

The Doppers.

CHAPTER I.

The Doppers, who are they? A section of Dutch speaking Colonists, in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. They are also called Boers. Yet, in some respects, there is a great difference. The word Boer means simply a farmer. The plural for Boer is Boeren, and not Boers. The Doppers, are, so to say, a clan, and the Dopper of the old school is exceedingly clannish. The name Dopper is very offensive to them, and should therefore not be employed.

The men used to wear very short jackets, and remarkably broad brimmed hats.

The Doppers of the old class were very antagonistic towards Englishmen. Sayings like the following have been current amongst them: "Even should an Englishman possess nothing, he will at all events own a horse that is shod, and a bottle of brandy!" "If you knock an Englishman on the head, nothing but whiskey oozes out!" "Just pay attention to their

speech. They hiss. The first Englishman must have been a snake!"

This is Darwinian theory put rather strong.

Great allowance must be made, however, for this antipathy, for it cannot be denied that sad blunders in statesmanship have been committed by the British Government in South Africa in years gone by, and these gave rise to this feeling.

The Doppers also say that when Englishmen have become insolvent three times, they consider themselves real gentlemen! Doppers very rarely become bankrupt.

A propos of this. The author once met a Chinese doctor, who spoke English very imperfectly. Quoth 'this man of medicine: "Dere down in Port Elizabeth dere was a Germane, and an Englishman. De Englishman he go insolvent four times, he only laugh. De Germane he go insolvent only once, hego to the park, and hang himself. Which now is the best, de Englishman who go insolvent four times, and only laugh, or de Germane who go insolvent once, and hang himself?"

The Doppers used to wear a long knife, as well as a tobacco pouch, and both suspended from the side in a leathern belt. From this custom, no doubt a certain Dutch song had its origin. It began thus: „Mijn vader was een Dopper, en een Dopper was hij, zijn mes en zijn twakzak die hang op zijn zij." This signifies: "My father is a Dopper and a Dopper is he, his knife and his pouch are suspended by his side." This knife did duty in various ways. For cutting tobacco. For cutting meat at table. For

cutting sole leather. For offensive and defensive purposes. It was called a "boschlemmer" which signifies a bushblade. It was often required whilst hunting in the bush, and for skinning wild bucks.

The author knew an old Dopper who was usually called "Hans Boschlemmer." This nickname was applied for the following reason. One day he was travelling in a horse wagon. The horses bolted, and Hans leaped out of the vehicle. In so doing the long knife broke, leaving the point lodged in his thigh, where it remained for several years. Ultimately the unwelcome steel was removed by a surgeon.

CHAPTER II.

As already stated, the Doppers are exceedingly clannish. They only marry within the pale of their own clan. For the most part the contracting parties are relatives, often first cousins. Marriages are sometimes solemnized at very early ages. Cases on record show that young people have entered the bonds of matrimony when the bride counted only fifteen summers and the bridegroom sixteen! When travelling the Doppers shun any dwelling, as much as possible, preferring to sleep in the open, rather than seek shelter in any house. Hotels are an abomination to them.

Originally these people belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church. They, however, did not feel at home in that connection. Objections were raised

to the doctrines of the said Church, as not being rigidly Calvinistic. Another objection was the singing of hymns during Divine Service, and they contended that the Psalms of David are found in the Word of God, whilst hymns are merely the work of man.

Accordingly, psalms only are used by them during Divine Service. A further objection was likewise urged against the use of musical instruments in churches. For many years there was great dissatisfaction. Besides the above objections, it was also contended that the discipline of the Dutch Reformed Church was far too lax.

These complaints reached the ministers of the different Dutch Churches, but owing to circumstances little heed was given to them.

