

## LITTLE FOLKS AMONG THE ZULUS.

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Africa has a warm climate, so warm that the little babies do not need any clothes. But it is too cold sometimes for the little tender babe to be without a blanket. There is occasionally a white frost down in the deep valleys in the winter, but it never comes up the hills to the houses on the coast. Away back sixty miles from the coast there is a little ice, and beyond that on the mountains there is some snow.

The Zulu mother buys a cotton blanket, that costs her a good deal of money (75 cents), to wrap up the babe on these cool mornings. She has no bed or crib to put the little one in, so she lays it on a mat on the ground, and there it sleeps sweetly. The mother has not much work to do in her hut. She has no clothes to make or wash or mend. She does not even wash her blanket often, for she says it will wear it out to wash it, and I think it would wear holes in it if she should wash it clean. She has only one dish of food to cook at a meal. She sets that out in the middle of the floor, and the men gather around it, sitting on the ground, and eat with wooden spoons until they are satisfied. Then the women and children come and eat what they want, and if there is any left the dogs lap it out of the dish. So the woman has only one dish and a few spoons to wash, and only one room in her hut to sweep out and no furniture to dust.

But she does not expect to live in idleness, since her husband has paid ten head of cattle for her. She takes great pride in having a nice garden—as much so as your mothers in having a nice house. When the mother goes out into the garden to work, she ties the babe on her back with the blanket I have spoken of, and marches out with a great hoe on her shoulder, a dish of sour milk on her head to feed the babe with, and her hands full of ears of corn.

Arriving she scatters the corn broadcast and commences her digging, swinging back and forth with her little one on her back, thus rocking her babe to sleep. She

then lays it on the soft grass in the shade of a tree, and although there are so many snakes all about there, we have never heard of their biting the little ones. There is one very large snake there—large enough to swallow a babe. I have caught them as large as a stove-pipe, and sixteen feet long. But they do not swallow the children.

When the little one wakes up it cries just as white children do, and the mother throws down her hoe and runs to it just as fast as any of your mothers run for you when they hear you crying. She loves her child just as much as white mothers do theirs. It is hungry, and the mother feeds it with that sour milk she has brought on her head. They never drink sweet milk neither the children or the grown people and it is more convenient to have it sour, for their dishes are always sour. The mother has a nice way of feeding her little one without cup or spoon. She puts her hand just under the babe's mouth and makes a tunnel, and pouring in the milk it runs right down the child's throat.

When the little fellow is big enough to run all about the hut, and he sees his father has some food ready to eat (it may be thick milk with boiled corn ground), he comes and holds out his two hands put together and says, "*Gi pe baba ukudhla kwako okum nandi*" [give me, papa, some food of yours which is nice]. The father fills his hands heaping full, and he laps it all out without spilling a drop on the ground.

The children are contented with plain food, and have but one kind of food at a meal. They never complain of a hard bed, though they sleep on a mat on the ground, often without even a little blanket to cover them. If you should go into their hut you would find "the little darkeys in bed with nothing over them."

They are just as happy as the goats they sleep with at night, or as the monkeys that come down from the tops of the trees to steal the corn as soon as it is ripe. They are as cheerful as the baboons that come out from among the rocks to scratch up the corn the mother plants, if she does not re-