it and repeated it. This is what they believe of the Book of the Law that came to Moses, the Book of the Psalms that came to David, and the Book of the Gospel which came to our Lord. When they find out that we believe that Jesus Christ never wrote a word and that our Gospels are the writings of the Evangelists only, they then say that we have lost the true Gospel which Jesus Christ was given, and that that is why our religion differs from theirs: because our Gospel is not the true Gospel. They believe, then, that the Koran is 'the Book of God,' and that every true book of God must agree with it.

Because they think it is the Book of God, they wash their hands before they read it, and ask God to drive Satan away from their hearts. So what we missionaries have to do is to read the Koran and

find out what is in it, how far it agrees with Christianity and Judaism, and how far it differs from them, and whether as a book it is worthy of God : as worthy of God as our Holy Gospels.

First we find that it was written down by Arabs who believed in Mohammed : written down bit by bit on leaves and skins and bones. Some of it was never written at all at the time it was recited : it was committed to memory and only written down years after Mohammed's death, when everything was collected together and made into one volume. There was no real attempt at arrangement, so that the words first uttered by Mohammed come last, and the last words uttered come nearly first in the book. This makes it hard to understand. It is divided into portions for every day of the month, and a good Mohammedan reads it through once every month. No boy is considered to be educated until he can read it right through. It does not seem to matter whether he understands it or not.

But supposing he can understand it, what will he learn from it, and from the commentaries written to explain it? He will learn that God is One, that He creates and preserves all things, that He has created men and spirits and angels, that men fell through Satan, that God has sent many prophets, of whom Jesus is one and Mohammed the last and greatest, and the book which he gave them, the Koran, is the last and the best ; that all the prophets preached and warned and prophesied, and some performed miracles, especially Our Lord ;

that many nations have been destroyed because they refused to listen to these prophets ; that now there is only one true religion, Mohammedanism, and only one prophet men need obey and imitate, Mohammed ; that men must pray Mohammedan prayers, and give Mohammedan alms, and fast the Mohammedan fast in the month of Ramadhan ; that they must go on pilgrimage to Mecca at least once in their lives, say a stated form of prayer five times a day, at the mosque or at home ; that they are to be kind to fellow Mohammedans, spend their money freely, be considerate to widows, orphans, travellers (this often means in practice only those of the Mohammedan faith) ; that after death everybody will be asked whether they were Mohammedans, and if they say ' No,' they will be cast into some part of hell ; that every Mohammedan will receive according to his deeds, but even if wicked will eventually come out of hell ; that Christians and Jews will remain in it for ever ; that good Mohammedans will be received into Paradise, where they will lie on comfortable couches, be clad in priceless raiment, eat delicious fruit, drink luscious wine, be waited on by many servants, have almost boundless property and a great many wives, and from their place of repose look down with scorn and triumph on the punishment of the damned. These material pleasures and the vile, loathsome, and intensely cruel punishments of hell are described over and over again in the Koran at great length and with minute details.

In the last chapter of the Koran (that is to say,



the chapter which is supposed by scholars to be the last which was recited by Mohammed) the Mohammedans are urged to kill the infidels wherever they meet them, striking off their heads. The word 'kill' occurs again and again, and from this the Mohammedans have made religious war—*Jihad*—one of the principal duties of their religion. They have Mohammed's teaching and practice for their justification.

Every Moslem may have four wives, and may divorce the same wife three times, and any woman captured in war he may add to the number of his wives. In the Koran you will find passages which refer to incidents in Mohammed's life, his domestic squabbles, his marriage with Zaid's wife, his curses on his enemies, and his vindictive desires for the eternal punishment of his foes. There are many chapters simply copied from Old Testament stories, with curious and sometimes ludicrous additions, and some absurd blunders and confusions.

With regard to Christianity, the Mohammedan student will learn that Jesus Christ was the son of the Virgin Mary, the servant and the creature of God, that He spake in the cradle saying He was only a creature, that He performed miracles in His childhood and many wonderful miracles in His manhood, that He had disciples, was given the Gospel by God, that He is the Word of God, viz. He was created by a Word from God, who said, 'Be and He was,' that He is a spirit from God, viz. a created Spirit, that he prophesied of the coming of Mohammed (the prophecy of the coming

of the Holy Ghost being believed by all Mohammedans to refer to Mohammed), that He was never crucified (some one else being made like Him and crucified in His place), that He never died, and so never rose again, that he was translated like Elijah to heaven, that He will come again and overcome anti-Christ, converting the world to Mohammedanism, that then He will die and be buried next to Mohammed at Medina, where there is a vacant place reserved for Him. You see the student will be taught to deny the Divinity of Our Lord, His Incarnation, Crucifixion, Death, Resurrection, the Coming of the Holy Ghost, the Intercession of Our Lord, the Atonement, Christ's session at God's Right Hand, His coming to judge the world as King and Saviour, the spiritual nature of Eternal Life in Heaven.

The Koran in its spirit differs completely from the Gospel. And you must remember one thing, that we have only Mohammed's word to rely upon for all this. So that everything turns on the question as to whether he was a truthful man or not ; and then consider those statements he made :

1. That Our Lord was never crucified.
2. That God gave him leave to marry the wife of his adopted son Zaid, in Zaid's lifetime, and in spite of the fact that Zaid had not the least reason for divorcing her. Divorce is an abomination to God. How much more such a divorce.
3. That he was carried to heaven on a wonderful horse, Boraki, and on his way to the Presence of God saw Our Lord with John the Baptist in the

second heaven *below* Aaron, Joseph, Enoch, Moses, Abraham, and very far below the height reached by Mohammed himself.

He said he was told all this by God Himself through the intervention of the Archangel Gabriel !

Can we put much faith in a man who was capable of such statements ? Everything that is good in the Koran is rather the natural good which is in the soul of man, created by God, or the good which he picked out of the religions with which he came into contact : good which again and again he marred and spoiled by additions of his own. Well, this is the religion of 200,000,000 of the world to-day, and unless we strain every nerve it will be the religion of a great many millions more. Are these the kind of thoughts we want to exist in men's minds ? And are these the kind of thoughts likely to bring forth good fruit ? Remember they are in the Koran, and are supposed to be the true thoughts of God Himself.

If the Well, the Well of Waters, is poisoned, the stream that issues from such a well can never be a River of Water of Life to man. What do we find ? Wherever Mohammedanism has had a free hand, we meet with slavery, divorce, polygamy, assassination, awful immorality, lying, and a terrible and blighting belief in *Kismet* or fate, from which there is no escape ; so that if a man murders his wife and commits suicide afterwards in prison, you are told that he did it all because it was ' written ' that he should do it.

It is notorious that injustice and oppression are

rife in every Mohammedan land, except where Christian powers have the upper hand and insist on the impartial administration of justice.

If we are told, 'But you are warned against injustice in the Koran'—yes, that is true, but Mohammed says that he was told to steal his neighbour's property by highway robbery, and given permission to take his neighbour's wife; and a God who gives such commands cannot be believed to be a source of justice to men.

An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit. The Koran is the fountain and Mohammed the channel in the Mohammedan belief. Mohammed is the source and the Koran the channel, as Christians believe. But the source in either case is tainted, and wherever the stream flows there can be only moral sickness and disease and stagnation and death.

Let me conclude this short account of Mohammedanism by explaining the Mohammedan's creed and the form of prayer used daily by the Mohammedans very much as we use the Lord's Prayer.

The creed is very simple and very brief: 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.'

This creed is called 'The key that opens Paradise.' It is always recited in their prayers. They will sing it for hours and recite it as a kind of Litany as they go to bury their dead.

What does it mean? It means that God is only one Person; that there is no one who can be called 'The Only Begotten Son of God,' and that there is

no one who can be called 'The Holy Spirit of God.' It is a point-blank denial of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and pressed to its logical conclusion practically denies that God is Love. It is a weapon forged not only against idolatry or polytheism, but against the chief doctrine of the Christian Faith. That is what every Mohammedan believes when he repeats it.

*The Mohammedan Prayer called Fatihah*

'In the name of God the Merciful and Compassionate [viz. to Mohammedans].

Praise be to God, Lord of all the Worlds.

The Compassionate, the Merciful.

King on the day of Judgment [not Our Lord].

Thee do we worship and Thee do we supplicate for help.

Guide Thou us on the right path [Mohammedanism].

The path of those to whom Thou art gracious [Mohammedans].

Not [the path] of those with whom Thou art angered [the Jews].

Nor of those who go astray' [the Christians].

*Said as Mohammedans say it, it is one great protest against the Christian faith. The Mohammedans themselves would admit that this is so.*

Everyone, then, who looks forward to the day when the kingdom of the world shall become the

Kingdom of God and *of His Christ* is bound by the tie of simple loyalty to our Saviour to pray that the blessing of God may rest on all those who are endeavouring to help forward the triumph of the light and purity of the Christian Faith over the dim light and impure teachings of Mohammed.

Every prayer is a help. But there is a simple prayer with three petitions that Mohammedans may have grace to know three revealed truths of Christianity, which if accepted will transform their ideas of that God whose Unity they so sternly proclaim.

1. That they may learn what is meant by the Fatherhood of God.

2. That they may learn to see the Glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ.

3. That the great gift of the Holy Spirit may be poured upon them from on high.

‘If ye have faith ye will say unto this mountain, Be thou removed and cast into the sea, and it shall be done. And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.’

G. D.

## V

MOHAMMEDAN OBSERVANCES, WITCH-  
CRAFT AND SPIRIT-WORSHIP

A MOHAMMEDAN is most strict in keeping all the outward forms of his religion and observing the fasts and festivals connected with it. They have no priesthood, but their teachers, who are called *Walimu*, are held in great respect. There are numerous sects and divisions among them, entertaining great bitterness and hostility towards each other. Prayer, as taught in the Bible, is but little known among them. Their worship is entirely regulated by ritual. The worshipper spreads an oval-shaped mat on the ground, made of split palm and called *msala*; he stands with his face towards Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed their great prophet. He then begins his prayer with his hands outspread and his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears. In this position he repeats certain passages from the Koran, then he drops his hands to his girdle, folds them together, and says more verses from the same book. Next, he bends forward, resting both hands upon his knees, and repeats three times, bowing low

his head, a form of prayer to God, the Most Great. Then he stands upright and cries sixteen times *Allah akbar* (God is great). He then bows his head between his extended hands till his forehead touches the ground, which he strikes at least three times in token of his humility, and this act can be repeated again and again, sometimes as often as twenty times when very desirous of showing humility and repentance. He then sits back on his heels and repeats another form of prayer, after which, rising to his feet, he folds his hands and concludes his prayer, repeating over and over the words, 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.'

A very fervent worshipper will repeat this form as many as forty times, checking off each aspiration with a bead from a string which he holds in his hands. The more frequently a man repeats the form the better Moslem he is.

It is the custom of devout Mohammedans to pray five times a day—at dawn, at noon, between noon and sunset, at sunset, and an hour and a half later; and a gun is fired in Zanzibar at these hours to call the faithful to prayer. Those who are very devout make two extra prayers—about midnight, and an hour before daybreak.

We Christians, who are so terribly afraid of being caught at our prayers, cannot help being struck by the way in which—never mind what he is doing at the time—the Mohammedan begins his devotions directly the call to prayer is heard. Once when I was travelling to India there were a



number of Mohammedans on board, and among them a prominent *Mwalimu*,\* who always went round at the hours of prayer and collected all his disciples, many of them young and frivolous men who were most unwilling to attend to him. But unwilling or no they had to obey, and the *Mwalimu* saw that they omitted no part of their ritual, which many of them appeared to have forgotten, or perhaps had never really known. Every now and then one or another of them would call out in the middle of his devotions to know what he was to do next, and some of them varied their morning prayers by brushing their teeth or holding a short conversation with a fellow-traveller, though, of course, these were not the truly devout.

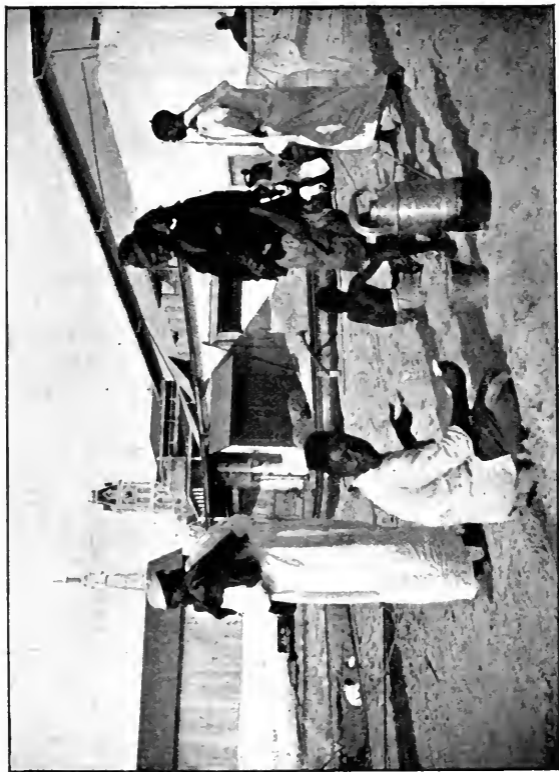
We missionaries always had our services in the saloon—the whole body of Mohammedans standing round the skylight watching us. To Mohammedans the Christians' way of praying seems sadly wanting in devotion and reverence; an old Mohammedan servant we had in the Mission once taxed me with this, and pointing to a mark on his forehead, which looked suspiciously like dirt, but which he assured me was worn by his constant prostrations, asked me what I had to show as a sign of my devotion and prayers.

All devout Mohammedans try and make a pilgrimage to Mecca at least once in their lifetime, where they kiss the holy stone, hear a sermon from some great teacher, pelt Satan with stones

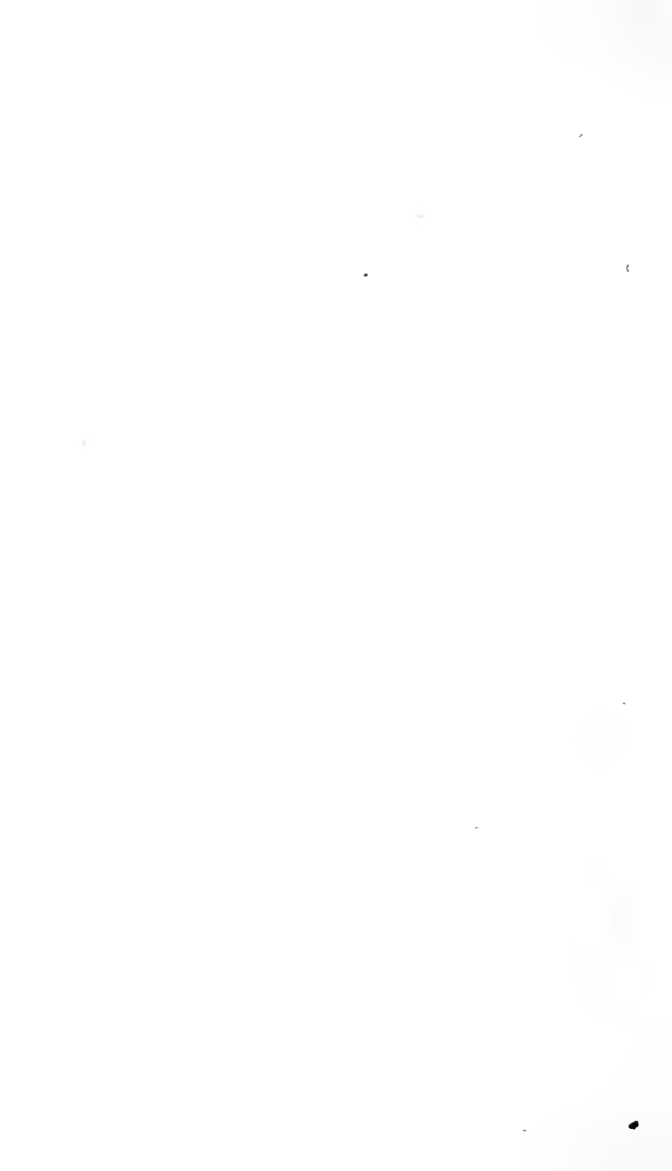
\* *Mwalimu*, a teacher; *Walimu*, teachers.

in the valley of Mina, and have a great sacrificial feast at which hundreds of sheep are slaughtered. After having made this pilgrimage a man often wears a green turban or scarf—green being a religious colour — and considers his salvation ensured. Mohammedans treat the Koran with great reverence, and when reading rest it upon a curious little stand which is often richly carved and inlaid with pearl. They have several fasts and festivals in the year, and keep Friday as their weekly feast day, which answers to our Sunday, because they say Adam was created on that day.

Ramadhan is their longest fast, lasting for thirty days, and they count their months from its termination. During this time they neither eat nor drink between 4 A.M. and sunset at 6 P.M., at which time they bathe and say their prayers, after which they may eat as much as they like till four o'clock in the morning again. It is a curious sight at this time of the year in Zanzibar to see the crowds waiting about, listening for the firing of the sunset gun, when they can immediately fall to and feast on the dainties which their wives and slaves have spent the day in cooking for them. The shops are piled with fruit and split cocoanuts ready for eating, while women stand in the streets with trays of sweetmeats, and boys carry about coffee-pots with little cups arranged on trays, and there are hand-carts full of bottles of soda-water and lime-juice. The fast ends with the appearance of the new moon, which is most anxiously looked for. The men stand in excited groups about the



BOYS CARRY ABOUT COFFEE.



town, and the women watch from the rooftops.

The ceremony of proclaiming the termination of the fast takes place in the square in front of the Sultan's palace. All the troops are mustered, and as soon as the crescent is visible twenty guns are fired off, and cries and shouts of joy are heard on all sides. Sometimes after a period of watching the moon cannot be seen, and then the troops are marched back to barracks, and the weary fast and watch lasts for another day. At the end of Ramadhan comes a week of festivity and rejoicing. The first day, which is called the *Siku Kuu* (Great Day), everyone gives and receives presents, and puts on new clothes. The Sultan holds a *baraza* (court) in the morning, and later in the day the whole population turn out on Nazi Moja, which presents a wonderful scene of animation and colour. Thousands of people come together from every part of the island, all in their best and gayest attire; no dingy collection of dark coats and trousers as you see in England, but snowy-white *kanzus*, with red, green, pink, yellow, and blue waistcoats, or long, gold-embroidered *johos*, gay turbans or velvet caps, and heavy gold and silver jewellery. Arab ladies are not seen on these occasions, but Indian ladies and Swahili women are well to the fore in new sheeties and tunics, frilled trousers, and their mistress's jewellery. The children are always very prettily and daintily dressed, and you meet whole families of them, from lads of fifteen to tiny children and babies in

the perambulator, and if they happen to know you they run up to embrace your hands in a very engaging manner. There are all sorts of amusements and peepshows going on, some of them very English in their style, such as merry-go-rounds and hurdy-gurdies, but the native dances are the most popular entertainments, and are far the most interesting. Each tribe has its own special dance and music, which consists in the furious beating of *ngoma* (drums) and a weird sort of song. The utmost courtesy and good temper prevails, and one cannot help comparing the good behaviour of this Mohammedan crowd with many a bank holiday scene in our civilised and Christian country, and we who offer them the religion of Christ may well learn a lesson of manners from them in return.

There are other Mohammedan fasts and festivals of shorter duration, but they all follow on much the same lines, and would take too long to describe.

**Witchcraft.**—Some of the Swahilis follow the faith of their Arab masters, but, whether they profess Mohammedanism or remain in the ignorance of their own unbelief, the fear and power of witchcraft holds absolute sway, not only over the heathen, but in a lesser degree over those who, on their admission to the catechumenate, make a solemn vow to renounce it. No European need ever imagine that he understands the African character, or has any grasp of the motives which influence the African mind, or that he is at home

in the intricacies of African law, unless he has some acquaintance with African witchcraft. The belief is one of the most potent forces at work in Africa. The mother with child is protected against its malevolent power ; the little babe can only be tended by the nearest relations owing to the fear of the same harmful influences ; the huts of withered banana leaves, in which the boys live who are being initiated into the tribal rites, are protected by special charms from the evil intentions of some jealous enemy ; the markets where people throng, and where friend and foe jostle and push one another, must obviously be surrounded by medicinal charms of sufficient efficacy to rob witchcraft of its death-dealing tendencies. At night the little children tremble for fear at the sound of strange footsteps round their home. They say the wizard comes when people are asleep, and cuts off some of the hair of the sleeper, to use it as a medicine against him ; or puts poison in the sleeper's mouth ; or that wizards dig up the bodies of the dead, and dry them in the loft over the hearth, and then at the dead of night come and knock, and when the owner of the house comes out, they fling the shrivelled corpse at his feet.

They flip poisonous juices in your face as you pass them on the road ; they place medicine in the path by which you go to your plantation ; they conceal medicine beneath the threshold of your door, or place it in a hole made in the floor of the little hut in which the women cook the midday

meal in the fields when at work. No one is ever supposed to die a natural death. If a child is ill, some one at once asks the questions, 'Who has touched the child? Who has given it food? Who has been playing with it?'

And the witch-doctor and the diviner are only too ready to play on the superstitious fear of the people, for they all seem to be one great clique, or a kind of mutual benefit club. If a man accused of witchcraft dies, supposing the accusation was proved according to African ideas, the mourning for the deceased cannot be finished. He cannot be buried with honour in the village by the graves of the village dead. If any sign of honour or respect were paid to his memory, an accusation would be immediately lodged, that those taking part in the funeral festivities were accomplices, and further payment would have to be made to the friends and relations of the deceased. In a small village where two of our Christian boys lived, an old woman died, and for some reason or other they did not finish off the funeral properly. Probably no sacrificial goat was killed, and so the corpse did not pass over blood. Under such circumstances the spirit of the dead person is supposed to be unable to rest, and also to be in a very bad temper. A few days after the funeral the little brother of one of these Christian lads fell ill suddenly, and died in a few hours, before they could fetch the doctor. So the mother went to the 'diviner,' and he, after asking a few questions, found out that the grandmother's



funeral had been but a shabby kind of affair, and he ordered them to buy a goat and offer it as a sacrifice to the angry spirit. This they did, and then ate the goat. This is called *Kuhoza*, which means to soothe or quiet down. What they really believed was *that the grandmother's ghost, in order to get her sacrificial goat, had killed her grandchild.*

Neither of the Christian boys would have anything to do with the sacrifice, or, what is more to the point, refused to share the meal after the sacrifice.

Two boys had a dislike to each other, and one accused the other of trying to bewitch him. He said that he had seen the other deliberately scrape off the dirt on the book where he had placed his thumb, and that was a well-known act on the part of those who wished to bewitch others.

Another case equally illustrates the enormous influence this belief possesses in matters African: A man wanted to get rid of his enemy, so he went to a native doctor and asked for some medicine of sufficient power to kill a man. The doctor gave it to him. The man distrusted the doctor and the efficacy of his drug, so he thought he would try it on the doctor himself first. Accordingly he went to the doctor's *shamba*, and hid the medicine in a hole under a tree. Soon after, a slave girl belonging to the doctor came along, and reaching the spot where the medicine was concealed, fell down dead there and then.

But some one had seen the man conceal the drug, and accused him to the doctor, and the doctor carried him before the native judge. The native judge refused to give any damages. He said: 'No, my friend! if you deal in such medicines you deserve all, and more, than you have got. I absolutely refuse to consider your case.'

Then the whole body of elders went to this witch-doctor, and told him: 'If ever we hear of a similar case we will either kill you, or drive you out of the country.' Now the significant point of the whole affair was, that not a single person, including the judge, had the slightest doubt that the medicine really *did* kill the slave girl. The principal motives which prompt people to undertake witchcraft are hatred and jealousy. Of these the last is out and away the more powerful. Only those who have lived amongst Africans, and understand their language and ideas, can have any conception how extraordinarily jealous they are; and this is the principal reason why it is so wrong for missionaries to have favourites among their servants or boys, or to give presents to any one child and not to the rest.

It often ruins the character of that particular child, and very likely completely upsets the peace of the establishment, but, worse than that, it sets in motion a whole train of devilish motives which would considerably astonish the original cause of them did he but know.

Witchcraft does not generally mean 'poison,' but a concoction or powder which for some reason

or other is supposed to injure and perhaps to kill the particular person for whom it is intended, *and him only*, if he passes over it or sits on it.

If an African gets it into his head that he has been bewitched he loses heart, despairs of recovery, and gradually pines away and dies. 'It is not the saffron bag,' says Mr. Caxton, 'that is efficacious, but the belief in it.'

Though at times one can scarcely suppress a smile at the extravagant nonsense of some of these beliefs, there can be no doubt at all that the devil does possess a greater measure of power over the bodies as well as the souls of these untaught heathen, and that his agents are all abroad, setting traps, and forging chains, with which still further to enslave them.

The powers of darkness are felt in Africa as tangible and potent, and, like the earlier Christians, one feels compelled to resort to the outward sign of the cross with which to smite them.

In England, with centuries of Christianity behind us, we know how slowly superstitions have died out, and that even now there are people who still hug a few in private; one is therefore not surprised that fifty years of the Gospel have as yet failed to kill the belief in witchcraft among our converts.

**Evil Spirits.**—People at home find it very hard to believe some of the accounts they hear about these superstitions. It is difficult to understand how anyone can believe that the spirit of a dead person finds any satisfaction in being

worshipped by the living in a cave or under a tree; but it is none the less certain that Africans do believe it. There are five or six places near Mbweni (the Christian village described later on) alone where the people go to worship these spirits, and two are quite close to the Mission. There is a ruined house or chapel on the plantation which once belonged to Sir John Kirk,\* and is now the property of Miss Thackeray.† The building was said to belong to the Portuguese hundreds of years ago, and probably became a ruin when they were driven away by the Arabs. People have turned this ruin into a place for spirit-worship. It is on the very edge of the rocks, quite close to the sea, and you can hardly reach it, because of the thickness of the undergrowth. Possibly some one living in the place many years ago had a dream, and thought that they were told by a spirit that appeared to them in the dream to go and offer sacrifices in the old ruin. They did so, and ever since it has been a place for spirit-worship. Other people go there now, but they have to get permission, and perhaps pay money to a descendant of the family who first made it a place of spirit-worship. If you go in, you see many pieces of broken pottery arranged on the floor of the old chapel, and some bits of dirty red and white rag hanging up on a string. These are the offerings—paltry things, but tokens of respect to the memory of the departed spirit. The people who

\* For many years H.M. Consul in Zanzibar.

† Joined the Mission staff in 1877.

go there ask the help of the spirit to enable them to procure something they require, or to invoke curses on some one they hate, or to discover some thief who has stolen their money. The natives are very much afraid of these places, and will not go near them at night. I took a native with me one day—not a Christian—and as we passed the place I told him what it was, so he went home another way, telling me nothing would induce him to pass the place alone.

There is another place just off the boundary of the Mission grounds—a tree growing by the roadside, and underneath this there are lots of rags, especially red ones. Generally the places favoured have a curious look; there is something weird and uncanny about them. There is one remarkable place where a cocoanut tree was blown down by a storm, and is now growing right through another tree, and the roots of the other tree and the creepers growing round it look like snakes, and the impression it produces is that of something strange and unusual; and near this there is another spirit tree, a stunted, withered baobab, which certainly looks as if something very extraordinary had happened to it, more like the ghost of a tree than the tree itself, and it is easy to see how superstitious people believe it to be haunted.

But the most extraordinary places of all are the caves at Haitajwa, about six or seven miles from Mbweni. I am told that Haitajwa is a very old Swahili word which means 'It is not mentioned.' That is to say, the people were so afraid of the

spirit supposed to be dwelling there, and it was so powerful, that it was considered dangerous even to speak about it. However this may be, it is just the kind of place people would have chosen for such things. There is a sort of round hill, and on the top of this some rocks, the summits of which are covered with bushes, the sides being quite bare. The entrance to the caves is in the side of the rocks. The rocks themselves must have been formed thousands of years ago by the coral insect under the sea, but they are now, I suppose, nearly 200 feet above the sea. They seem to have been heaved up by an earthquake, or something of the kind, in the first instance, and the inrush of the sea made the caves in the rocks. When the island became inhabited the caves served as dwelling-places first, and eventually as places for worshipping spirits. They are very dark inside, and when we visited them we carried a lantern. Far at the back there is a place like a room with rock ledges, and on these ledges and on the floor of the cave the offerings are placed ; there are a great many, such as potsherds and the husks of the cocoanut ; extraordinary things to offer, but the people seem to think the spirits like them. The potsherds are used to place incense in, which is burnt as an offering to the spirits. I was told by an old man that they used to say long ago that no man ever went to the cave without getting what he wanted. The place is known all over the island, and there is no doubt the people have great faith in the virtue of it.

If you go near these places when you are feeling feverish, and get fever in a day or two, people say it is the spirit's doing. He is angry because you went to his dwelling and paid him no worship, for however strange and curious and ridiculous the belief seems to us, it is entirely real to the Africans. Once a poor woman refused a house in the street near Mbweni Church, because it was near 'the graves,' and I have no doubt she was afraid of 'spirits.' Spirits are supposed to be envious of the living, and to dislike being forgotten, so they often appear in dreams.

There is only one way in which these dark beliefs can be expelled—only one way in which the evil spirits of fear and superstition can be cast out, and that is by bringing into the lives of the African people the radiant light of the Holy Ghost, which is the Spirit of Truth.

'O most blessed Light Divine,  
Shine within these hearts of Thine,  
And their inmost being fill.'

## VI

THE IGNORANCE OF MOHAMMEDAN  
TEACHERS

NOTE.—The following story is a translation from the Swahili, made by one of the Mission teachers, and throws a strong light on the ignorance and guile of some of the Mohammedan teachers.

THERE was once a man in Zanzibar, in the time of Sultan Majid bin Said, who was living in the town. He was a man of no occupation, who used to follow important Arabs as they walked about, and pick up a little money from them. In those days there was no work, except to do a little trading with the mainland, and to cultivate the ground and sell the produce ; and this man did not like such work, preferring to lead an idle life. At last he could not see his way to living in the town any longer, so he put on his best clothes and his white turban, and took his copy of the Koran under his arm, and went out into the country to seek a livelihood.

The work he chose was that of one who teaches people to pray. But he himself could not read, not even one letter. So he chose out a village of the Wahadimu (the ancient inhabitants of Zanzibar), because the people there were ignorant like



himself and could not read, and the Mohammedan religion had not reached them. So our teacher came to this village and received a warm welcome from the inhabitants, who gave him great honour when they heard he was a teacher. He always kept his Koran open and looked at it, and they thought he was reading. They gave him a good house, and provided him with food, and he told them to build a mosque that he might teach them to pray, and these Wahadimu built a mosque.

When the time for prayer came, there was no one whose duty it was to call to prayer; so he had to perform this office himself, and his cry was, 'Allah akbar! Allah akbar! Ignorant people get eaten up! Allah akbar!'

This teacher, as we have said, could not read, neither did he know how to pray, let alone teaching others; but the mosque was full of people, and he was obliged to pretend to pray and to teach them. He knew that if he said anything it would do, for only ignorant people were there. So he went to the *Kibla* (the holy place where the Koran is kept) and began to pray, saying these words, 'M-m-m-m-m—Ignorant people get eaten up. Amin.' And every time he said 'M-m-m-m-m—Ignorant people get eaten up,' the Wahadimu answered 'Amin.' Thus it was every time they bowed down and rose up again, and when they had done praying they went out of the mosque, and these Wahadimu praised their teacher highly for his beautiful praying,

Many days passed, and they gave the teacher a

good salary. Then one day a real teacher came from the town to visit the country thereabouts, and he knew how to read and to pray.

As soon as he arrived in the village he heard that there was a very learned teacher ministering in the mosque ; but he did not go to visit him ; he waited until the hour of prayer. When the hour came he heard the voice of the caller, but the words astonished him : ‘ Allah akbar ! Allah hu akbar ! Ignorant folk get eaten up.’ However, he said nothing, but entered the mosque, and found it crowded with people. In front of him was a man whom he had known long ago in town as a useless, ignorant man. So he moved forward until he was right in front that he might hear him well.

The false teacher recognised the real teacher at once, and he thought within his heart, ‘ To-day my falsehood will become known.’

Therefore he changed the fashion of his prayer, and prayed thus : ‘ M-m-m-m—O Teacher, do not betray me ; if I get six rupees three shall be yours. Amin.’ No one understood these words but the two teachers only, for the people were behind them, and the words were in Arabic. And the ignorant man went on : ‘ M-m-m-m—O Teacher, do not betray me ! Ignorant people get eaten up ! If I get eight rupees, four shall be yours, four shall be mine. Amin.’

Thus he prayed until the end, and when they came out those teachers greeted one another with a chuckle, and the people thought they were

laughing over their own affairs, but it was at the prayers which had been said in the mosque: 'O Teacher, do not betray me! Ignorant folk get eaten up! If I get eight, four shall be mine, four shall be yours!'

Then the two teachers sat down and ate with the ignorant folk, and went on in this way until they were tired, and then returned to the town with their pockets full of money.



GROUP OF AFRICANS.

## VII

AFRICAN GARMENTS: WHAT THEY ARE  
AND HOW THEY ARE WORN

THERE can be no doubt about the beauty, ease, and grace of most of the garments worn in Zanzibar, and though when hard at work men and women content themselves with one garment, and often not much of that, the people are for the most part well and modestly garbed, and in Zanzibar at any rate only very tiny children are ever seen without any clothes at all.

We will begin by describing the one garment which is quite indispensable, called in plain English a loin cloth, in Swahili a *shuka* or *kikoi*.

**The Shuka.**—This is a perfectly straight piece of material, generally a yard and a half of merikano (see p. 3) or blue muslin (*kaniki*), which is cleverly twisted round the waist without any pins or buttons to fasten it, and falls in folds to the knees. This is the ordinary dress of the labourer and the man in the street. Those who are more dressy rise to a *kikoi*.\* In old days these were rather expensive and came from Muscat. They are lengths of fine unbleached

\* Singular, *kikoi*; plural, *vikoi*.

calico, with striped borders of varied beauty and colour woven into the material. The best and most expensive borders are eight inches deep, and made entirely of silk. But in these degenerate days you can buy *vikoi* cheap and fragile at any native market or Indian shop. They come from Manchester and other manufacturing towns. One of the men's industries is putting an edge of coloured cotton to these *vikoi*; they use a simple frame for doing it, and the work is very pretty and beautifully done, but it is an industry which is fast dying out.

When a boy plays football, runs races, or engages in any arduous pursuit, he 'girds up his loins' by tightening his *shuka* round his waist and tucking up the ends. Very young children have great difficulty in fastening this garment and keeping it in position on their little fat bodies; it is quite a common sight to see these babes come into church or school, clothed in what Canon Scott Holland described as 'Nature's nothingness,' trailing their *shukas* behind them, feeling quite decent and respectable so long as they have them handy.

**A Useful Lesson.**—One of the most useful lessons I ever learnt was connected with *vikoi*. They are made in two pieces, which for a man are seamed together with coloured silk; a boy only requires a half, and for very small boys a quarter is sufficient.

One evening the boys of whom I had the care were talking about Miss Hinton, a lady who had

taken care of them before my arrival; they all agreed that she had been very kind to them. 'But,' said David, who had been her special darling, 'she was a thief.' On asking what he meant several of them eagerly told the following story with much gusto: 'It was S. Bartholomew's Day, and the Padre gave us all new *vikoi*, to each boy one; we wore these *vikoi* on the feast day. Then came this English *Bibi*, and she took them away from us and cut them into four pieces, and gave one piece to each of us, and put the others away and gave them to new boys when they came. Now the *vikoi* were ours, they did not belong to her, she had no right to them, and she stole them from us; truly she was a thief.'

In vain I reasoned with them, in vain I tried to explain, nothing could alter their verdict that she was a thief. But it taught me a lesson which was of great use in my future dealings, and after that I always gave them a few pence for any old rags which they happened to possess, and they came to the conclusion that though I had my faults, I tried at least to be honest, though not always successfully by any means.

