

CHRISTMAS DAY IN ZULULAND.

THERE had been a great unpacking of a box from England at St. Augustine's Mission. Everything looked so beautifully fresh and nice, it was a pleasure to sort them all, and they were just in time for the confirmations and baptisms on January 6. The black girls looked so nice in white, and for this occasion wore white handkerchiefs on their heads instead of the red or blue ones generally worn. The boys and men, too, looked more tidy—the men wearing the shirts sort and the boys the pretty loose cotton suits. Perhaps I may as well say that they do not wear shoes or stockings, so it is useless to send socks.

Christmas day was hot and fine. Mr. Carmichael was here for the 7 o'clock service. There was a large congregation, many from long distances, and it was nice to see so many native communicants. The church was filled again for matins, and at 5 we had a short evensong, after which the boys and girls each had a piece of plum pudding, which they much enjoyed. After this we had the magic lantern shown by Mr. Johnson, and the people by twentys came into the kitchen for snapdragon. It was a most wild scene to me, these black people looking so bright and pleased, dashing their hands into the flames for plums, the burning plums all over the table, and once the whole dish was on the ground and everything scattered.

They did not mind eating the plums off the mud floor. By 10.30 we were glad to go to bed. On Monday there were races among the natives. There were 70 horsemen on the veldt, Chief Hlubi looking on and looking so chieftain-like; 30 men rode in each race. They are beautiful horsemen; many have no saddles, and very little spare harness on their horses.—*Miss Hinton.*

CANNIBALISM IN SAMOA.

THE people had a horrible fashion of eating human flesh. Mahetoa, who was a king and a hero, was also a cannibal. His son Polu, who hated this heathenish and brutal custom, and in one of the group of islands had brought it to an end, returned to his father's home, and there the first thing he saw was a poor boy waiting to be killed and served as a tender morsel for the king's dinner. He was bitterly crying, and his anguish touched the heart of the young prince Polu. "Don't cry," he said, "and I will try and save you." So Polu had himself dressed in the green cocoanut-leaves, just as if he had been killed and roasted and was ready to be eaten. The king came to the table and, looking down at the cannibal dish, saw two bright eyes looking up at him. He recognized his son, and quick as a flash the thought passed through his mind. "What if it were indeed my dear son who had been killed and cooked for my meal!" Moreover, he was so touched in his tenderest feelings by the magnanimity of his son in taking the other lad's place that he made a new law, that henceforth in his kingdom no more human flesh should be eaten. This is one of the beautiful incidents told in Dr. Turner's book on the Samoa Islands.

AFRICAN SUPERSTITION.

WHEN the hydraulic press was put up at Ambriz, the king and council of Musserra were invited to come and convince themselves that it was a harmless machine made to squeeze into bales the fibres of the baobab tree; for only by their leave could the machine be erected and the trade begun. They had the idea that the cylinder was a great gun, and might be used to capture the country, but they were partly convinced when they could find no touch-hole at the breech and saw that it was set upright and worked by water.

Subsequently, in time of drought the fetish men declared that the *Big Iron* had exercised a charm on the rain. So it was determined to test the