This state of things continued for some years, when a Rev. gentleman, named Dirk Postma, arrived on the scene from Holland. He belonged to a sect in that country called "De Christelijke Gereformeerde Kerk," (The Christian Reformed Church.) In this Church, no hymns, but only psalms are used, whilst the doctrines are ultra Calvinistic. Before the advent of the Reverend gentleman, some correspondence had taken place between various members of the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa, all disaffected of course, and the Christian Reformed Church in Holland aforesaid, with the result that Mr. Postma was deputed to proceed to this country, for the purpose of aiding the petitioners. The new preacher was received with open arms, and adherents appeared from all quarters.

Before many months had elapsed, churches had sprung up in several parts of the Cape Colony, Free State, and Transvaal. These were established at great personal sacrifice, and inconvenience to the Doppers, and supported by voluntary subscriptions only.

It is generally supposed that the only reason of secession was their aversion to the use of hymns. This, however, is not the case.

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They also object to any kind of hymns in Sunday-schools, and sing only the psalms of David. With reference to the use of musical instruments it is well known that some churches in Scotland also raise objections against their use. After a deal of unpleasant and persistent opposition an organ was eventually placed in a certain church in Scotland, when an old lady belonging to the congregation, indignantly wished to know "what they were after, in putting a box of whistles in the Kirk?"

When Mr. Postma first commenced his labours, there was much opposition on the part of the Dutch Reformed Church. Some ministers expressed themselves warmly, perhaps more so than was really necessary. The author has been told that one of these clergymen was once preaching in an upcountry town. He was not the local minister, but as the church at that place had no pastor at the time, the reverend gentleman visited the parish quarterly for the purpose of preaching and administering the sacraments.

He took for his text the 10th Chapter of the Gospel according to St John, and the first verse:

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, he that entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and robber." An eccentric old man sat on the gallery. The preacher was likewise an aged man. In the course of his remarks, referring to his text, he said: "He that entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way, is a thief and robber."

"Now," he continued, "is not this Postma?" The old man in the gallery replied in a loud voice: „Ja, zeker, mijnheer." (To be sure, sir!) "Did he not climb up by some other way?" the preacher went on. „O ja, dit het hij gedaan, mijnheer!" (Oh, yes, he did do it, sir!)

Referring to the 10th verse, the preacher said: "The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and destroy." "Have we not here again a portrait of Postma?" „O ja, mij leeraar, een ware portret," (Oh, yes, minister, a true portrait) said the voice again from the gallery. The preacher proceeded: "Did he not destroy our congregation? Did he not destroy this very parish?" „O zeker, mij lieve leeraar, het hij dit gedaan, zoo zeker het hij dit gedaan, as dat mijnheer daar op die preekstoel staat," (Oh certainly he did it, as certainly as that you are occupying that pulpit, my dear minister) once more said the old man.

The eccentric hearer would no doubt have spoken again, but one of the churchwardens remonstrated kindly with him, and the preacher could proceed uninterruptedly. It is questionable whether this story is true.

The Doppers also object to gown and bands being worn by ministers of the Gospel, nor will they tolerate ornaments of any kind on their sacred edifices.

These people have a way of their own in proposals of marriage. They "pop the question" in this fashion: „Ik spring o'er die touw, Jij spring o'er die touw, Kom, laat ons zaam trouw." This signifies, "I jump over the rope, you jump over the rope, come let us get married." These words rhyme in Dutch, and consequently sound better in that language. Another way of proposing is: „Kom, laat ons onze schaapjes deur makaar maak." (come, let us mix our sheep.)

CHAPTER III.

Engagements to be married, as a rule, are short. After the young man has received the consent of the lady, a certain day is fixed upon which the consent of the parents of the latter will be sought.

Such a day is generally not far distant. A young man once slept at the house of his lady-love's father. During the evening, or rather night, for lovers are allowed to sit up very late, (a most objectionable practice) it was decided that the would-be bridegroom should speak to the father the next day before leaving for home. Accordingly the next morning very early, just after the old man had partaken of his usual first cup of coffee, and his toilette having been commenced in the dining-

room, the young lover surprised his host by suddenly standing before him, and placing the matter in its true light, in fact, by asking his consent to the marriage. The father, of course, knew the reason of the frequent visits by the aspirant, but "where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise." The parent immediately suspended the operation on his hair, and gave profound attention. After the enamoured youth had finished his little discourse, the old man gave the required consent and a blessing as well, and forthwith resumed his toilette!

