

## AFRICAN HOMES.

Shall I tell you about a hut I visited one day?

As I went to the door I saw three or four dirty children, with little or no clothing on, playing outside. The mother came to the door and asked me to come in, so I crawled in. It was so dark I could scarcely see at

any bed. She lay on a mat on the floor, just as all the family do at night.

I asked the mother what she was doing. She said she was about to cook dinner, but I didn't see any stove. I watched to see where she would cook it. She made a fire right in the middle of the mud floor and set a pot over it in which to make some porridge. How it

did smoke! There was no chimney, so what smoke could not go out at the door had to stay in. It almost made me cry!

I asked the mother if her children went to the mission school near by. She replied that they did not. I asked her if she would not let them go, and she said that she was willing but their father refused, for he was afraid they would want to be Christians if they went to school.

When I rose to go out I nearly upset a large clay pot near me. I asked what was in it, and the woman said it was native beer. I asked her if her children drank it. "O, yes," she said, "they like it very much."



INSIDE AN AFRICAN ZULU HUT.

first. There are no windows in a hut. There were no chairs, so I took a seat on the floor.

I heard a baby crying, but could not see it anywhere. Finally I saw it was strapped to its mother's back, where she carried it all day long. The old grandmother was sick and lying down—not on a bed, for there wasn't

Think of it! No windows, no chairs, no chimney, no beds or stoves, but darkness, smoke, filth, beer!

O children, "Who maketh thee to differ? Can you tell?" If not, talk it over with your mother, and she will tell you how you can help to make those heathen homes more like your own happy homes. *In Mission Dayspring.*