**The Kisibau.**—Next to the loin cloth, and worn with it, the *kisibau* is the garment in greatest demand. It can be white or coloured, and rather resembles a shirt, plainly sewn round the neck without any collar. All the boys in the Mission wear *kisibaus*; these native garments are almost entirely supplied by working parties in England, and it is really wonderful how well and

regularly our stores are now replenished. This was not the case in the early days of the Mission, and I often think of the weary nights I used to spend making and patching for my family; for *kisibaus* have a strong tendency to slit down the front or back, to fray out round the bottom and sleeves, to wear into holes in the back or under the arms, and at all times to be minus a button or loop. There was no time in the day for those kinds of jobs, and when the bairns were supposed to be safe in bed, then the mending came on. When very hard pressed, Mary Maliangu, one of the earliest converts, used to come and help me, and often carried off a whole bundle to do at home, and I also taught all the older boys to sew on buttons.

*Bad Shapes.*—The early Mission rule was to give the school children new garments on S. Bartholomew's Day and at Easter, so if we did not get enough sent from England to go round we had to make them ourselves, for the children set tremendous store by these garments and would have been bitterly disappointed not to get them. One Easter time, a large parcel labelled '*Kisibaus* for the little boys' came out, and as we were very busy just then, I put them away without looking at them, and two days before Easter brought them out, feeling quite happy and secure, thinking I should have enough to rig out my family. Imagine my dismay when, on opening the parcel, to find twenty-four *kisibaus* with necks as large as a very big dinner plate, indeed so large that

they slipped over the very skinny shoulders of the smaller boys, and it was quite impossible to make them even wearable. We wanted fifteen to make up our number, so one of our workers most kindly undertook to make six, and I sat up most of the two nights and just managed to finish the rest. Never again did I put away a parcel unpacked or leave the festival outfit to be got ready in two days.

**Pockets.**—For a long time pockets in *kisibaus* were unknown. After I had had the care of the little boys for a few weeks, two *kisibaus* came out made with breast pockets. I gave them to two of the elder boys, who were enchanted with them. But at dinner time that day six small boys waited on me with long and solemn faces saying they had no *kiteweo* (a small piece of meat or fish eaten with a large plateful of rice as a relish). The cook was called, who loudly protested that he had duly given every boy his allowance. I looked down the long table of boys and noticed a suspicious protuberance in one of the new pockets, so I called up the owner and asked him what he had inside it. 'My pocket-handkerchief,' he promptly replied in English (they never use them!). Enoch, one of the small boys, grinned maliciously and murmured *nyama* (meat) under his breath. 'Turn out your pocket,' I ordered relentlessly, but Aruffo stood sullen. I put my hand carelessly into his pocket, and bitterly repented it when I drew out, one after another, six greasy, squashy pieces of



meat, which the six small boys delightedly claimed ! Then I produced a pair of scissors and unkindly snipped that pocket off, and never again allowed one to adorn a *kisibau*. But the boys paid me out (they mostly do). From that time, whenever my vigilance slept, they would cut a slit in the lining of their *kisibaus*, and at once provide themselves with a convenient and capacious receptacle.

**Mending and Patching.**—An African is not at all ashamed of a patched and mended garment, on the contrary he is rather proud of a patch, however conspicuous it may be, and looks upon it as something of a distinction. Once one of my young men deliberately cut off a large corner of his best red loin cloth to make a flag for his boat ! Feeling very much annoyed with him I patched it with a piece of yellow and black print, thinking in my innocence it would be quite sufficient punishment. Imagine, then, my humiliation when I found that the punishment was highly appreciated and looked upon as a mark of signal favour. That boy lent the cloth in turn to his more favoured companions, charging the modest sum of a pice a day for the loan, and the patched corner was always arranged conspicuously just in front ! At the same time both boys and girls love having new clothes, and are often full of fads and fancies as to shape and texture.

**Fads and Fancies.**—At one time, indeed, the boys were inclined to be discontented, and wanted to pick and choose for themselves when there was a general distribution of garments. This

reached its climax when a nine-year-old boy named George threw his new *kisibau* on the floor and said if he could not have the one he wanted he would not have one at all. 'All right, my boy,' I said, 'you shall not have one at all!' And when the festival came round George, in shame and confusion, had to put on his old *kisibau* and go on wearing it for successive Sundays for three months. It may have been rather stern treatment, but it for ever put an end to all grumbling in the future. The story was handed on from year to year, and from that day the boys took whatever they were given with gratitude and thanks.

**Kofia.**—In addition to his *shuka* and *kisibau* a boy when he is full dressed wears a smart little red fez stuck jauntily on his head. A cap is a very coveted possession and often changes owners, as it is a mark of great friendship for a boy to lend his cap for a few days to one of his companions.

**The Kanzu**, which is worn by men and youths, reaches to the feet, and is made of thin white calico and sometimes of semi-transparent muslin. The most expensive ones are peculiarly and daintily embroidered in red and white silk round the neck and sleeves, and down the front. This part of the ornamentation is called the *mjuzi* or lizard, and is worked to represent a lizard's body with a long tail, and little feet standing out each side. A piece of embroidery at the back, on what we should call the yoke, is called the *viboko*, hippopotamii—why, I could never discover. A *kanzu* maker in Zanzibar can drive a good trade, especially now.

that most of them use sewing machines. The garment is cut out without the slightest waste of material; there is an exact measure and name for



THE KANZU AND SHEETIE.

every part, and all the pieces fit into each other. At one time Archdeacon Jones-Bateman and I paid a tailor to teach us how to make them in the

native fashion, and then we taught several of the older boys, and they earned quite a lot of money at it. Archdeacon Woodward has a most successful sewing class at Msalabani, and several machines, which his boys use with great effect. Material is the difficulty, for you can only buy such very poor stuff in Africa. Presents from England of bales of calico and nainsook are a very great help to this industry.

**The Kisibau Joho.**—When he wishes to be extra smart a man wears over his *kanzu* a *kisibau johu*, which resembles a waistcoat, and is made of black or coloured cloth with four little pockets, and very prettily embroidered with gold braid and tiny buttons. On his head he wears a round white cap which is often an exquisite piece of work.

**Embroidered Caps.**—The making of these is a regular man's industry, and when well done they easily sell for seven or eight rupees. They are made from any old pieces of calico, on which an original design is traced with a blue fluid, and the pattern is run with a very fine needle and cotton till it stands up in relief.

**An Arab's Costume.**—In addition to a very superior *kikoi* and *kanzu*, which is often made of tussore silk, an Arab wears a long *johu* down to his feet, of black or coloured cloth much trimmed with gold braid. Over his white skull-cap he wears a coloured turban wound round his head, the ends hanging gracefully over his shoulder. He buckles a richly mounted dagger with a hooked point to his waist, and when attending the Sultan's

court always carries a sword, which is generally a sabre arranged with a sling, and this when travelling can be hung upon the shoulder.

Indians in Zanzibar wear a sort of white linen tunic, white trousers, and sometimes a round velvet cap embroidered with braid and spangles.

**Women's Dress.**—A Swahili woman's dress is a very simple and graceful arrangement, and consists of two pieces of gaily coloured calico, each about two yards square. One of these they fasten under the arms, letting it fall to the ankles, and the other they drape round their shoulders, leaving one arm bare. These coverings are called sheeties, and there is as great a variety in the way of draping and wearing them as there is in their colour and design. Now, red on a white ground will be the fashion, then brown or green, sometimes bright yellow or orange without any pattern at all, and one year all the smart women came out in rainbow-hued sheeties, and fairly took our breath away when several of them appeared for the first time in church in these astonishing draperies. Swahili women do not wear veils: some of them twist folds of dark blue muslin, called *kaniki*, round and round their heads, and others a gay handkerchief or piece of material. At one time in Zanzibar they made such an erection of these head-dresses that a native padre had to expostulate with them on the subject from the pulpit.

The great drawback with these clothes is that this mode of dressing was never meant for hard work. When an African woman works in the

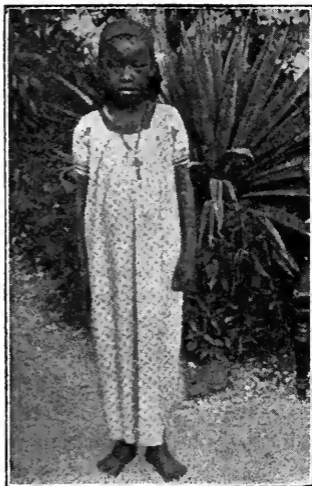
fields or at her household duties she altogether discards an upper sheetie, and binds her lower one tightly round her in a most inelegant fashion. I do not think you ever see a woman hoeing, pounding, or stone carrying, wearing more than one garment. Many mothers use the second sheetie to fasten their babes on to their backs, but those who have much regard for their appearance use an extra strip of common material, covering it gracefully with the second sheetie. Beads they all wear, but not in any great profusion, two or three strings at the outside, which nearly always harmonise with their garments; vulgar dressing is as unknown in Africa as bad manners. I never saw a woman in shoes or stockings, though in these days men may often be seen wearing them. But bare feet are the rule; and what a blessing it must be! for shoes last a few weeks only in that dear land where stone floors and rough walking find out all the weak points in your shoes, just the same as the climate does in your body! It would be an unmitigated comfort if Europeans likewise could dispense with them.

**Teiteis** were invented by Miss Jones, one of the first Mission workers, in 1865 for her girls; they enable the wearer to work without so much dropping to pieces, so to speak, as the sheeties entail, and when well made and carefully put on they look very nice; but a *teitei* has a habit of sticking out in front and lopping over one shoulder, and they are very difficult to make small enough to fit the neck and yet large enough for the head

to slip through. A string is a fatal thing for an African, as it is never by any chance tied. *Teiteis* are now worn almost entirely by the school girls at Mbweni, who exchange them for sheeties as soon as they marry, but nearly always retain the coloured head square which is worn with them. Many of our boys wear short trousers when playing at football, and the fashionable *kanzu* in Zanzibar is now always made with a collar and wristbands, which decidedly spoil its beauty. An Arab woman's dress has already been described.

**Indian women and children** in Zanzibar dress in

much the same way as the Arab, but the woman's veil is often of coloured silk, and she wears no mask or sandals, though she sometimes affects soft embroidered slippers. The children have very pretty little silk garments; pale pink, blue, or green seem the favourite colours, and they are always much trimmed with gold and silver braid. They wear little round velvet



A SCHOOLGIRL IN A TEITEL.

caps profusely covered with spangles, and they have chains and curious silver ornaments round their necks. These, of course, are the richer classes; the less well-to-do Indians dress in gaudy calico, and often look both ragged and dirty.

**Babies' Caps.**—Swahili mothers make very quaint little calico or silk caps for their infants, with pointed ear-pieces which tie under their chins. A very young baby is always enveloped in its mother's sheetie, and wears nothing but a string of beads round its middle; but a Christian woman likes to have one or two smart little chemises for her child on state occasions, and if she is a good needlewoman will make beautiful miniature *kanzus* for her tiny son, and a gay silk cap with an aigrette of floss silk and many rows of spangles.

**Durability.**—All natives are very particular about their clothes when once they begin to wear them; it is a great mistake to think they will wear anything, though their ideas of what is suitable and smart do not exactly correspond with ours. Durability is quite a secondary consideration, but some of the more advanced are now beginning to feel and inspect the material of which their garments are made and ask for a firmer make of calico. I remember a man coming to buy a *kanzu*, carefully picking out the one made of the strongest calico, and drawing my attention to the one he was wearing, said it had come from *Ulaya* (England) and he had worn it for four years, and wanted one exactly



like it. They very seldom mend their clothes beyond putting in a few stitches to hold their rags together.

When new boys arrived from a slave dhow they sometimes had a few rags or garments which had been given them by the sailors who released them, and which they considered great treasures. Once a small boy arrived dressed in a very old waistcoat. He had new clean clothes given to him and we burnt his rags. A few days afterwards, when the young man had grown accustomed to his surroundings and began to look about him, he asked for his 'own clothes'! I explained to him that they had been burnt, whereupon he was most indignant, and loudly declared that I had 'robbed him,' and it was months before he forgave me.

Before I went out to Zanzibar I was inspired with a wish to make some of the 'spotless white garments' so charmingly described by Miss Tozer, the Bishop's sister (1864). So accordingly I wrote to the proper quarter for a pattern. It came, and my dismay was great; it was made of very coarse white twill, was much wider than it was long, the sleeves were over a yard in length and only four inches wide, the neck was a straight slit across the shoulders, with a three-inch opening down the front. I cannot imagine where this extraordinary pattern originally came from. I looked it over and decided that no human being, however grotesquely shaped—not even a black boy, though my experience of black boys was

then *nil*—could wear it, and my enthusiasm for African garments died out.

But many garments of this fearful and wonderful shape came out to the Mission in early days; it never seemed to strike people to try them on their own children. For years, necks and sleeves were made for anything but throats and arms, and the width of a *kisibau* was often sufficient to encompass one or two boys. The first lady in England to make us really beautiful *kisibaus* was a Miss Fawkes, and Bishop Steere, to her great delight, wrote one of his courteous little notes and told her so. We once had an enormous box of girls' clothes sent out. They consisted of thin, transparent flowered muslin skirts, and long loose jackets, and of course as clothing was no use at all to damsels who wear but one garment, we had to use them for dusters and head squares. When the time came to thank for these well-intentioned but utterly useless articles we had a great discussion on the subject; it seemed so hard to write and tell the truth, but when we consulted Bishop Steere he was very sure that it would be far better to let people know, even if it did cause them some disappointment. And he was quite right, for the lady who sent them (she is no longer here), though very much concerned, set about getting correct patterns, and for many years sent us out most useful parcels. Another time we had a large and substantial package of flannel petticoats, muffettees, and comforters—several dozen; they arrived at Christmas on

the hottest of hot days, and we nearly melted at the sight of them. We gave the comforters and muffettes to some sailors who were going home, and who were very thankful for them, and used the flannels for fomentations, &c. For a long time we had English frocks and pinafores and petticoats sent out, and even little stays, but since Miss Tylee turned her attention to *kisibaus* in 1886 we have seldom had any bad shapes, and it is impossible to thank sufficiently our referees and working parties for all the trouble they take for us.

**Patchwork Quilts.**—It might be well to mention here the patchwork quilts which so many of our home workers make for the children. There seems to be some little misconception as to the manner of using these much-coveted coverings, and naturally it is very difficult for English people to realise an African dormitory minus bed or bedding as they understand it. In the Mission boarding schools the children generally lie on the floor on a mat, and excepting in the rainy season a blanket is too hot for a covering; this is where the patchwork quilt comes in. It is not spread over a bedstead to look pretty by day, and neatly folded up at night, but is required for hard wear and somewhat rough usage, for the child rolls himself up in it from head to foot and it constitutes the whole of his bedclothes. In the early morning, when he goes for his bath in the sea or river, his quilt often does duty for clothes, should the morning be chilly, or his loin cloth not

forthcoming. Thus it will be easily seen that a very elaborately made quilt is labour lost, for the plainer and stronger they are so much the longer they last, though of course beauty is never to be despised if, in this case, it can be united with durability.

**Need for Work Parties.**—We have sometimes been asked if our people are not now able to make all their own garments, but though we are slowly moving in this direction a little consideration of facts will show how entirely impossible this is, and will be for years to come. In the first place, the lack of suitable material, and in the second, of competent needlemen and women. Quite three parts of the boys and girls could not possibly make a garment, many of them not being able to use a needle.

And so for a long time to come we must ask our English working parties to go on sewing for us, though they will never know, and we are quite unable to say, what an immense debt we owe to them.

D. Y. M.

## VIII

## ABOUT THE LANGUAGES

'WHAT'S in a name?' Not much, perhaps, but ignorance may lead to awkward complications. For example, 'to kill' and 'to marry' transliterated from Swahili to Arabic characters are the same (*kuua* and *kuoa*); a written command to do one or the other may create a delicate situation for the man; it is also awkward for the lady.

But more of these word difficulties later on; this incident is sufficient for the moment to lead up to the first point—necessity of genuine study of the language.

When the missionary sets out to equip himself or herself for Central Africa, too often the last thing reckoned of importance is the mastery of a language.

Boxes, clothes, farewells, extraordinary patents foredoomed to go wrong in the tropics, medicine chests, ingratiatory presents for the natives, parcels for other people's relations—yes, all of these are there; but the language, the one means of being useful, is deferred to the sea voyage; and the missionary may be a bad sailor!

Yet what good can a missionary be without some knowledge of the language? A nurse can tie up a sore without giving directions or admonitions, but in the dispensary the patient would probably wish to apply the cough mixture and drink the liniment. That might have deleterious results. In all probability the nurse would have to sit and sew till either some one was at hand to be guardian angel, or else she had managed to scrape together a working vocabulary.

The English padre unlearned in the languages could, if in Zanzibar, take English services at the cathedral on a Sunday; up country he would not even have that resource; he could smile and look pleasant, and a few boys under great pressure would speak a few words of English, but as for dealing with the uneducated, he might as well be in England where they are concerned; as it is, he has to sit indoors and grind away at a language under new circumstances—circumstances so warm and trying that it seems criminal to attempt what can be achieved with comparative ease in England—that is, knowledge of the elements of the language.

This, then, is the desired aim: to lay the solid foundations of grammar while waiting in England; nearly everyone has to wait for some cause or another before actually sailing for the Mission Field. If *Swahili* is the language wanted, then go through the *Swahili Grammar* by Bishop Steere, and work from beginning to end, learning all the words—do not imagine because we don't come into frequent

contact in England with matting-bags, mangoustes, and such-like, you will never meet them in Africa ; you will meet funnier things than these ; the lists of words are excellent and all useful.

'*If Swahili,*' because that is not the only language of Central Africa, or even of Zanzibar—far from it, though most people believe and act as if it were. 'And can you really speak the language of the natives?' is a question we are often asked in an awestruck tone at meeting such a stupendous intellect.

But there are many languages or dialects that may come in useful beside Swahili.

On Zanzibar Island, Arabic, Gujarati, Hindustani ; in order to reach all Mohammedans the two first are almost imperative, to deal with the patients at the hospital at Mkunazini add Somali and Persian ; they have even wanted Chinese.

Up country in the Magila district, beside Swahili there is wanted Bondei for talking to women and girls, Zigua in another area, Shambala in another ; Masasi way, the Yao and Makua languages will probably be wanted ; in Nyasalánd, Yao again and Chinyanja.

For ordinary work-a-day purposes Swahili in Zanzibar will carry you through, but to talk on religious topics, or on any subject needing a vocabulary, you are greatly hindered in dealing with Indians unless you can meet them on their own ground.

And Zanzibar is largely peopled with Indians who have come over in pursuit of pounds, shillings,

and pence—or rather of rupees and pice. There are streets and streets of Indian shopkeepers, largely from Bombay. Parsees are there also in numbers; they are mostly clerks.

Then with regard to Arabic, think what a pull over the ordinary Mohammedan you have if you can say I have read your Koran in the original, and I have read our Gospels, and from personal experience I speak and judge. There is no Mohammedan in Zanzibar who can claim to be an intelligent student of both. In arguments, though there is comparatively little Arabic generally spoken, many and frequent are the quotations from the Koran which will be flung at you. The Mission has never been able to organise any campaign among the Indians (barring such as schools offer), no one having come out equipped with the necessary languages, and the ability to use them. It is extraordinary what a different relationship is created at once by a bond of language. There was once a deacon in the Universities' Mission who knew the patois as spoken by the natives from the Seychelles Islands. Many more gifted workers, and workers with a much longer period of service, have passed forgotten away, but the old people of the Seychelles settlement still speak with grateful memory of their one apostle.

Somalis flock to Zanzibar as cattle dealers, and you may generally see one or more sitting on the *baraza* of the Hospital waiting his turn in the dispensary.



So much for African languages and dialects; beyond these in German East Africa it is very desirable to have some knowledge of the German language, sufficient to teach, say, '*Heil Kaiser Dir.*' or to translate official letters from Government or from German missionaries working in the country. In Nyasaland, parts of the diocese being in Portuguese territory, that language is useful in the same way. Even modern Greek has been called for in Zanzibar. The cathedral is the place of worship for the Greek community resident in the town, and on one occasion there was a Greek wedding where the bride, knowing only modern Greek, was married in English with Swahili explanations—the husband knowing a little of each language. As the officiant could only call to mind the one Greek word 'to love,' he was quite unable to explain to the bride the weighty significance of 'to obey.'

These outside languages are of course only wanted occasionally, and ignorance of them is understandable, but the mistakes that are made in the necessary and requisite tongues are less excusable; we pardon them because of the amusement they afford. We might multiply instances of these mistakes to infinity.

We have many of us heard of the young clergyman who so eloquently discoursed on sweet potatoes, instead of generations, the difference lying between *viazi* and *vizazi*—one letter can do so much. The old edition of the Prayer Book—presumably the work of advanced scholars—used

to exhort us to sit standing (*kukaa* meaning to sit as well as to remain)—rather a difficult feat! Then there was the superior scholar who knew there were two forms of plural to *mguu* (foot), but did not know that one form had reference only to large feet (*maguu*), and so was hardly a complimentary term to use in reference to his audience. A case of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing.

But, some people may expostulate, it is easy enough to ridicule. I am only a plain working man, or I am only a busy hospital nurse; I didn't join the Mission to spend all my time learning languages. That may be, but the worker will find that he cannot pass his first examination without real application to the grammar of Swahili. Bishop Weston has now made study of the language obligatory. Any time within the first three months the missionary may offer himself for examination in Bishop Steere's 'Swahili Exercises,' in reading aloud from three selected chapters of St. John's Gospel; he will also be required to hold a short conversation in Swahili. No one who takes any trouble need fear for this first examination; those who take it all 'unseen' will too certainly be ploughed.

The next examination, held three months afterwards, also deals with prepared passages taken from Swahili Tales, and from the Sunday Gospels of the Prayer Book. There is, again, a conversation; the only point of danger to anyone who has *worked* is the unseen translation as it is set at the will

of the examiner—if he is in a fierce and exacting mood it may prove a stumbling-block.

When you have passed these two there comes a six months' lull ; for the next examination there is a differentiation : lay people—non-scholastic—have papers on the liturgy, on Swahili idioms, they have reading again—this time from Epistles and Gospels—and conversation and Swahili unseen ; clergy and schoolmasters have beyond this a paper on the special type of Swahili needed for their work, and also a short sermon or essay to write in Swahili ; clergy, moreover, have reading aloud from the Prayer Book.

These are the new language regulations : anyone failing the first time (failure is not unknown !) may try again in two months, and again, *but* if at the end of the first two years these examinations are still unpassed, then the missionary must not expect to return to Africa after furlough.

The new regulations are not retrospective ; only new members are obliged to conform to them. Old members wishing for a certificate of proficiency in their work have permission to take section three, which deals with the liturgy.

There are failures ; what are the chief difficulties to be overcome ? The Swahili language and Chinyanja are by no means difficult. The chief difficulty lies with people who have never learnt a foreign language and who do not know the grammatical terms used by exercise books to define tenses and such-like. A knowledge of English grammatical phraseology is a great help, a

knowledge of some other foreign language half the battle won. Swahili is easy to learn and easy to speak under certain conditions; listen to the natives and copy them, their method of expression—mostly short sentences and many of them. We say, 'the bad man had a dog'; they say, 'there was a man, he was bad, he had a dog.' They prefer short sentences to long complications and subordinate phrases.

The collects in the Prayer Book were, for this reason, very difficult to render faithfully to the original, and also to the genius of the Swahili tongue, when translating the Prayer Book. Watch for the natives' favourite terms, their facial expressions, shrugs, exclamations: know these by heart and you have entered into the spirit of the people. All this needs time, and here is difficulty number two—perhaps the newcomer is only given time to provide the barest working vocabulary. Well, that is his misfortune; it can be minimised by having laid a solid foundation of book-work in England.

Then there is another great stumbling-block—shyness (or is it pride?). But faint heart never won fair lady, and the fair lady here to capture is the elusive Swahili tongue; many people are so afraid of making mistakes that they won't try to speak. On the other hand, there is the opposite pitfall—a rock of offence which may handicap for ever—that is, a too great readiness to accept a poor and inferior form of conversation—'pidgin' Swahili, such as is favoured by house-boys for the delectation

of their British masters, who hold that English is a good enough language for anyone, and refuse to learn any other. For such Swahili is a gem; four words will carry you through the day—*bassi*, enough; *tena*, again; *bado*, not yet; and *upes*i, hurry up. For missionaries and others who tend towards this method there is no agreement of adjective and noun, no different classes of nouns, no personal pronouns. All nouns belong to the 'n' class, which does not change in the plural; all verbs are in the infinitive, with *npana* (there is none) to express negation; anything aspiring beyond this is branded 'mission pedantry, not understood of the native.' In Zanzibar the only European who works among the natives without an interpreter is the missionary, so he really is the only person qualified to judge of the language. These things are overlooked sometimes.

But even the most talented may be trapped in an unwary moment, and with enemies that are of his own household. When the soldier talks of *leavu* and *sitation* (leave and sentrybox); the workman of *pilano* (architect's plan); the schoolboy of *pitchur* (photograph); when electric light is *steam taa* (*taa* being lamp); 'sail-ho' (in constant use for mail signals) is *selo* or *sero*; when Christmas offerings are termed *happies*—then confusion may be pardonable. These are Zanzibar difficulties; there is a further crop if we move about—there are nasal *k*'s and explosive *p*'s in Bondei, there is the difficulty of understanding anything at all where the lip ring has made articulation faulty in

the Yao countries, there is the confusion of knowing too much.

In Swahili they say *alipokuja*, 'he did when come'; in Bondei they say, 'he did come when'; and in Chinyanja, 'when he did come.'

So much for the difficulties; but, after all, if we are beset with 'pitfall and with gin,' it is only the natural outcome of Westerners trying to bridge what, we are told, is an infinite distance between East and West.

J. D.



AN AFRICAN FAMILY.

## IX

TREES, FLOWERS, VEGETABLES, AND  
HOW THEY GROW

ARE your flowers and trees very beautiful, and have you a great deal of fruit? These are questions often asked but difficult to answer with perfect truth. At times we go for weeks with scarcely any fruit worth eating, and at others we have so much it is allowed to rot on the ground. I have seen the whole island of Zanzibar like a beautiful garden, and I have seen it dry and withered like a sandy desert. It is mostly a matter of rains.

And when the rains will fall the oldest inhabitant of Zanzibar can tell the least.

**The Red Acacia.**—Perhaps the most beautiful of the flowering trees is the scarlet acacia. Many of these trees grow low down on the shore, and when they are at their best in December the glory of their red flowers against the blue of the ocean is a sight never to be forgotten. Imagine a few hundred large scarlet and crimson nasturtiums in huge masses, resting on a fringe of fresh, delicate green leaf, extending over the whole of a tall, spreading, branchy tree, and you have some little

idea of what they are like. There are also yellow and white acacias, but they do not flower so abundantly.

**Mango Trees.**—Among the fruit trees the mango more than holds its own. They require next to no cultivation, and grow to an enormous size, even in very poor soil. They abound all over the island of Zanzibar, and are planted in avenues and round houses, and nothing grows under their dense shade. They flower for several months in the year, beginning in June, when they are really a wonderful sight, and the smell most overpowering, especially on a hot and breathless night such as we often have at that time.

The fruit is ripe from December to April. There are several varieties, one of the best being the *dodo*, which is very large, rank green, and unprepossessing in outward appearance, but when cut open the fruit resembles an apricot, and is very delicious. There is a large stone in the centre. There is so much of the fruit that Europeans divide it in halves by slipping the knife round the stone, thus leaving a good deal at the sides, which is considered the perquisite of the waiters at table. Bishop Smythies was so fond of mangoes that he did not approve of this extravagant way of eating them, and, never dreaming that he was depriving the boys, carefully cleared the stone, and the poor waiters gave it as their opinion that the new Bishop was somewhat greedy!

There is no regular time for gathering the fruit, and the wind performs most of this business,



Before the little boys were moved to Kilimani the place was covered with mango trees, and though fifteen great trees were cut down before there was room even to build the house, the numbers scarcely seemed lessened. The people in the village considered they had a right to all windfalls from these trees, and had been accustomed to come early every morning to pick up the fruit that had fallen in the night.

When the boys took up their residence there they looked forward with great glee to feasting on the mangoes. But though the trees were loaded with fruit the boys never succeeded in finding any number on the ground. Then they began to suspect, and asked if they might set a watch. So at four o'clock in the morning some six of the bigger boys hid themselves in the long grass near the trees.

Presently one by one and in twos and threes several village dames made their appearance, and, as soon as they were hard at work collecting the fruit, up jumped the boys with a whoop, and away fled the ladies, dropping their spoils as they ran. It was a most exciting scene.

**Cocoanut Palms.**—Wherever you see a mango tree you are pretty certain to see a cocoanut palm, and generally two or three of different heights, and the contrast between the opulent, massive-looking mango and the tall, feathery palm is very pleasing. Cocoanuts are often planted in rows to mark the boundaries of a plantation. They are not the least like in growth or colour to the

palm trees you see in England. Some one, who was not in love with things tropical, described them as a huge bunch of feathers tied to a pole. One kind does grow very, very tall, and the boughs are in a bunch at the top. There is another kind which is comparatively quite low growing, with boughs drooping to the ground. The leaves move with every stirring of the wind, and a peculiar sort of vibration thrills through them. The upper part of the bough is dark, glossy green, and the ribs and under side a shade of amber. The cocoanuts which you buy in England are the kernel and inner shell; these are incased in a great husk lined with fibre, and the whole fruit is very large, and it requires both hands to carry one. They grow in bunches round the trunk of the tree, just under the boughs, and are gathered once in every three months. No cook in Zanzibar can carry on his trade without a plentiful supply of nuts, and they mix the milk, which they call *tui*, and the scraped nut, with nearly all their dishes, especially with curry.

**Bananas** grow everywhere, and no hut is quite complete without two or three of these trees forming a little grove near it. There are about twenty different sorts of this fruit. The smallest and the best are called *sukari*, sugar, and have a very superior flavour. The largest is known as *mkono wa tembo*, an elephant's trunk, as it somewhat resembles it in shape. Bananas are never left on the trees till they are ripe, as they would certainly be stolen. The clusters are cut when

still green, and hung up in the house or verandah to mellow. Several of the varieties are only used for cooking. You can buy five bananas of the commoner kinds for a farthing, but the *sukari* are much more expensive, and you get only two for that sum. The fruit can be had all the year round. The leaves of the banana are very fragile, and when there is much wind it splits them into ribbons, when they look most forlorn; but there is no fresher and greener thing than a young banana leaf when just unfolded.

**Clove trees** grow in great abundance in parts of the island, and are very beautiful with their shiny green leaves and silvery trunks; many of the trees in Pemba Island grow sixty or seventy feet high. The cloves grow in little bunches, and are rose-coloured when fresh; so also are the young leaves when they first come out. The trees begin to bud in January or February, and clove picking goes on from June to November. The cloves which are exported are the buds before they burst into flower. During the clove season the smell of them penetrates into everything, and you seem to breathe and eat, as well as smell them, 'the languid sweetness seems to choke your breath.'

**The Baobab tree** has already been mentioned as one of the most striking features in a Zanzibar landscape. For a greater part of the year these huge trees stand among the surrounding verdure, throwing up their white arms bare and leafless, like grim sentinels of death and desolation. But

at the hottest time of the year, about November, when every other green thing droops and languishes, the apparently lifeless branches of the baobab (*Mbuyu*) burst into a profusion of brilliant green foliage and change the appearance of the whole landscape. The trunks of these trees are enormous, and would take six or seven people



BAOBAB TREES 'BARE AND LEAFLESS.'

joining hands to span them. The wood is utterly useless even for firewood, being soft and pulpy. The flowers, which are very few in number, are as extraordinary as the rest of the tree; they are very large, and resemble several folds of flannel, the outer petals coarse and greenish in colour, the inner almost white; the smell is most disagreeable. The fruit, which is like a hard, oblong gourd, twelve inches or more in length, hangs on a long string

which springs directly from the trunk; the size is about twice that of a large melon, and it remains on the tree long after it has lost its leaves. The fruit is hollowed out and used by the natives for drawing water. A piece of the shell is often brought to the dispensary by patients as a receptacle for ointment, &c. There is certainly something extremely uncanny about these trees, and one hardly wonders that natives believe evil spirits haunt their precincts.

**Jack-fruit.**—This is a great trial to missionaries, for the smell is disgusting, and it is eaten with avidity by the natives. The fruit, which is very large, is ripe in November and goes on till March. You see piles of it in the market, sometimes whole, green in colour, and covered with a spiky husk, but oftener it is cut into wedges and sold at a farthing a wedge. To a European it looks all husk and black seed, and most unwholesome. The overseer at Mbweni would sometimes present the boys with one of these gigantic fruits, a kindness for which we found it hard to thank him. The bread-fruit grows in Zanzibar, but is not common. The dorian, another tree of the same species, flourishes, but the crop is very uncertain, and the fruit on account of its expense seldom seen at the Mission, for which one is thankful, as the smell is so objectionable and so penetrating, that any utensil which has touched it is quite unuseable for hours, though I have heard that those who have once been able to bring themselves to eat this fruit find it delicious!

**Orange trees** abound everywhere. The fruit is plentiful between March and July. There are several varieties of fruit, including the tangerine and mandarin. You can get about twenty of the former for a pice. The Seville or bitter orange hangs from the tree on long strings. The flowers are delicious, but they are small and tumble to pieces very quickly. Orange flowers are connected in my mind with one of Bishop Steere's manifold little kindnesses. A young girl came out to be married to a member of the Scotch Mission, and was staying with us. Her mother had been most anxious that her daughter should wear real orange flowers on her wedding day, but alas! they do not grow in the town of Zanzibar. All the afternoon Bishop Steere was absent, and no one seemed to know what had become of him, but in the evening he appeared with his hands full of orange flowers, and gave them to the girl with one of his rare but never-to-be-forgotten smiles, saying, 'Your mother must not be disappointed.' He had walked out to Mbweni, four miles in the heat of the day, to get them.

**Pineapples.**—There are two varieties of these, one with a green skin, and the other pink. The green are considered the superior. December is the time when the fruit is most plentiful, and you can buy them for fourpence each; the leaves of the pineapple are very pretty, long and narrow, terminating in a sharp point; many of them turn a lovely pink. They grow in a circle about eighteen inches from the ground, and the pine forms in the

centre. The natives are not very fond of them, and they are considered unwholesome.

**Papaw.**—This tree must not be forgotten, for it is a most important factor in the kitchen. It grows very fast, and is found everywhere. The fruit, which is something like a mango, can be bought for two farthings, and is very much liked by many people, especially when cooked. The leaves, which are like exaggerated hog parsley leaves, are used for rubbing tough meat, and when this is scientifically done it becomes deliciously tender. A good cook always sees that he has one or two papaw trees near his kitchen.

Guavas, custard apples, pomegranates, rose apples, and zambarau also grow plentifully.

The fruit of the last-named is most disappointing; it looks like a delicious damson, but it has a large stone, and the taste resembles cotton-wool soaked in water. The children, however, love them; happily the season is of very short duration, for the one tree which grew at Kilimani was responsible for the ruin of many *kisibaus*.

**Pomegranates**, whatever they may be in other countries, never seem to ripen properly in Zanzibar, and are nothing but a mass of sugary seeds. But the flowers are lovely, and the colour of them that pure scarlet which one only finds in a few blossoms.

**Grapes** grow in the island, but the Mission has never succeeded in really cultivating them. In very early days I had a great ambition to grow a vine, and we succeeded in getting a fine, healthy plant from the French Fathers, who were strong

at gardening and always managed to have plenty of grapes.

We planted it carefully, and watered and tended it with great devotion. It grew and flourished, and was trained over an elaborate arched arrangement made by one of our laymen. But for many years, in spite of strong and healthy looks, no grapes were forthcoming.

