

Family Circle.

God's Care.

Not a brooklet floweth onward to the sea: Not a sunbeam gloweth On its bosom free: Not a seed unfoldeth To the glorious air: But our Father holdeth Each within his care.

A Night among the Zulus.

By Mrs. N. C. Lindley.

The fourteen oxen were harnessed, the driver held his long whip, the bed was made up in the great waggon, the pots and kettles and food for the journey were all packed, and we were ready to set out on our way.

African wagon travelling is somewhat rough at times, but very pleasant; the oxen keep up a jog-trot all day, occasionally there is a little excitement in going down a steep hill, in seeing a deer, a leopard or some other animal in the bush, and then there is no end of beautiful scenery—the South African coast is said to be like Colorado.

It was one day's journey to Unani's home, that is somewhere between eighteen and twenty-five miles, and, having breakfasted before leaving, we were ready to stop at noon for dinner. The oxen were turned loose to graze, our fire was built, coffee-kettle put on, meat hung in front of the fire to broil, and while waiting we wandered off for a little walk. Going down a hill, we came upon a crowd of natives sitting on the ground in a circle around a "witch-doctor," dressed in his snake skin with animal's skins and teeth, and his hair plastered with red clay.

Having eaten our dinner, pic-nic fashion on the ground, we went on our way, arriving at our journey's end about sunset, passing only one object of interest, to which it is needless to give the Zulu name. It was a large pile of stones, on which each man in passing is expected to throw another stone, so that on any frequented way the heap becomes formidable. It is a very old custom and may have come by tradition from some such usage as that mentioned in the book of Judges, where a great heap of stones was piled on the burial place of some notorious criminal.

We had come with our bed in the wagon

prepared to sleep there, as is the custom in travelling, but the people of the kraal were so anxious to be hospitable, that we accepted the empty hut which they offered us. The Zulus are a clean people, very unlike some of the neighboring tribes, of whom they constantly complain as "dirty." They wash their dishes and pots for cooking, keep themselves clean; and their huts, rude as they are, are often a pattern of cleanliness. Their huts are circular, and their kraal, or assemblage of huts, is circular. Any Zulu can take a stick and draw as correct a circle in the sand as we could make with drawing instruments. The hut is of grass, woven in a sort of basket work, and in shape not unlike a straw bee hive, with a hard earth floor, a place in the centre for a fire, and a very low partition on one side for the calves and goats. The door is small, probably to keep out wild beasts, and we must creep in on the hands and knees.

Speaking of doors, the King's sisters, in the Zulu country, are not allowed to do any work, their one aim in life being to grow fat; and consequently, it is not uncommon for a King's sister, after a time to be unable to go out by the door at which she came in, therefore the hut had to be loosed from the ground and lifted off to let her out. Then, very wisely, her next house had a wider door. The present King, Cetwayo, has a number of such sisters who cannot walk for stoutness, and who would be an easy prey, however undesirable, should the English come that way.

To return to our hut. While it was being made ready, we sat down outside by the fire and chatted with the different members of the family who were waiting for their supper, a pot of hasty pudding, which was boiling near by. There was an old woman, there, a distant relative, who had just come from the interior of the Zulu country, where the people have never heard of God or of the Bible. She talked very intelligently and interested us greatly by telling us some of the old stories of the tribe. Among others, she related that one of the Zulu ancestors, long ago, had stood by a river, lifted up his stick, and the water stood up like walls, so that the people passed over on dry land. She did not know his name. She also told of another who had slept and dreamed of a "climbing way" up to the sky, with the "maids of the heavens" going up and down, and of his waking and placing stones to mark the spot. Also of a boy who had slain a great giant with stones from a brook, and who afterwards was made king. She seemed to have a fund of information and tradition, which would interest any student of history, language or races, but the night was passing, and it was time to rest.

We went into our hut with a new mat (the native bed) to lie down upon, and our own blankets for covering. We were offered a wooden pillow, "the soft and easy" article they use, but declined. A blazing figot lighted the hut, and we were preparing to retire, when we saw something moving in the dim edge of the hut, and on investigation found an gnana, an innocent animal three feet long or so, which seeks eggs and fowls as food. It is, however, far too like an alligator, or between an alligator and a lizard, to be agreeable, so we had it removed. They inquired if we objected to the calves and goats remaining in their usual place, and resolving that we would sleep in a Zulu, we said no. They were very quiet, but in some way their hoofs were several times during the night rather too near our heads, and we concluded that another time we would decline their company.