Another Dopper, somewhat advanced in years, and a widower, wanted a second wife. He called to mind in a distant district a widow of whom he had heard, but had never seen.

Suddenly the resolve was taken that she should be his second better half. Accordingly he started on a long journey, and in due time arrived at the farm. The widow in person received him kindly at the door: „Wil neef nie afzaal nie?" (Will cousin off saddle?) The word cousin is used as a term of respect to equals in years, and „oom" (uncle) to those more advanced in life. His reply was: „Of ik zal afzaal of nie, niggie, hang net van jou af." (Whether I will off saddle or not, cousin, depends entirely on yourself.) And before he did saddle off, his errand was told, and the proposal of marriage accepted. The marriage, however, proved unhappy.

CHAPTER IV.

To return to the secession. With praiseworthy zeal the secessionists put their shoulders to the wheel. The Rev. Mr. Postma impressed it upon his followers, that it would be next to impossible for him to visit the various congregations continually, and that consequently some decision must be arrived at with reference to pastors. From whence to get these was indeed the question. In Holland, with one or two exceptions, no available men were to be had. Accordingly pastors were elected from among their own people, by majority of vote of the various congregations. For a brief period these were placed under the training of their spiritual leader, and then ordained as ministers.

It stands to reason that these pastors were very deficient in theological equipment, yet it is surprising how faithfully and well they performed their duties. There was likewise great willingness on the part of each church and congregation to support its pastor, financially and otherwise.

In course of time a Theological Seminary was established, also by voluntary subscription, at Burgersdorp, Cape Colony, at which place young men were thoroughly trained for the ministry.

After some years, one of the first ministers, named Venter, and resident at Bethulie, Orange Free State, seceded from his connection with a number of followers. This reverend gentleman's education was of necessity very limited. By some means or other,

the strange idea entered into his mind that the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen is no longer necessary, inasmuch as the word of God has already been proclaimed to every creature!

In consequence of this secession, two churches for a time existed at Bethulie, but as could be foreseen, the congregation of which Mr. Venter was the pastor, came to a speedy dissolution.

He then returned to his former farming pursuits, and the two churches reunited.

The mode of church-government of the Doppers is congregational. Ministers meet annually for mutual counsel and profit.

The Doppers have a horror of debt. With pleasure it can be said that the rising generation is being educated, and with telling effect for good. Schools are liberally and voluntarily supported.

Of late years however the voluntary principle has been somewhat departed from, as the „Gereformeerde Kerk” (their church) receives State-aid from the Government of the Orange Free State, to the amount of £1000 (one thousand pounds stg.) per annum.

The name of the church seceded from was, „De Nederduitsche Gereformeerde Kerk”. The new church is called, „De Gereformeerde Kerk.” (The Reformed Church.)

Lily, you have broken my heart.

Founded on fact.

CHAPTER I.

In a well furnished parlor of a neat dwelling, in a respectable part of London, in the year 1880, sat a young man, apparently aged twenty-two or twenty-three. His father, a gentlemanly looking man, was reclining on a couch, whilst the mother, who seemed several years younger than her husband, had ensconced herself in an easy chair. Mr. Smith, for that was his name, was the head of a large mercantile firm in the city, with numerous branches all over the counties. He was considered to be well off. Those in need of charity never met with a refusal at his hands, and subscription lists found their way continually into his counting house.

It was a public holiday, in the afternoon of which day this trio was to be found in the parlor aforesaid.