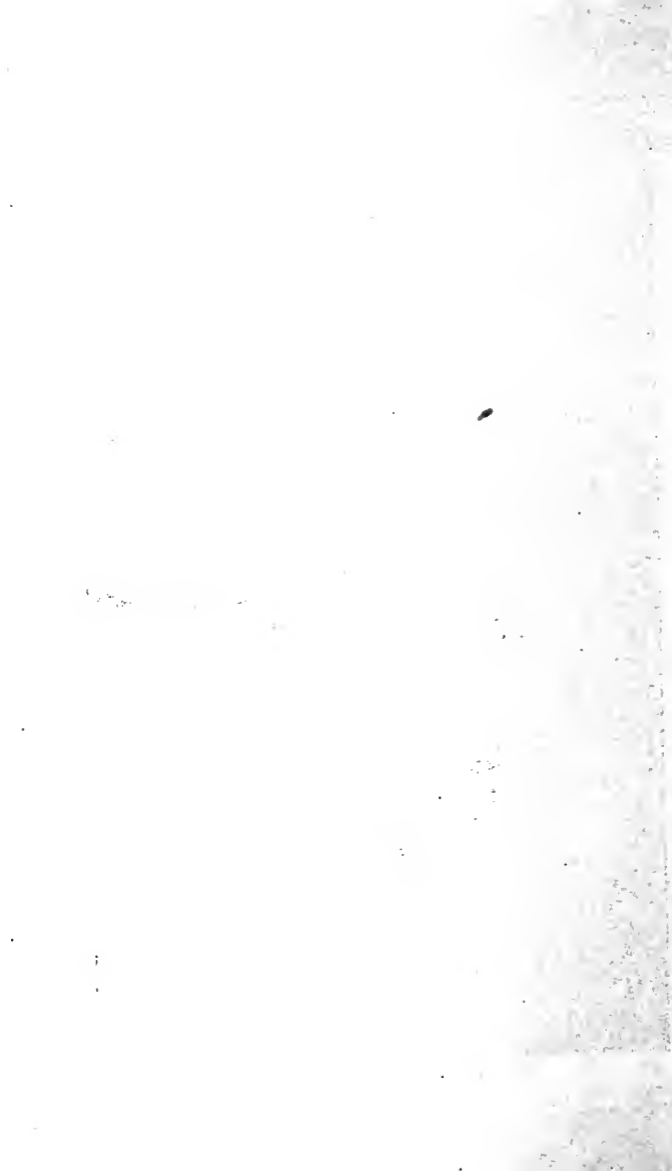
Then some kind friend in England sent out a cheese for a present. For some reason or other it was detained with other cargo at Aden at the hottest time of the year, and on arriving in Zanzibar the smell of it cried aloud for speedy attention. The vineyard was nice and handy, and we buried the cheese close to the roots of the vine. I never heard of cheese being used as nourishment for the soil, but it certainly acted in that way, for a little later on we had a splendid crop of grapes, and for a long time afterwards, when a tree or plant languished, we always said we must ask some one to send us another cheese.

**Prickly Pear.**—This is found all over the island. It is like a cactus, and grows several feet high; the leaves are thickly studded with thorns, not only large ones, but innumerable tiny and almost invisible hairs which grow in little bunches and are impossible to get rid of. They not only cover the leaves, but the fruit and flowers, which in an unwary moment the ignorant newcomer, tempted by their beauty, may manage to gather to his great after-discomfort. These flowers are a pure yellow, the outer part touched with red; they





THE GARDEN AT KILIMANI.



are a wonderfully pretty sight when they all burst open to the sun. The fruit is quite useless, and has no taste at all. A hedge of prickly pear is a barrier which the boldest would hesitate to cross.

**Flowers.**—Leaving the trees and turning to the flowers, a vision of the garden at Kilimani rises before me. Ropes of stephanotis, alemanda, and a splendid creeper with bunches of crimson flowers, festooned the verandah. Tall pink and white lilies bordered the drive, with a background of gorgeous crotons. A whole field of white lilies, which in the evening and early morning made the air heavy with their perfume, flourished in front of the house; honeysuckle and a sort of large yellow daisy ran riot in tangled masses; hybiscus with their large crimson or biscuit-coloured flowers flourished everywhere, and over all waved the tall palms and casuarinas.

**Roses.**—In the early days of the Mission there were no roses to be had excepting the very small pink ones which come from Muscat, and out of which the attar of roses is made; these were sometimes sold in the streets for a farthing (one pice) each, and the boys used to buy them, and bring them to us for a little present; they are used a good deal at Indian and Arab weddings, strung with jasmine like daisy chains, and hung round the necks of wedding guests. Now we have roses of all kinds, and can even decorate our tables with them on grand occasions.

Once, during a retreat at Kiungani, when we

went in to breakfast we each found a blood-red rose on our plates; put there by the boys who waited at table—a graceful and touching sign, most truly African, of their sympathy with us.

**Wild Jasmine.**—Natural hedges in the island are chiefly formed of prickly pear and wild jasmine, which festoons itself everywhere. The flowers are very sweet; they are rather large, and have more petals than our English jasmine; the leaves also are much larger or a different shape. There is another jasmine, equally common, the flowers of which grow in bunches.

Among the wild flowers the convolvulus is one of the most common; they run along the ground, and hang from the hedges—blue, white, and many shades of mauve. Early in the morning the roadsides are gemmed with brilliant blue lobelia, and many other tiny, delicate flowers, which wither up under the heat of the sun; by eleven o'clock there is scarcely a wild flower to be seen.

The grasses and rushes in Zanzibar are a very beautiful feature of the island; one of the latter, which flowers in profusion about Easter time, is called by Christians *Maua ya Pasaka* (Easter flowers), and plays a prominent part in Easter decorations; it grows five or six feet high, the stem a dainty green crowned by a bunch of white flowers surrounded by long green ribands. This rush grows in clumps, and spreads rapidly over a whole plantation, and beautiful as it is, it is a terrible thing to get rid of, which can only be accomplished by burning the roots.

Another grass when in flower looks like a sheet of down, the stem being so fine it is almost invisible, while the white tufted heads sway with the wind.

**Vegetables.**—Before closing this chapter I must say a few words about the vegetables and grains which the natives cultivate with some care.

**Cassava**, called *muhogo* in Zanzibar, is the natives' chief food. They plant it at any time in the year by making cuttings about six inches long; these they stick in the ground in a very casual manner, perhaps about two feet apart. They take some little trouble to clear the ground of weeds till the plants are three or four feet high, and then they leave them alone to look after themselves for about four months, when the plants are ready to pull. The roots are dried and pounded into flour for porridge, or they are eaten solid.

**Sweet Potatoes** or *Kiazi* are grown from cuttings on raised beds, over which the plants run. They have pretty white flowers with a dark centre, and grow tremendously fast; the crop is ready for harvesting in two or three months. The mode of cooking is generally to boil them in their jackets with salt; but they are much nicer when roasted. *Viazi* is the Swahili for sweet potatoes, *viatu* for shoes. One day at dinner a newcomer helping himself to *viazi* turned to his neighbour and said, 'These are *viatu*, are they not?' 'Yes,' she replied, for she had not been listening, and heard only the *vi*. A shout of laughter greeted the answer, for the potatoes had been badly cooked,

and were hard and dry, much more like old shoe leather than vegetables.

**Indian Corn.**—No native garden is complete without this. When sown the seed is left lightly resting on the soil; the natives say it is quite wrong to cover it with earth. It is always sown just before the rains, and when the ears form they have to be carefully watched, or they would be stolen by every passer-by. The Indian corn produced in Zanzibar is very poor compared with that in other countries. It is eaten raw when green, roasted in the cob, pounded and made into porridge, and popped.

**Pumpkins and Gourds.**—Nearly every hut in Zanzibar has one of these growing near; watching their rapid growth and enormous development, one can easily imagine Jonah's gourd springing up in a night, and providing him with grateful shade from the fierce rays of the sun, and also the sudden withering away of the plant when attacked by the worm which works great havoc in Zanzibar gardens. The commonest kind of pumpkin has wide-spreading leaves, and a large, yellow, trumpet-shaped flower which makes a great show. All sorts of curious water-bottles, snuff-boxes, and other receptacles are made from gourds by tying the fruit when green in different parts.

**Peas and Beans.**—Quite a number of these are cultivated, the principal one being *baazi*. This is a great favourite with the natives. The plants grow to four or five feet high, and bear some resemblance to a laburnum both in flower and pod,

though not in leaf. They are planted in rows, and—a good deal of land is covered with them.

We must just mention the **betel leaf**, which grows on vines trained up supports. The young leaves are gathered about twenty-five days after budding, and can be sold for a pice each. All Arabs and natives chew betel leaf, which they carry about with them. Areca nut, lime, and tobacco are folded up in the leaf, and the whole is called *tambu*.

Lastly, but by no means least, comes the sugar cane, which plays a prominent part in every *Siku kuu* (festival). The cane grows in all parts of the island in small patches, about six feet high and as thick as the wrist. When cut down they are divided into lengths of about eighteen inches, and sold for a pice. When eaten the rind is split off, and the pith, which is very sweet and juicy, chewed to a pulp. It is really rather nice for those who like something very sweet, and is not unlike barley sugar, but the right method of eating it does not appeal to European taste.

This chapter is already too long, and if our readers want to know more about the products of the island, of which we have only described a few, in a very amateur way, we must invite them to go and see for themselves.

D. Y. M.

## X

THE MISSION AND SOME OF THE WORK  
IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

TEN minutes' walk from the Zanzibar landing stage brings you to the cathedral and the Mission buildings at Mkunazini.

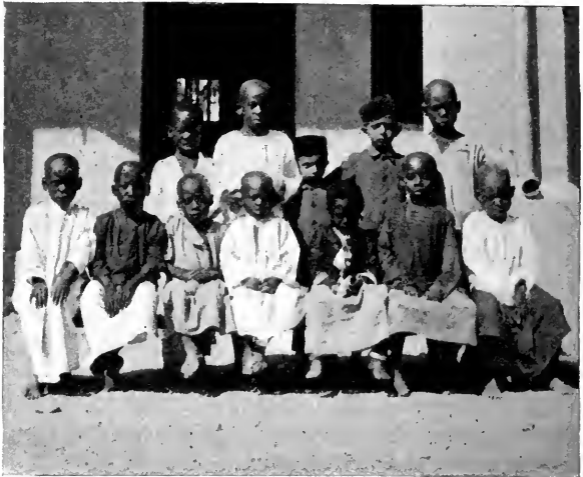
**First Trees planted.**—Between the cathedral and the hospital there is a well-kept garden, bright with trees and flowering shrubs. Almost the first trees at Mkunazini were planted by Miss Allen and Miss Hinton in 1877, under Bishop Steere's directions. They are two of those beautiful scarlet-flowered acacias, which at Christmas without their brilliant green feathery foliage, and at Whitsuntide with it, are among the greatest beauties of the island. The growth of these trees was anxiously watched, and many were the speculations as to which would blossom first. Miss Allen's won the day, and continues to do so, for the trees live and flourish in full view of the hospital windows. The smell of the flowers is like that of a field of wild hyacinths, and has often in thought transferred a weary patient to the sweet freshness of an English wood in the spring of the year.



**The Cathedral.**—The beauty of the cathedral is at once a delight and surprise to travellers passing through Zanzibar, for it surpasses most churches in its solemn and stately beauty. Nearly everything in it forms a link with those who have passed to the higher worship, and whose spiritual presence seems to hover near the sanctuary where they once knelt to worship. Immediately behind the altar is the marble tomb of Bishop Steere, the great master builder, who spent long hours patiently teaching the unskilled native masons to carry out his plans and ideas. The rich painting and carving which decorates the east end is a memorial to Bishop Smythies; the rose-window at the west end was given by Miss Josephine Bartlett, who worked for twenty years in the Mission and died at her post. The other windows were given in memory of those who died in Africa, but were not workers in the Mission. The font is the one in which so many of our early converts were baptised, and was originally in the chapel at Kiungani. The side altar is to the memory of departed missionaries. In fact, whichever way you turn, you are reminded of the many lives which have been freely given to bring Africa to the feet of the Christ.

**Services.**—The services in the cathedral, with the exception of two on Sunday and one of the daily celebrations, are all sung in Swahili (the native tongue), and the choir is entirely composed of Africans. The ritual is simple and stately, and the congregation take their part well in the

hymns and responses. The English Prayer Book translated into Swahili is used, and the hymn-book has been specially compiled of those hymns which lend themselves best for translation into this language.



THE SCHOOL AT S. MONICA'S.

Every Friday morning in Zanzibar the Eucharistic Sacrifice is offered for the conversion of the Mohammedan world, and we hope that many at home are joining their intercessions with ours at the same holy service.

**The Printing Office** is managed by an English lay-worker, and employs a number of African printers and apprentices. The head printer,

Owen, dates back to Bishop Tozer's time; he thoroughly understands his business, and excellent work is turned out, including educational books, the Bishop's charges, examination papers



WOMEN DOING NEEDLEWORK.

and syllabuses, and the Swahili monthly magazine, *Msimulizi*. Bookbinding is also done on the premises.

**S. Monica's**, a fine, large building with a spacious verandah, is the home of the women workers. There is a school for girls and small boys, which

numbers between thirty and forty; they are mostly the children of Christians, but some few are Mohammedans. At one time there was quite a number of nice little Indian girls, who came fairly regularly and were getting on well. But there came a day when all their places in school were vacant. A Mohammedan teacher had been round, and forbidden the parents to send their children any longer to a Christian school.

In another chapter we give the story of one of these little girls.

**Work Room.**—Side by side with the school is a room where a sewing class for women is held, and here some of those who are Christians find regular employment in all kinds of needlework, both useful and ornamental, including silk and other embroidery, drawn thread work, making shirts, cassocks, surplices, blouses, and underlinen, and, above all, mending the many garments which hard wear, rough washing, bad soap, hard water, and a baking sun, so quickly reduce to rags.

**Laundries.**—There are two laundries at Mkunazini—one worked by men and boys, who do the washing for the different Mission stations on the island, a big work when you consider that all the workers wear white suits or dresses, often one a day, and other garments in proportion; the other employs women who take in washing from residents in the town. These fine and elaborately trimmed costumes cause great merriment among the unsophisticated laundresses.

**The Schools.**—There were, till quite lately,

three schools in which Mohammedans of various ages and types were instructed. The school at Ng'ambo, which consisted of young Indian lads, with a few Swahili, and one or two Mission Christian boys. From this school have come three converts from Mohammedanism; the last was baptised on Christmas Eve, 1908. The boys in this school received continuous religious instruction, but as their parents and relations are nearly all Mohammedans *there are great difficulties in the way of their public reception into the Church before they arrive at full manhood*, and the attendance at the school was very irregular. The position of the converts in this school is something like that of the early Christians: they are cursed in the streets and looked down upon by all their friends. This school is now combined with—

**The High School**, which has been at work for about two years; the students are nearly all young men. The average attendance nearly reaches twenty, and promises to increase. There is instruction in the Gospel every morning. Many of those who attend have heard the whole of the Gospel history with such explanations as were judged necessary. Of course it is quite impossible to gauge the effect of the teaching. But already one is coming for special religious instruction at his own request, and others have expressed a wish for the same kind of instruction, and they are really grateful for the education they are receiving. The least that such work does is to produce a friendly feeling, and to give proof of our goodwill

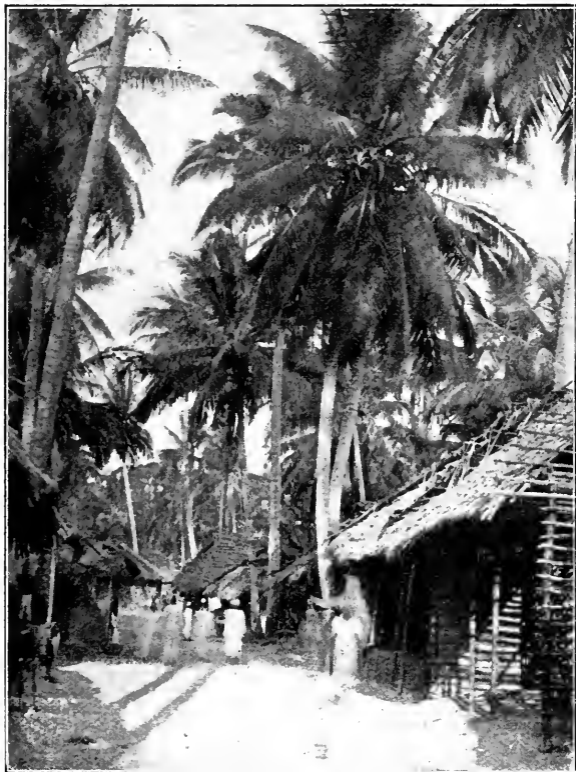
and interest in the pupils' general welfare. But we hope the results are deeper than that, and that the whole point of view is shifting; that the old order is changing, giving place to new, and that the principles of the Christian faith, which they are beginning to distinguish from the common misrepresentations of these principles, are leavening their minds and widening their outlook.

The present schoolroom is the basement of the old Mission-house at Mkunazini, which was used as the printing office till 1909.

**The Night School.**—This meets from 8 to 9 P.M., with an average attendance of between thirty and forty. Here, so far, there has been no religious instruction. English alone is taught. The school represents the outer fringe of the work. It helps to form new friendships, and, when the standard of English has improved, may furnish us with new opportunities. The pupils attend very well.

**The Creek.**—Just opposite S. Monica's runs the creek, which looks like a broad river, but is an arm of the sea. At high water native punts go backwards and forwards to carry passengers across, but at low tide there are dry, sandy paths, so that you can go over on foot. Of course there are times when it is too muddy and squashy to be either safe or pleasant for booted folk, and then the only thing is to go round by the bridge (see p. 4). One day one of the women missionaries wanted to cross in a hurry when it was too wet to do so; a

Swahili, who was passing, quite a stranger, with ready courtesy insisted on carrying her over, and



NG'AMBO.

refused all payment for his kindness. An Indian man standing by called to the Swahili to do the

same for him, but the man at once demanded prepayment.

**Ng'ambo**, which is Swahili for 'the other side,' lies on the further side of the creek. Here there are crowds of mud huts thatched with palm branches. Many of them are inhabited by Christians. As a rule these houses are quite dark inside, for windows are considered dangerous in a country where thieves are numerous and very daring. And after all people do not use their houses much in the daytime, but sit either in the back-yard or on the verandah, while the cooking is always carried on outside. Going to see a sick person in one of these huts, you often find, when your eyes have grown accustomed to the darkness, that you have been sympathetically addressing the toes of the patient.

**Houses and Huts: how they are built.**—These houses are very roughly built. First, poles are placed in the ground vertically, one foot or so apart; thinner poles are then laid across in a double line; these are tied together with *kamba*, a rough kind of rope made from cocoanut fibre. At this stage the house has a very curious appearance, resembling a large birdcage. The next thing is the thatching with palm leaves; this also is fixed with rope. Then, in old days, a large hole was dug in the middle of the hut, and the earth which was taken from it was mixed with water into a stiff plaster, with which all the chinks between the poles were filled in, tiny stones being hammered in at intervals. A friendly invitation was then given to all the neighbours to bring their



rubbish, by which means in the course of time the pit was filled up with all manner of refuse, which sometimes included a dead cat or two. A benevolent British Government, with energetic sanitary officers, has put an end to the pit being dug in the house, and the poor builder has to make one outside. These houses are often built by women.

**Dilatory Customs.**—It is not considered the least necessary to finish your house before inhabiting it. One room is often used, and the others not finished for many months. Haste from a native point of view is most undesirable, and there is a Swahili proverb which the natives are fond of quoting to the impatient European who is inclined to hurry them unduly, '*Haraka haraka haina baraka*,' which being interpreted reads, 'Hurry, hurry has no blessing.' A woman who was asked why she did not finish her house at once, instead of waiting weeks between each fit of energy, replied, 'It would be quite against the custom,' and then added slyly, 'Besides, people might think I was very rich if I did it so quickly.'

**Mission work** progresses very slowly in Zanzibar, and results are less visible here than in any part of the diocese. Everyone knows that civilisation brings its own evils, and that a coast town, where the sins of all nationalities rise to the surface, is one of the most difficult places in which to preach the Gospel. Mohammedan opposition is strong, and native superstition and practice have by no means died out. On the mainland you hear of large classes of hearers and catechumens,

and of villages crying out for teachers to be sent. But this is not the case in Zanzibar. It requires some moral courage for anyone to put in an appearance at even a hearers' class, and before they will do that, they have probably been visited and taught privately for weeks and months, and even years.

**Distrust.**—On the surface the people are very friendly and pleasant to deal with, but beneath that there lies a strong conviction that the European is just an outsider, and cannot really understand or sympathise with them. Even when the beauty of Christianity begins to dawn upon them, as it most certainly does after a time, they are firmly persuaded that it is a religion good for the white man, but for them the old ways and customs are better.

**Constant moving from Place to Place.**—Another great drawback to the work is the fact that the population is a very roaming one; the people seem always on the move. Some go to Pemba and Mombasa, others to the south, and of course this difficulty will go on increasing as means of travelling become so much easier. Even now we hear of this roving spirit having penetrated to the Usambara country.

**Binti Juma.**—The only case I remember of a woman coming forward on her own account and asking to be taught, without our having known her previously, was a certain Binti Juma.

She found her way to the Mission-house one day, and said she would like to be taught.

She had been born in Uganda or some district near there, and, as a tiny child, had seen and heard something of Christian teaching from the Church Missionary Society. Her mother was not a Christian, but her mother's mistress, a native princess, was one, and before she left Uganda the child had seen many people suffer death rather than deny Christ. This child was torn from her mother in one of the many raids which devastate the country, sent down to Zanzibar, and sold for a slave. Here she lived for many years, and was married to a fellow-slave. After a time they both applied to Government and obtained their freedom. Then the husband died. As soon as her days of mourning were over, Binti Juma presented herself at the Mission, for she had never forgotten her early teaching, and now that there was no one to hinder her she wanted to learn more, and see if it was possible for her to be a Christian. No one attended her class more regularly than she, and after a year she was made a catechumen; then two more years of instruction followed, and at last she was baptised in the cathedral, receiving the name of Joana. Joana's second marriage caused us great amusement. One day the Bishop had a letter from the priest at Mbweni, saying, 'I have published the banns between Nickolas and Joana now three times; when is the marriage to take place?' The Bishop called Joana, and said, 'I am told you are going to be married; no banns have been published here; we did not know you were even engaged.'

'I am not engaged,' said Joana; 'whom am I going to marry?' The Bishop then repeated what he heard from Mbweni, and Joana said, 'I met that man once in the road, and he said, "Will you be my wife?"' and I told him I did not know either him or his news, but I would think about it. I have never seen him since.'

When the Bishop asked her, 'Do you want to marry him?' 'I will do just as you wish,' was her answer, and nothing further could be got from her. Finally, after some weeks she and Nickolas were married, and have lived together very happily ever since.

The Mission has three regular stations where work is carried on outside the town.

**S. Andrew's School and Theological College**, generally known as Kiungani, lies on the west of Zanzibar Island, and consists of a large block of stone buildings, standing on a slight eminence close to the sea, about a mile south of the city of Zanzibar.

It is at once the oldest and the newest institution in the Mission. In addition to the many teachers who have been trained within its walls, there have been ten priests and fifteen deacons, the results of some thirty years' labour.

The original house was bought by Bishop Tozer in 1866, and was the home for boys rescued from slave dhows. The buildings contain rooms for the Europeans, dormitories, school-room, classroom for the boys, sick-room, offices; above all, a handsome chapel, made as beautiful and worthy

of its work as the funds put in our hands for the purpose permitted; and also small, separate studies for the encouragement of habits of private reading and devotion in the boys selected for them, which were built as a memorial to Bishop Steere. Boys come to Kiungani at the age of fourteen or fifteen, as a rule, and stay four or five years. The term is ten months, with two months' holiday at their homes on the mainland. At the end of the course a boy is certificated. On the mainland he teaches either in a central school or in a little out-school. During this time, if he feels a call to Holy Orders, he joins the Guild of S. Paul for candidates for Orders. After two years or so a Guild member returns to Kiungani for six months to prepare for the office of reader. After fulfilling this office for two years or more he may return to Kiungani for a three years' preparation for the diaconate. Deacons serve several years before returning to Kiungani to prepare for priesthood.

The life at the Theological College is almost the same as that at an English college, save that the hours of work are rather differently arranged. But the students make their own arrangements about food, as they are all married. When their training is ended, and they have passed their examinations, the greatest day of their life comes: they are ordained to the sacred ministry.

No truth has been more vividly enforced by the Mission's history than this, that in the tropics, at any rate, an African church must be founded, spread, and worked by Africans themselves, and

this is the great end which Kiungani always keeps in view.

The business of its European members is to do their best to start them on this career, help as far as they may, and then pass out of sight.

**The Home for Little Boys at Kilimani.**—This was moved from the town in 1894. The house, which was built especially for its purpose, is about one and a half miles from Kiungani, and stands high above the sea, surrounded by a beautiful garden and playground. For years it was as full as it could hold of small released slave boys, but with the cessation of the slave trade the number of boarders is reduced very considerably. There are about twenty day scholars. The stories of some of these little ones will be found in the article called 'Mission Babies.'

**The Home and Training School for Girls** is at the extreme end of Mbweni village. The house lies in the midst of mango trees, cocoanut palms, and orange groves. In the early days many poor half-starved children, freshly released from the slave dhows, were brought to Mbweni, where they were well fed and cared for, and after being taught and trained they married Christian boys who had been trained in one of the other Mission schools.

With the rapid decline of the slave trade, the number of destitute children brought to this school has happily diminished, and there are now only about sixty girls, more than half of whom are day scholars. The rest are either freed slaves or the orphans of Christian parents. Every



THE SPECIALLY NATIVE OCCUPATION OF PALM-MAT PLAITING.





morning at 8.30 the bell rings, and the children come trooping in from the garden, where most of their free time is spent. They are of all ages and sizes, from little mites of four or five to the pupil teachers, who take it in turns to help with the younger classes. The school work is in the charge of a trained English teacher, with native teachers under her, who are all old scholars now married, and living in the village; many of them come to their work with their babies tied on their backs, or with one just old enough to run about, who trots cheerfully about the schoolroom, quite regardless of lessons. The girls are, as a rule, very quick at learning by heart, but any work that needs thought or calculation does not come easily to them.

Besides the ordinary school lessons, the girls do a certain amount of industrial work every day. They keep the house and garden in order, and nearly every afternoon an hour is devoted to the specially native occupation of palm-leaf plaiting and basket-making.

When a girl has reached the age of thirteen or fourteen, and does not seem likely to develop into a teacher, she is taken from the regular school lessons, and most of her time is spent in the laundry or in gardening, or in some other industrial work, as the object of their training is not only to educate their intellects, but to train them in habits of industry, trustworthiness, and self-control. They are all fond of cooking in their peculiar native fashion, and the elder girls take it

in turns to prepare their two daily meals of rice, or some kind of beans or lentils, with a small piece of meat or fish as a relish. This they eat seated on the ground under the verandah, and two friends will often share the same plate. Swimming and diving are very favourite amusements, and the girls are all remarkably active in climbing trees, but they care very little for ordinary English games.

When the girls marry, a few of them settle at Mbweni, but the greater number go to live either in town, or on the island of Pemba, or at some Mission station on the mainland; and in this way fresh Christian homes are constantly being founded, which should form centres of Christian light in the midst of the surrounding darkness. The story of one of these girls, and also a description of the village of Mbweni, will be found in other chapters. .



A SHAMBA SCENE.

## XI

## TESSI AND HER BOYS

The following story gives some account of the home life of the boys in the school at Ng'ambo mentioned in the preceding chapter.

AT the very beginning of Ng'ambo school—I think in June, 1902—I was sitting waiting for scholars who sometimes came, but much more often stayed away, when there appeared two little Khoja\* boys. They marched in, holding each other's hands, and at once began to examine the schoolroom with keen interest. They looked at everything until they came to a large canvas of the manger at Bethlehem, which I had hung quite low so that little people could see it. The moment they saw the shepherds kneeling both the boys knelt down and clasped their hands most reverently. I wondered whether they could possibly be Christians and meant to ask them, but there was no time, for it was they who questioned and I who answered: 'Who is the Babe?' 'Why do they worship Him?' And when I had told them 'they rejoiced with great joy.' That was how I first came to love Tessi's children.

\* A Mohammedan sect.

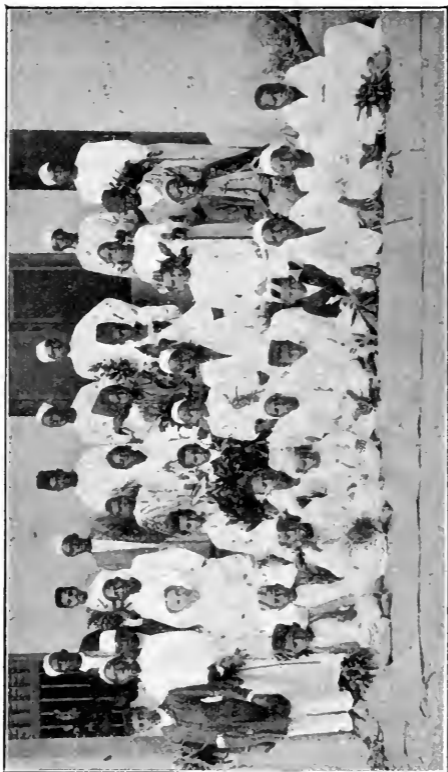
Very soon they took me to their home; I think it was to see a new baby, for there seemed to be one almost every year, and I first saw Tessi sitting in a little shop surrounded by gay-coloured sheeties, with her baby at her breast. As soon as I saw her I felt at home; the boys' voices had often recalled my own mother's, but Tessi was really like her, one of those strange likenesses, not so much of face or form as of mind and soul.

I call her 'Tessi,' and her husband 'Abdul Kasul,' but those are not their real names, and though I am sorry to do so I must only call the boys by the letters of the alphabet.

Tessi was barely thirty then, and she had a married daughter, and was soon hoping to marry the second, a very lovely girl of fourteen. Tessi was pretty once, no doubt, but when I first knew her she was thin with much care and great troubles.

The first trouble was her eldest son, who was the pride of her heart, but very unsteady, and he often quarrelled with his father, who was 'difficult.' This son, whom I will call A., had received a good English education without religion, and the result was that he ceased to believe in Islam. At seventeen he got more money than he knew how to spend; he married badly and came back to his home to make it wretched.

The other trouble was the usual one in a Mohammedan household—the second wife. The 'Little Mother,' as she is called, always seemed to me rather a nice little body, but Tessi naturally



MISS FOXLEY AND THE SCHOOL AT NG'AMBO.



did not think so, and I don't think 'Little Mother' had a very good time of it.

Neither Tessi nor her husband was born in Zanzibar, but in Cutch, and she was inclined in religion to follow Agha Khan, a prince of Cutch, who is supposed to be an incarnation of their god, and who has many followers in Zanzibar; but the prophet Mohammed would have had a few words to say to Agha Khan, I think.

My little boys D. and E. were the youngest of the family; they all made the *Haj*, which is a pilgrimage (made by most of the devout Mohammedans once in their lifetime) to Mecca, their sacred city, to ensure their salvation after death.

It is a comfort to some of E.'s friends, now that he is a Christian, to think that he cannot be lost because he has been to Mecca. He can remember riding in a pannier on a camel, and wondering if they would be shipwrecked, for they nearly rolled out of the ship and had to keep holding on for dear life.

Both the boys were very clever, and it was a delight to teach them, and after they had been about a year at school they talked about being Christians, and E. began to come on Sundays. Tessi called me one day and said, 'You are E.'s *mwalimu* \* now, he has broken off with his old one; he is the most obstinate child there ever was. Well, do the best you can for him. I love my religion, and I don't like Christianity; but any religion is better than infidelity, and my boys won't walk in the way of their father.'

\* Teacher.

I found out afterwards that it was only in their grandfather's time that the family had become Mohammedans ; before that they were heathens, which is the case of many families in Zanzibar.

After this Padre Mackay \* came and took great pains in teaching E., and had him twice a week to read the Bible in his room.

One day lately we were talking of some one who had suddenly been converted, and I asked E. (who is quite an ' old ' Christian now) whether he could remember any particular time when he first believed.

' Yes,' he said instantly, ' it was one day when I was reading with Padre Mackay that I knew for certain that Jesus is God.'

But a good moral foundation had been laid first at home.

The boys had the fullest trust in their mother, and she had given them most careful teaching about places and people who were to be avoided. They must be at home in the evening, and she never let a night pass without looking at them to see they were all safe. And though, according to custom, she could not teach them their prayers, they saw her praying often, in the day and in the night, and learnt their lesson.

But I soon discovered there was a dark side to Tessi's religion. It led to my one and only serious quarrel with her, and it happened at *Muharram*, that horrible time of weeping for Hasan and Husein †

\* Then priest-in-charge in Zanzibar.

† Two of Mohammed's followers who were assassinated.



which is heathen through and through. I went to see Tessi and found her and her wretched sons all dressed in dirty, black calico, unwashed and unfed. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and she held up her wailing babe to me, and cried, 'We are all weeping and fasting for Husein; not a drop of milk have I given the babe the livelong day.' I forgot all about the honour due to a mother among her children; I am afraid I stamped. I did not go near her for a long time, and I believe that kind of fast is forbidden now by the teachers. Mothers used to beat their children cruelly at the time, and encouraged them to beat goats and other animals.

Tessi began to listen to the Gospel from her boys' lips, and I think she grew ashamed of those nights and days. She always upheld me when I had to punish the boys at school. D. was very gentle, and words were generally quite enough for him, but E. was self-willed, and very naughty sometimes.

It was their father who made difficulties, never their mother. She had 'considered,' she said; 'I have spoilt one, you shall have a free hand with these,' and she kept her word.

I used to think she exaggerated the influence E. had in the family, and his naughtiness, till it was brought home to me at school.

We had got a new teacher, who was also new to Indians, and soon after he came I very unwisely went to a funeral and left him in charge. When I came back I found the boys in rebellion and the

teacher with no temper left, saying that he was only waiting for me to come back to flog the whole class. I said I thought he had better make an example of two of the ringleaders, and he agreed. There were some big boys, Arabs and Swahili, but to my surprise he picked out E. first, and next his great friend, who is also an Indian.

I wished then that I had not given him his choice, for E. looked such a little scrap of a thing to be flogged by an angry man. I sent the other boy downstairs with the teacher first, and thought that if E. said that he was very sorry I would beg him off. I looked at him; he seemed quite at his ease. 'What is a ringleader?' he asked carelessly; I gave him the English dictionary, and he looked it out and laughed. '*Haki!*' (justice) he said, and went downstairs. When they came back the big boy was crying bitterly, but E. stuffed his hand under his friend's arm, and said, 'Stop! we are ringleaders; you mustn't cry, for I won't.'

Those were the two first to be baptised from the school.

A little while after E.'s baptism Tessi called me into her house and said, 'I don't believe in your religion, don't think it; but I say there is something in baptism. E. is very much altered since he was baptised; he used to be so restless it made me very anxious about him, but now that is all gone; the child has found peace, and I am very glad for his sake.'

It was while E. was only a catechumen that

another boy was born ; there are two boys and a girl between him and D. Tessi was in sad trouble about her eldest son, who had struck his father and brought disgrace upon the house ; and she thought she was going to die ; in fact she was very unwell. One day she lay down and wept ; her little son E. came in. He knelt down beside her and prayed with all his heart as Christians do pray, telling everything to his Father in heaven.

Tessi listened and wondered, and then, as she told me afterwards, she felt an angel touch her on the bosom, and she knew that all would be well. Hastily she sent E. for old granny, and that was how little S. came into the world. He was a most beautiful baby, and his mother promised that he should be mine from the first, because I had taught E. to pray—a promise she has faithfully kept, and S. is now in S. Monica's infant school.

The grandmother has great power in Indian families, and Abdul Kasul's mother is rather a formidable old lady. When F. followed E.'s example and wanted to be made a catechumen, he asked his parents' permission, and they both gave it ; but granny refused, and locked the boy up in his room, and would not give up the key to anybody till the hour for service was passed. F. has a bad temper, and granny had to bear a good deal from him, and when the boy came to me white with rage, and D. and E. and I could do nothing with him, I saw that Heaven was wiser than I was, and it was too soon for F. to receive the cross. He is a better boy now, and he is learning self-control ;

he was made a catechumen a few months afterwards, privately.

