

medicine to make them strong in fighting. Those who had guns rode on horseback. The rest took their shields and assegais (spears), and made themselves look as wild as possible, with skins of animals cut in strips about their bodies, a high monkey-skin cap on their heads, with a number of feathers sticking in their hair; strings of charms, generally roots, hanging round their necks, and their faces blackened by the witch medicines. All the active men of the tribe went against the enemy, each under his chief, while the boys and old men drove the cattle into a forest, the safest place they could find, and the women hid their pots and ornaments in the earth, and then took refuge in the forest too, with their little children.

This war lasted for several months, and Lucy's husband was killed in it. When his death was known her hut was thrown down, and, as is the custom among the Kafirs, she and her girls now belonged to his brother or nephews, who could do as they liked with them. In the midst of these troubles another little girl was born to her. That very day the men had gone out to fight, and the women set off for the forest to hide themselves, and only one old infirm woman stayed to help her. Poor Lucy was too ill and weak to go with them, and when she was missed and one or two kinder than the others came back to look for her, they said "Make haste, throw away the baby and come! One child is as much as you can manage." Their cruel heathen religion had destroyed all the tender motherly feelings in their hearts. But Lucy, though very ignorant as to Christian truth, was better than they were. She knew the enemies were cruel wild people, and that if they came there and caught her both she and the children would be killed with most horrible tortures, but her love made her brave; and besides, *she* had heard of the true God, who helps those who trust in Him. So she told the women to go away and leave her, and then she lay on the ground and thought what she should do. Some way off was a cave in which perhaps they might be safely hidden if she could get there. She tied Nosiyingi on her back, took the baby in her arms, and set out. She had to get through a garden of mealies (Indian corn), which hid her from sight; but the little girl cried for food when she saw the cobs, and Lucy had to pick her some to quiet her, lest the enemy should be near and find them out. There she met another Kafir woman, perhaps the owner of the garden, who helped her by carrying the child, and they got safely to the cave and remained there till the battle was over.

Lucy's nephews had heard she had another baby, and as girls are valuable among the Kafirs, being, if handsome and industrious, worth many cows when old enough to be married, they were very angry when they were told she had thrown it away. She came back to the village and sat down below the cattle kraal or pen, with a large skin cloak wrapped round her, under which she held the baby. The other women came to her and said,

"The men are very angry with you for killing your child. They say you need not come here, but must go quite away." (These women had not told how they had advised Lucy to get rid of the child.) Then she rose up, and opening her cloak, uncovered the baby, saying, "Behold, it is alive." So it was called Lahlile (thrown away), and mother and daughters were taken back to the nephews' hut.

About five years later Lucy was married again to an old man, a member of her husband's family, this being probably thought the best way of providing for her, and her wishes not being consulted in the matter. She came after a time with her husband to live in a place among the mountains about six miles from St. Augustine's mission, then just beginning. The road is so steep and bad, however, that it is difficult to get from one place to the other. Though Lucy had but little Christian knowledge, and had lived for so many years among the heathen, she did not forget *all* she had learned in her youth. She never left off praying to the true God; and as her little girls grew older, she used to tell them many things about her early life, and how she longed to live once more on a mission station. This gave them a great wish to see what one was like.

You have seen pictures of Zulu huts planted on the ground very much like large beehives. Some of the other tribes build better houses. Women are generally the builders, and they and the girls do all the work indoors and in the fields. The men think this beneath them, but they take care of the cattle; and now that ploughs have been brought to Kaffraria, they are rather fond of ploughing, which saves the poor wives many a hard day's labour digging, or rather scratching, up the ground for the crops with a Kafir pick. They also work sometimes at blacksmithing, though in a very different way from our blacksmiths, as the picture on the opposite page will show you. The little girls help in weeding, picking up sticks, or gathering other fuel. Among the heathens they do not wear clothes till they are grown up; but at the mission stations, where white people have settled, they are generally dressed in loose round pinafores.

When a missionary and his wife came to settle at St. Augustine's, the girls of the neighborhood used to come down with bundles of wood for sale, and among them came Nosiyingi, then about fourteen years old. She took a great fancy to a Kafir girl they had as cook, and one day asked if the Inkosikazi (lady) would not take her as a servant too. She told her she had no work for her at present; but in the evening she was still in the kitchen and would not go away. She was crouching in a corner of the fireplace, dressed in an old ox-hide petticoat, a handkerchief across her chest, and strings of beads round her neck, wrists, and ankles. The lady did not want another servant, and could not take any girl without her parents' consent; but she said she would do anything she