"Johnny," the father began, and he looked sorrowful, "as you know, I am very much occu-

pied during business hours, and often in the evenings as well, so that I have not been able to speak to you about your idea of emigrating to South Africa. You mentioned it to me a few days ago, and I promised you an interview.

Your mother and I both feel much grieved about your project, and we have thought it would be well to discuss the matter with you this afternoon”.

John. “I thank you, father and mother, I am very glad of the opportunity. I would, however, have been more pleased if we could have met for discussion of my “idea,” as you call it, on some other day. As it is, I have lost my holiday.”

Mrs. Smith. (vigorously) “Don’t you think, my son, that you have too many holidays already? How many days in the week are you in your father’s countinghouse, and how many are lazily idled away?”

Mr. Smith. “Come now, my dear, do not be hard on the lad. We have not met to upbraid him, but to discuss his plan.”

Mrs. Smith. “Yes, but I have no patience with young scapegraces, who will not listen to wise counsels, and squander any few pounds that are given to them for pocket money.”

John. “Mother!”

Mrs. Smith. “Yes, you can exclaim, but I mean what I say. *My* father had to work hard to bring up his large family, and *your* father toils nearly night and day for his dear ones. You are the eldest child in the house, and ought to be an example to Tommy, and Georgie, and Alice, and

May, Lucy and Fanny. But you go spending, and" — — — Here the mother burst into tears.

Mr. Smith. "Now, my dear, do let *me* speak to Johnny. We will get over this most unpleasant business all the sooner if you do."

John. (impetuously). "That is always the way with mother; she constantly storms at me."

Mr. Smith. "Do you not give cause for it, John? Believe me, your mother's tears are not those of sentiment. But let us come to the point under discussion. You say you wish to emigrate to South Africa?"

John. "Yes."

Mr. Smith. "And what do you propose doing when you get there?"

John. "Go to Johannesburg."

Mr. Smith. "Your whole plan would require money, would it not?"

John. "Yes."

Mr. Smith. "And where will you get it?"

John. (doubtfully). "Get it? Why, I thought perhaps you would be good enough to lend it to me."

Mrs. Smith. (sneeringly). "Indeed, young man, do not believe you will get it, as long as *I* have any influence with your father. *Lend* it, indeed! He may as well put it down to profit and loss at once."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Smith. "You see, Johnny, the fact is, there is no need for you to sail for South Africa. What is really your object?"

John. "To try my fortune."

Mr. Smith. "Well, Johnny, it affords me pleasure to find that you even have as much as an idea of seeking a fortune. I am afraid, however, that there are three serious barriers in the way. The first is, you *lack application*. Do not run away with the notion, as too many young fellows do, that gold is to be picked up in the streets of Cape Town. As you are aware, I visited South Africa a few years ago, and my experience is that in that country, as well as in any other, the universal rule applies, "no work, no pay."

John. "At that time, father, the Johannesburg Gold Fields had not been discovered."

Mr. Smith. "True. But that fact does not alter the hard and fast rule, that it often is only by patient and steady plodding that not more even than a living can be gained. No doubt the discovery of the Gold Fields has brought a great deal of capital into the country, and put life and spirit into the inhabitants, yet—*work you must*."

John. "I may marry some rich Dutch *frow*."

Mrs. Smith. (indignantly) "Yes, there it is. He wants to have money without working for it. I have been to South Africa also, in company with your father, young man, and I have associated with a good many of the Dutch. This I can tell you, for your comfort, that it is far from easy for a "rooinek" to get hold of a respectable Dutch girl, especially if she is wealthy."

John. "Yes, mother, you seem to delight in pouring cold water on all my plans."

Mrs. Smith. "I only point out to you your wild goose chase. A pity it is, truly, that you are too much of a dunce to see it."

John. "I am no dunce, mother."

Mrs. Smith. (severely) "Well then, an *ass*, if that suits you better."

Mr. Smith. "Come now, my dear, do not worry Johnny."