A., the eldest son, died last year ; he paid a heavy price for his sins, and broke his mother's heart. His second child was born after his death, but the boy's birth brought no comfort to his mother, though it did to his widow. Tessi wept for months, and made her sons most miserable. She was worn out with watching, and she was angry with God for taking her son. Even when D. was very ill she neglected him and went on weeping, and poor D. had to recover as best he could. However, that has passed now, though we shall never see Tessi in her pretty silks and jewels again. She has given them to her daughters, for she says, 'I shall go down to the grave to my son mourning.' Last Ramadhan,\* a year ago, she was persuaded by the Mohammedan teacher to try and force E. back to conform outwardly to Islam. She and his father beat him several times, though I believe she kissed him afterwards, and brought him his supper, but it was hard for both of them. Some one told me about it, and I asked E. if it was true. 'Yes,' he said, 'but it's nothing to hurt.' I said, 'I don't suppose it will do you any harm ; but if it was too hard, you know you could go to Kiungani.' E. looked at me, and I regret to say he laughed heartily. Little boys ought not to laugh at 'teacher.' 'Run away from mother to Kiungani!' We both laughed,

\* The Mohammedan fast when nothing is eaten or drunk between sunrise and sunset, and which lasts for a month.

and I said, ' If it has to be done again you had better think of something you deserve to be punished for ;' and he said, ' I will.' But I don't think they did it again, and this year there was no attempt at coercion, either for him or his elder brother, in Ramadhan. If every mother who reads this story would say a prayer for Tessi and Abdul Kasul, I think they would soon become Christians and find peace in Jesus.

ALICE FOXLEY.



ZANZIBAR CATHEDRAL.

## XII

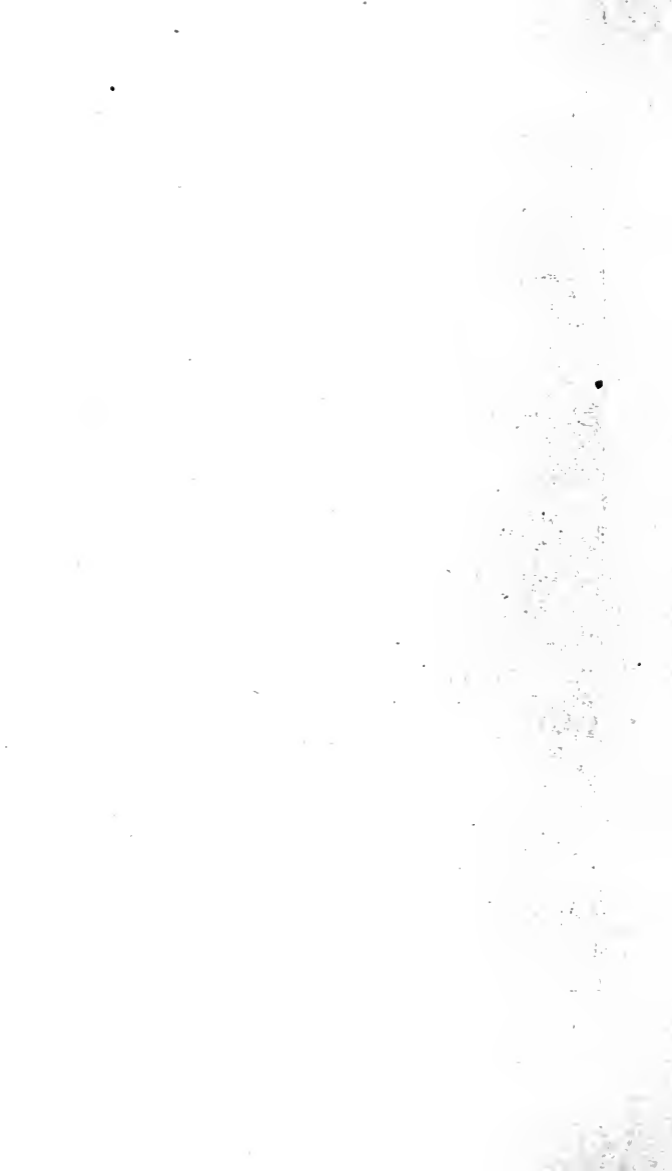
THE STORY OF A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL  
IN S. MONICA'S SCHOOL

MASHARIKI is not her real name, but it will serve, for she is a typical Oriental—a child capable of the utmost religious devotion, but yet with much disregard for the practice of the same. Her heathen creed was elementary in the extreme. All she knew was that her god was painted red and had been sent to Bombay. She could also sing, in Arabic, the Mohammedan confession of faith, 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God,' for she had picked it up from hearing it chanted by the mourners at funerals; but of its meaning she knew nothing, as she could only talk the Indian pidgin-Swahili. She was very eager to be taught, but teaching her was difficult.

The first thing that really gripped her imagination was a picture of the child Samuel praying. At the time of seeing it she said nothing, but next day when she came to school she announced, '*Bibi*, I prayed last night like this,' and suiting the action to the word, she knelt down in the middle of the muddy garden path. The contrast between the



INDIAN CHILDREN.





copy and the picture made one smile. The Samuel of the picture was a chubby, well-to-do, English-looking boy, in an irreproachable white nightgown, kneeling by an unmistakably English bed. And there in the glowing sunlight, sharply defined against the background of green banana leaves, was the tense, eager figure of Mashariki with her gay-coloured rags draped picturesquely round her. But the child was really in earnest, and she had something of Samuel's yearning for God, which somehow the gaudy picture had helped to convey to her; so it seemed only right to teach her the words of her first prayer.

She learnt it eagerly, and never forgot to say it each day with great reverence and devotion. The idea of intercession she grasped without any oral teaching. Each day she came to be taught she would ask for a fresh clause to be added to her simple hearer's prayer—at one time it was for a neighbour ill with fever, then for a brother travelling, or for an aunt who had died, or for her mother's little unborn babe. None were shut out from her prayers.

The theory of well-doing came very easily to her. She loved to recite the Ten Commandments, and she would hold up her hands in pious horror at her playmates when they stole a few flowers from the hospital garden. The guava season proved too much for her principles, though. When the other children complained that she had been stealing guavas she denied it stoutly; but, alas! a day or two later she was caught red-handed.

She seemed really sorry—her beautiful oval face was drawn with grief, and tears welled from her eyes as she ‘dreed her weird’ and went to own up to the matron of the hospital what she had done.

It gave her a dim idea, too, of the forgiveness of sins, which she had never before been able to understand, for it dawned upon her that God also would say ‘*Bassi*’ (Enough! That will do) if she were really sorry.

But alas! her penitence was short-lived. Only a few days passed by and she was stealing again, and in spite of teaching and many promises of reform, she stole guavas at intervals till the season was over and there was nothing left to steal.

As for truth, Mashariki had as vivid an imagination as Kim,\* and lies slipped off her lips more easily than truth. Indeed, she did not seem able to distinguish between the two; and yet her faith was not wholly without works. She would give away fireworks with open-hearted generosity to children who had taunted and scorned her, and though she would tell tales of her playfellows, and even accuse them of imaginary misdoings, she was absolutely loyal to her father, who was at times very cruel to her. As for her devotion and unselfishness to two baby sisters, it was quite wonderful. No pleasure was too great to be sacrificed for them, and she would stagger about all day with a baby nearly as big as herself on her hip, and only smile at the suggestion that she might be tired.

But it is impossible to analyse Mashariki’s

\* By Rudyard Kipling.

character—East is East and West is West, and human beings can never wholly unravel the mystery about faith and works. We can only try to realise more the longing of our Lord's heart that children like Mashariki should be gathered into the Church, so that they may bring with them their own special offering to the full beauty of Christian character.

D. C. A.



INDIAN CHILDREN AT PLAY.

## XIII

## VISITING WOMEN IN ZANZIBAR

BESIDES looking after our Christian women and teaching hearers and catechumens, we do a little visiting among the Arab women. But though this work has been in progress some time, it is impossible to say what result it has had.

Some of the women know enough to be baptised, were they to express a wish for baptism, but it is extremely unlikely that their husbands would ever allow them to come forward and profess their faith.

I will try and give you a little account of visits made at different times to some of the Arab ladies. The houses in which they live are large and built of stone. No one lives on the ground floor, but sometimes the master has a room spread with mats, where he entertains his friends with chatting or reading the Koran. When you enter you go up a stone staircase to a great landing, where the mistress of the house receives you, either offering you a chair there, or taking you into a close room with a carpet and cushions all round. As soon as you are seated you are put through a strict

examination of your mode of life here in Zanzibar and that of your family at home; you are also asked where you bought your clothes and how many rupees you gave for them, and why you came here, and how your husband and children are!

They cannot understand your being unmarried, and they will return over and over again to this subject; so I found it better to always tell them at once that I never had been married since I was born. Neither can the men understand this, and you hear them say, '*Ajabu!*' (wonderful). After a time you seize your opportunity and begin to teach, and they generally get very interested and ask all sorts of questions. One day I was visiting a poor sick Arab woman, and telling her how our Lord used to go about healing the sick, when in came two Arab women teachers of the Koran wearing their *barakoa* (masks). One of them shook hands with me, but the other turned her back and did not answer my greeting. After a pause I went on speaking to the lady and her two little boys. The unfriendly teacher came up to me and said, 'We don't want any of your religion; what have you come here for?' I immediately replied that my work was to teach the religion of Christ, and that if my friend wished me to leave off I would do so, as we never suffered our Blessed Lord to be scorned or His religion scoffed at. After a time she calmed down and told me to go on teaching, though both she and her companion interrupted me over and over

again, quoting the Koran and giving their version of the Incarnation and the Holy Trinity. Then she told me that we didn't believe in the devil, for a German doctor had told one of their husbands so. Then some more people came in, and I was almost overwhelmed, for in their excitement they spoke in Arabic, which I could not understand. However, a young Arab interpreted for me into Swahili, and so we went on for a good hour and a half. I have been there twice since and have had quite a warm reception, and each time the friendly, or, rather, neutral teacher, was there. They put the most puzzling questions to you, and they expect you to give them the clearest answers. In one house a man was comparing our Blessed Lord with Mohammed to the advantage of the latter, so I had to say that Mohammed had committed many sins, and couldn't be named in the same breath with our Lord, upon which up sprang an Arab teacher, and shook her hands in my face, crying, 'We never accuse your *Yesu* (Jesus) of committing sin; why do you come here and accuse our prophet? Tell us what evil did he do?' So I had to give a string of his wrong-doings, and when I had finished I was told that God allowed Mohammed to do these things, so it was not sinful in him.

There is another Arab lady whom I go to see. She lives with her little grand-daughter and a host of slaves. This lady has not a very bright intellect, and so she finds it rather a strain to follow even the little instruction I try to give her, but I go on

because of the child and the slaves ; the latter explain to their mistress what I have said.

In every house the slaves come and sit down and listen attentively. I feel bound to say that they seem very well treated and appear happy and contented, and speak to the mistress in a tone of equality.

Sometimes as you are walking through the narrow streets you hear a voice calling out to you through a barred window to come upstairs ; so up you go, never knowing what sort of people you may find.

One of my favourites is a Pathan woman who is very strictly enclosed, not even being allowed to look through the barred windows. One day when I called she had black, swollen eyes and was deaf in one ear. After saying she had fallen down, she told me her husband came home unexpectedly, and saw her looking out of the window, and beat her in this manner. She has never recovered the hearing of that ear.

At one of the houses we visit, the son is one of the tallest and most dignified men I ever met. It was very funny one day ; we were talking to his mother, and I turned to him and asked his opinion on what we had been saying. His mother immediately said, '*He* doesn't know, he is but a child !' At this house and in one other I noticed that all the slaves crawled in on their knees. Their habits and customs remind one constantly of scenes and incidents in the Bible.

One of the women I know has been ill with fever and sickness, so I asked one of the Mission

nurses to visit and prescribe for her. The poor dame was soon put to rights, but she put Lady Macbeth in the shade with her tragic airs and gestures when nurse told her that she was quite well. She threw up her hands and opened her eyes and mouth as wide as she could, looking horrified, and at last she gasped out, 'Me, me! I am quite well? How can you say such a thing?' Then she pulled my dress and began recounting her grievances, just like a child.

One day I went to call upon a lady, quite forgetting that she had gone out to the *shamba*. I was just going downstairs again when a man whom I knew came out of a room and asked me to go and see his sister, who lived in another room in the same house; so I was shown into a very clean, neat room, the floor covered with coloured mats, and the usual Arab bedstead at one end, and large cushions leaning against the walls.

Sitting on a bright crimson cushion was a pretty Arab girl dressed in tight crimson and green trousers reaching to the ankle, a crimson and green tunic, a great coral and gold necklace, huge gold bead bracelets, and heavy gold anklets. She also wore a very handsome twisted crimson handkerchief on her head. Of course I was put through the usual catechism, and then I had to tell her that I couldn't visit her unless I taught her *dini* (religion). She immediately said, 'Begin,' which I did at once. When I was leaving she told me that a great friend of hers had seen me passing many times, and wished to



know me, and 'would I go at once?' So she sent some one to show me this new friend. I went right to the top of another big house, and was shown into a large room full of people. Two of the ladies got up and shook hands with me, though I could see they were much astonished at my unexpected advent. A third lady (the *bibi* who wanted to make my acquaintance) was kneeling and genuflecting on her prayer-mat. I was silent, of course, as I saw she was praying, though the other ladies and the children and slaves went on chattering just the same. However, she soon got up and gave me a very warm welcome, and much the same scene was enacted as at the other house, though I could only stay a very short time. Before I left she poured a few drops of the costly attar of roses in my hand and literally deluged me and soaked my handkerchief in the scent they love so well. I was a walking smelling-bottle for several days afterwards.

One day I was passing a house, when I heard a voice calling out '*Bibi*,' so I looked up, and at one of the windows, which have no glass and are only barred with iron rods, was sitting an Arab nursing a little child. He held out a fan through the bars, and I thanked him. Then he asked me to come in. So I inquired if there was a *bibi* in the house, and he said, 'Yes; go upstairs.' I at once stepped up the dirty stone staircase, calling out '*Hodi*' over and over again, but getting no answer. At last a woman peeped timidly round the corner and asked who I was, and then another

woman came. By this time the husband had come up and introduced me, and the second woman came forward and showed me into a room, and then we all went in and talked—the ‘catechism’ coming first. After a while the Arab said something to the woman in Arabic, and she produced a basket with walnuts, and gave me some.

One young *bibi*, who married a direct descendant of Mohammed the false prophet (so she says), was taking great interest in our Lord’s life and teaching, though she often said to me, ‘Ah, *Bibi, Yesu Kristu* (Jesus Christ) was a very good Prophet, but He isn’t God, nor the Son of God. I will never believe that, never.’ One day when I was visiting her she kept on looking at the door as if she were dreading some one coming in. So I asked her what was the matter, and she whispered that her husband had now returned from the mainland, and if he came in and saw me there he would want to know what I was doing; and when she told him that I was teaching her *dini*, he would drive her away, so would I teach her to read or write, so that if he came he would think that was my reason for coming. I told her I couldn’t do such a deceitful thing, but that I would think the matter over before coming again.

So we talked it over at home, and it was settled that I should go and teach as usual, and if the husband came in I was to ask him the question straight out as to whether he would agree to his wife being taught. She was a picturesque-looking girl, though slightly marked with smallpox.

Sometimes we visit a *shamba* eight miles out of town, at a place called Bububu. The way lies through the most lovely country close to the shore. The house is a huge barrack-like building; a great flight of worn stone steps lead into a large stone hall open to the roof. We are shown into a long, narrow, carpeted room with two beds in it, and cushions and seats, and after refreshments proceed to give instruction in the truths of our religion. It is often quite dark before we get home, and we go splashing and stumbling along the roads.

There was one Arab lady, whom I went to see, whose son had been slowly dying of heart disease for some months. Since my last visit he had passed away, and the poor mother was in great grief. I felt so sorry because I could say nothing absolutely to comfort her, for her son was a rigid Mohammedan. The poor thing just laid her head on my shoulder and sobbed away, and then she felt better. The son's wife had been taken away to her own mother together with their small son, a bright little fellow, who was most keen to hear about our Lord whenever I went to teach. Presently the lady said, 'Come into this room,' and took me into another apartment. At one end was a woman dressed in long white garments from head to foot, sitting on a mat fanning herself. This was the minor wife, and she had to sit there for several weeks as a sign of mourning. I thought she wouldn't speak, but she did, and most cheerfully too.

In another house where I visit, the lady generally sits in a great hall with pillars, surrounded with her slaves, who are generally plaiting mats. Goats, chickens, cats, and guinea-pigs run about in the most friendly manner. The husband of this lady is in the Sultan's household. I should like to show you over a few of these curious houses.

There are numbers of Comoro people on the island. They are of an olive complexion, with dark hair and eyes, and are rather a handsome race. At one of their houses three sisters live together. They are always reclining, but when I go in I receive a very warm welcome, and then they sink back in a seemingly exhausted condition. Very comical it is at times, and I feel much inclined to have a good laugh. Sometimes there are as many as six women, all reclining, four or five slaves, and as many children.

The door of this house is always ajar, and opens on to the street, and people, hearing a strange voice, come flocking in, and at times I have quite a large audience. The house is only a superior hut, with a mud floor, and walls formed of thick sticks filled in with mud, through which the daylight shows in many places; no windows, of course, but rather lofty and with a *makuti* (split cocoanut leaves) roof. It is a very dirty place, like most of the houses here, but still you are welcomed, especially if one of the sisters in particular is there. One day this sister told me she had been to see an old aunt (or sister, she called

her) who had been ill for ten years. The poor old thing was left alone, her slaves having deserted her when they found she was dying. Before leaving her, however, they had put some food in a plate on her chest that she might not starve, and then took themselves off. Having heard this the niece went round to help the poor old dame in her last moments.

One day a man came and begged me to go and see an Arab lady who was very ill. The lady's name was rather a grand one, and I had a very Arabian Nights feeling as I followed the man, who carried a basket full of remedies which we packed on the chance of their being useful. We walked about two miles through *shambas*, and then came to a very pretty one highly cultivated with plenty of *muhogo* and coffee plants, and the paths bordered with pineapples, date trees, and papaw. After a while I saw the house, which seemed poor for the size of the *shamba*. I went in expecting to find farmers. Behold, as I entered the women's yard there met me a gentleman in full riding dress, his *kanzu* white as driven snow, his splendid sword and dagger dangling from his inlaid belt, his neck heavy with thick silver chains, a snow-white turban, and red silk waistcoat rich with embroidery, and on his feet highly ornamented sandals. This magnificent vision stood in the middle of the yard and made me the most beautiful bow. For a moment I felt quite shy, but I knew how much the Arabs think of manners, and I said to myself, 'Think it is a charade,' and

I felt inspired with a bow which I truthfully think matched his. Then we both advanced and bowed again ; one bow is a poor piece of work in the East. I had an idea that three was the proper thing, but was glad to find that two sufficed. He asked me to come and see his wife, and led the way into a large *baraza* built of wattle and daub, with a thatched roof. This barn (it was like nothing else) was divided very roughly into compartments, and there, in a little room like a horse-box, lay the poor woman. There were six or eight other women round her, several nearly as fair as English women, which is a sign here of good birth. The poor creature herself was horribly dirty, and the smell of the place was overpowering.

‘ Shall you want me to interpret for you, *Bibi* ? ’ asked my lord in polite but most unwilling tones. He struck me all the time as a man doing a thing he hated, because he was under orders. So I said, ‘ I cannot speak Swahili very well yet, sir, but I can understand almost anything.’ He smiled with infinite relief. ‘ You know quite enough for us here, *Bibi*,’ and forthwith he took a hasty farewell. When I first went and looked at the miserable creature in the *kitanda*, I could hardly bring myself to touch her. But feeling intensely ashamed of myself, I washed her horrible ulcer and made a poultice, which relieved her greatly, and then I gathered all the women round me in the outer room and said every single thing must be washed, unless they all wanted to get some dreadful disease themselves. I thought

that would touch them, and it did, for several of them at once said they felt ill, and asked me for medicine. By this time the sun was very hot, and they offered me a donkey, which I had to ride without a saddle. The next day I came back and found everything perfectly clean and the patient much better ; but two more bad cases from among the slaves were waiting for me outside. I was utterly puzzled by one, a woman who looked hardly human ; I thought she had been poisoned, but found that she was an earth-eater. She was most unwilling to show her tongue, which was all red with the earth off the walls. The other women made a great joke of it, and said, ' She will die soon, and *Shetani* (the devil) will have her body and soul.' Earth-eating is a very common disease in Africa, and the craving for it becomes so acute that the sufferer refuses all other food and eventually dies in a miserable condition.

The other slave they were evidently anxious to save, and they promised to send her into the hospital. The next time I visited my patient she was astonishingly better, and most grateful.

And so the work goes on day by day, here a little and there a little, nothing to show and very little to write about, but we trust and pray that the leaven is working in the measure of meal, and that some day the blessing of God will leaven the whole lump.

## XIV

## A CHRISTIAN VILLAGE IN AFRICA

IN 1871 Bishop Tozer \* bought the plantation of Mbweni, which has grown, and to-day has all the appearance of being a happy Christian village. It is beautifully situated near the sea, and is about four miles from Zanzibar city.

You find there pretty well all that you expect to find—the church, the schools for boys and girls, the dispensary, and the village shop. Then there are the clergy, the school teachers, the nurse, the policeman, and all the other sorts of people, big and little, young and old, that one sees in a village in Christian England. They are all the same, yet they are all so different! but, in spite of differences of climate, colour, and environment, ‘there’s a touch of nature that doth make the whole world kin,’ and nowhere is this better seen than in this village of Christian Africans at Mbweni.

First let me mention the children. I do not mean the orphan boys and girls who have lived in the Mission since childhood, but those children who attend the day schools, and who live with

\* The second Bishop of the Universities’ Mission.



their parents and foster-parents in the village and neighbourhood. In the last few years the numbers of these day children have doubled, and the parents do try to look after their children, and see that they come regularly to school.

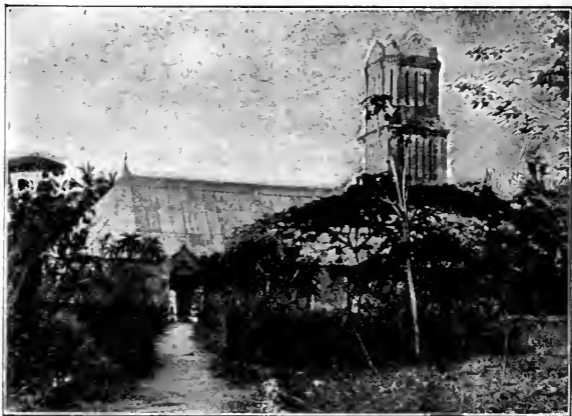
Every morning about eight o'clock you will meet boys and girls trudging off to the schools at Kilimani and Mbweni. You see the infants strapped by a cloth to the backs of the elder girls or mothers, and the younger girls carrying their lunch of bananas, or a mango, on their backs in the same fashion—a good make-believe for a doll. Their education is conducted exactly on the lines of a national school in England, save that there is more technical work, such as plaiting, mat-making, basket-making, &c. ; also, they do a lot of out-door work, hoeing and planting. In the late afternoon they go back to their homes. Then some of them help their mothers to draw water and cook the evening meal of rice or sweet potatoes, with its relish of a farthing's worth of fresh fish or dried shark.

Others play at cooking. One little girl you will see pounding some sand in half a cocoanut shell, and pretending it is the flour of Indian corn ; another is collecting leaves and sticks, and will bake a beautiful mud pie. The boys will probably be occupied with football or bathing, or building warships and tramcars out of pieces of old tins ; this goes on until the sun sets at six o'clock, when they all collect for the evening meal.

After that they tell stories for their own

and their parents' edification, until drowsiness comes upon them, and they roll themselves up for the night, lying on the ground in their huts like so many puppies or kittens.

The parish church, which is dedicated to S. John the Evangelist, stands in the middle of the village. Here, at seven o'clock every Sunday



THE PARISH CHURCH.

morning, you will find a crowded congregation of nearly 200 Africans, who come together for the great service of the week. It is the sung celebration of the Holy Eucharist, with Litany and sermon.

This first service is the great act of worship in which everyone of our converts is taught that it is his or her bounden duty to take a part. Matins is said at ten o'clock, and there is

catechising for young and old in the afternoon. During the week there are services every day of some kind, as well as in the school chapels. The attendance is not large, though it would compare favourably with any parish at home.

The church is served by a European padre and a native deacon. The latter is the Rev. John Swedi, who was baptised by Bishop Tozer on S. Bartholomew's Day, 1865. Teacher John, as the people call him, has seen much service in the Mission, and has been stationed at Mbweni for the last ten years. European priests come and go, but John stays on, linking the past with the present, very ready, from his ripe and long experience, to help with counsel and advice the white pastor, who has to settle the numerous 'cases' that arise in the oversight of a black flock. He also takes his share in the 'classes,' about which it may be worth while to say something.

The Mission plantation of Mbweni is surrounded by others belonging to the Government and to Indian traders. On these live many heathen Africans, who have no religion except one of devil- and spirit-worship.\* There are always some among them who come and inquire what the religion, that is taught at Mbweni, is all about. Eventually some persevere, are baptised, and form part of the congregation at Mbweni church, though actually they live some distance away from the Christian village. During their time of inquiry they are placed in what is called

\* See p. 85.

the hearers' class; but they are not allowed to enter the church. They are taught who and what God is, and what He wants man to be, as illustrated in the Old Testament. When they have learnt what sin is, and how God hates it, then they are taught about the promise and coming of a Saviour. This lasts about a year, and then those who are desirous are made catechumens, and 'receive the cross,' as they call it. They make promises to give up certain heathen customs, and to follow certain Christian customs. They are allowed to attend some part of the church services and sit near the door of the church. At this stage they are taught more fully about the life and work of our Lord. If they have attended regularly twice a week, and are in earnest, after another two years their special preparation for Holy Baptism begins.

In 1907 a school was started to teach reading and writing to adult heathens and Mohammedans who live in the neighbourhood. It flourished wonderfully for three months, and then suddenly broke up and died; the reason being that the Mohammedan teachers in the neighbourhood saw the danger, and used all their influence to prevent pupils continuing to come to the school. Although no definite religious instruction had been given, they saw that teaching people to read was only a means to an end, the end being that the pupils were enabled to take copies of the Scriptures to their homes and read them. This actually happened, and in consequence the



THE DISPENSARY.



Mohammedan teachers took action, with the result aforementioned. But even this spasmodic effort to get into closer touch with our neighbours has not been without some good result.

A hearers' class on an Indian's *shamba* between here and Kiungani has produced seven adults for the catechumenate in a year, and we continue to get other people from the neighbouring *shambas* into these classes.

The total number of 'adherents' is about 335, and of these, 160 make their communion on festivals, when there is a splendid congregation. There is also a goodly number of regular communicants every Sunday.

The dispensary is an important institution in the village. Its present home is the building that was used as the first church at Mbweni thirty years ago, built by the Rev. Arthur West.

It is open to all, Christian and heathen alike, every morning from 8 A.M. till 11 o'clock, and the daily number of patients is about twenty. Many people come from the surrounding neighbourhood, because they have great faith in our remedies.

This dispensary brings the Mission into contact with people whom it would not otherwise touch.

The nurse reigns supreme in this department. She also looks up the sick in their own homes, for unless this is done the patients never seem to take their medicine properly. A short while ago she put a mustard-plaster on a patient, and

left instructions that it was to be removed when it became unbearable. She was prevented from going to see him again for two days, and then she found to her horror that the identical plaster was still on! Happily, Africans have tough skins, and the patient rather enjoyed than otherwise the counter-irritant.

But the nurse has other cares as well—chiefly the old and infirm released slaves who came to the Mission in early days, and who are now quite unable to support themselves, and have no relations to help them.

The fund for supporting these is kept going through the kindness of friends in England, and many of these old pensioners have patrons who pay yearly a sum of money towards their support.

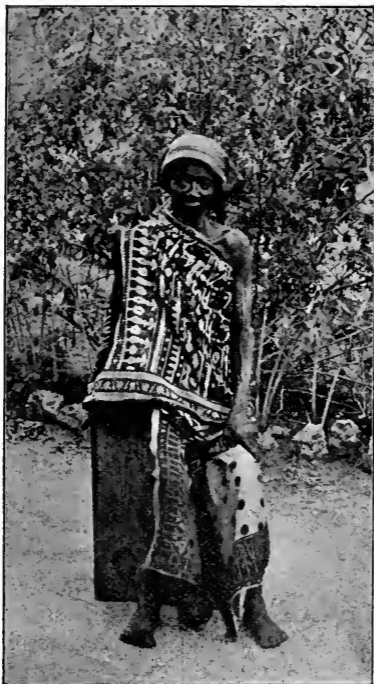
The majority of the able-bodied Christians in the village find their own means of livelihood. Some go to town as messengers, gardeners, &c. Others dig stone on the seashore, make roofing material from the leaves of the cocoanut palm, and work their own small holdings, where they plant cassava, potatoes, Indian corn, and various kinds of beans. Relief work is provided for about thirty women—widows most of them—who work every morning under the supervision of the head overseer or policeman.

These people keep the roads mended and tidy, help to collect the cocoanuts four times a year, hoe in the banana plantations, and do the many jobs that naturally crop up on a large estate.

If you ask the oldest inhabitants of Mbweni



who it was that planted the tallest and most fruit-bearing trees on the Mission estate they name



ONE OF THE OLD AND INFIRM.

men such as Archdeacons Johnson and Hodgson, Mr. Joseph Williams, and Mr. Clarke, and the many young trees, that are now beginning to bear, they tell you were planted by Mr. (now Sir



CARRYING COCOANUTS.

John) Key. These pioneers planted many other trees—oranges, lemons, cloves, custard-apples, jack-fruit, mangoes and such-like, all of which we enjoy in their season; but the trees that form the glebe, and have become a permanent endowment to the Mission, are the coconuts. This work is practically left in the hands of Ibrahimu, the head overseer, except that the padre receives every day the tally of trees climbed, and the number of nuts collected, and does the necessary book-keeping. Ibrahimu generally has at work with him three men climbers, who get a pice ( $\frac{1}{4}d.$ ) for every tree they go up. Also twenty women, who collect the fallen nuts, and carry them to the

storehouse. These latter receive 14 pice ( $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ ) for their day's work.

At Mbweni we have several young men, who, having passed through Kilimani, and in some cases Kiungani, and being found unsuitable for the teaching profession, became 'industrial boys.' They tried the professions of cooks, carpenters, house-boys, &c., and again were found to be 'not wanted,' either owing to the stress of Indian competitors, or because of their own sins. And so, lest they should lose hope, and drift away, and get lost in the wicked heathen world around, we gave them the despised slaves' tools, the hatchet and the hoe, and coaxed them into work, and now they appear to be living happily as good and useful citizens. They receive a wage of half-a-crown a week, and have been employed chiefly in reclaiming overgrown parts of the plantation, where we shall plant young cocoanut trees, which in ten years' time ought to yield more than fifty nuts per annum, and will greatly increase the value of the plantation.

I find, from the accounts, that the profits for a year are £200, which covers the cost of all the labour mentioned above, the wages of native clergy, overseers, &c., and all the repairs and renewals to the many and various houses and buildings on the plantation. But Mbweni cocoanuts are more than this. 'A man plants pears for his heirs,' so we are told at home. And we are doing the same with cocoanuts in Zanzibar. Who knows but that with another fifty years

the white missionaries will have left the native church in the island in the hands of a native ministry? And if this be the case a well-stocked plantation of cocoanut trees will be the best endowment we can leave for the nucleus of their stipends.

We often dream that dream, and see that vision of black pastors in white cassocks receiving tithes of cloves and cocoanuts from their black sheep in the country villages.

Space forbids me to say much about the village shop or market-place, where every conceivable kind of vegetable and fruit is sold, and where people bargain, wrangle, and gossip; it is here that the Swahili women plait each other's hair, and the men shave each other's heads; it is here they have their dances on wedding days and at festival seasons, such as Christmas and Easter.

It is in these and countless other ways that black people and white seem to resemble each other so closely, and make a Christian village in Zanzibar seem so like one in England.

C. C. F.

## CHAPTER XV

MISSION BABIES : STORIES OF CHILDREN  
IN THE LITTLE BOYS' HOME

No woman who cared anything at all for children could withstand the fascination of a black baby; and yet I confess with shame that the first time I saw one I thought it a most repulsive little creature, but that was before they had crept into my heart and taken possession of it in their helplessness and need.

I had been two years in Zanzibar before I had charge of a real baby boy. In my first family of fourteen released slave boys, Benny was six years old and John seven, and they both received a good deal of extra attention, as they were the youngest.

John was extraordinarily small for his age, and looked like a child of three or four; he was a sharp, taking little chap, with flashing black eyes and rows of pearly teeth; his mother was Mary Aliangu, whose gratitude has been mentioned in an earlier chapter.

Then came Alban, who was only three. His mother had been a slave, and with her three

children lived at the mission village of Mbweni,\* and being released herself, it came to our ears that she was trying to make a little money by selling her children ; I believe the charge was not fully proved, but Bishop Steere thought it advisable to ensure the safety of the children by taking them into the schools as boarders. Alban was the youngest of the three children, but though only three years old he could hardly be called a baby. He had already been to a day-school, and had learnt to read, but he generally held his book upside down and repeated its contents by rote. He also knew most of the things which it would have been better for him not to have known. Soon after my arrival in Zanzibar, Bishop Steere told me that any child of three who had lived in the island knew all the evil that he could possibly learn. At the time I thought the Bishop must be exaggerating, but Alban opened my eyes, and proved how terribly true the Bishop's words were. For though Alban was a charming little boy, he was pretty old in the ways of this wicked world.

After him, following close on his heels, came Theodore. Bishop Steere thought he was about eighteen months old, and writes of him :

' On August 1 (1881) nineteen slaves came to us from the Consulate ; three of them were quite infants, between two and three years old, without mothers. Two of them, who are little boys, are in Miss D. Y. Mills' care. The youngest is one of the quaintest, pertest little baby boys you ever saw,

\* See Chapter XIV.

with an answer for everyone.' Mromo, which was his Swahili name, had been fattened up on board ship, and showed no signs of hardship or ill-treatment ; but Mkwaya (baptised Julius),\* a little chap of three who came with him, was nothing but eyes, bone, and skin, and his appetite was simply appalling. Whenever he saw me, he seized my hands or dress, and said in an emphatic voice, '*Ny-a-ma*' (meat). I explained gently to him that he could not have meat at odd moments, but that he would be fed three times a day. For a moment he stared with his mouth wide open, and eyes jumping out of his head, and then in a voice of utter incredulity replied, 'You say I shall be fed three times a day ; *you are a liar.*'

Mromo and Mkwaya, with one or two other small ones, were baptised as infants soon after their arrival.

Just before going to church, Mromo bustled up to me with a mysterious air, and asked, '*Bibi*, finished to be baptised, shall we go our way to heaven directly ?' It was hard to have to tell him that he must wait a bit, and he was by no means pleased with my answer.

He and Julius (unlike many of those who came at the same time) are still waiting : God grant that they may arrive.

There are many stories I could tell of Theodore—he was always a wise child and withal very

\* Julius is now married and doing very well as a Government clerk at Tundaua ; he has two little boys of his own.

practical. While he was still quite small, one of our many visitors asked what his tribe was. Before I could answer, a boy one shade bigger replied, 'That child, he is too small, he has no tribe.'

Mr. Geldart\* always called him the 'full stop.'

There was one story about him which Bishop Steere took great delight in telling. As he was the baby he was always dressed in white, though the other boys wore blue on working days. Theodore's little shirt was changed more than once in the day, but in a few hours he was invariably quite grubby again. 'You little pig,' I used to say to him, and the boys, who at that time knew no English, thought this was a term of endearment, well suited to the family darling. One day Theodore ran up to Bishop Steere, to whom all the boys were most devoted, put both his hands on his knees, and looking up in his face with a winning smile, said, 'You likool piggi.' How the Bishop enjoyed it, saying merrily, 'It is very easy to see where you have been educated, young man.'

Soon after Theodore's arrival he met with an accident which might have ended very seriously. It was on a Sunday, when English Evensong was at five o'clock. I generally stayed at home with the boys, and went with them to the Swahili service, but on this occasion one of the Kiungani teachers had offered to relieve me, so I had gone to church. The service was over, and we were just leaving the cathedral when Mr. Jones-Bateman (afterwards

\* The schoolmaster at Kiungani.



Archdeacon) came up to me with a very perturbed countenance, and said, ' Will you come at once? I am afraid the baby is hurt.'

I flew to the house, and was met in the porch by the whole bevy of boys, some saying one thing and some another, and you may imagine my relief when the teacher delivered the baby into my arms, roaring with all the power of his infant lungs.