There was another interruption, for not being natives, we did not properly fasten our door and a hungry dog came in, making known his presence by crunching raw sweet potatoes which were in a basket, and on our rising to see what was there, he gave a leap and bounded out, leaving us wide awake.

The moon was shining brightly, and in a neighboring hut a number of young men were singing, and twisting and writhing their bodies as they often do, until the perspiration rolls from them and they are completely exhausted. The movements are not unlike the religious exercises of some of the Southern negroes, and the singing very much resembles one of their hymns, "Ain't it hard trials, tribulations," etc., which any visitor at the South must have heard, and this is only one of the many African airs to be heard at the South. The fascination of the singing, the wild weird movements and the bright moonlight drove sleep from our eyes that night in the Zulu kraal. In the early

morning we were all astir, we were treated to bread made of corn ground between two stones, which is very good; to some venison which one of the men had brought; these with our own coffee, made a most comfortable breakfast. We took the girl back with us for medical treatment, which she seemed to require, and the journey home was marked by but one interesting scene. On the road was a very large kraal from which came a loud wailing of women distinctly heard a mile off. One of the men had died, and the women must howl and beat the ground all night till the burial in the morning.

Harry's Secret.

"Have you had a happy day to-day?" asked a very little boy of his younger brother, at the close of a holiday. "Oh yes!" said Arthur brightly. "have you?" "Yes," was the emphatic reply; "we've had lots of work to do."

Ah! there was the secret of the bright, happy holiday, and Harry had found it out, as many a person fail to do in a lifetime. "Lots of work to do! All day long the little boys had piled wood, gathered potatoes, and run on errands; and now, just at its close, were having a grand swing under the cherry trees, as a pleasant finish to a whole day of real work. The words recorded above were overheard from my sitting-room window, and I thought I shall have that secret too. I dare say some of you know it already; but I am very sure many of you don't know it and won't find it out right away unless I tell you.

Don't forget it; and if you expect your next holiday to be a happy one, try and find lots of real work to do, and see if, like Harry and Arthur, you don't succeed in having one of the best, cheeriest days you ever spent.

Somehow, idleness, or days just given to one's own pleasure, never seems to let much sunshine into one's heart. But hours of service to others are full of brightest pleasure.

There's the secret. Try it.

A Young Lady's Library.

Ruskin, who has a way, notwithstanding occasional poetic extravagance, of saying very practical things, makes this pertinent suggestion to girls:

"I would urge upon every young woman to obtain as soon as she can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily, however slowly, increasing series of books for use through life, making her little library, of all the furniture in her room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place like a little statue in its niche."

Thinking of this bit of advice it occurred to me that many of my young friends would like to follow it, and that they might be pleased with a few hints as to how such a personal library might be begun. There is a charm in owning one's books.

The first book, of course, in your library should be the Bible, because that is a whole library in itself. I will not enlarge upon this, but will only say what you have heard already from many lips, that the Bible lies at the foundation of all real culture. On this shelf, too, you should keep the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas a Kempis.

In the line of biography, there are so many good and great books, that it is difficult to make a selection. Well written lives of good men and women are not only pictures of home and society during the periods they cover, but they show how and where our brothers and sisters have striven in earthly battle, how they bore themselves when temptations and trials came, and how they were aided in the work they sought to do.

The poets you love best you will seek to have in your room. I could not do without Milton's stately epic, nor Tennyson's liquid music, nor Whittier's tender peace, nor Mrs. Browning's womanly passion. You will want Mrs. Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art, a small Manual of Mythology, a volume or two of those novels which, like The Newcomb's, and Romola, and Great Expectations, never wear out. You must have an atlas and dictionary.

I join my humble word to Ruskin's emphatic one, and bid you, girls, begin to select your own libraries. You will follow your individual tastes; you will perhaps prefer other and newer volumes to some I have mentioned. But buy them and keep them. The price of some trifling indul-

gence or luxury will purchase for you a volume which shall become a near, a dear, a most faithful friend. And for mere purposes of ornament books will do more for your room than any other furniture you can put in it. They are delightful through and through; a solace in sorrow, a light in the shadow, and a source of imperishable wealth.—M. E. Sangster in Christian Intelligence.