Mrs. Smith. "The fact is, I am quite weary, and out of patience with the young donkey, who *will* persist in walking with his head against the wall.

Mr. Smith. "Look here, Johnny, as I was saying, if you emigrate to South Africa, *you will have to work*. Bear that in mind. And as I have already told you, *you lack application*. The second barrier is your ideas go towards *living high*. Let me tell you a true story. There was once an old Scotchman who had got on very well in the world. His son James, on the contrary, could make no headway at all, but seemed to be getting poorer. One day a neighbour asked the father how it came about that he made such very good progress in his financial position, whilst his son was apparently hopelessly unable to follow his example. "Well," was his reply, "you see, neighbour, the fact is this: when my old wife and myself began housekeeping, and our business was young, we could afford meat only once a week. Presently, as we got on a little better, we had it twice a week. Eventually, when business was quite good, we ventured upon a *chicken* now and then. Now, you see, Jimmy *started with the chicken!*"

Here Mr. Smith paused. After a little while he continued: "I am afraid, Johnny, you will also commence with the chicken."

Mrs. Smith. "Of that you may be quite sure."

Mr. Smith. "And then, Johnny, I must be plain with you, the third barrier is *strong drink*! It grieves me to have to say it of my own son, that he lies under that curse.

Mrs. Smith. (weeping) "Ah, yes, my poor boy. Would that he had died in infancy!"

John. "Have you nothing to suggest, father? for I have set my heart upon sailing for South Africa, even if I have to work my passage out."

Mr. Smith. "The three obstacles, I have put before you, Johnny. The greatest barrier, however, is *the drink*, my son. There is a Good Templar Lodge just round the corner. Come now, be a man, and take the first step towards a better life, by signing the pledge."

John. "That I will never do."

Mr. Smith. "Then I think you can consider the interview at an end."

CHAPTER III.

John withdrew, and his parents were left alone. There was a painful silence of several minutes which was at length broken by the father. He pointed out to the unwilling and distressed mother, that as the lad seemed determined to try his fortune in an other country, it would perhaps be as well

to consent to his departure, and make the best of the circumstance, especially as the young man is of age.

Mrs. Smith had great confidence in her husband's sound judgment, and entered into the subject with vigor. After a lengthy conversation, it was ultimately decided that John should be informed that his desire is granted, that his passage will be paid, and that for the first few months an allowance of a few pounds per month will be made to him, on condition of repayment as soon as his finances allow. Whatever other failings John had, he was not untruthful.

The next morning the young man received the intelligence with joy, and prepared for an immediate departure. A few days after, the eventful hour had struck. Notwithstanding his grave faults, John was much beloved by his brothers and sisters, and the prospect of parting now made itself sadly felt on both sides. The youngest ones clambered on his knee, put their little arms round his neck, began to cry, and stammered out: "Brother Johnny mus'nt go way so far!" The elder members of the family clustered at his feet, and silently wept with their handkerchiefs to their eyes. The departing brother nearly relented, and changed his mind, but eventually nerved himself to the occasion. He spoke soothingly to all the children, pointing out that so much less time nowadays is needed to get back from South Africa to England, that he would write very often and that as soon as some money had been earned, nice presents would be sent. He

even succeeded in getting the youngsters to dry their tears by promising to write and tell them nice long stories about South African lions and tigers. Any adventures he may meet with, would be fully set forth.

Half an hour before the appointed time for leaving John was closeted with his parents, and the following conversation took place:

Mr. Smith. "Well, Johnny, my son, it has really come to this, that you are leaving us for a foreign land. I can scarcely believe it."

Mrs. Smith. (weeping) "To me it is like a dream."

John. "I wish, father, you and mother would make haste, and finish what you have to say to me, for parting is painful at the best."