It appeared that they had all come upstairs to await my return on the verandah, the front of which was entirely unprotected; one of the boys proposed to play at pushing, and he and the baby did it with such zest that the latter was pushed over the edge, falling some thirteen feet into the garden below, the other boy tumbling over with him. It seemed quite miraculous that beyond a few scratches and a small lump on the baby's head neither of them was hurt; they had fallen on a sandheap.

When Mr. Jones-Bateman remarked on the wonder of it to the Arab steward, he felt rather rebuked by his answer: ' Ah, sir, they are children; the angels bear them up.' Our thoughts flew at once to the picture of ' The Guardian Angel,' which from that time adorned our walls.

English mothers will be sure to ask, why, with so many children about, we did not have some means of protecting the open verandah.

This was one of the first questions I asked Bishop Steere, and his reply was that no railing or low wall, such as we should naturally build in England, would be any sort of protection to a black child, who

would at once climb to the top of it, and so be in far greater danger of a fall ; and this was abundantly proved when the school was moved to Kilimani, where the verandahs were protected with walls, on which the boys generally sat !

One night when I had been obliged to punish Theodore for some fault, he remarked to one of the boys in a withering tone, ' Ah, one day I shall be a man, but she will never be anything but a woman.'

Theodore has been married for some years, and has a charming little son of his own, who bears the honoured name of Percy Lisle, after Archdeacon Jones-Bateman, and pursues his education at Kilimani.

My next baby was Tito. I expect a good many of my readers have seen a picture of him in one of our magic lantern slides, where he is held in the arms of a tall sailor, who stands at the back of a large group of released slaves, waiting in front of the British Consulate. Tito's real babyhood must have begun on board ship. There is a sad story told of his mother by the slaves, who were in the dhow with her. She had two children, one of which was even smaller than Tito ; the poor little starved thing did nothing but cry and wail, and an Arab caught it on his spear and pitched it into the sea ; the mother, mad with grief, jumped in after it, and they just let her drown. The boys when they told me this story added, ' And oh, *Bibi*, it was a beautiful little child, and you would love to have had it !' The tender-hearted bluejackets took the motherless

little Tito to their hearts, and could not do enough for him. They made him a little cot out of an empty oil box, and fed, washed, and nursed him by turn. But the one who specially fathered him was the tall man in the picture, and he consigned him to my care with tears in his eyes, saying, 'I'd like to keep the little chap, but he will be better with you.'

As to the baby, he roared and howled and kicked at being parted from his *baba*, and clung to him with arms and legs, terrified at the sight of my strange white face.

We had quite a nursery after his arrival, for only a few weeks later Richard came from Masasi. He was taken prisoner with his mother in the Magwangwara raid,\* knocked on the head and left for dead by the roadside, where his father found him, and shortly after brought him down to Zanzibar; such a timid, sickly mite; it was years before he showed any signs of real life.

He was such a naughty mite too—would hold his medicine in his mouth till we thought he had swallowed it, and then quietly spit it out when we were not looking. Once we found a whole lot of quinine tabloids hidden under his mat, and we had wondered why the quinine did not lower his temperature!

And on the top of these four came baby Sefu.

Sefu had the misfortune to be a *kigego*, which means he cut his lower teeth before the upper ones; he was the son of a small chief or headman, who was a catechumen at Mamboia. This erratic

\* See p. 217.

tooth-cutting is supposed to herald fearful misfortunes on the tribe, which can only be averted by the death of the unlucky child. The tribe therefore demanded that the babe should be handed over for slaughter, but the chief, being a catechumen and almost a Christian, wished to save his child, so sent him away to the forest with an *ayah*, who managed to hide him for some months ; then one of the headmen of the village died, and his death was quickly followed by that of another, both of which misfortunes were laid to the account of the hapless baby, and the cry for his death grew more and more clamorous.

Then the poor distracted father smuggled the child to the missionary's house, believing it to be the only way to save him.

The missionary's wife took tender care of him till they were able to send him safely down to Zanzibar, with two women and another child. The baby was nine months old, the smallest scrap I ever saw for that age, with a little wizened, pathetic face and one tuft of hair standing straight up on his head. How we loved that child !

The boys almost worshipped him, and vied with each other in doing all the hundred and one little jobs that a small baby entails.

The missionary who sent him to us begged that he might be called Sefu, his wife having chosen that name for him, and the first smile that brightened his wan little face was when the cross was made on his forehead at his baptism ; we all noticed the radiant gleam of joy that brightened every sad

little feature, as the Saviour claimed him for His own. - Surely the devil had done his worst, and the reign of the Holy Spirit had begun and guided the little new-born Christian straight and sure to his heavenly Father's arms.

I believe we all knew that Sefu would not live very long, and perhaps for that very reason we loved him all the more. I could fill a whole book with stories about him, but most mothers have plenty to say about their babies, and it is not always interesting to their hearers.

One thing about Sefu, which is not at all common with black babies, was that he never seemed so happy as when in church.

It was quite against my custom to take the very small ones to daily services, but Sefu would not be left at home ; directly the bells began to ring, at 6 A.M., he would come running into my room, crying, ' Mama, the bells ; come to church.' And he always behaved beautifully, kneeling by me with his hands tightly clasped, and a look of child-like joy and reverence on his face as he gazed straight at the altar.

I often wondered what visions were unfolding themselves to his baby faith as he worshipped in the Presence of his Lord.

One day, when we were coming home after Evensong, where we had been singing the carol, ' What star is this in heaven so bright ? ' he pointed to a single star which was shining in the evening sky, and to the boys' great delight said, ' Look at the star in heaven so bright.'

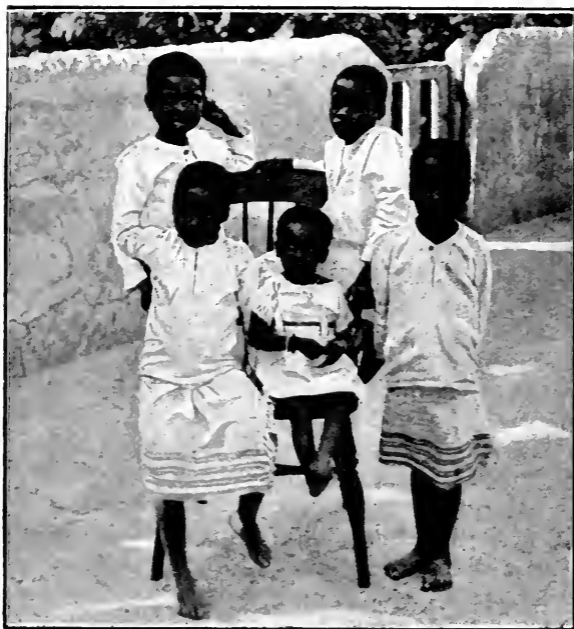
Once one of the little boys was very ill ; I always went to say his prayers with him, night and morning. One day Sefu ran in after me, and when we had finished he knelt down by the bed, and said, ' Jesus, cure him.' The child, who was really very ill, got well, and the boys said it was because the baby prayed for him. And doubtless they were right.

We were always hoping against hope that our baby would one day pick up and get strong and well, but though he occasionally showed signs of improvement it never lasted, and when he was two years and six months old he began to get very weak and ill, could not eat, and said his head and back hurt him. The doctor could not find anything really wrong with him, but nothing did him any good.

He was quite happy as long as I nursed him, and when I was at work used to lie on a little couch, which we carried about so that he could always be near me. It was very sad to see him dwindling day by day, with a pathetic, patient look on his sweet little face, for he was never cross or fretful, and always ready to laugh or play with the boys when not in pain.

The end came very suddenly, as it so often does with these fragile little children who have no sort of constitutions, and, like flowers, droop and die in a day. The boys were playing outside, and I had given up sewing, and was having an idle time with my baby on my lap. He had a pretty little way of nursing and kissing my hands as he lay there ;

all in a moment he dropped them, and reaching up his arms to my neck, said, 'Mama, let us go.' And so he responded to his Saviour's call.



FRANCIS

Another baby reigned over us.

But our hearts were very sad, and I at any rate grudged him sore, for when the presence of a little child is removed the gap gapes very wide indeed in the home. It had been so good for the older boys

to have their baby brother, to whom they had to be kind and tender, and it took us a long time to get reconciled to his loss ; in fact I don't think we ever did till Francis came, and in some measure filled the void in our hearts.

We were in school, hard at work, when Mr. Clarke appeared at the door with a beaming face. ' Do you want a *BABY* ? ' he asked.

Imagine the excitement of mother and sons.

Upstairs we all ran after Mr. Clarke as hard as ever we could go, and there in the porch were some of our Christian women with three babies, two of them girls of about eighteen and ten months old, and the sweetest baby boy you ever saw, only five months old.

We took possession of him with joy overflowing, and so another baby reigned over us, to our infinite content.

Their story was this : A Christian from Mombasa (a Christian, it would seem, without much Christ) picked them up on the shore near Dar-es-Salaam, at different times, we supposed, but his story was not very coherent. He brought them to Zanzibar, as he said, ' to have them well baptised,' but a rumour reached Mr. Clarke's ears that the man was putting them up to auction in the town, and Mr. Clarke, being priest-in-charge, had him promptly escorted to the Consulate, and the babies were handed over to our care.

They went by the name of *viokote* (pickups).

The two little girls were sent to Mbweni and boarded out on the *shamba* till old enough to go



into the girls' house. One of them, Jane Wallace, is now married ; the other died young.

Our little Kiokoti\* was a great darling.

I was not very well at this time, and the doctor ordained that I must not have a baby to sleep with me, so we hired a nice Christian woman named Mercy for his night nurse, and she carried him off every evening at 7 P.M., but all day long he lived with us.

A story travelled far and wide about the feeding of this baby, and came back to us from Lamu. 'It was a great sight,' so it ran, 'to see Miss Mills feeding her baby ; she sat with him on her lap, a boy kneeling in front of her holding a large basin of Neave's food, † from which the baby was fed spoonful by spoonful, while all the fifty boys stood round lost in admiration.'

Kiokoti was baptised the Sunday after his arrival, taking the name of Francis, after our dear Nurse Frances Jervis Shaw, who was his godmother.

He behaved in a most unseemly way during the service, putting out his tongue, and spitting in the face of the priest when he took him in his arms, but the boys, with probably clearer vision, said he was spitting at the devil, who was hovering round trying to get him.

Our baby grew and prospered. 'Surely,' as Archdeacon Jones-Bateman once wrote of him, 'the sweetest child that ever lived.'

I never saw such a perfectly fearless child—it

\* A very small find.

† No other food agreed with him.

was a sight to see him on the donkey's back, or feeding him with corn and pushing his head away when he thought he was eating too fast. There were two huge dogs belonging to some one in the town, who were taken out for exercise every afternoon on Nazi Moja; the boys were all terrified at them and kept a very respectable distance, but one day, rather to my terror, I saw Francis with a caressing arm round the neck of each.

When Bishop Tucker of Mombasa (now Uganda) paid us a visit, he was immensely taken with Francis, who ran out to the door to meet him. The Bishop picked him up, and kissing him, said, 'I have a little boy just this age.'

Francis was very devoted to his godmother, whom he always called *Glanny* (Granny). When he was nearly three years old she went on furlough to England, and the boys told him she had gone away in a ship. Soon after she had gone, we were all asked to tea on H.M.S. *Boadicea*, the flagship, which was in harbour. A very special invitation was sent to the baby, who was well known to the sailors, and often had many pice slipped into his hands by them when they met us on our walks abroad. They were enchanted to have him on board, and couldn't make enough of 'the dear little chap.' Francis examined every corner most carefully, and seemed to be looking for and expecting to see some one, and at last he said wistfully, 'Mama, where's *Glanny*?' He had expected to find her on the ship.

Alas, alas! all our love could not keep our baby with us.

*Now* I can be thankful that he and Sefu were both so soon taken from the evil to come, but then their deaths left me broken-hearted. It was in this way: Francis was in my room with me, playing while I wrote; a wide verandah ran outside the windows overlooking the boys' playground. Some one called me; I left the baby in my room and went to the door. The child, who had grown very venturesome, heard the boys playing below, slipped past me unnoticed and ran out on to the verandah, and, I suppose, looking over the edge, lost his balance and fell.

The priest-in-charge, who was teaching the first-class boys at the time, picked him up screaming and brought him to me.

He stretched out his little arms to me, and that was his last conscious effort. He lived about one hour and then just fell asleep, apparently without any pain.

These two precious babies are buried side by side at Ziwani, but they are never far from my thoughts.

Paul came to us when he was two years old, after we had moved to Kilimani. He was a thoroughly miserable little specimen of humanity when he arrived. Both he and his mother had been patients in the hospital in Zanzibar, and his mother died there. He very soon began to pick up, and was soon as merry and jolly as the best of the boys. He was a naughty little chap, and the amount of

mischief he managed to get into was appalling, and to my mind this made him doubly attractive. I wonder why it is that we always prefer the naughty ones? I will only attempt to tell of one of his pranks, which might have had a very serious ending.

I had not been very well, and was lying down with a bit of fever one afternoon. All the elder boys were in school, but the little ones had just come out, and some of them were playing quietly in my room. Presently Paul said, 'It is now time for tea.' He always looked forward to afternoon tea, as he had his bread and milk at the same time. I told him it would not be teatime for another hour, and as I was more than half asleep, never noticed that he had gone out of the room till I started up nearly choked with a horrid smell of oil and burnt matches. Outside on the verandah we had a little stove arrangement with a kettle, and this no one was allowed to touch but the boy who attended to our meals. There, if you please, was that naughty Paul, a whole boxful of burnt matches scattered on the floor around him, the stove blazing and smoking, with the wick turned up some inches too high, he himself with the kettle in one hand and a cocoanut ladle in the other, carefully and happily filling it with water from a bucket, a smile of intense satisfaction on his face, and his little thin frock blowing hither and thither in the draught, most perilously near the blazing stove; it was terrible to think what might have happened had he tried to put the kettle on. I took off his blackened and wet little frock and popped

him into bed, telling him he must stay there till it was dry—a form of punishment to which he had a very strong objection.

He roared sadly and loudly for quite ten minutes, and then forgot his ignominy in sleep which lasted



PAUL.

till supper-time, when he was meek and penitent, and confessed that he knew he had done wrong (*nimekosa*), but he had wanted to tell Kato when he came to light the stove, 'The water has finished to boil.'

Contemporary with Paul was Stanley, a victim of the bombardment of Zanzibar by the English in 1897. His mother, who lived in the palace, was flying through the narrow streets with her baby tied on her back, when a soldier fired at her. The shot passed through the baby's leg, the mother's back, and the baby's other leg.

Contrary to all expectation, the mother got quite well, but the baby was obliged to have first one leg and then the other amputated, and never recovered, though he lived for about a year.

His mother was quite willing to leave him in the care of the Mission, callously observing, 'What is the good of a child with no legs?' Paul and Stanley were great friends. Soon after the arrival of the latter, Paul asked me, 'Can God love a child without legs?' and when I told him God would love him all the more, he opened his eyes and said, '*Ajabu*' (a wonder). It was a terribly pathetic sight to see poor little Stanley nursing his stumps; he was such a fine, beautiful child, but dwindled week by week to a mere shadow, and one could only feel thankful when his time of suffering was passed. Paul is now growing up. One of his last feats was to chop off three fingers of his right hand in the printing press. He is, I hear, looking out for a sweetheart. He was the last of the babies who were more especially my own.

D. Y. M.

## XVI

## A CHRISTIAN OVERSEER

EDWARD began his Christian life in Mbweni village. Rescued from a slave dhow when a young man, he was handed over to the Mission during Bishop Steere's episcopate, and was stationed on this plantation, which was then entirely occupied by released slaves. Here he was baptised after due instruction, and here he found a wife, who was afterwards baptised by the name of Orpah.

When Bishop Steere took a party of these released slaves and established them at Masasi,\* in the Rovuma country, Edward and his wife went with them and settled there.

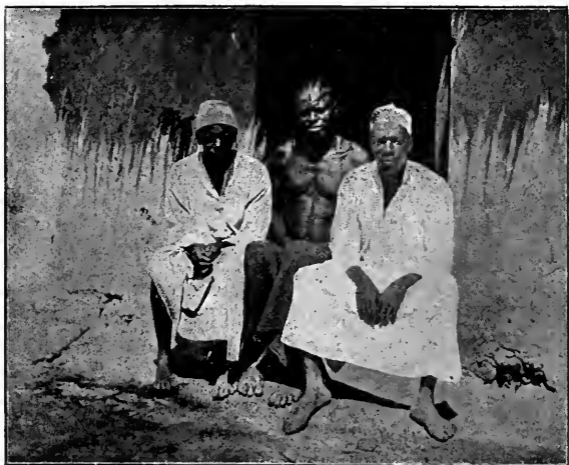
In 1881 Masasi was raided by a fierce and warlike tribe called the Magwangwara, who burnt and pillaged the station, killing some of the men and carrying off others with their wives and children.

Some months previously Edward had been sent to a distant village called Ngoi, by the priest-in-charge (Rev. Chauncy Maples), and when returning it appeared that he had nearly died of thirst; indeed, his agonies had been so intense that he was

\* For an account of this, see *History of the U.M.C.A.*

sorely tempted to shoot himself, but the thought of dying with that sin on his conscience restrained him, and after five days without food or water, he was at last able to quench his thirst at a pool.

It seems that he overheard the Magwangwara



EDWARD (ON LEFT) AND BASIL.

unfolding their future plans of raiding Masasi, all of which he faithfully recorded to Mr. Maples, with the immediate result that Edward and most of the relieved slave community were sent back to Mbweni, as it appeared certain that the Magwangwara would make another raid on the village, and the Mission felt quite unable to protect them.

At Mbweni Edward's sterling character ob-



tained for him the place of assistant overseer of the plantation, where he maintained his integrity in a very difficult position under a clever overseer who abused his trust. When this man was dismissed Edward became head overseer and did very good work, though he modestly says he was not a success, as it was not his way to use loud words or threaten witchcraft (as an ordinary African would do) to frighten people and make them work. His great wish was to influence others for good, and for this purpose he laboriously set to work under his friend Basil Kamna, a Kiungani boy, and actually learnt to read.

At this time Edward's son Alfred was living in the Little Boys' Home, then at Mkunazini, and when the father came in to see his boy it was a pretty sight to see them both holding a simple reading-book between them, the gentle, humble father taking a lesson from his little child. Though Edward had not the education to be a teacher, he had the greatest desire that his only son Alfred should be trained for Holy Orders. But to the great grief of his father, the boy persistently refused to stay on at Kiungani for the teacher's course, and chose to go to the Industrial House, where he was apprenticed to a mason.

Smallpox broke out among the boys, and when it was thought to be over they were all sent away while the house was disinfected. Alfred went to Dar-es-Salaam, where he died of a severe attack of this disease before his father, who was sent for, was able to get to him.

While Edward was away on this sad journey, his wife had, out of kindness, gone to help some neighbours, who were in trouble. But when their child died these people accused Orpah of causing its death by witchcraft, and proceeded to beat and abuse her.

When Edward returned to Mbweni, in deepest sorrow for the loss of his son, he fortunately came first to the priest-in-charge, who told him what had happened. He was naturally very much enraged, but waited till he had recovered himself before going back to his house to bear his double grief with Christian patience and forbearance. But after this he felt that he could no longer look upon Mbweni as his home, so when Sir John Key began work in Pemba some ten years ago he asked Edward to come and superintend the work there, a move which has been blessed to them both. From the beginning Edward has been overseer of the Mission *shamba* at Kisimbani, to which many released slaves come when they have obtained their freedom. He is responsible for their order and good behaviour, and overlooks all the agricultural work on the *shamba*; and both he and his wife have always set an example of industry and thrift. Those who work with Edward to-day see just the same qualities in the man which Mr. Maples found in him at Masasi. Perseverance and patience, absolute loyalty to those placed over him, courtesy to those who oppose him, always just and considerate to those working under him—these are still his characteristics,

He and his friend Basil Kamna, a mason by trade, who came to Pemba the same year that Edward did, saved up their money and now own a valuable plantation of clove trees, where there are forty or more people living, almost all of whom are Christians, or who come to classes for Christian instruction. Not only does Edward give the tithe of his clove profits to the Church Building Fund, but he has adopted, entirely at his own expense, several girls who would otherwise have had to be boarded out at the expense of the Mission, and they all look up to him as a father. One of these, Alice Mashaka, has been married to Yohana Penyewe, an old Kilimani schoolboy and only son of a Mbweni mason.

If it be true that 'genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, and spiritual genius is saintliness,' it is certainly exemplified in the good, simple life of Edward. I shall not quickly forget the impression made on a fellow-worker when he said, speaking of some moral lapses among the Christians: 'Well, after all it is not our work but His, *and we must just go on.*'

Nor shall I forget another occasion on the clove drying-ground, when he turned on some grumbling pickers, who were disappointed at not being able to squeeze more pice out of their already too kind masters; comparing them to the Israelites in the wilderness, he fairly rent them in pieces with his words. I thought it the best sermon I had ever heard.

One of the great faults of Africans who have

been slaves is, that they are always wanting something more, but Edward is the very opposite to this ; he even sometimes refuses to take part of his small weekly wage, saying he has not worked for it. We always feel we can implicitly trust him.

It would be easy to write much more about this gentle, pious African, but sufficient has been said to show the transforming power of God's Holy Spirit in the hearts and lives of those who were once considered the very offscouring of the earth—released slaves. It was always a pleasure to have a chat with Edward when he came to get the workpeople's money on Friday afternoons. At these times we generally gave him a cup of tea and some quinine, which he always said did his violent neuralgia, from which he suffers, a world of good.

It was a pleasure to meet him going on some errand wearing a lady's rejected straw hat tilted over his smiling face, and carrying a large black umbrella of Sir John's, which he had mended by fixing a patch of white calico to the top. It was a still greater pleasure, on Sunday's, to see him with his spectacles on the end of his nose, holding a hymn-book in one hand and an alms-bag in the other, doing his duty as churchwarden among those who respect him, and love to call him *Baba yetu msimamizi* (Our father, the overseer).

He is one in a thousand.

C. C. F.

## XVII

## MAMA KATE: AN AFRICAN SAINT

THE following story of one of the girls educated in the Mission school seems a most convincing answer to those who refuse to support missions on the ground that Christianity spoils the native.

Kate Mabruki, or *Mama* \* Kate, as she was always called, came to the Mission in May 1865. She was one of a great number of slaves rescued from a slave dhow by the boats of H.M.S. *Wasp* after a fearful hand-to-hand fight with the Arabs.

The slaves were taken to the Seychelles and there handed over to Bishop and Miss Tozer and Miss Jones, who were on their way to Zanzibar. Miss Tozer thus describes the scene: 'Tenderly lifting the tiny baby things out of the ship with rough kindly words, the sailors set them down, and they squatted patiently on the ground like tired black lambs. The sight of those fifty little creatures sitting round so patiently was quite touching, and I sat down and cried, for it was my first realisation of slavery—the first coming face to face with the hideous evil.'

From this party of fifty Bishop Tozer chose

\* *Mama* is the Swahili for 'mother.'

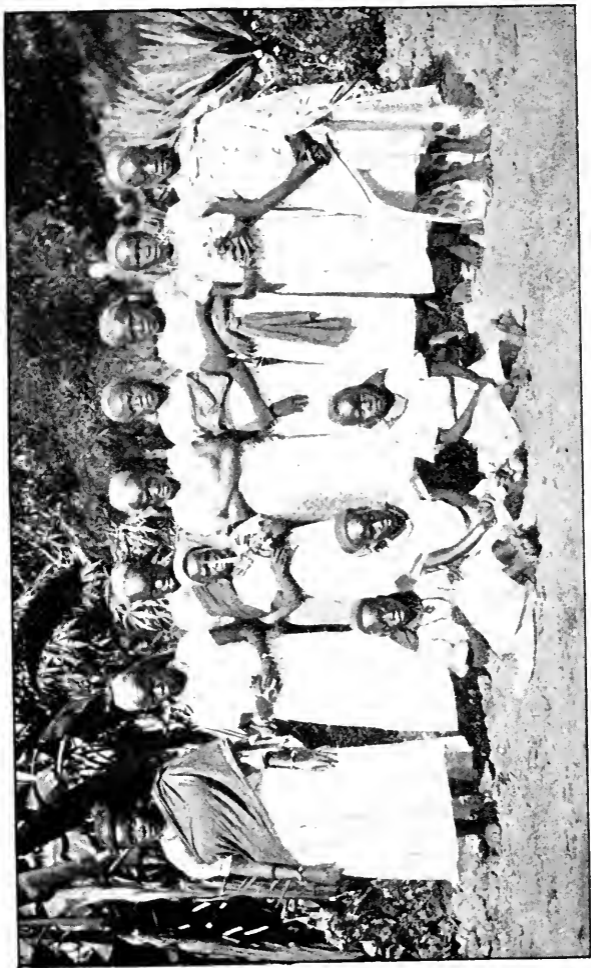
five boys and nine girls to take back to Zanzibar. Kate Kadamweli was one of the latter. It was on Ascension Day when her new life began.

We next hear of Kate living under Miss Jones's \* care in the part of the Mission House allotted to the girls. Miss Jones says: 'At this moment seven girls are seated hemming some handkerchiefs; Kate is the best needlewoman and really hems quite respectably.'

From time to time Miss Jones mentions her in letters, and she always bears the same steady, good character, till she begins to grow up, and then we hear: 'Kate is taller than I am, and the most advanced of all the girls in general intelligence. Her manner is sweet and pleasant, and she is good, obedient, and very teachable; but she has not much *head*, though she stands first in most things and is very trustworthy. She is not pretty or graceful, but has a very nice face and is such a useful girl. She and the other three girls who are confirmed are regular, and I feel sure devout, communicants. Out of school they read their Testament, and it is very pleasant to hear them singing hymns over their work.'

Kate was married in November 1870 to Francis Mabruki, who at that time was doing good work as a sub-deacon. They were married at Kiungani, where they lived for some time. Miss Pakeman writes at this time: 'I am quite proud of my married daughters [Mary Aliangu was the other], who are winning golden opinions by their nice,

\* The second woman worker in Zanzibar.



KATE (ON THE LEFT) AND HER CLASS AT MBWENI.





modest, staid behaviour since they attained to the dignity of married life.'

A little daughter was born to Kate and Francis in 1872, and their joy was very great. Miss Tozer tells of the baby's christening: 'Besides the boys and girls who stood round the font there were two proud mothers, Lucy Swedi and Kate Mabruki, who brought their tiny girls to be christened. The babies were called Florence and Marian after friends in England. But poor Kate did not keep her little daughter long; she had just begun to talk, and in a letter home the father tells with pride that "Florry can say the Lord's Prayer," and then her heavenly Father called her to His arms, and Francis writes pathetically: "I shall not forget her last little hand-shaking."'

After this Kate had many troubles; her husband went wrong, and finally left her and got work at some distance; but through all her troubles Kate went steadily on, living a good Christian life and helping in the girls' school at Mbweni. When Miss Thackeray first went out to Zanzibar in 1877, Kate had been carrying on the girls' school without any European help, and Miss Thackeray found her in the schoolroom, surrounded by girls, busy fixing the needlework which they were doing. She took a real interest in the children, and they all loved her, and Miss Thackeray found in her a valuable and sympathetic helper. Later on Kate went to live in Zanzibar. There she was a real power for good, and her life shone out a bright and pure influence among

her heathen surroundings. She knew the history of every Christian, and was particularly kind and helpful to those women who had fallen into sin, taking them into her own house, nursing them when ill, and trying to lead them to better ways.

Kate often helped at the Mission hospital, especially during the time of the plague, coming forward in her simple, quiet way to do what she could, without any thought of possible danger to herself. The matron of the hospital says of her: 'Kate is a perfect nurse and one of the most Christian women I have ever worked with. She was loved by everyone at the hospital, for she was most unselfish and full of sympathy. She would often sit up the whole night when it was her turn to be in bed, if she thought a patient was worse and the other nurse would not be able to manage alone. Once one of the Christian patients was taken suddenly ill in the night, and she got up at once and went to him and stayed till I came, and then she said, "Ah, *Bibi*, I was so glad to be able to say some prayers for him, as no padre was here and no other Christians."' '

And so she lived her quiet, useful life, a true mother to the little Christian community, 'the dearest woman that ever was,' as one of the Mission workers wrote of her, one to whom everyone carried their troubles, sure of her sympathy and help.

A worker says of her: 'Kate Mabruki came up to Magila about eighteen months ago in charge of a patient. She was standing in the corridor

when I first saw her, quite an unusual-looking figure, as she wore the Arab dress, tight trousers to the ankles, and a tunic of figured cotton material. She came to our house presently, and then I found



'SHE WORE THE ARAB DRESS.'

out who she was and took her upstairs and made a room ready for her. She stayed with us for several days, and was a very pleasant and agreeable companion. She went round to see several of the people whom she had known in former

days when they were in Zanzibar; all of them seemed delighted to see her. It was so pleasant and instructive talking to Kate, for she could tell all about the old days of the Mission, and saw from both the African and the European point of view, so one could talk quite freely to her. We had heard that she had given up her house in Zanzibar, so we tried to persuade her to come and live at Magila and teach and help the teachers and other women, but she seemed afraid to make such a venture. She struck me as being very truly religious, devout, absolutely reliable, and worthy of all the respect we could show her. She went over to spend some days at Korogwe, and was so afraid of missing the train that she said good-bye the night before and started about 6 A.M. for the hour's walk to the station—the train did not go till nine. I feel so glad now that she paid us this little visit and that we got to know her.'

Kate died rather suddenly. Just two days in hospital with lung trouble, and then she got rapidly worse, and 'fell asleep' at 7 P.M. 'What a saint she was,' said the Bishop of Zanzibar: \* 'one of the best, gentlest, sweetest women I have ever known. Everyone loved her. Her gentle, refined manners, her pretty English, which she spoke perfectly (with an accent rather like a Frenchwoman), her patience and devotion and self-sacrifice, made her an example to us all.' She was buried in the quiet peace of Mbweni

\* Dr. Hine.

churchyard, and a great crowd of people—more than have ever before been seen at a funeral, not Christians only, but many heathen who had learnt to respect her—gathered round her grave weeping for the 'Mother' who had been called home.

D. Y. M.



A WARD IN ZANZIBAR HOSPITAL.

## XVIII

## AN OLD DHOBI: A ZANZIBAR SKETCH

BACK in the early eighties, among the many people in Zanzibar with whom I came in contact, who were not Christians, but might most certainly be called friends, one old man stands out very prominently as being one of the most faithful and trustworthy Africans I ever met. This old man was no other than the boys' *dhobi* or washerman. In the early days of the Mission, before any tanks had been built to catch the rain-water, the scarcity of water during the dry season was a great difficulty, as it had all to be carried from a well at some distance on women's heads, and we were entirely at the mercy of these women, who often delayed our work for hours while they dawdled and gossiped with their friends round the well.

But if water was a difficulty in the dry season, drying clothes during the rains was a still greater one, and I know nothing more depressing than to see them hanging day after day in the house, apparently only getting damper in the process.

The infant boys in the Mission were at this time very small and weakly, so that, all things

considered, we found it better and cheaper to put the Sunday white clothes out to be washed, while the boys exercised their infant powers on the coloured ones in daily use.

When I speak of washing and drying, you must not conjure up clothes' lines hung with shirts, knickers, jackets, socks, vests, and collars; for few, straight, and plain were the boys' simple garments, which all the same mounted to a goodly pile by the end of a week.

The *dhobi* was supposed to come every second week on a Monday morning, and he always managed to arrive at the most awkward hours possible, either in the middle of school, dinner, or tubbing. I vainly explained to him that at certain hours we were always engaged, and gently suggested others as more suitable; he always listened and assented with deep respect, and with many protestations assured me that his one wish in this world was to do exactly as I wanted; but the following Monday he did just the same again, and it is my firm belief that he never understood a single word I said, for whatever language he may have spoken, it most certainly was not Swahili. Never mind, time with him was no sort of an object; patiently he sat himself cross-legged on the floor, and patiently he waited till the business on hand was finished, watching with deepest interest all that was going on.

I think he was one of the very ugliest Africans I have ever seen. We never found out his particular tribe, but he was as black as night, highly polished

and wrinkled, with many tribal marks deeply indented. His face, arms, and legs were pitted all over with smallpox, which he gave us to understand he had had badly as a youth. He had an enormous nose, if such a shapeless mass could be called a nose. His eyes were mere slits, but from them the light glinted and sparkled with wonderful fire. His mouth I can only describe as higgledy-piggledy, with enormously thick lips and rows of flashing white teeth—his one redeeming feature.

As befitted a *dhobi* he was always spotlessly clean, though his *kanzu* often hung in graceful rags and a second tattered loin cloth hid the deficiencies of the first. His head, which was clean-shaven, was surmounted by fold upon fold of white turban, and a rosary of large amber beads hung over one wrist.

He always told me that he should leave me the beads when he died, as I was his mother and child and a few other relations, but the rosary was evidently annexed by nearer if not dearer friends, and never came my way at all.

When at last we were ready to attend to him, the boys brought out the bundles of clothes, which I first counted aloud in English, and then he counted in a language and method very much his own; he would then appeal to the boys to know if my numbers were right, and repeat them after us in Swahili again and again with a great show of committing them to memory.

A slight haggling over soap followed, as he



always pathetically declared I did not give him nearly enough.

Left to themselves it is really astonishing the quantity of soap an African can use when washing clothes. That little matter amicably settled, he took off roll by roll half his turban, in which he proceeded to wrap the clothes, tying the bars of soap in the middle of them, and then securely knotting the corners of the turban he placed the huge bundle on his head and with a low salaam and the assurance that he would return them *kesho* (to-morrow) he took his departure. Experience teaches that *kesho* may mean any day *but* to-morrow, and it was generally three or four days and sometimes longer before he returned with the *kisibaus* neatly folded in bundles and exquisitely clean and smooth, though to him an iron was an unknown factor. Never was there a garment lost, and very few were ever torn, though I must confess he made some havoc with the buttons. He always carried the clothes miles away from Zanzibar town to the River Mwera, in which he washed them, drying them on the ground in the sun. And when I think of the vigilance it must have required to keep an eye on some sixty or more little garments spread out in an open and much-frequented thoroughfare, so that no passer-by ever had a chance to whip up one and carry it off, I am quite lost in admiration over his watchful care. During the fifteen years that he washed for the boys I never had any fault to find with him.

He was very fond of all the boys, and was always much interested in newcomers. Occasionally he would give some of his hard-earned pice (farthings) to the babies, for whom he appeared to have an especial affection.

For me he always professed deep attachment, calling me *mtoto wangu* (my child), or *mama* (mother), whichever term seemed most appropriate at the time, and indeed the delight with which he welcomed me when I returned from furlough was not only touching but most embarrassing, as he fervently embraced my hands, my feet, and my clothes, and laid his hands in blessing on my knees. But now comes the sad part, for in spite of his affection for us and ours for him, in spite of his long and faithful service, which proved there was real good stuff in him, we were, alas! never able to teach him anything, or guide his feet into the way of Life. He was like one of those ships which pass in the night—a night which never lifts.

It was a great grief to me, but it seemed quite impossible to make him understand, though both the elder boys and I made many attempts and talked much to him. He always listened, patiently and respectfully, but we could never delude ourselves into hoping that he understood enough to make any impression.

One thing he always emphatically asserted, that the English people were good, very good, and paid—‘yes, always paid without forgetting.’

The dear old man died just after we moved from the town to Kilimani; he was looking very

thin and worn, and had given up washing for us for some time, though he still paid us periodical visits. 'My strength is finished, all finished—I want rest,' he used to say, and who shall say he has not found it?

He certainly was a jewel, and I never met a *dhobi* who was his equal.

D. Y. M.



AN AFRICAN RIVER.

## XIX

## NURSING IN ZANZIBAR DIOCESE

NURSING in Zanzibar is like nursing in England, *with variations*. You have the hospital, the wards, the patients, the doctors, some of the red tape, the regulations, and the ordinary routine of English nursing, but all are different.

The hospital is a very pretty building, with balconies, or, as we call them, *barazas*, on three sides, on two of which little wards open out, and in these the European patients sleep. They are very like the patients we get in England, being *generally* English. They often have strong opinions of their own as to how much or how little quinine their constitutions require, and can usually instruct their nurses in many ways, especially if they are old 'Africans' and the nurses are new imports from the mother country. I know I learnt a great deal about tropical nursing from some of my patients.