Smiles.

"You're drunk, sir!" said the captain to an intoxicated blue-jacket, fresh from an unlimited absence without leave. "I know I'm drunk," returned the tar. "But I shall get over that. As for you," he went on, looking at his commanding officer pityingly, "you're a fool, and you'll never get over that."

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?" "Then don't go."

"Formerly one sermon converted three thousand sinners," said Elder Burgess, of Butler University, Ind., in a sermon recently; "now it takes three thousand sermons to convert one sinner."

"It is true," said an aged man of much experience, "it is true, as the poet says, that 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy'; and it is also true that our neighbors lie about us when we've grown up."

A grave-digger buried a man named Button, and brought in the following bill to his widow: "To making one Button hole, \$5."

Prof. "Mr. G.—I believe you were absent from the last recitation." Mr. G.—"Yes, sir, I didn't hear the bell till it was too late to come down."

Mary had a little lamp, Filled full of kerosene; She took it once to light a fire, And has not since benzine.

"What is the name of your cat?" inquired a visitor. "His name was William," said the host, "until he had fits, and since then we have called him Fitz-William!"

EPITAPH.

Here lies old thirty-five per cent. The more he had, the more he lent; The more he got the more he craved; The more he made, the more he shaved; Good heaven! can such a soul be saved? Reader, I have left a world In which I had much to do, Sweating and fretting to get rich— Just such a fool as you.

Fireside Pastimes.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM C. BURNHAM, A. B.

Contributions of good original puzzles and answers are solicited from every reader of the Visitor for this department. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, marked "For Fireside Pastimes" and addressed to William C. Burnham, Visitor Office, No. 86 Germain St., Saint John, N. B.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in crow, but not in raven; My second is in harbor and in haven; My third is in door, but not in gate; My fourth is in regal, but not in state; My fifth is in bell, but not in toll; My sixth is in turn, but not in roll; My seventh is in mourn, but not in weep; My eighth is in night, but not in sleep; My whole is the name of a country.

WILL.

WORD-SQUARE.

My first is a river of Europe; My second is noisy; My third is a borough; My fourth is the brink.

G. E. C.

Cambridge, Q. C.

DEOP LETTER PUZZLE.

-L-i-n-t-o-d-h-t-l-t-e-s-

G. E. C.

Cambridge, Q. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC (WORDS OF EQUAL LENGTH.)

A celebrated Roman General; the highest point; to have confidence; to want; a single time; one of the parts of speech.

The initials and finals, each name one of the simple elements of nature.

TECUMSEH.

Westport, N. S.

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Behead part of a house, and leave a tree. 2. Behead an adjective, and leave a pronoun. 3. Behead an instrument used by mechanics, and leave a venomous serpent. 4. Behead a wooden case, and leave a useful animal. 5. Behead part of a bird, and leave a weight.

G. E. C.

Cambridge, Q. C.

Answers in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO PASTIMES FOR APRIL 23.

To Word-Square.—

C A G E
A N I L
G H L L
E L L S

To Cross-Word Enigma.—Helen.

To Numerical Enigma.—Hunger never saw bad bread.

To Charade.—Sinecure.

To Diamond Puzzle.—

S
P A R
P O L E S
S A L I M I S
R E M I T
S I T

ANSWERS TO MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.
1. $\frac{2}{5} - \frac{1}{3} = \frac{1}{15}$; if $\frac{1}{15}$ of the money = 5, then the whole = 75.
2. As the 1st + the 2nd = the 3d, the 3d = twice the 1st = 18; hence the 1st = 9. From the last condition, the 2d = twice the 1st = 18; hence the 2d = 18 - 9 = 9 = the 1st.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

A. T. Dykeman, Nemeseg, answers to the Word-Square, Numerical Enigma, Diamonds (nearly), Rhomboid Enigma, Cross-Word Enigma, and Charade in the VISITOR of 16th.

CHAT WITH OUR VISITORS.

O. B., Cumberland Bay. Send me your Cross-Word Enigma before it can be available.

A. T. D., Nemeseg. Thanks for your words of encouragement! Your last "Pastimes" was very acceptable, and will receive attention.

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