Mr. Smith. "No doubt we will be as brief as possible, for there is not much time left. Yet we must refuse to be hurried. There are moments in every young man's life, of great importance; moments in which deeper impressions can be made than at any other time. Such moments, my son, correspond with those of the present hour. You are about to leave your parents' roof for the first time, and we are affording you an opportunity, if possible, to find your own living. How much your mother, and I, not to mention your brothers and sisters, would have preferred to have kept you with us, I need scarcely say. Yet, a young man need not be tied to his mother's apron strings, and all things being equal, there would have been no objection to your seeking your fortune in South Africa, in which country every one who is *willing to work*, can at

least find a living. Some have amassed fortunes in that land. But, unfortunately, things are *not* equal. Those three barriers, Johnny, my son, need to be removed, before you can even have hopes of success. And, especially, the barrier of *strong drink*. That barrier will land you in the gutter."

John. "Surely, father, you do not prophecy such a miserable failure for me?"

Mrs. Smith. "Your father is quite right, John, my son. Think of his parting words when you are gone."

Mr. Smith. "Now, Johnny, do not get impatient, but listen to what I have to say. It is for your own good. That curse, my son, that curse *strong drink*, will be your ruin, as it has been of many a fine young man before you. Now, take my advice, and become a Good Templar. Your mother and I do not ask you to do what we ourselves have not done. We have, for the sake of a good example to our children, taken the pledge. Nor have we ever felt sorry for having taken such a step. No one needs *intoxicating liquor*. It is hurtful to soul and body.

You have been religiously brought up, my son. In your presence your parents have commended you to God's keeping, and prayed earnestly for your conversion. But"—

Here Mrs. Smith began to weep so bitterly, that her husband was obliged to wait till the first paroxysm of grief was spent.

He then continued:

"As I was saying, Johnny, you are *not* converted, and our prayers have as yet not been heard. Still,

we will continue to pray for you. Do think of what I have been saying, and ask God's help in the removal of the three barriers I have mentioned. Let me name them once more: *a lack of application, a tendency to high living, and—the love of strong drink.*

These are my parting words to you. I pray you, remember them. Will we ever meet again in this world? Who shall say? May be you can consider this counsel as my dying advice."

Mrs. Smith once more gave way to a flood of tears, whilst her husband averted his face to hide his emotions. John was deeply moved.

There was a painful interval of silence, disturbed only by the ticking of the large and elegant clock. At length after the mother had composed herself, she calmly addressed her son in the words found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"Johnny, my boy," she said, "this is one of the most important moments of my life; bidding good-bye to a son about to leave for a foreign shore.

I will not say much, for your father has said enough, if you would only give heed. As you know, I have every confidence in my husband, and I most heartily endorse every word uttered by him. It may be, Johnny, my son, that I have often spoken too sharply to you. That is my failing, and I deplore it. I moreover pray to God to assist me in overcoming this infirmity. I have often admired

your father's quiet, but firm way, and I have wished to be like him in that respect. Well, my dear son, you must please forgive me where I have been too harsh. You know how much I love you. You do not doubt your dear mother's love, do you?"

John. (with a tearful eye) "Oh, no, dear mother, never. 'Actions speak louder than words.'

Mrs. Smith. "Just so. Well, my son, let us bury the past, and look forward to a bright and happy future. But there is just one thing your father touched upon, to which I must revert; it is THE DRINK, yes, oh, THE DRINK. Alas, alas, my dear Johnny, can it be possible that the sweet babe that lay on my lap, now that he has come to manhood, may perhaps come to a drunkard's grave? Can it be possible? Yes, quite possible."

The agonised mother now wept bitterly and loud. Her weeping was heard outside by the children. There was a tremulous and faint knock at the door, and little four year old Fanny spoke softly: "Why Ma-my cry? Poor Ma-my. Please, do'nt cry anymore, poor Ma-my. Let we come in see poor Ma-my."

Mr. Smith opened the door, when the little one rushed in, ran up to the mother, clambered on her lap, and with arms round her parent's neck, gave her a kiss, saying with a smile: "Ma-my not cry any more, her little lamb come."