Europeans are nursed as in nursing homes in England, and are given all the little luxuries that we can manage to procure.

The native wards are on the ground floor,

and are like, and yet most unlike, English wards.

There is the same row of little iron bedsteads on each side, with wire springs, but no mattresses,



AN INDIAN LADY ARRIVING AT THE HOSPITAL.

no sheets, hard Indian bolsters at the head, covered with pink and white cotton covers, which are sewn on, as buttons and tapes have a trick of disappearing in the wash, a piece of strong linen over the springs, sometimes a drawsheet; the

patient is covered with a coloured blanket, and that is all. Gay quilts, and soft, snowy sheets and pillows are conspicuously absent, and the patients never stay in bed when they feel able to get up. They have no clothes to be shut away in cupboards out of their reach; they sleep in their loin cloths, with their *kisibaus* folded, and laid under their pillows, and so they can be up and dressed in one minute, and out of the ward in another. They don't often go further than to the lower *baraza*, where they sit in the sun, and watch, and chat with the passers-by, and are within call when the doctor comes to visit the ward.

The floors of the ward are of asphalte, and are flooded with water and vigorously brushed down once a week; then all the patients who are well enough help the ward 'boy.' Some bring water, some wheel the beds to one side of the ward, completely clearing the other, then one empties a pail in front of the boy, who brushes the water about into the corners with a long-handled brush, such as is used for a stable-yard in England.

The nurse goes about in goloshes, superintending, pointing out skipped corners, taking temperatures and giving medicines under difficulties.

When night comes, all the patients wrap themselves from head to foot in their blankets, and go to sleep, but as soon as the day nurse leaves the ward, some one is sure to get up and carefully close all the windows to keep out evil spirits, as well as the night air. If anyone takes a fancy to

some one else's bed, or to a vacant one, now is the time to effect an exchange. Then when the night nurse comes with medicine for Tomaso, she finds Abdallah in his place, and has to find Tomaso amongst the eleven or twelve bundles, all looking exactly the same, like so many mummies.

Then the patients are very different to those we nurse in England. They are of very varied nationalities, habits, and dispositions. There is the Indian, who comes in for pneumonia, gets cured and dismissed, gets the disease again, and creeps in by the back door and takes possession of the bed he formerly occupied, without any preliminaries of diagnosis or permission. He knows what he wants, and calmly possesses himself of it.

There is the little *Banyan lady*, gentle and timid, so careful lest her food shall be defiled by a passing shadow or a careless touch, that she comes to the nurse in terror and distress because the African attendant is sweeping the wall near the muslin bag containing her store, which she has hung up beside her bed. She cannot eat any cooked food while an inmate of the hospital, for it is necessary for her to cook and eat it within certain marks on the floor without carrying it out of the sacred limits, and without leaving them herself until the meal is over; so she has to be content with milk, nuts, &c., brought in by her husband, and as she cannot get up her strength on so low a diet, she is sent home earlier than would otherwise have been desirable.

Then there is the *Greek baby*, who comes into hospital with his African *yaya*, and one day, when his doctor arrives, can nowhere be found, and is brought back an hour or two later by his nurse, with the airy excuse that she had been to the hairdresser's to have her hair plaited; a proceeding carried on in the street and extremely lengthy.

The *Somali boy* is a very charming patient, though he begins by going off his head, marching upstairs at night, and standing over the startled matron as she lies in bed, with a knife brandished in his hand. An alarming sight! but he was only appealing for protection, as his delirium took the form of imagining that the other patients had tried to kill him with the murderous-looking weapon. He is tall and active, very lively, bright, and intelligent, and takes an immense interest in his studies, coming to the nurses to help him to learn the catechism and prayers before going to his classes; but, like all Somalis, he is very hot-tempered, and requires a good deal of smoothing down when he gets angry with the other patients.

Once a patient came from Pemba with a badly broken leg. She was a slave, and had been so cruelly treated by her mistress that her fellow-slaves took compassion on her, and carried her to the Mission station, a distance of several miles, and placed her under the protection of Sir John Key, who sent her to Zanzibar Hospital. She was so scared that it was a whole fortnight before





PATIENTS.



anyone heard her say a single word, even to the African patients like herself, but she ended by becoming quite friendly, and fairly talkative. She never got quite well, and though she went back to Pemba, and lived with her friends, having been given her freedom, she had to be supported by the Mission until her death, about two years later. She had become a catechumen, and was baptised on her death-bed. I must not forget to mention the *Kiungani boy*, looking so spruce and well set up amongst the other Africans, with his gaily-bordered loin cloth, his immaculate white *kisibau* or *kanzu*, and his smart red cap. Very bright and pleasant to talk to, he reminds one of the English public schoolboy, eager to tell about the success of the school in football matches against the English sailors, and holding his head high among the other patients.

The *Mbweni girl* is, perhaps, not quite so attractive at first. She is evidently not used to bearing pain, and we have more trouble in getting her to take medicine, and to submit to hospital discipline, than we have with any other patient; but she has her good qualities, and is lovable like all Africans, and capable of great self-sacrifice. I shall never forget the devotion displayed towards her small invalid brother by one *Mbweni girl*. She came into the hospital with him, and nursed and tended him under our directions with untiring patience and love.

Then there is the dispensary, on the other side of the creek, to be attended to on certain

afternoons, and an occasional old patient to be visited in her own home.

During the late outbreak of plague the nurses had a busy time helping the doctors to inoculate, and the matron, with a native Christian woman to help her, undertook the management of the isolation hospital.

In this brief sketch of nursing in Zanzibar one can give no detail of the diseases we encounter, or of their treatment. Most of the patients in the native wards are suffering from ulcers, and the amount of old linen and bandages used every day there, and in the dispensary, is astonishing.

For these the Mission is almost entirely dependent on supplies sent by friends in England. Every kind of white cotton or linen is acceptable, and even coloured prints and cottons; old summer dresses, muslin, and net are eagerly welcomed in the hospital at Zanzibar, and in all our up-country stations.

One of these up-country stations is Pemba. Here the nursing is on very different lines. The people are far less civilised than in Zanzibar, and far more prejudiced in favour of their own ways and customs. So we have to nurse them as well as we can, and not in the fashion we should prefer.

When I first went to Pemba, in 1903, there was no hospital of any sort belonging to the Mission, and we had to nurse those patients who had no home of their own in one of the empty native huts on the *shamba*, paying a neighbour a few pice

to attend upon them, feeding them from our own house, and visiting them from time to time during the day to dress their sores, and otherwise minister to their necessities. At that time the ladies of the Mission still lived in Sir John Key's old house at Kisimbani—the dearest little house, with walls of stone, mud, and stick, the ceiling made of old packing-cases, so that 'Sir John Key, Pemba,' was printed large over our heads as we sat in the sitting-room. The one upstairs room was like a loft, with boxes stored under the eaves, amongst which rats hunted the pigeons, and snakes the rats, and a clear space in the centre with a window on each side, one facing the clove plantation and the road running through it, the other with a lovely view over a valley rich with tropical vegetation, to the other side where clove woods began again, dotted with picturesque native huts and Indian houses. The dispensary was a little lean-to building, exactly like a garden tool-house, with mud floor and walls, and a thatched roof, from which dust was always showering down, as there was no ceiling: the shelves for the medicine bottles were oil-boxes and packing-cases, and as we could not get these of exactly the same size, the effect was decidedly peculiar. There was a table and chair for the nurse, and some tiny stools for the patients, and to this primitive house of healing came men, women, and children of varied nationalities.

The Africans came constantly, especially our own converts, for Africans are wonderfully fond

of *dawa*, as they call everything medical, from a mustard plaster to a dose of salts or a clinical thermometer. The Indians who form the prosperous class in Pemba, the money-lenders, and shopkeepers came too, sometimes bringing their babies; but the doctoring of Indian babies is generally unsatisfactory, as the mothers, though they like to have the English nurses treat their children, never think of carrying out orders, or of administering the medicine when obtained.

Lastly, the Arabs used to come and ask us to visit the sick ladies of their families. These visits were sometimes rather curious experiences. Once an Arab gentleman came to request me to visit his sister, who had symptoms which sounded rather like hysteria. So the next day, putting some medicine into a basket, I ordered my donkey and started for the shore; here I was met by an Arab, according to agreement, and leaving the donkey and the man in charge of it to await my return, I entered a 'dug-out'—viz. a native canoe made of a hollowed-out tree trunk, and manned by an African, who stood at the stern—and paddled it across the creek.

These dug-outs are such wobbly concerns that you are not allowed to put up an umbrella in mid-stream, and you have to endure the blazing sun as best you can, if you do not want to be blown over. On arriving at the further shore my guide started off along the road, or what *we* should call the narrow field path, which after winding about for some distance, brought us at last to a native

village. There was no Arab house to be seen, which seemed strange, but I was taken to an ordinary African hut, full of people, and when I asked to see the patient, a curtain was drawn aside, showing a bed on which lay no hysterical Arab lady, but an elderly man, apparently unconscious, and evidently suffering from a stroke of paralysis! The hysterical lady *did* exist, for I was taken a few days later to see her, but the man's friends had evidently obtained leave to keep the appointment with me, and guide me to the more pressing case.

We had a patient, once, with a very bad ulcerated leg. This, as everyone knows, takes some time to cure, but it was progressing favourably, though slowly, when Alfred got tired, and imagined that we were unable to cure him, so he said he wanted to go to some friends about six miles away for change of air. Of course we guessed that he wished for a change of treatment as well. We don't encourage our Christian converts to consult the medicine men, as, though they do effect undoubted cures, their treatment is mixed up with charms and devil-worship; but we knew it was useless to object, so he left us, and soon we heard he had put himself under the care of a medicine man, and was kept shut up in a hut, and allowed to see no one. However, I was teaching in the village soon after, and inquired how he was getting on. He heard my voice through the mud walls of his hut, and to my surprise, invited me in. I found him lying on a

bed, curtained off from the rest of the hut, with a fire burning a special kind of wood on the floor at his feet, his leg, without any dressing on, exposed to the heat, and he was also made to drink a concoction of some of the same wood.

I was much interested, and he gave me a specimen of the wood. The process he was undergoing was called '*dawa ya mti*' (medicine from a tree). Strange to say, in a short time the leg really did heal, but as soon as he returned to his work it all broke down again, and he was as bad as ever. This time evidently he could not afford the native doctor, and returned to us. Our Bishop, who was a medical man as well, happened to be in Pemba, and he operated on him.

The table was too short for the man to lie on, so the operation was performed on the floor, the doctor kneeling on one side, the nurse on the other, and though the place of operation was the dispensary, where all sorts of people used to come and go, and all sorts of sores were treated daily, and though he was nursed in a native hut just outside our house, his leg healed in the most straightforward fashion, and he became the Mission boat-boy, and as far as I know has had no more trouble with his leg.

Sometimes we have long distances to travel to get to our patients; I specially remember one lovely ride I had on the big white donkey to a village ten miles off, in order to set and put in plaster a broken leg. The early start, just as people are assembling for the service in the little



chapel, the dogs barking, the donkey waiting at the door ; then the donkey boy shoulders the basket containing the lunch and surgical appliances, and we wend our way through the wood, up a steep hill, and then through clove woods nearly the whole way. Oh, those woods ! I wish I could describe them ! Clove avenues are rather like beech woods, with little or no undergrowth, and you see the paths stretching out into the distance. But where there are no clove trees, early in the morning, before the sun is hot, lovely wild flowers border the roads, besides ferns and a tangled mass of shrubs, with parasites climbing up the trees and hanging from the branches in festoons to the ground. Sometimes monkeys are heard chattering in the boughs overhead, and the fox terrier becomes very excited, and barks furiously. Then the road runs along the top of the steep side of a valley, with rice fields below, and perhaps in the distance, a glimpse of the sea between the trees ; then we turn in amongst the cloves again, which give a delicious, dark, cool shade, and so we come to a village.

A group of native huts, an Indian shop or two, and perhaps an Arab house of greater size and pretension. The people come out to stare, and give us friendly greetings, and the donkey boy stops to gossip, but I go on, for the donkey knows the way if I don't, and generally takes the right path.

At last, just as the heat is becoming rather

oppressive, we arrive at our destination, and the people are still more friendly in their greetings ; the boy hurries up from behind, and I descend from my donkey and go to my patient. After I have attended to him the people collect under a big tree, around a native bedstead which they have brought out for me to sit on, and I show them pictures and try to teach them a little, as there is no teacher at this time living in the village, and then I lunch off biscuits, sardines, and tea, giving the remainder to the donkey boy, and what is left of the salt to an old man sitting near, at his earnest request. Salt is evidently considered a great luxury ! After a rest and talk, and another visit to my patient, I start on my return ride, arriving at home by sundown.

Besides these patients there are the Mission workers, one of whom is generally an occupant of the sick-room, and these are felt to be a great responsibility, for the nearest doctor lives at the other side of the island, and takes three hours by sea with a favourable breeze to reach the Mission station.

At the time of which I am writing there was no possibility of communicating with Zanzibar except by the Government steamer, which came every fortnight, and if anyone was very ill, and we were anxious to get him away in order to save his life, we were obliged to wait till the next steamer came in the ordinary way, without being able to hasten its arrival.

Now, however, thanks to Marconi's genius, we

are no longer cut off from the outer world between the visits of the Government boat.

I think one of the greatest fascinations of a nurse's life in Africa is the absence of monotony. You never know, when you rise in the morning, through what curious experiences you may have to pass before night. And another is that you feel so really needed.

If you cannot help any sick person, there is no one else to do it, and so, however diffident of your own powers, you are bound to try your best, knowing that it must be better than no skilled help at all.

But the greatest joy of all is the knowledge that your skill may indirectly help the cause of Christ in Africa, and draw souls to Him!

#### ONE OF THE NURSES.



MISSION HOUSE, PEMBA.

## XX

## DAILY LIFE IN ZANZIBAR HOSPITAL

IT is rather difficult to know what part of our daily routine in the hospital would be interesting to those at home ; because, after all, many days go by, one very much like another, each one full of the small duties which go to make up the whole of one's working life, either at home or abroad.

Let me try and give you the outline of a nurse's ordinary day in the hospital.

We are called at 5 A.M., when it is mostly quite dark, and very difficult, if tired, to bestir oneself. The native night nurse is our 'alarum,' and is always quite pleased when five o'clock comes, for then her duty is nearly at an end, and she joyfully assures you, '*Saa edashara imekwisha, Bibi.*' \*

At 6 A.M. the sun in full glory has made its appearance, and it is high time to begin work. There are four different posts which are more or less filled in turn by the nurses : (1) dispensary ;

\* Five o'clock is finished, *Bibi*.

(2) native wards ; (3) European wards ; (4) house-keeping.

This is, of course, when we are fully staffed ; which is not often the case for long together. For sometimes a telegram is received to say a nurse is wanted to fill a sudden vacancy, caused by illness, up-country ; or a nurse is coming to recruit from an out-station, and her place must be taken at once ; and often the matron has to add to her many duties that of housekeeper, to set free the nurse who is needed elsewhere. But we will suppose that we are fully staffed for the time. The dispensary nurse takes turns alternate mornings with the native ward nurse to go to the daily celebration in the cathedral, and the house-keeper with the nurse for the Europeans in the same way.

Breakfast is ready soon after 7 A.M., if the kitchen boy has not been too sleepy to put in his appearance in good time ; some of them suffer much in this way, and cannot be made to realise that it is important to get breakfast in time whether sleepy or not. Some mornings are very trying ; perhaps no less than three of our different native workers will send word '*Siwezi*' (I am not well). It is strange how often they are all ill on the same morning, making it most difficult to find temporary assistance.

Breakfast over, all go to their several posts.

The dispensary nurse visits out-patients and attends to all who come to the dispensary, numbering from forty to eighty in a morning. Patients

who are very ill are invited to stay as in-patients ; others wait for the doctor ; how they miss Bishop Hine, whom so many had got to know and trust ; time after time patients would ask, ' Has *Bwana Mkatwa* \* returned yet ? ' refusing treatment until he came.

Extracting teeth, slight operations, dressings, &c., are attended to by the nurse ; piercing cries are heard occasionally from the dispensary, when a poor patient has lost his courage half-way through the prescribed treatment.

People of very many nationalities avail themselves of the help of the Mission hospital. Invariably we try to persuade some to go to the Government hospital, where there are men who understand their language, and where special provision is made for the foreigner. The answer is, ' *Bibi*, we want your medicine ; your medicine good.'

As far as possible we endeavour to make those who seem able to do so, pay the small sum of six pice ( $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ ) ; but many cannot afford even that small sum.

In many ways the Medical Mission has won much confidence and trust, which cannot but be of a great help in preparing, if ever so slowly, the way for Christianity. Arabs will bring their wives, and not only ask our advice, but see that our instructions are carried out. Many rich Indians will often try and get the Mission nurse for their sick, and we have to be very firm

\* Surgeon—one who cuts,

in refusing to attend them ; for it certainly is not our work to attend those who are well able to pay for medical advice.

Now let us see what the nurse in the native ward is doing. There is the dusting and straightening to be done, the ward boy to be sent out to buy bread or sweet cakes for the patients ; patients to be attended to, dressings to be done ; new patients coming in, men and women, although even now the women are very backward to avail themselves of our help.

Any time after 10 A.M. the doctor may make his round. When he has gone, those patients who are able go into a small garden, where their meal is served, eleven o'clock being the correct time for it. Rice, with a smaller portion of meat, fish, or *dengu*, a kind of pea, is the food of the native, partaken of twice a day. They are very pleased if they get fruit, lemons, or pepper pods, as an extra flavouring.

The ward nurse is quite busy attending steadily to her patients. In one bed a very industrious man or boy may be seen embroidering a cap, and chattering gaily. Another poor man has got fever, and although it is such a hot day he is huddled up under his blanket, feeling very cold and crotchety ; another has pneumonia, and half an hour is spent trying to entice him to take his food ; he is as stubborn as a mule, and ends in keeping it in his mouth and not swallowing it, waiting for the nurse to turn her back on him. And so one goes on, cheering up the

poor old depressed folk, and trying to keep the rogues, who are fairly well, in order, and whose spirits at times run away with them.

We must not forget that many of our own Christians who come to the hospital when sick, perhaps after months of slackness in their religious duties, are really helped, and often go out having made their confession and communion, intending to try their best to lead a better life. Then, again, from time to time, we can trace the first workings and influence towards Christianity of heathen men and women to their time in the hospital; although for long they are too shy, and wanting in moral courage, to come definitely forward.

What about the nurse whose duty it is to attend to the Europeans? The number of her patients varies very much—sometimes two, four, or five, sometimes more. Whichever it is there is much to be done—cleaning, mending, making. Native women workers want superintending; perhaps there is a new one to be taught, for if new workers come to the hospital, they require much attention; everything has to be shown them for many days, and any native will always want some supervision. All native workers come at 6 A.M. every day, but, differing from the English system, 10 A.M. finds them all absent. They go home for a few hours for cooking, &c., then return at different times during the afternoon and evening, as their duties are arranged.

The patients may be either from the Mission



staff, a Government official or his wife, a Portuguese lady, a Parsee lady, a Greek lady or gentleman, and others; then perhaps the British Consul will ask us to nurse a destitute British subject, usually very ill. I remember one such patient, who in his delirium became so unmanageable that we had to get the ward boy's assistance; he immediately turned on him, knocking his front teeth out; after attempting to escape by every door and window, not only in his room but even by the big entrance door of the hospital (this was in the night), we just managed to entice him into one of the native wards, where he settled himself, much to our relief. He was very grateful afterwards, and very sorry for all the trouble and anxiety he had caused, and some time after we had a grateful letter from him, saying he had got work in Nairobi, and his employer was the brother of one of the hospital staff.

Sometimes the doctor sends up to ask if we could possibly take a patient off a steamer just come in who is too ill to proceed on the voyage. So work goes on, every day bringing something new; we have to be ready for any emergency and try to help all who appeal to us, European and native alike.

Perhaps the work of the housekeeper sounds very dry and uninteresting, but all the same much depends on her; she has to arrange the meals for the patients and the staff, superintend the kitchen and cook, look after the table boy, and all the work of the nurses' home, &c. The

comfort and well-being of everyone more or less depends on the housekeeper. There are three things which she must watch with a wary eye—soap, sugar, and salt. Natives have an eye for all three, and a little extra of either makes for his happiness.

The duties of the matron embrace a wide circle. The hospital, garden, chickens, the horse (with which the Sultan presented the hospital a few years ago in recognition of services to his household), the building itself, which when rain comes is always ready to disclose a new leak through which the rain will delight to pour—all want attention, as well as many other things.

Many words of counsel are given, and her help is sought by all in times of difficulty.

Twice a week, Tuesday and Friday, we go over to Ng'ambo, the native village the other side of the creek, to superintend a dispensary in the Mission-house. The number of patients there varies, but it is an opening and a way of getting acquainted with many people who otherwise we should never reach.

One of our duties every time we go there is to wash a poor bed-ridden woman who was written about in 'African Tidings' as 'crumply legs'; her real name is Binti Mabruki. She lives in a small and rather dark hut, generally alone, and is never able even to sit up. Binti Mabruki is nearly always bright, fond of a laugh, and even fonder of medicine, and she is quite an example to many whose lines are cast in happier places.

This is a mere outline of the work of the nurses in Zanzibar Hospital, varied by the recreation of an occasional ride on a bicycle or in the small carriage to the out-stations of the Mission. A very full and happy life which we can heartily recommend to all nurses.

F. M. P.



NG'AMBO, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CREEK.

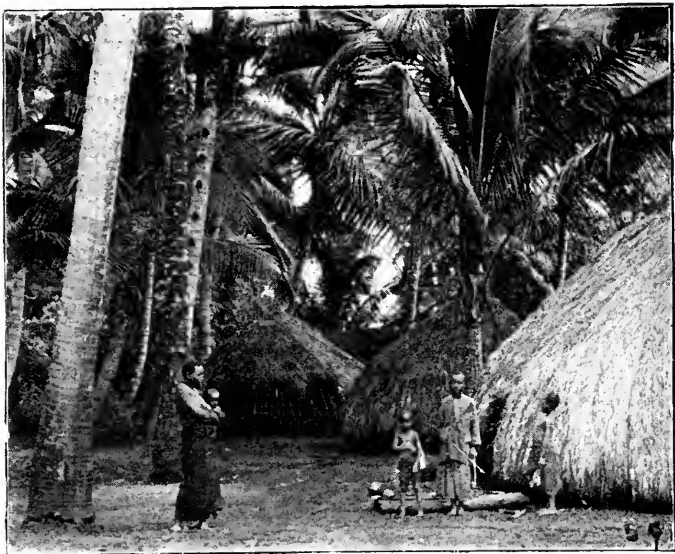
## XXI

AN AFRICAN VILLAGE AND MATTERS  
PERTAINING THERETO

**Position of a Village.**—According to the tribe and conditions of the locality, so the position of a village. In the fertile plains you light upon small clusters of huts hidden away behind a belt of cocoanut palms, with fields of maize, millet, and cassava on every side, to say nothing of the prolific banana. The chief disadvantage is the water, which as a rule is distinctly bad.

The hillsman, on the other hand, has to contend with severer conditions, and these make for hardihood and somewhat less flesh. Perched on the highest point of a steep hill, anything from 2,000 to 5,000 feet up, he finds happiness in the mist, and cold and mildness, and lives contentedly on the banana, which he reduces to a most uninteresting and stodgy porridge. But he drinks water from the source—clear and cool. He expects less from life than the plainsman, and is not disappointed. But it makes for a stronger character. Again, there are the desert people, apparently obsessed with a desire to escape from their own kind. Away

in a sandy patch the traveller comes across three or four huts—no trees, no shelter, no water; only the hot sun and space illimitable. Why they are there at all is a mystery; why they stay is a greater



AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

until the soul of the African begins to reveal itself in the word *kwetu* (home).

And that explains everything. No matter where it is, in the plain, desert, or far up on the heights; no matter what it is, just a ramshackle hut, smoke-dried and wretched, in his wanderings

the African turns himself and goes back — home.

**Affection for Home and People.**—Affection for his people and surroundings is one of the strongest and best features in the African, and it is to be remarked that this is not lost by contact with outside influences.

One of the tests of the Mission's work is found in the happiness of the boys who return for their holidays to stay with their parents. The boy has been at a school such as Kiungani, where order, discipline, regularity must reign if character is to be formed and developed. Although the life is simple, yet he is aware of a better, higher, cleaner way of living, socially and morally; moreover, there is the daily contact with holy things. The term ends. He goes up-country to his own people. There he is found by the up-country padre, perfectly content to put up with something less than he has been accustomed to, as proud as possible of his old heathen parents, his face beaming as he trots them out to be shown off. Not a bit of affection lost, yet keeping himself apart as regards matters religious. Here, at least, Christianity is not bound up with civilisation. This is one of the greatest encouragements, and surely work on such lines with such results must be strong and good.

In reference to the desert people, e.g. the Zigwas, it is remarkable that these who are so difficult to reach, owing to the physical strain attendant upon long and hard marches, and who,

from their isolation, would seem to be outside the pale of Christian influence, are the very people who are responding so well to the efforts made that new centres of work might be opened to-morrow, and new churches built, to relieve those which they are already overcrowding.

**The Village Proper.**—To an outsider one village is as much like another, as are the people in it. But an inhabitant knows that there is as much to distinguish his village from the next as the white man holds that his own particular corner in the old country is not, and cannot be, like anything else in the wide world. If it were it would not be his own. Man, black or white, takes pride in possession.

Allowing for tribal and local differences, superior skill in building, and variation in size, an African village comes to this: A number of roughly made huts of wattle and daub, round, in the case of the conservative country people, or oblong with gable ends and much more up to date (even with windows), by the more progressive coast people, who build houses comparatively magnificent, and sometimes go bankrupt over them. That is one of the doubtful advantages of being linked more closely to civilisation.

Thatch of grass, of palm leaf, of banana bark, comes almost to the ground, affording protection from sun and rain. Occasionally a village catches fire, and then the proper and correct method of fighting it is to clamber up and throw the roof off. A hundred men on as many huts, hard at it,

gives the onlooker some idea of the African's capacity for work. It is a busy time.

The huts, as a rule, are built very close together, even in a district where a thousand acres or so laugh men to scorn.

The wide stretches of plain and desert are a continual protest against man's dependence upon a habitation chiefly remarkable for insignificance and want of ventilation. Overcrowding must be an irresistible instinct in man.

In England he sleeps thirteen in a room, and if he prefers a field, is locked up. In Africa he inclines to a stuffy hut, door tightly barred, no opening for air or light. Incidentally it is also a precaution against wild beasts. If he slept in the open he would not be locked up—it has not come to that yet—but he might be eaten. From a sense of protection and safety, then, it is, perhaps, that he builds his hut right up to his neighbour's, and has his house burnt down purely out of a deep-rooted objection to be at any distance from him, and enjoys a large and unselfish use of his pipe and cooking pots. His neighbour is equally broad-minded. Reciprocity is good, but sometimes inconvenient. It is largely a life in common, though by no means a common life. On the contrary, it is often exciting. A small village would consist of half a dozen to fifteen or twenty of these huts, and above that it would be advisable to ascertain the opinion of the villagers themselves as to their standing, otherwise there might be a little coolness, which is to be avoided by a



traveller when he has himself and a dozen hungry porters dependent upon the hospitality of the place. Africans of the right sort are jealous of their dignity; when they are not, you can write them down—spoilt. Then prepare to 'tip.'

It is said that in the old days the people lived in very much larger villages—towns, in fact. But smallpox broke out, and they agreed that the best way to fight it was to separate—practically become isolation wards; and so there grew up tiny hamlets here and there, more or less family monopolies. Nowadays intelligent governments find it easier and more economical to collect taxes from a city of huts than from scattered groups, and so encourage the people to build in central and more convenient positions.

Let us hope they will also, and with more success, persuade their subjects of the need of vaccination.

Sometimes the village is surrounded by a stockade, high and thick. This belongs to the past rather than to the present. It served its purpose against raiding tribes. It was, and is, useful against prowling beasts. There are two doors or gates, one public, one private, the latter known only to the villagers themselves, and it would go hardly with one who revealed it.

A stockaded village calls up days of romance and fierce fighting, black warriors, spears and arrows that were poisoned.

In England we have a ruined castle with its moat and drawbridge, and visions of gallant knights

who slew mighty foemen, while fair ladies smiled approval. Man is cruel at the best.

**Village Life.**—It is only by living in a village and learning something of the daily life of its inhabitants that a conception of their character and their needs is possible. The African is a reticent person. He talks, it is true, but not to impart information, merely to acquire it. When you find a particularly responsive villager, look out. The 'confidence trick' has its Eastern as well as Western variations. The newcomer starts with a false impression, and is almost bound to. If he is a teacher, he is, or ought to be, prepared to sympathise with the people, but unfortunately, and perhaps unconsciously, expects something in return, a ready answer to his questions and a revelation of hidden things, and is usually and properly disappointed. So discouragement starts at once.

If he is merely a passer-by and curious, he sees the ridiculous in the simple and open matters of life. He compares methods of white with black, and in the result is highly satisfied with himself and his kind. He does not concern himself with the meaning of things, nor does he appreciate the fact that black folk also have an eye to the ridiculous and foolish in the white man.

An African 'Punch' might solve many problems. It might also surprise the Western, if his pride permitted it. As a rule he is not sufficiently humble to learn. The African is not a fool. 'Casting pearls before swine' is of universal, not merely national, application.

Sun and rain control the life of the village, not clocks and railway trains. If they did, doubtless work would be easier, and so would ill-temper and heart disease. As it is, the African is patient and cheerful, and greatly exercised as to why the European is not.

Moreover, an operation under large doses of chloroform affects him as little as a bun would an elephant. One day an old man cheerfully had a big toe amputated. He was put into a room to rest, while a woman, not quite so cheerfully, underwent a different operation. In the middle of it a chuckle was heard, and there was the old man standing at the door of the room, a pleased spectator of the proceedings.

The true countryman rises before dawn. Daylight is reckoned at twelve hours, 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., and there is little or no twilight. Time when wanted is calculated by the rising of the sun.

There is a mysterious and attractive weirdness about a village in the first dim light of early dawn. Men creep out of their cosy, warm huts, shiver with the freshness of the air, throw their thin cloth or blanket over their shoulders, and stalk off silently to their plantations, which may be at some distance. Presently the women appear with water-pot on head, and go as quietly to the well or river for water, so precious in some districts where a village is perhaps miles from any stream.

The sun is now up. The cattle, herded for the night in a large central house, or often kept in a

part of the owner's hut, are driven forth by the lads responsible for their well-being. Those who possess cattle find it better in many cases to combine and supply so many days' work in the month. Several lads are told off to take a turn of two or three days. Shepherding is a valid reason for absence from school. It is always a known period, and seldom exceeds the time mentioned. When it does there is usually something wrong with the lads—hunting may interest them more than the alphabet.

Until sundown the women are practically in possession of the village, except for a few old men, who with their withered skins and whitish-grey beards remind one of the hard conditions of life under a tropical sun.

**The Elders.**—These old men, elders as they are called, are an asset. Moreover, they are often a nuisance, and seem to block the way to progress and improvement. But then that is from the European point of view, not from theirs, and we forget they have one. When it is brought rather abruptly before our notice we wax indignant. That of course puzzles the African. Hitherto he has regarded us as sane men.

No village is complete without its green, and thatched shed, where the elders assemble and with the gravest of faces perform the most indecorous of actions.

But they represent public opinion, and they avoid the whips and scorpions. Wisdom is their portion.

Respect for old age is ingrained in the African, and the younger serves the elder. Obedience involves protection.

Now the elders decide the weighty matters of the law, and in a well-governed village there is little that cannot be settled amicably. That influence is dying out under a more powerful and foreign government, and many cases are referred to a district authority which once would have been dealt with by the local elders. It probably makes for more consistent justice, but it certainly disturbs the old family life of the people.

**Housework.**—The African housewife is a busy person. She is also important in her own sphere, and knows it, though wisely she does not say overmuch about it. The early morning means just as much commotion and discomfort in regard to cleaning as in England. All the household gods are brought forth as a preliminary. These consist of several disreputable cooking pots, a small stool, perhaps a plaited reed bedstead and a grass basket or two. It is a simple life. Then a brush made of reeds is vigorously applied, and the apartment is again ready for the good husbandman on his return, to say nothing of casual callers who have an eye for criticism and a tongue for scandal.

The daughter, meanwhile, has taken a large wooden mortar, carved out of a tree trunk, to another part of the village where other girls have assembled, and fills the bottom with maize or rice in the husk. Up goes the pestle, a pole some five to six feet in length, and a muscular movement of the

arms drives it hard down on the grain. Husk and grain are now separated by being shaken in a round kind of tray, and the operation seems to provoke competition; a good hand at this acquires an enviable reputation and excellent qualifications for marriage.

If the lads are not at school they are out with their fathers, working in the fields or hunting and generally leading a healthy, open-air life, despising the dangers to which they are constantly exposed.

Once the writer met a troop of small boys descending a hill late at night when they ought to have been at home and in bed. They were carrying food to some one who had arrived. How the some one was to eat it all was apparently not open to discussion.

But the question of a leopard that frequented the district was. On inquiring whether they were not alarmed by this, they calmly replied that the leopard was not out that evening. What that exactly signified remained a mystery, but one would not ordinarily care to depend upon a leopard or any other beast of prey taking a night off. It is a perpetual surprise that these boys, who can go off at will to hunt in the forest or plains, and to lead a life which is the ideal of most decent-minded, healthy lads, should voluntarily yield up their freedom, and choose to learn dismal letters in a mud school. It is difficult to see the romance in the latter; it is not, in being chased by a buffalo. If anything speaks of an unseen, compelling influence at work, it is this.

The day drones along. The sun is immediately overhead, fierce and dazzling. The cattle, thirsty beasts, have been brought back from the hot fields to the cool shade of a spreading tree, outside the village, while the people are either resting in their huts, or lying about wherever there is protection from the intense heat !

**Courtesies.**—A stranger arrives, one from a neighbouring tribe. Greetings, chiefly consisting of amiable grunts, are exchanged with the drowsy ones, and the inevitable request for water made. It is hard, fearful work tramping under that blue and gold sky where the sand burns the feet, and the scrub but accentuates the dryness, and makes man cry out often in agony for a draught of water, which is never clear and never enough.

Two questions follow. These strike newcomers as grossly impertinent: 'Where have you come from?' 'Where are you going?'

But it shows a polite interest in a traveller's movements and invites a courteous reply. In a land where nothing is easier than to lose the way and come speedily to a disastrous end, it is not altogether wise to reject attentions kindly meant.

Further conversation turns on the eternal problems of the weather, state of the crops, what the nearest white man is doing, the latest news from the coast, and the forthcoming dance.

**Smoking.**—Then a pipe of strongest home-grown tobacco. Smoking is an art rather complicated by a long stem which shows an inclination to leave the black mud bowl, to which it is loosely

attached by a thin string. Two or three puffs and the pipe is passed on.

Boys smoke. Nowadays, unfortunately, cigarettes of a particularly vile character can be bought at shops kept by Indians or Arabs. This induces inhaling.

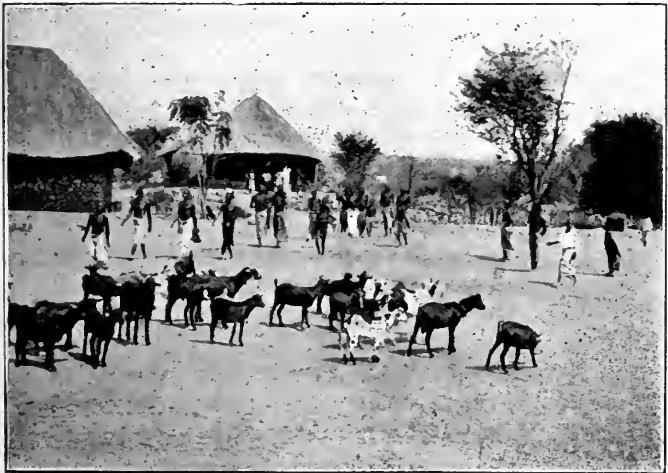
But in the old days and in some districts boys had first to obtain permission from their fathers before they pulled at a pipe. This was gained by presenting a chicken to the parent. *How* the chickens were procured is not recorded. A boy's first impressions of a well-matured African pipe were probably very vivid, and perhaps painful. If they were not, he was a brave boy.

**Cattle.**—Towards sunset the village again shows signs of life. The girls begin to prepare the evening meal, and hot and tired men come in with their hoes, and look in to see how long the food is likely to be in coming. Apparently they are always disappointed, and retire precipitately to a corner whence they can watch the incoming cattle and goats. Sheep there are, but they are nothing accounted of. The pride of the eyes is the goat. He represents stability, cattle-wealth. Cattle that are black and big-horned and good to look upon are beyond the dreams of avarice. The African husbandman may have money—coin—hidden away in a secret place in a field, or even under the very feet of the unsuspecting wife, but that which brings a look of keen joy to the shrewd old black face is the long procession of beasts that winds nightly into the village.



While this is going on the men take no interest in aught else. That, to them, is the principal event of the day, of life in fact, and no doubt they wonder how others live without it.

**Food.**—Then the meal, the second chief meal of the day. The African is content with a lack of



THE PRIDE OF THE EYES IS THE GOAT.

variety. Porridge of maize, cassava, banana, with a dish of curry such as only the African woman can make, satisfy him for all time. It is not altogether true to say that he merely requires quantity, though that too is very comforting, but he is touchy as to the cooking. Porridge scorched in the making is immediately rejected, and often

the occasion of much domestic infelicity. Moreover, the wife is conscious of the iniquity of her sin, and calmly submits to a castigation which is not always of the tongue. When a man depends upon one or two kinds of food he wants a lot and he wants it good. There are no course-dinners in Africa.

Rice is extravagant, but easier to get in coast and inland towns where there is a cosmopolitan population. After a twenty-mile march there is nothing quite so good in the cool of the evening as a dish of well-cooked rice, with grains that drop from the hand one by one, seasoned with young cocoanut and served with a basin of rich curry. And there is nothing so satisfying, except another dish! It is not the custom for men and women to eat together. Often the men have a common meal and the women likewise, but in different parts of the village.

A washing of hands precedes the meal, which savours of the ridiculous. A junior carries round a small ladle of water not exceeding a large cupful, and sprinkles it over the fingers of the diners.

The hand is then thrust into the hot, steaming porridge and a considerable portion brought forth. This is rolled up into convenient balls, which are dipped into the curry and then dexterously bowled into a more or less cavernous mouth. It is a solemn function with a speedy dismissal.

Little is seen of the inhabitants after the evening meal. There is the low hum of voices as one passes a hut, but as light chiefly consists of

the glowing embers, it is easier to pass the dark hours in sleep.

**Dancing.**—Yet the glorious moon upsets anything like routine. The Africans find their chief amusement in dancing. A dance may just be of a few hours' duration, or a few weeks' or months'. It may be good or evil. It may consist of wild-leaping movements, as in the case of the agile Yaos, or in a quiet and dignified 'Here we come gathering nuts and may' sort of thing. Then there is the circling dance, with an exhibition of wonderful muscular control by a professional.

The longer dances are connected with tribal rites, and as a rule are mixed up with much evil.

Other amusements are confined to certain round games, and the playing of musical instruments, e.g. the native piano, a kind of xylophone, which in the hands of a skilful player is distinctly pleasing, the reed pipe with which the lads while away lonely hours in field or forest, and a primitive guitar which emits a truly primitive sound.

**Singing.**—Singing is very popular amongst certain tribes, and they have some excellent part-songs. Others are of the antiphonal order and intricate. A procession through the hills is to be remembered. One or two men in the front start the song, chanting in a minor key. Then the shrill voices of the boys answer in chorus, blending in weird fashion with the deep and rich bass of the men in the rear. As the long line heads its way

through the pass the women appear at points here and there overlooking it, and trill out a wild, piercing note.

The hills on either side send the sound to and fro, and underneath it all is the regular, low, clear chanting of the theme. As an additional effect, supply red paint, spears, bows and arrows, feathers, brass and iron instruments, and there is a taste of the wonderful charm of Africa, something of its very life.

**Religion.**—The religious side of the African cannot be discussed here; it is far too big a subject. But this can be said. He is not taken up entirely with material things. Religion is a very real matter to him, whether it be connected with evil spirits and their propitiation, the teachings of Mohammed, or the doctrines of Christianity. Enthusiasm marks him. Lukewarmness seems foreign to his nature. He is willing to listen and eager to discuss. That is why men and women who are living out their lives for his spiritual enlightenment find in him, with all his faults, a powerful factor against prevailing indifference elsewhere, and a strength and support in days of distress and doubt. The African spells Hope.

**Work.**—It is of faith that the African never works, or if he does, no more than is necessary. It is also of faith that the European *does*, which is a delightful commentary on the art of self-deception. Now work seems not to be considered such unless it is connected with steam and coal, machinery and dividends, and

blackness generally. Outside of the hideous creations of man nothing counts, neither God nor nature; and nothing is work.

To be out in the fields before dawn, to hoe and sow until the fierce sun playing on the uncovered body means pain and thirst and weariness; to return at nightfall, spent with the waste of the body, and to go on thus day by day—all that is nothing.

No wonder the African is sometimes puzzled at the Western standpoint. But under the influence of civilisation he is gradually learning what joy lurks in bad liquor, and what beauty lies in nuts and bolts and old straw hats. The Western ought to be satisfied. The African is learning to work.

Also, methods are primitive, and this the European resents, and so improves them, or tries to; curiously enough, the African resents this in his turn, but being too polite to show it, accepts the situation and spoils the tools. The European is not merely surprised, he is angry. His memory being short, he forgets that men once shed blood over the introduction of improved methods in a more enlightened land.

It is true that in the old days the African had some leisure which he devoted to certain pleasures—making war and feasting. But under a peaceful government that is past, and he now devotes that same leisure to find the wherewithal to pay for his peace. Here are a few ways in which the African is finding himself:—

**1. Field Work.**—This has been remarked

upon already. It necessitates being out in the sun and rain day after day, at certain periods of the year. The African and his family depend upon the crops. If they fail, he and his starve. That is all.

**2. Payment of Taxes.**—These, amounting to three rupees a year (4s.), are paid in current coin. It is not always possible to sell produce, nor is it always advisable. There *are* locusts and famine, and this year's crop may mean next year's too, and roots are not good eating. So it is necessary to go far afield and trade or find rubber. It means time, and the field work suffers, and probably the family.

**3. Repair of the Roads.**—This is no easy matter where the grass grows so high and to such a density that a man a few yards ahead is lost to the view of his companions. Africa is a land of distances, and roads are long. The government wants roads and the people cut them. They keep them in repair, too. Each village supplies so many men.

**4. Carrying of Loads.**—Transport is a difficulty, and keeps up prices. Therefore, the cheapest and quickest method of transport is desirable.

Men's heads are both suitable and cheap. The able-bodied are called upon to carry loads of 60 lb. and upwards for a reward which would be amusing if it were not pathetic.

**5. Building.**—During the rains the huts suffer—often collapse entirely. The African usually is his own builder. His friends help, and in turn he helps them. It is not always an easy

matter to find either friends or material. The Western finds profit in trees from which the African builds his house and keeps his fire going. And what of the thatch in a year of dryness ?

**6. Shepherding.**—Something has been said of this. If a man is enterprising enough to keep cattle he must also look after them himself or pay others to. Even his own sons have to live. And how is he to marry them off without a settlement ? Cattle are a guarantee of good faith ; they are a part of family life. At any time disease may sweep that part away, and leave him a poor and broken man.

The best and most intelligent way of deciding whether this is work or not is to go and do likewise.

W. G. WEBSTER.



CATTLE,

## XXII

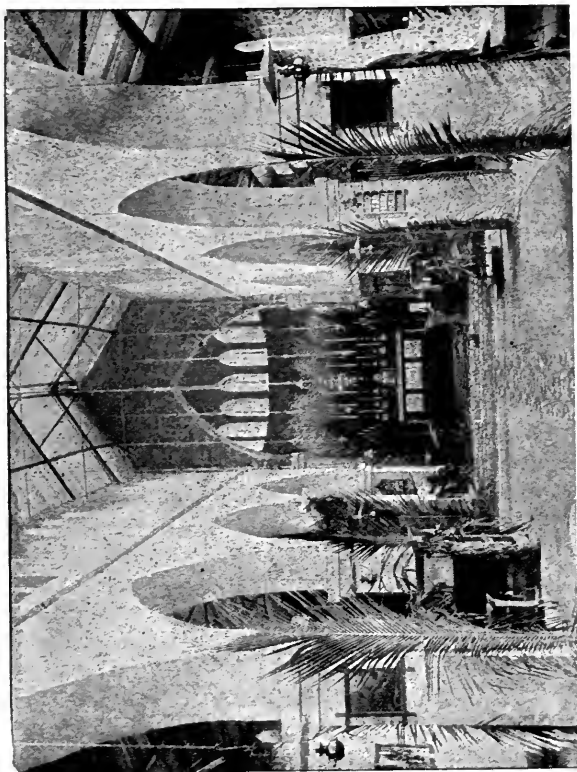
## SUNDAY AT MSALABANI

NOTE.—Msalabani is the head-quarters of the Universities' Mission in the Magila Archdeaconry, on the mainland. It takes a day and a half to get there from Zanzibar, travelling by steamer to Tanga, a coast town in possession of the Germans, where the Mission has a rest-house and small chapel. Travellers generally pass the night here and proceed by train the next morning to Muheza, the nearest station, and three miles distant from Msalabani. The Mission station was started forty years ago. There are stone buildings, a beautiful church, and large schools, one for boys and one for girls. The people here are called Bondei. In spite of Islam and the nearness of the commercial world, Msalabani is a real stronghold of the Christian Faith.

THE sort of question that people so often ask us when we come home is, 'What do you do out there?' And we missionaries find it so hard to give a satisfactory answer, because most of us are engaged in doing what seem such ordinary things. The routine of the station has become to us so commonplace, and contrasts between church life in Africa and England, which strike those at home as quaintly interesting, no longer seem so to us. Therefore we evade the question by relating some particular incident in our missionary life



which has not at all the same interest for our questioner.



THE CHURCH AT MSALABANI.

And so, in the hope of satisfying some who may really want to know, I set myself the task of trying

to picture in words what we do on an ordinary Sunday morning at Msalabani, the central station in the Archdeaconry.

The first event is the waking bell at 5.45 A.M. The schoolboys immediately turn out of their dormitories and go down to the river for their morning wash, and each boy when he returns brings up a bucket of water for the day's supply. At 6.20 a single bell begins to ring. This calls people to Matins, which is said at 6.30. There are present at this service the catechumens of the school, teachers living on the station, boys who are going to communicate, and a few others, including Christians and catechumen boys from a distance, who come here overnight, and find a corner to roll up in and sleep the sleep of the just. At 6.30 also there is an English celebration in the oratory. This enables most of the Mission staff to have a light breakfast at seven o'clock, and so avoid the strain of waiting until after the long service which is to follow.

At seven o'clock the bells begin. Oh, those bells! They are quite unique. There are six of them, small and light, but of a very sweet tone. They are rung by the pressure of the hand on pieces of board, which again are attached by cords to the clappers. The boys love ringing them. They strum on the pieces of wood, and the bells just seem to tumble over each other in a joyous disregard to order and method. And then occasionally the ringer presses down several boards at once, making a dreadful clanging. It reminds one exactly of a

custom in some villages in England, where the local ringing-choir attempt what they call 'firing' on great occasions. The bells go on at intervals till 7.30, when the church has begun to fill.

The men and boys, who sit on one side of the church, are most of them dressed in the long white garment called *kanzu*; the women and girls, who sit on the other, are clothed in what we call 'sheeties.' A stranger would imagine that the ladies had taken table-cloths of every conceivable pattern and hue, cut them in half, and wrapped the pieces round them, tying coloured handkerchiefs to match on their heads. It is a picturesque congregation. There is generally a churching just before service begins. And here let me say that we follow the rubrics very strictly. The woman comes to church 'decently apparelled,' i.e. she wears on her head a white covering which corresponds to the churching veil of old time. One or two matrons kneel beside her and bear her company during the office. She never fails to bring the 'accustomed offering,' and in most cases she has prepared herself to receive the Holy Communion, which, as the Prayer Book says, 'is convenient' for her to do.

At 7.30 the choir come from the vestry, and proceed to the west end of the church; the priest, servers, and two cantors take their places in the chancel, and the latter begin the Litany, singing it as far as the priest's part. During the hymn, which is sung between the Litany and Celebration, people crowd into church.

Some are late because they live a long way off,

perhaps a walk of two hours or more. But the majority are late because they are Africans, and consequently have no idea of time. There is not the least disturbance. They come in (as they walk out at all times of the service) perfectly silently, and kneel down in some vacant spot. The musical service is adapted from the plainsong of the mediæval Church. Those who know, and have had years of experience of African singing, say that it lends itself to greater reverence than any other setting of the Holy Communion service that has hitherto been attempted. In the hymns the congregation have an opportunity for what they dearly love, viz. a good old shout, and the men of course try and find the parts. But there is no getting away from the fact that the Bantu tribes have no natural ear for this art in the same way that the South or West Africans have. Teachers who can read their tonic sol-fa tune-books sing quite nicely, but the ordinary native when he 'puts in bass,' as he calls it, can only be compared to a bassoon player who has not long been in the band.

The sermon comes after the Gospel and before the Creed, for the sake of the catechumens, who sit behind a rail near the door of the church. The men listen to the sermon very attentively, much more so than the women, who soon get tired and begin to arrange their own and look at their neighbours' 'sheeties.' But the babies are the preacher's chief distraction. They are supposed to be asleep on their mother's or godmother's back,

but they generally wake up during the sermon and talk. The padre reminds these mothers every now and then that when they go to market they do not take their babies, but manage to find some one to look after them ; he suggests that they should do the same thing on Sunday morning. However, it seems to have as much lasting effect as sermons on punctuality. After the sermon come the notices, &c. Included in these are often some that are not heard in an English church. For instance, the congregation is told that So-and-So having broken the seventh commandment, or somebody else having taken part in some bad heathen customs, are put under the censure of the Church until such time as they show signs of true repentance. And then sometimes the priest comes down to the west end of the church, and receives such a one back into the congregation. Next follows the dismissal of the catechumens by the deacon. They kneel, and the congregation remain standing, and a short litany and prayers are said on their behalf. Afterwards the priest tells them to 'go their way in peace.' Similarly a prayer is said for those under censure, and they are dismissed also ; and those at the back of the church will see one or two leave the penitents' bench (the only one in the nave) and quietly follow the catechumens out of the church. After that the officiant starts the Creed, and the service proceeds in the ordinary way. Perhaps one thing a stranger would notice is the prostration of the whole congregation at the consecration prayer. Since there

are no pews or seats, this act of worship is as simple as it is striking. A congregation of free-born Africans is reverent above all else ; reverence in church is as natural to them as good manners are out of church.

After the last hymn the native churchwardens go into the vestry to count the alms in the orthodox way ; they also value the offerings in kind, such as Indian corn, rice, &c. The congregation troop out into the quadrangle, where there are already a goodly number of catechumens and hearers collected together, waiting for their classes. This is about 9.15 ; and then for some minutes the place seems to be swarming with people. It is a reunion of Christians from the various villages. They literally sit about 'in companies on the ground.' Christian women gossip near the porch ; catechumen women gather together near the ladies' quarters ; teachers form one group ; boys from the villages tell their news to their former school friends who are now living as boarders in the central school ; groups of little heathen boys with only a rag of cloth round their loins sit staring up at the Europeans' quarters, watching those strange beings, the white men, talk and act. Some of this last group never fail to pay a visit to the rubbish pit, in the hope of picking up empty tins, or scraps of newspaper with pictures on them.

Then at 9.30 three bells tinkle, ding-dong-dell fashion, to call the hearers and catechumens to instruction. First of all the catechumens go to the schoolroom for their names to be called. After

that, they are all marched into church, a goodly company of more than a hundred generally ; the service is in Bondei, and consists of the Commandments, and a metrical litany, followed by a repetition lesson in catechism form. About five questions and answers are attempted on some incident in our Lord's life ; this part is conducted by the head teacher. Then the deacon gives them an address on the subject of their repetition, interspersing plenty of questions to keep them awake. After a hymn and some prayers they go out. Meantime the hearers, men, women, and boys, have all had their various classes. This instruction is done by teachers and readers, and although Europeans may be present, *everything is left to these native agents.*

All is over by 10.15, and the outsiders begin to go their ways. But there is no peace yet for the European missionaries. Teachers from the out-schools come and pour out to those in authority the troubles that are worrying them. People who could quite well come on Monday try and wheedle medicine out of those in charge of the dispensary. This is a great time too for the schoolboys to come and borrow picture magazines, and needles and cotton to mend their clothes, not to mention razors for shaving their heads.

At eleven o'clock, both Europeans and central school boarders have their morning meal. Sext follows at 11.30, and by twelve o'clock most of the staff are enjoying a rest which they are probably quite ready for. The boys have disappeared

entirely ; some are fishing, others are kicking about a football on the ground below the station, others have gone off to visit their friends and relations. In fact the whole quadrangle seems to be deserted, and is quieter then than at any other time in the week. It remains so until four o'clock, when people come back for Evensong.

Well, this is one answer to the question, 'What do you *do* out there?' This is how we spend Sunday morning at Msalabani.

**The Catechism.**—Our readers may also like to hear how the service of the catechism is conducted in Africa. At half-past eight one of the forty daily bells rings out sharply, and this is a signal for all the boys to file out of the upper and lower schools, and to march along the corridor to church, which is prepared for a catechising. The pulpit is standing in the nave, and between the pillars desks are put for the teachers, who are to record the boys' marks. Each boy as he comes in takes from a shelf his own special pile of books, which is held together by a strap, and then they sit down in sections. It is a strange mixture of the familiar and the unfamiliar. The church itself is like a rudely-built village church in England, but the corrugated iron roof reminds us that we are in Africa. There are no pews or chairs either, and the boys sitting on the floor with their knees up to their chins look very different from the rows of Sunday-school children at home. Very African, too, are the basins and bits of coloured rag which are scattered here and there to catch the rain as it leaks



through the roof on a wet day. The catechising begins as usual with the set questions. The names of the boys are the same as our English names, only they have a Swahili form—Petro, Karlo, Jorji, Albano, and so on. The boys are just as keen on answering as boys in England, but they are absolutely unself-conscious, and they have a quiet, dignified way of standing up and sitting down, and show their emotions less than English children. In the *jeu de bons points* extremely good answers are given. After the hymn the writing-boards are given out, and they begin making notes of the lesson in a business-like way. The lesson is based on one in 'Notes on the Catechism,' but all the illustrations have to be altered to suit African boys. After the psalm the Gospel is sung, and sung faultlessly, by two boys in surplices and red cassocks, and then follow the Creed and the Homily. To-day the Homily is an allegory, and the boys sit motionless; it is only by watching how their eyes sparkle that one realises how every point goes home. How about the Analyses? Everyone tries to write a *jawabu*, as they call it, even the tiny boys and the catechumens. On the whole, the average of knowledge is very high, and they show great originality in giving illustrations of their own, and in applying texts, antiphons, and hymns to explain a point. Benjamin writes, "'Out of Egypt have I called my Son" is a prophecy of the Ascension'; and Ackworth explains that "'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," means that the Holy Catholic Church will never die.'

Sometimes their remarks show great devotion, e.g. 'The Catholic Church is joyful when a Christian makes his Communion.'

'If one does not draw nigh to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, one cannot draw nigh to Him at the Last Day.'

'It is true that every time we go to get absolution for sin and confess our besetting sin we get forgiveness, but that sin hinders us.'

'If a man cannot pray, let him go to church and say, "Our Father, teach me to pray."'

'If we say words in prayer which we do not understand, let us take care to fix our eyes on God.'

'Let us kneel properly, and not look at people, and then God will see that these boys are trying, even though they are not *fundis*.' \*

The boys are very happy and proud when they have gained enough marks on their Analyses to be given a Swahili New Testament.

But the great reward, though the boys do not realise it at the time, is the foundation of sound doctrine which the Catechism gives them, a foundation which will be of such use to them when they become the teachers of the next generation.

C. C. F. AND D. C. A.

\* *Fundi*, master of an art.

## XXIII

## BONDEI WOMEN

THE Bondei women who live in the Magila district are quite a different type from those in Zanzibar. It was my privilege to work among them for seven years, and I think some account of them may be interesting.

**Appearance.**—To begin with, their appearance when young is decidedly prepossessing. They are generally quite light brown in colour, their eyes are very large and soft, and their expression modest and gentle, but rather melancholy.

**Work.**—The women in a village lead a fairly hard life. They trudge off at an early hour in the morning to their work, for a man considers it his wife's business not only to cook his food, but also to help to cultivate the ground which provides that food.\*

Till noon they hoe and weed and plant. The hoe used in these parts, and indeed throughout Africa, is a short-handled one which in using necessitates a stooping posture. The ground is often very hard and stony, and requires an immense

\* A man has his part, a woman hers.

amount of strength and energy to break it up ready for planting.

**The Meal.**—At noon a meal must be prepared. To do this, wood for the fire must be



A BONDEI WOMAN AND HER BABY.

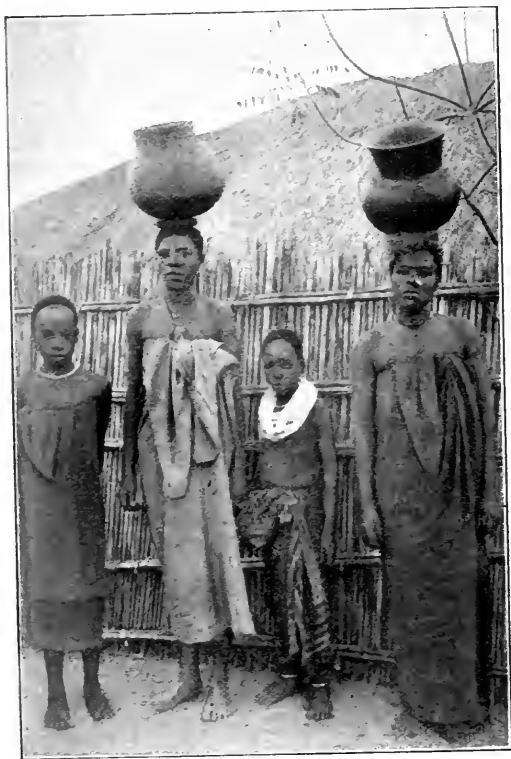
collected from the forest, and water fetched from the nearest water-hole in the rainy season, but in the dry weather the women have to tramp to the river, which is often at some distance from the village.

Then corn for the porridge must be pounded in a wooden mortar with a heavy pole, the corn having been previously shelled from the cob and picked over, for if it has been stored for any time the rats, which abound in native huts, would have made a few meals off it, spoiling a good deal, and all respectable

Africans are most particular about their food.

Sometimes the women go to the fields again in the afternoon, and stay until it is time to prepare the evening meal, which is eaten between five and six, the women sitting together by themselves, and

the husband, sons, and small boys in a separate group in another part of the village. If they



CARRYING WATER FROM THE RIVER.

do not go to the fields again they employ themselves in pounding more corn, putting out their

cassava to dry in the sun, and other household duties.

When there is no field work to be done, which is the case during a very dry season, the women sit about gossiping and playing with their children.

**Mat- and Basket-making.**—Those who are clever and industrious make mats, weaving the plaits from the dried and split leaves of a certain palm tree. For a coloured mat the palm leaf must first be dyed. The real native dyes are made from leaves, bark, and various other ingredients, and the secrets for making some of the special colours are jealously guarded by the limited number who know them. But in these degenerate days gaudy and vulgar English dyes, which can be bought at the Indian shops for a few pice, are replacing the rich and sombre fast colours made by the native women.

**Conservatism.**—African women are very conservative in their occupations, and never do any work which has always been done by men. They entirely refuse to make the thick kind of plait of which the baskets and dishes in general use are made, that always having been a man's trade, so it is quite difficult to get these baskets, for so many men are now employed by the Europeans that there is no time left for making them.

**Dwellings.**—The houses, or rather huts, in which our Bondei women sleep have already been described in 'An African Village.' The roof is generally used as a granary, and in the

thatch money and other small articles are, sometimes too securely, hidden away. A nice old Bondei widow had managed to save up sixteen rupees, and hid them in the thatch of her roof. One day when she went to get them they were gone. Being a cheerful old soul, she accepted the inevitable without a murmur. Some time after she moved into a new house, and, according to custom, proceeded to pull down the old one. When she came to remove the thatch, deep down and hidden among it she found her lost rupees, quite black with smoke and dirt. The first thing the old woman did, after washing her precious rupees in the river, was to go to the Mission-house and offer one of them as a thankoffering.

It is not the custom for a woman or girl to sleep in her parents' house, and nearly every village has public dormitories, both for girls and boys. Christian girls often have a picture or two and their books in their dormitories, and when you go to see them invite you to come in and sit there.

**Common Property.**—All the utensils in a village seem to be common property. The women borrow each other's mortars, pestles, and baskets, and when they want to light their fire just walk into their nearest neighbour's hut, and calmly take a burning stick from the three stones which do duty for a grate.

**Dress.**—In the old and simple days the father of a family manufactured loin cloths for himself and his wives from the beaten fibre and bark

of trees, or went without; and children, of course, were content with Nature's clothing.

Now the two pieces of cloth, or sheeties, which serve to dress a woman with grace and modesty, can be bought from the Indian shops in the nearest town. The Christian women have a specially pretty way of draping the upper sheetie, bringing it over their heads so as to form a veil.

The patterns of these garments vary considerably, from really pretty floral designs to representations of a train, the Sultan's clock-tower in Zanzibar, or some gigantic animal, printed in black on a white or coloured ground. The price of a sheetie varies from 2s. for an old pattern to double that sum, and more, for the latest and most up-to-date design.

When a woman is at work she discards her second sheetie, or uses it to bind her baby to her back. A husband ought to give his wife a new dress every three months or so, but he does not do it, and his wife is often compelled to get the money for renovating her wardrobe by selling oranges and mangoes by the roadside or in the market.

**Hairdressing.**—Many of the Bondei women are professional hairdressers; they comb out their woolly locks till they are quite a respectable length, divide them into many partings and plait them neatly and tightly across the head, charging a few pice for their work.

**Ornaments.**—The Bondei women, in common with all their African sisters, adorn themselves



with quantities of bright-coloured beads, and, if they are rich enough, wear silver necklaces and many rings of brass wire below their knees and on their wrists right up to their elbows. They wear a silver ring with a rupee attached to it on one finger, a little silver stud in the nostril, and sometimes several round the outside edge of the ear. Some of them ornament the lobe of their ears with rolls of coloured paper.

**Wedding Rings.**—The wedding ring is a Christian innovation, introduced to meet the requirements of the marriage service, and though only made of silver, the bridegroom has been known to demur at the expense of procuring it. The girls marry very young, and it is a reproach to a girl if she does not get a husband as soon as she is of a marriageable age.

**Tribal Dances.**—Christian girls have a good deal to bear from their heathen surroundings. The tribal dances, which are considered most important and necessary for their well-being, are entirely forbidden as impossible for any Christian to take part in. If a woman's child dies, or is born with anything unlucky or unusual about it, all the heathen are ready at once to say it is because the mother was not danced. Sometimes in a village you see a sort of archway at the entrance, made with three poles, and charms tied to the crossbeam. This signifies that *Kiwanga*, the dance for women and girls, is taking place.

Further on in the village there would be an enclosure built of boughs and banana leaves,

and in front of it a whole flock of waiting girls. You would hear the beat of drums, and see people coming in streams from all directions.

For these dances are advertised all round the country, and the expenses attendant upon them are paid by the people themselves. They are not allowed to be held near any Mission station, but even if Christians are strong enough to refuse to take any part in them, it is very difficult to keep them from looking on. Of course the Government could put a stop to these dances if it wished, and it is possible the people would not be sorry, for I once heard a heathen man say that he would not have his girls danced, as it was an unclean custom.

**Religion.**—Perhaps their religion, if indeed it is worthy of that term, can be best described in the one word *fear*. They have a vague idea of a supreme being who does not trouble himself much about them, but allows them to be annoyed by numerous evil spirits which haunt trees and places as well as human beings. ‘Possessed with a devil’ is a very common saying in Africa. These spirits have to be propitiated with offerings, and outwitted as far as possible. Thus, living as they do in constant dread of evil coming to them through the agency of evil spirits, we cannot wonder that the African, man, woman, and child alike, believe firmly in witchcraft, and the power of charms to resist these influences, for in Africa no man is ever believed to die a natural death; it is always ‘an enemy hath done this.’

**Charms.**—The following are some of the

charms most constantly used to prevent sickness visiting a village ; an arch of dried banana stems is built at the entrance, with a half-formed cocoanut, bits of coloured rag, dried fruit, and such-like useless things tied to it. To prevent attacks from robbers, two large shells are placed in little shelters built of stones.

A baby wears a ring made of feathers bound round with grass, and a string, with a little bit of polished bone hanging from it, is tied to a lock of the child's hair. If her child is ill with any of the small sicknesses common to infants, the mother will wear charms round her breast ; these are little packets bound with blue cord, containing passages from the Koran, or indeed any piece of writing, English or otherwise, which the medicine man may have picked up on his rounds. To enable her child to cut its teeth easily a mother will procure a charm, and fasten it to the cloth which ties the babe to her back.

I once asked a heathen woman how much she had paid for a charm to cure skin disease, and she told me it had cost as much as one rupee, equal to a shilling and fourpence in English money. It is a sad fact that even Christian women in times of sickness and trouble return to the charms which they had given up, and wear them concealed on their person, or put them on their children, especially before the latter are baptised, saying it does not matter. The charm may have been given by heathen relations, who are always ready with these little attentions ; or some

trouble may have weakened the mother's faith, and made her think, 'God hath forgotten, He hideth away His face and He will never see.' It must not be forgotten that these charms come from the witch-doctor, and their value consists in the incantations which he has said over them. **The medicine man**, who is supposed to have the power of driving out evil spirits, procuring rain, averting evil, and finding out the cause and root of every mischief and calamity which overtakes man or beast, is naturally a person of great power and importance, consulted not only by the heathen, but at times by the weaker brethren among our converts.

There is one who lives in a solitary hut behind the Mission station at Msalabani, and one day, soon after my first arrival, I was visiting one of the villages and saw a weird-looking creature capering wildly about to the sound of a drum which was being loudly beaten. He was dressed in a skin with a long tail, and was hideously disguised and painted. As I drew near he seemed to make a rush at me, and seized with a foolish panic I took to my heels and sought refuge in the house of a Christian which was near. The man followed me, and insisted on shaking my hand, and then I found it was the medicine man, who had been engaged in driving out a devil; I do not know if he was personating the evil spirit by his dress. When a devil is being expelled the patient is danced round to the sound of drums for a night or two, when she naturally becomes hysterical,

and when this point is reached the devil is supposed to have taken his departure. I have been told that the doctor sometimes declares that the devil is English or German, in which case he has to be addressed in his own language.

One of our teachers was once asked to assist in driving out an English devil, but I am glad to say he refused.

**Medicine and Sickness.**—African women (and men) do not think much of any medicine that does not work an instant, or at any rate a rapid, cure. Their own methods are open, obvious, and violent, and they often prefer them to ours, which are for the most part hidden and gradual. They would probably think a good deal more of ours if we were to say a few words, or make mysterious signs over it. As it is, their faith in our medicines is not very strong, but even with their own native medicines they are always changing and trying new ones. When suffering from weakness after an illness I have seen sick people grind up a piece of iron very fine and take it as a powder, but they would not come to us and take iron in its medicinal form. In face, however, of this distrust, or whatever it may be, 8,000 were treated in the dispensary in 1908.

**Native Methods.**—Sometimes when visiting villages I have seen Christian girls being doctored in the native way. The patient sits on the ground with her cloth slipped to her waist; the doctor cuts her chest and arms, and rubs in some sort of sharp medicine, using appropriate words; then he gives

her medicine to drink, and applies some to the parts of her body which are affected with pain or disease. These medicines are contained in gourds or horns arranged round the medicine man, who stands all the time. Finally, the doctor makes a movement with his hands signifying that the illness is cast out from his patient, who gets up and makes a similar motion with her own hands.

The Christians say there is no harm in this way of being doctored, provided you do not wear the charms which are given to heathen patients. I have also seen a woman being doctored in a really heathen way. She also sat on the ground ; her body was covered with red patches, produced by applying the inner bark of some tree. The medicine man with a wooden rattle, like two goat-bells fastened in the middle, in one hand, and a live fowl, which he held by the legs, in the other, was walking round her singing a monotonous kind of chant, which I afterwards found out from the schoolboys invoked every kind of snake by name to come out of the patient and leave her free to recover. This woman was a Christian ; she had refused to go on with our medicine, which at one time certainly had done her good. Probably her relations had used pressure to make her try this native cure. As soon as she was better she had to be put under censure for a time.

Another native way is to cast lots to see what the illness is from which a person is suffering. The different diseases are named, and if the lot

falls several times to one in particular, that is the one ascribed to the patient.

There was a woman in a village who, the natives declared, had some mysterious affliction, but who the doctor and nurse knew to be ill with an internal disease. Her husband cast lots about her illness, and she was taken a long way off to the jungle, where she lived in a broken-down hovel open to all the winds of heaven. Naturally she got no better, and after a time she returned to the village, and allowed the Mission nurses to attend her till she died.

This woman was a Christian, but had cut herself off from the Mission for some years. At her funeral the service was interrupted by her brother, who violently accused her husband of having brought about her death by witchcraft or poison.

**Visiting and Teaching.**—It will easily be seen that visiting among these women and teaching them the Christian faith is no easy matter. There are about a hundred villages in the Magila district where there are Christian women or catechumens.

Some of the villages are perched high on the mountains, some nestle in the valleys and slopes, others hang on the sides of palm-crowned hills. Very few of them are at all large; the number of houses in each varies from six to fifteen. Much time is spent in walking from one to another, and sometimes after a long tramp you find that the one Christian in that particular village has moved off to some distance, entailing another day's walk on some future occasion. I managed to

visit the nearer villages regularly every month or five weeks, but those at a distance at much longer intervals, and in the hot weather it was almost impossible to climb the mountains or tramp any great distance.

I found by experience that I was much more likely to find the women at home in the afternoon than in the morning, but even when they were at home there was always a mixed company present, and talking on serious matters was not easy; in fact I consider that one of the greatest drawbacks and trials to visiting in Africa is, that you always have an audience who are given to make audible, and somewhat embarrassing, comments on what you say.

Sometimes the women invited me into their houses, or if I had anything particular to say I would call them on one side, but even then the heathen women followed, to stare and listen to the foreign woman talking.

**Courtesy.**—Sitting in the houses of the women I often admired the courtesy, patience, and good-humour of the hostess over the constant interruptions and intrusions.

When I left a village the Christians and catechumens would often walk part of the way with me, and then perhaps they would grow confidential, and speak of their most private affairs which they were afraid to mention in the village, where ears are sharp, and walls of a hut very thin.

The visits were opportunities for inquiring about the children; why the mothers had not been



coming to church; for reminding them of fasts and festivals, and for giving them a little religious teaching; sometimes for teaching them their prayers over again, for African women easily and quickly forget, and need to be constantly reminded of their duties, though they all come more or less regularly to classes.

The Christian women are for the most part very regular communicants. If they stay away it is generally because they are not agreeing with their husbands or neighbours, or they are falling into bad ways. It is the custom at Magila for those women who are going to make their communion on Sunday to give in their names the previous Friday, and there is an instruction class for them on these days to which they come very regularly, though to do so they have to start all their preparations for the evening meal much earlier, so as to have everything ready for their husbands when they come home about 5 P.M.

**Heathen.**—The heathen women in a village are as a rule hard to rouse to any interest in religion, but girls will very often come forward to be taught, and sometimes a heathen girl who is being courted by a Christian or catechumen brings her companions with her to a hearers' class, and they persevere for the two years' teaching required before they can be baptised.

The women are indeed quite ready to listen while you talk to them on religion, and will even leave their work to attend weekly preachings for a time, but they do not always follow it up by

going to the nearest Mission station to put themselves under regular instruction for becoming catechumens.

**Results.**—There is not very much to show for seven years' work among the Bondei women. A little reminding, a little teaching, a little praying, a little drawing nearer to God. Weak faith, it may be, strengthened, an erring sheep restored, and now and then, thank God, a true Christian added to the little flock, of which I give one instance.

She was a heathen woman who came to the dispensary first, and then asked to be taught. It was a long time before she was allowed to receive the cross, but when I left Magila she was an exemplary Christian. Her husband deserted her many years ago, and she is very poor and lives with a sister who is a heathen.

A great friend and supporter of the Mission (now at rest) never forgot to pray for this woman, and I have always thought her goodness was the result of those prayers. Lately a man wished to marry her; he was a heathen, but said he would be taught; he did not, however, persevere, and though a husband would be a great help and comfort to her, this steadfast Christian entirely refuses to marry a heathen.

Of one thing I am very sure, that unless we can reach the women the progress of Christianity will be seriously checked, as by their ignorance and superstition they hold back the men from accepting the faith.

M. W.



MSALABANI GATEWAY.

## XXIV

## A DAY AT MSALABANI SCHOOL

THE day begins at about twenty minutes to six, when a sleepy figure draped in a blanket appears out of the dormitory and goes off to ring the waking bell. This same figure is a pupil teacher at ordinary times, but is barely recognisable in his present garb. Properly all boys and teachers should rise at the sound of the bell, but those on the station—like most English boys—snatch a few minutes' more sleep when possible.

In the dormitories which are at some distance from the station, where the majority of the schoolboys sleep, the bell is a sign for hurry and bustle, because all have to be out within five minutes in order to give the boys whose turn it is time to sweep out the dormitory. Prayers are said privately by each boy, and then blankets are folded and beds stood on end against the wall for the convenience of the sweepers, and then the boys run off to the river to wash, seizing hold of buckets which are put ready over-night to take with them; for each boy is responsible for

drawing a pail of water, and woe betide anyone whose bucket is not full, or who arrives with it after time.

On returning to the station, all is life; the *Angelus* has rung on the big bell, which means that it is past six o'clock. Water-drawers are



A MAGILA BOY.

still coming in; those who have finished bringing it, set to at their work of sweeping the dormitories on the station; others begin their allotted tasks for the month.

Ten past six; the Matins bell has begun, and almost simultaneously the teacher, marking off the water-drawers, blows his whistle and

all those whose turn it is to attend Matins (all catechumens and Christians, turn by turn, half the school at a time) form up in line for roll-call, then march into church.

Meanwhile, the business of water-drawing and housework goes on; and now Matins is nearly over, for the catechumens are coming out, and that means the service has got as far as the Creed. More water-drawing and workers, for the third boy to each bucket is almost always a catechumen.

Twenty-five minutes to seven; the bell for Celebration has begun this time, and it will ring for ten minutes, not five as at Matins, so there is time to clear up and get ready. Twenty to seven; the whistle goes again, and the Christian boys whose day it is to attend Celebration run into line for roll-call, then march into church. The Matins boys are now hard at work; rooms, verandahs, corridors, school, quad, drains, and gutters—all must be swept and tidied, and each boy knows his work for the month.

Celebration over, out come the worshippers, just in time to look round and finish any interrupted work. What day is it? Monday? Then each must take his Old Testament into school with him. Tuesday? Then the New Testament will be required.

At 7.20 the first bell goes to warn all boys and teachers to be ready; at 7.25 second bell and a rush for places in line. No slacking now, or you 'll be late. One minute suffices to get

into line, then 'Right turn!' and 'Forward!' into school. Names are called, school prayers said, and school work begins in earnest at half-past seven exactly.

At last there is silence on the station, rippled, one may say, by a low hum from the two schools—the hum of steady workers. Eight o'clock brings change of work, divisions change orderly and quickly, then on again for an hour this time. No noise, no talking; we came here of our own free-will, and we mean to make the most of our time.

Eight fifty-five the school gong sounds, and then comes general post. Religious instruction now—divisions all different; big school and small school mixed; Christians and catechumens all according to age and standing; baptismal classes, confirmation classes, first Communion classes, all to their places. Then on until 9.45, when out come the Testaments, New or Old, according to the day, and steady Bible reading until ten.

The school gong again; one! two! three! all ready? Right turn! Out you go, and now you've been very quiet and worked well, but you are boys, and must use your lungs and your limbs. Play, shout, romp, do what you like, but do not go far away, because the food bell will ring as soon as the boys for the week have dished up.

There goes the bell, and now there is a rush for the corridor where the plates of food—rice or porridge or Indian corn, with a piece of meat

or vegetable hash to help down the rice—are all arranged on the ground in lines ; small boys, three to a plate ; big boys and teachers, two to a plate. All here ? then ring the second bell Silence, now, while the teacher in charge says grace. Not too much noise, as there is not much time, and the boys have to clear up and sweep before the bell goes.

All finished ? Then on duty again ! Silence for prayers !

Twenty minutes to eleven ; just a quarter of an hour for play.

At ten minutes to eleven the first bell goes, then the second bell five minutes later and a rush into line. Right turn ! and March ! into school again.

Half-hour lessons now, as it is getting hotter, and one feels sleepy after food. Twelve o'clock goes, and with it the *Angelus* rings out, one ! two ! three ! and every boy in a low voice repeats the prayer commemorating the Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour. To work again until 12.30, then out and down to the river for a bathe, and then a cool rest under the trees in the orange grove. The sun is too hot for much walking about at this time of day.

At ten minutes to two o'clock the warning bell goes for afternoon school, or rather afternoon work, because only the pupil teachers, and possibly the monitors, study in the afternoon. Second bell and a scamper into line—drill lines this time, section by section, five divisions in 'column



of company.' Are we wanted for church practice? No? Then off to industrial work. Boys for the plantation get their hoes (each boy must have his own hoe) and go to the *shamba*—boys for the potato beds, boys for the Indian corn, boys for the cassava, all go in their several directions. Sewers to their machines, typists to their copying, *jamvi* makers and rope twisters to their places; and there is plenty of talking and fun now, if it does not interfere with work. Teachers responsible for various works go off with their gangs of workers and set them on to work, then some, putting a big boy in charge, hurry back to the station to instruct pupil teachers or monitors, to prepare lessons, or to receive instruction.

At a quarter past four the school bell goes to call in the workers at a distance and to warn others to get ready for Evensong. The more fortunate boys working near the river throw down their hoes and plunge in before hurrying to the station. At twenty minutes past four the church bell begins, and the boys return their hoes and put away their rope, &c., sweep up and prepare for the whistle at twenty-five past; then a rush into line and march into church.

After Evensong there is a rest—nothing more to do to-day. Some boys go out for a walk, some get their hoes and go to their own little gardens, others make for the river, others play in the quad. Six o'clock the *Angelus* again sounds, and now all must return to the station, because gates are shut and names called at 6.15.

Games go on in the quad—rounders, or football played with a tennis ball. Soon the gong goes for the evening meal, and all make off to the verandah, where food has been put out by the patient boys on duty. Food over and thanksgiving said, there is quiet until bedtime. *Quiet*—that is if there is no dance going on; if there is, one must give up all hope of doing any work, because the noise is like bedlam let loose.

Ordinarily there is no dance, and the pupil teachers and monitors have half an hour's instruction, or do some work set for them during the preceding day.

At half-past eight the bugle sounds for all boys in the outer dormitories to leave the station, and, seizing their buckets, the boys flock to the gates, for they must be outside and the gates re-locked within five minutes of the bugle.

All sleepy ones can now turn in, but the final quietus for the night takes the form of a silence bell at 9.15, when the boys must go to their dormitories and cease all noise. Then well-earned sleep, the sleep of God's children tired out with the work of a day well spent—a busy, happy day, and one of real self-discipline and self-sacrifice, because it is a willing service, sanctified to the glory of God.

C. C. F.

## XXV

## THE STORY OF A MAGILA BOY

The facts in this story are true, but names and certain details are altered for obvious reasons.

YOHANA BWEDO was certainly not cast in the heroic mould. When at school he was known as the cod-fish, because he was a big, loutish fellow, with fishy eyes, half-open mouth, and not very much brains. He had no vocation to be a teacher, so when he left school he took work as a clerk in an Indian shop, which was run by a German. It so happened that Yohana's uncle Tupa was cook to the said German, and he traded on the Bondei ideas of filial duty, which are very strongly developed, and Yohana's good-natured simplicity. First he borrowed forty rupees of the lad's own savings, and then began to run up a large bill at the shop. Yohana, however, was not so simple as he looked; he was willing enough to lose his own savings, but he knew it was not right to risk the goods with which he was entrusted, so he went to the German and showed the amount of Tupa's debt. Tupa at once denied all knowledge of the debt, and accused Yohana of having stolen the goods himself. He was so plausible and brazen about it that the German believed

him, and said that Yohana must go down to Tanga to be tried for theft ; he was accordingly handed over to two sailors, who were threatened with having their wages cut if Yohana escaped.

Yohana merely said, ' I shall not run away,' and then waited patiently on board till the German and Tupa arrived ; after that the sail was hoisted and the dhow started for Tanga.

Presently Yohana called Tupa and said to him, ' When we reach the court at Tanga I must speak the truth about you.' Then Tupa got very angry, and said, ' If you do, I will kill you.' Later on in the evening he came to Yohana and said, ' Get up — do not sleep here ; you are to sleep on deck. Give me your knife and your cross and your watch chain. Now tell me, do you mean to tell of me at Tanga ?' And Yohana answered him, ' Yes, I must speak the truth.' So Tupa went away, saying, ' Wait till to-night.' Yohana does not seem to have been afraid ; his conscience was clear, so he slept soundly. Suddenly he found himself in the sea ; the water surged round him and he sank to the bottom and rose again ; he thought he was drowning, so he said the Lord's Prayer, and then he became unconscious ; and when at last he came to himself he found that he was lying on the shore bruised and bleeding, but alive. He made his thanksgiving, and then he took a path leading away from the coast, and went on and on, not knowing where he was, till at last he reached Kigongoi,\* where they helped him to make his way back to Misozwe.\*

\* Stations near Magila.

Meanwhile, news had come to Archdeacon Woodward that Yohana had had a fit on the dhow, and that he had fallen from the upper deck into the sea and had been drowned. Prayers were asked for the repose of his soul, and no foul play was suspected till a report came from Tanga that Tupa had blurted out in a drunken fit that he had murdered Yohana. Everyone was afraid that, in any case, Yohana was really dead, so that when he arrived at Misozwe he was greeted as if he had risen from the grave. His relations made a great feast for him, and then, after the Bondei fashion, he washed his hands and they all drank the water, to show their joy and happiness.

When Archdeacon Woodward had heard Yohana's story, he said that he must go down to Tanga, so that the whole affair might be judged, and the boy willingly consented. As soon as he reached Tanga, he went to the court and was told to wait his trial; in the meantime he was chained and taken off by a soldier.

Yohana's account of his trial is as follows: 'The judgment went thus. The *Bwana* asked me, "Yohana, why have you stolen Rs. 100 and then run away?" And I said, "I did not steal, nor did I run away; it was Tupa who borrowed money and broke the shop, and when I said I must report this, he said, 'I will kill you!' Then in the evening he took my cross and knife and chain and moved me from the place where I was to the upper deck, and in the night he threw me into the sea; but by the mercy of God I reached the shore, and

then I got back to the Mission, and I met the Arch-deacon and he telegraphed to the court, and you said I was to come to Tanga, and I have come. Now you ask me, and I say truly—It was this man who threw me into the sea, and who stole the money.”

‘Then the *Bwana* said, “Yohana, when you escaped you went to the Mission at Msalabani. We believe that Tupa threw you into the sea, but you depend much upon the English, and how do you account for those Rs. 100?” Then I answered him, “I did not steal; the money was borrowed from the shop.” The *Bwana* said, “If you are owed anything by a man you must claim it. We believe that Tupa threw you into the sea, but why did you go to the Mission?”

‘Then the next morning I was sentenced to eighteen months’ imprisonment and to have twenty-five strokes twice over; and I said, “*Bwana*, I cannot endure twenty-five strokes twice over.” And he said, “You will get seventeen.” And I went and I was chained, and I had many sufferings, illness, and troubles, and beatings from the soldiers.’

As the boy was being led away to prison the warder grimly remarked that he need not mind the length of the sentence, for he would die long before the end of the eighteen months. It was wonderful that Yohana did live through it, for his next neighbour in the chain gang died of smallpox; it was partly owing to the devotion of his old mother, who went down to Tanga so that she might cook

food for him every day. The last day of his imprisonment Yohana had his second flogging.

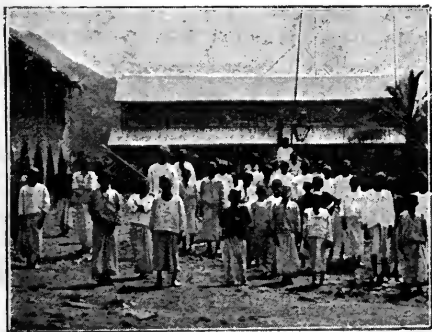
The first thing that he did after his release was to go to Evensong to make his thanksgiving ; and then, as soon as his stripes were healed, he came to Magila for his Easter Communion.

Though he had been the victim of false evidence, he seemed to feel no bitterness at all ; his one idea was how thankful he ought to be for his preservation through so many dangers.

At first it seems a wasted eighteen months, but Yohana, the codfish, has shown that his Christianity is vital, and that he is made of the stuff of which heroes are made.

' Sweet are the uses of adversity,' because after all adversity is one of the blessings of the New Testament.

D. C. A.



MAGILA BOYS.

## XXVI

## NURSING AT MAGILA

IN the ordinary acceptation of the term there is very little *nursing* at Magila. The health of the staff is so much improved in these days that the members make very little work, and in any case nursing Europeans is much the same all the world over, and most people know what it is like from personal experience, either as nurse or patient.

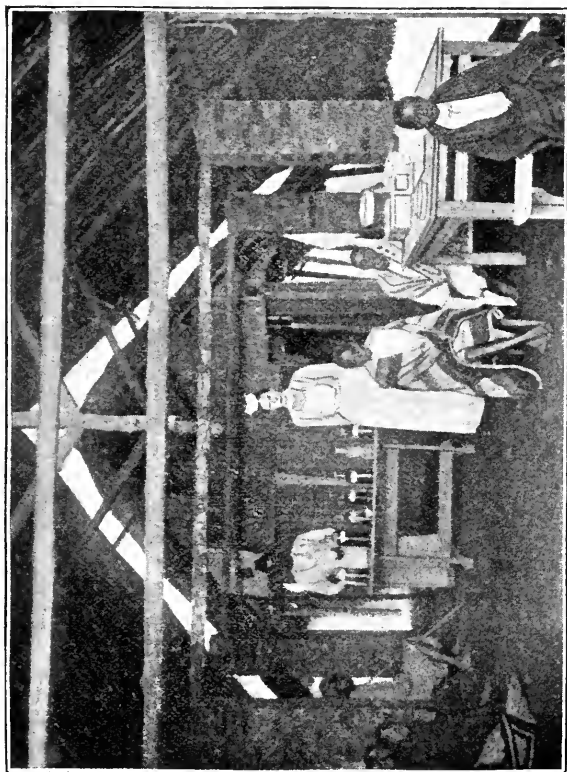
After all this I hear some one say, 'Why, then, are there always two nurses stationed at Magila if there is so little to be done?' and it is the work of these two nurses and not the nursing work that I want to try and describe.

And first, in case people think I am making a distinction without a difference, I will begin by describing our hospital.

Picture then, a large shed with walls of corrugated iron, a grass roof, and a cement floor, a dozen bedsteads more or less, with grass mats and blankets, a bucket of water and a dipper, a stool with a few plates and little basins on it. This constitutes the entire hospital and its



equipment. Our patients have a bucket of water outside the door, where they perform their morning



MAGILA DISPENSARY.

ablutions ; there are no beds' to make, no bathing of patients between blankets, no smoothing and

turning tumbled pillows, no dusting, tidying and polishing of a spick and span hospital ward, all of which goes to fill up the time of a nurse at home.

One of the things that it is most difficult to get accustomed to in working out here is the very little nursing the people want ; there is so little we can do to make them what we would call comfortable, though in reality they are quite comfortable if left to be so in their own way, which as often as not takes the form of lying out on the ground in the sun, when they get tired of lying in bed, or of having their limbs all stretched and their fingers and toes pulled in a way that looks to us most uncomfortable, not to say painful.

A large proportion of our patients have large and painful ulcers which take a long time to heal up, and in these cases the African capacity for sitting still, physically and mentally, comes in very useful, as it is often a long and weary business getting them well. Some months ago a youth limped into the dispensary with a large deep ulcer on his leg, and we settled that he was a suitable case for admission ; he was a curious-looking person, with his head shaven, except for a tuft of hair on one side. It was very difficult to understand what he said, as he came from a country much further inland where they speak very little Swahili. He had come in search of work on the plantations, but his leg got bad on the way. He gave his name as Durufu.

After he had been here a short time I noticed he was wearing a string of beads which looked like a rosary without the crucifix, and asked about it. It turned out that he was a Christian from a Roman Catholic Mission, and much to his distress he had lost his cross on the road. He asked if he might go to church, and of course he was given leave. He can read a little, and he promptly set to work to learn the prayers in Swahili, and also some of the hymns. He had the most weird idea of singing; however, by dint of constant practice, he has now learnt several hymns, tunes, and plainsong chants. His leg is better, and he no longer lives in the hospital; he has been taken on as a day labourer, and is saving money out of his wages of 2s. a week to take him home to his own country. He still persists that his name is Durufu; whether it is Rudolph, or what, I can't say, but Durufu has become quite an institution, a general favourite, hard-working, fat, smiling and jolly, quite a credit to the establishment, and the tuft of hair has disappeared.

We have had several cases of cataract (these, of course, when we had a doctor here). One old man, very tall, with a face which our native dispenser said was like a picture he had once seen of the Pharaoh whom Joseph served, and true enough, when one came to think of it, he was just like an old Egyptian sculpture. He was a chief. He had come a two days' journey by road and thirty miles in the train to have his

eyes seen to. He had spent a great deal of money, or rather a great many cows and goats on native medicine, but all to no avail. When his own medicine men found he was coming to try European treatment they tried to dissuade him by telling him that the *Mzungu* (that is the European) would take his eyes out, and put them in at the back of his head; however he came, in spite of these warnings, a very tall, solemn old man (I never saw him smile), led by a very tall, young, and cheerful grandson.

His was a complete cure, and he went home again after some weeks in great spirits. I should love to have heard the tales he told, and to have watched the discomfiture of the medicine men when he walked in, seeing, and with his eyes in their proper place. Another patient went by the name of the 'puff-adder' (he was really a most harmless person), because he was all puffy and swollen about the face. He was a lad of seventeen or eighteen, and though we did not cure him he went away much better; he had some obscure disease that we never got to the bottom of. He was firmly persuaded that he could not eat meat, so he used to go out and gather green stuff for himself, and cook it over a little fire. Meat was his *mwiko* he said, that is 'a thing forbidden.' He was a butcher's boy by trade; perhaps that explained his *mwiko*. He had a thirst for knowledge, and used to sit at the back of the school-house and pick up scraps of the teaching that was going on inside, particularly on Sunday

mornings, when the teaching was very elementary religious instruction given to hearers. He never came forward for any definite teaching, but one hopes that some day the scraps he picked up thus surreptitiously will lead to his becoming an African Epictetus. Nearly all our patients are characters in their way, but I have not space to describe them all, and some make us very sad and yet very glad; there are Christians who have neglected their religion perhaps for years, but who when they become very ill come to themselves, so to speak, and turn to the Mission, and choose to come and die within reach of the consolation of the Sacraments of the Church.

Next door to the hospital is the sick-room for schoolboys of this school, and in addition to beds this boasts a table, one or two stools, and some pictures. Here the schoolboys come when they have fever and minor ailments. We have sometimes had it full to overflowing when there is an epidemic about, measles, whooping cough, or mumps, but this does not often happen. In connexion with this is the evening dispensary, which is only for people living on the station, schoolboys, workboys, &c. When life is a little dull, and there is no special game or dance going on, the *dawa*\* forms a favourite amusement; probably you don't want any for yourself, but you come to see a friend dosed with quinine, or something equally unpleasant, or just because life is dull and there is nothing much to do you

\* *Dawa* is Swahili for medicine.

discover that you have a cough or a headache ; and the fact that the nurse sees through the subterfuge and refuses any *dawa*, only adds to the fun, as you then try your powers of persuasion and she combats the argument, often in very broken Swahili, which is doubtless most amusing, though I must say the boys are too polite to laugh openly at any such mistakes.

We all manage to get a good deal of fun out of this department, but it is also very useful, as a timely dose will often save a boy from fever that would keep him out of school for two or three days. As people come here to work and not to loaf, fever must be prevented as far as possible ; for if you have fever you must loaf, you are not capable of doing anything else.

The largest and most important part of the work is the dispensary, which is open every day but Sunday from eight to twelve for ordinary patients ; of course people can have medicine or any other attention they require at other times in cases of emergency. If you could come and visit us on any morning you would meet a most motley crowd, and hear the most wonderful symptoms described. Here you would meet the typical dispensary old lady (only she is dark brown instead of white) who suffers from chronic indigestion, and has pains that begin in some spot very clearly defined, and climb up or spread down, as the case may be, going through various wonderful processes of burning, cutting, or twisting her

internal arrangements in this course, and making the most wonderful noises described by *to! to! to!* or *rrh! rrh! rrh!* or *kwe! kwe! kwe!* as the case may be.

Then there are the babies, fat babies and thin babies, pretty babies and plain babies; babies who cry at the sight of a white face, and babies who make friends at once; babies entirely clothed in wonderful charms—beads and shells and strings and little packets hung round them in every direction, even hanging from their hair; and babies clad in their birthday garments all over dimples. They nearly all have fever, it being a phase that every African baby has to go through, and it is very much a case of the survival of the fittest. By judicious dosing with quinine much can be done to lessen the danger, but even in spite of that, the infantile mortality is very high. Improper feeding is another cause of much sickness; it seems to be nearly as much the fashion here as at home to give the baby 'a bit of what's going,' and with disastrous results. There are ears to be syringed, eyes to be bathed, sores cut, bruises and wounds in endless variety to be dressed, and last, but not least, teeth to be drawn. This is the only operation for which there is a regular charge; *4d.* is what we ask.

In consequence it has to be as imposing as possible; a chair is set, a large glass of weak Condyl's fluid is prepared, and a great parade of choosing the forceps is made, and then begins the struggle. If unfortunately the tooth is

broken then the *4d.* is not charged; sometimes when it comes to the point the patient's courage fails him, and he goes away, but generally to come back in a day or two, when he quietly submits to the treatment.

No account of the dispensary would be complete without a word about Yohana, the native dispenser—a man of parts, who knows his work, as far as he has been taught it, thoroughly. He has the gentle but firm touch of a born 'dresser'; I have seldom seen a patient flinch under his handling of their wounds, and that is saying a good deal; but they often flinch under the lash of his tongue; he cannot stand stupidity. A stock question is, 'How long have you had these symptoms?' and an equally stock answer is, '*Siku ningi*,' that is, many days, which may mean anything from a week to five years. Yohana's quiet but scornful way of saying, 'Do you mean a week, or a month, or a year, or ever since you were born?' generally reduces the unfortunate patient to pulp, and the waiting crowd to convulsions of laughter.

When we all went to Zanzibar lately, we left Yohana in charge of the dispensary, and he seems to have prescribed to all and sundry to their entire satisfaction, and he kept the case-book and wrote out the patients' tickets most beautifully. He writes a really educated hand, and knows English well; he also writes verses; there is a hymn of his in the Swahili Hymn Book, and he does most beautiful needlework.



Yohana has an understudy, Stefano, who is very good in his way. He is very anxious to learn English and comes two days a week, after work hours, for lessons; but, as Yohana says, 'His tongue is thick,' and he does not make much head-way. In the same way he can do ordinary dressings quite nicely, but when it comes to anything really tender and painful his hand is heavy. In spite of this Stefano has a high ideal, considering himself 'called' to his work, just as much as his fellows are 'called' to be deacons and teachers. On the whole he is good at his post, very regular and painstaking. There is still another side of nursing, which is visiting people in their own homes, who are too ill to come here, and doing things that would make a nurse's hair stand on end in England, such as opening an abscess with a hatpin, sterilized in the fire (the operation was entirely successful), and other equally astonishing performances, but which seem quite ordinary here.

All these things, with the house-keeping, altar flowers, making and mending for the house, the hospital, and the church, giving English lessons, acting as secretaries to the 'catechism,' and a variety of other odd jobs, go to make up a fairly busy and a very varied life.

MARY WALLACE.


## XXVII

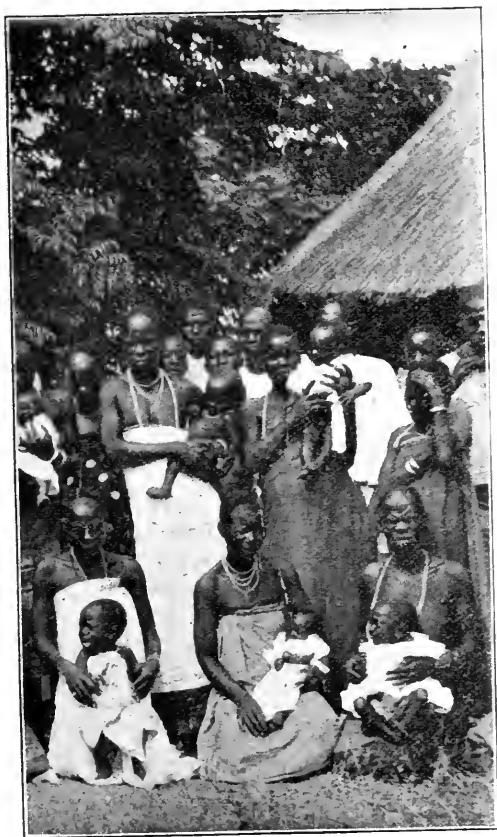
## ALL ABOUT BLACK BABIES AT MAGILA

AN African baby is ushered into the world with as much publicity as a prince, for not only must both grandmothers and another nurse be present, but all the women in the village who can squeeze into the hut, come too.

Fortunately, the mother is used to darkness, heat, and crowding, and she and the new-born babe seem none the worse for it ; indeed the day after the baby is born the mother has been known to sit up in bed and hold her baby up by one heel, to show how strong they both were. Five days after the baby is born a Bondei mother comes outside the house and shaves her head, just leaving a little tuft on the top, and then all her friends come to see her.

After the usual long greeting, the question is asked, 'What of the conflict?' and the mother answers, 'It has gone well, friend, here you have your father or your mother,' according as the child is a boy or a girl. Then the baby, a reddish-brown scrap of humanity, with little pink soles and palms, is handed over to the visitor, who returns the compliment by giving a present of some pice to the mother with which to buy oil to rub the baby, and then together they talk over all





BABIES AND THEIR MOTHERS.



the incidents of the child's advent, and the child's name is told.

The *Washambala*\* have a curious custom ; the father is not allowed to know either the name or sex of his child till two or three months have gone by.

An African baby then begins a struggle for existence. Very soon after its birth the mother says, 'This my child has no strength,' and forthwith she makes porridge of ground-up Indian corn and water, and stuffs it into the baby's mouth. The baby, being more sensible than its mother, promptly rejects the porridge, but the mother becomes more and more anxious, and with her thumb forces the porridge down its throat, and when the child gets ill never thinks of connecting cause and effect, but probably ties a gourd as a charm into her carrying cloth, and thinks she is doing very well by her child. If the *bibi daktari* (lady doctor) explains to her that surely God has provided the best means of nourishing the child, and that even the goats know better than to break His laws, the mother looks at her with a pitying, incredulous smile, and continues the porridge diet the minute the *bibi's* back is turned. If the child manages to survive this, there is still fever to contend with. The mosquitoes love the babies' soft, tender little bodies, and fevers come thick and fast, so that it is a case of the survival of the fittest. The weakly babies succumb.

In old days, especially in the Korogwe district, many babies not only died but were hurried

\* A tribe in the archdeaconry.

forcibly out of the world, because they were *vigego*, or ill-omened.

There were so many things to make them ill-omened, such as being twins, babies who cut their upper teeth first, or who were born with teeth, or who fell off their mothers' backs; these were all taken off to the men whose business it was to get rid of these unfortunate little children, who were supposed to bring ill luck to the whole village. Even if the mother is stung by a bee, or cuts her foot, or lets her nose bleed, or if either of the parents have refused to enter the vile tribal dances before the child's birth, the child is *kigego*,\* although it has no direct responsibility for these things. In addition to all these dangers to child life, the parents are in constant dread of the malign influence of evil spirits, so the babies are smothered with charms. Dirty bits of string threaded with bits of wood and tin, and little bags of blue calico with roots sewn up in them, are hung round the child's neck, a bracelet of goat's skin is put round its tiny wrist to save it from smallpox; dead beetles and other things are fastened into its hair; and though the babies often die in spite of all these precautions the heathen mothers still keep their faith in the charms.

The children of the Christians have a much happier life, the mothers are really beginning to give up feeding them with porridge, and when the babies get fever they bring them to the *bibi*

\* *Vigego*, plural; *kigego*, singular.

*daktari* for a small dose of quinine, and instead of charms the babies wear a cross or a string of beads.

The christening day is a great day. On Sunday morning the mother comes to make her thanksgiving and to receive the Blessed Sacrament. Then in the afternoon she comes with the baby tied on her back, and the godparents with her, and the padre takes the naked brown atom of humanity and baptises it, and gives it a little white chrisom with a red cross embroidered on it, and the god-mother holds a lighted candle to remind them all that the newly-baptised child is now a child of light.

All the Christian babies come to church from their christening day onwards, for the mothers do not like to leave them behind with the heathen, because many of the Christian parents have never entered the tribal dances, so that according to heathen ideas the babies are ill-omened, and it would be a meritorious action to put a little ground glass or poison into their food when the mother was safely out of the way.

The babies enjoy coming to church very much. There are all the other babies there, and the mothers are so anxious to keep the children good that they give them silver chains, bunches of keys, and all sorts of nice things to amuse them. Besides that every mother likes to adorn her child with one of the quaint, patchwork, African babies' caps, and the babies love to claw off the caps and play with them. Then, when all these joys pall they begin to whimper, especially if it is sermon time, and then there is all the excitement

of being picked up and carried out of church. Once outside the baby is tied on its mother's back again, and she jogs it up and down, and perhaps croons the African babies' lullaby,

*Mame yo, Mame yo,  
Mwana aila, katombo ka mwana,  
Katombo ka mwana,  
Mkana enge enge  
Nenkani sime, senge tinde  
Nynwe mazi do.*

It is small wonder that with all this baby minding, the mothers do not know much about the sermon, and miss part of the service. Moreover, when the sermon is long, and hard to understand, it is *very* tempting to pinch the baby a little to make it cry and so get an opportunity for a gossip outside. Even the people who stay in church find it difficult to attend sometimes. A most fascinating baby called Angelina comes into church with a yellow handkerchief decorated with a rampant red lion as her only garment. At first she kneels down devoutly, and imitates her mother; then she wants to display the red lion, so she pulls off the handkerchief and holds it up for admiration. It is put on once more, and then she pulls it off and makes a dash for her father on the other side, and begins to dance. He carries her back to her mother, and this time the yellow handkerchief is knotted on firmly, so Angelina, not to be outdone, plays football with a tomato.

Lucy, who is a little older, goes to school, and knows that she learns her prayers there, but she



also learns her tables ; she feels that she must be good and quiet in church, so she begins to murmur softly, ' Twice one are two, twice two are four,' and who can help smiling ?

Yes, the babies are very distracting, but perhaps their inarticulate praise is acceptable when our stony hearts refuse to cry out, and the self-sacrifice of the mothers doubtless is no unworthy part of the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

As soon as the babies can toddle a little they begin to play their part in life. Roda, aged three, can sit on the ground with her legs stretched out like compasses, and hold her baby sister of three months old, while the mother is pounding corn.

Small Yusuf, who can only just walk, as soon as he hears a dance tune puts his head on one side, and begins to sway to and fro in time to the music, and stamp with his tiny feet.

The baby girls all have a minute mortar given to them, and a light pestle and they begin to learn to pound as soon as they can stand ; when their mother goes to cut firewood they go too, and bring home a little faggot on their heads.

Then, when meal-time comes, it is their work to dip the cocoanut ladle into the earthen waterpot, and then pour the water over the hands of their elders.

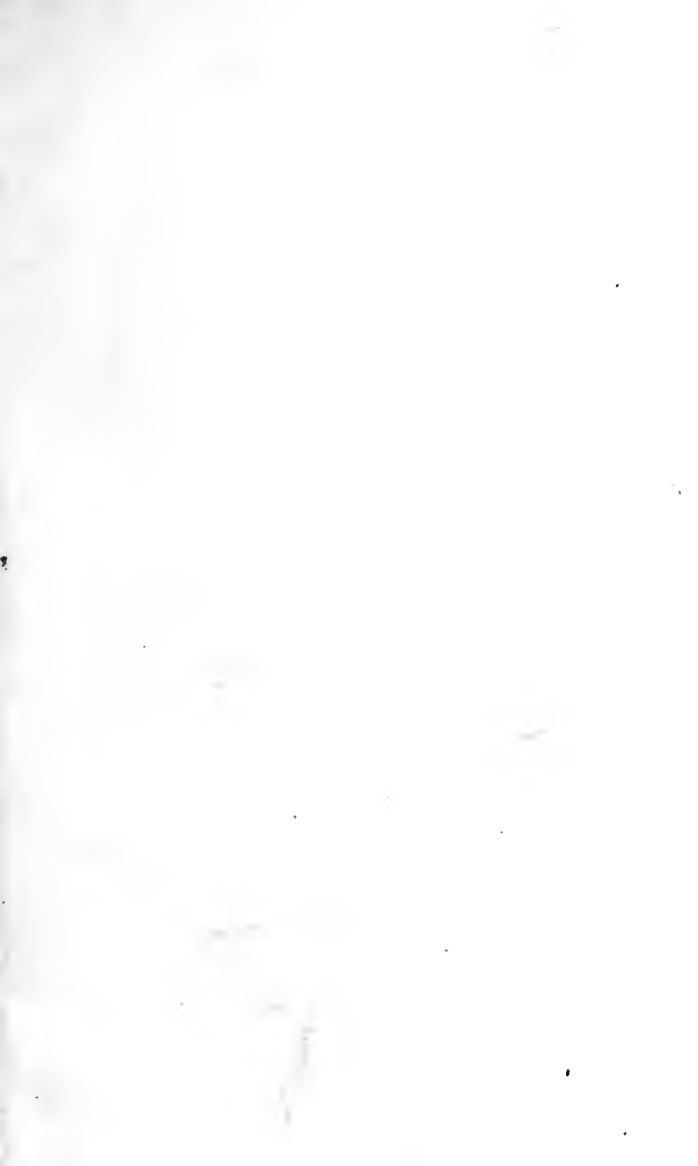
If they are lucky enough to get a doll to play with, at once they put the doll on their backs, and tie it on with a cloth, and jog it up and down in quite the orthodox fashion.

Then of course, like children all the world over, they love to pretend to cook, and make mud pies, and imitate their elders.

When they are four or five years old they start coming to school. By this time they have left off baby frocks, and have learnt to gird a little bit of blue calico under their arms like the grown-up girls. They insist on doing everything. If the big girls have slates the little ones rebel against sand-trays, and grasp a bit of slate pencil in their little hands, and try in vain to make straight strokes. The catechism answers are very hard, but they learn one or two, and these can be used to fit any question. As for the singing they often do better than the elders, for they make the handsigns, and sing the scale quite perfectly.

At this age they are not a bit shy, they have not learnt to be secretive, and they prattle just as English children do. Then the day comes when they begin to get more sedate and more reserved, and one suddenly realises that they are babies no longer, and one thinks of the shades of the prison-house beginning to close around them, and sighs regretfully to think of the time when they lay in one's arms, looking like little brown Botticelli babies, with fathomless brown eyes and crisp black ringlets. To African babies the battle of life begins early, and life in a heathen village soon drives away the trailing clouds of glory; but the babies become mothers, and African mothers understand as well, and perhaps better, than most mothers 'the still sad music of humanity;' so loss is really gain.

D. C. A.



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