At this sight John fairly broken down, and put his handkerchief to his eyes.

Mrs. Smith, after a little while, continued: "I cannot speak any more, Johnny, for my heart is too full, and my feelings are too strong. Only this,

my dear son, I would say, *give your heart to the Saviour*, and *He* will deliver you from every snare. As your father has said, we will continue to pray for you."

The mother now rose and said: "We will call all the children in, and have a parting prayer together." This was accordingly done. The father offered up a fervent petition, at the close of which the mother endeavoured to follow him in prayer. In this, however, she failed entirely, through deep emotions.

At length John took his departure, amidst the tears of the whole family. Little Fanny called out, as her brother was leaving the door: "Johnny mus'nt go way. Johnny, please come back!" As her call was not heeded, she ran after him, crying: "Johnny mus'nt go away."

After a prosperous and pleasant voyage, he landed at Cape Town, and the young man took lodgings at a respectable boarding-house. Here he was met by a christian worker, who strongly urged him to accompany his adviser to the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. This new friend explained to the stranger that the Secretary of the Association would interest himself on his behalf, as he had done for many a young man, seeking employment. His friendly advice, however, was disregarded. John replied: "No, I am not goody-goody enough for *that* place."

The seeker after fortunes walked about Cape Town for a fortnight, without being able to find any employment. And no wonder. His father was too conscientious to ask any friend for testimonials

for his son before he sailed from England, and had told him he "must take his chance." Besides, as usual, he often became intoxicated, and even one evening, during recess, strolled into a Good Templar's Hall, whilst in that state, and fell asleep on a bench. The slumberer was roused by one of the Lodge members, who endeavoured to find out his name and antecedents, but by this time having got partly sober, he refused to give any information whatever.

At length, one morning, John noticed an advertisement in a newspaper, inviting applications for a situation as private tutor in an English gentleman's family. The notice stated that the farm was located in a frontier district of the Eastern Province. Salary £ 50 per annum, with board and lodging.

"Well," thought John, "I wonder whether the situation would suit me. True, I have never imparted instruction, but I suppose that would not be so difficult, especially as there are only half a dozen urchins or so to be taught. A fortune to be made in South Africa by school keeping!" Here he smiled at the idea.

"The foundation of a fortune laid at £ 50 a year," This appeared so ludicrous that the would-be teacher laughed outright.

"Still," he cogitated further, "I call to mind my father's words. 'John, said he, 'now look here, when you get to South Africa, take any employment that offers first, no matter what it is, as long as nothing in it is lowering.' Now, it is true, there are rumours of a Kafir war. If a rebellion broke

out, a chance would offer for me to enlist as a volunteer. Ah, but then, it is always better to teach the young idea how to shoot, than to shoot Kafirs! Besides, I may have daylight put through me, and *that* would not be very nice. And then, on a quiet farm, there would be a splendid opportunity to endeavour to get rid of that *curse* STRONG DRINK. And it *is* a curse, as both my parents say. What a goat I made of myself the other night. The idea! Actually walking drunk, above all places, into a Good Templar's Hall!"

John also recalled his father's advice: "Ten minutes conversation is better than fifty letters." So he decided to start by the evening's train, and apply in person for the post.

CHAPTER V.

Our young friend felt very much better after this resolution had been taken. Indeed he was so elated, that it did not seem amiss to regale himself with a little *brandy and water*. This was accordingly done. But the time must be whiled away till the evening. So a stroll was taken in the avenue. Here he espied a soldier, sitting on one of the benches. This defender of the country was an Irishman. John took a seat next to him, and ventured upon a conversation. As the Irishman was very friendly, it was not long before he knew all about the young man's plan.

"Arrah," he said, "and it is for the country ye

are after making; and ye want to be a ta-cher. Be jabbers! ye might do worse, my young friend. Once get in with some respectable farmer, and ye will have aisy hours, plenty of milk to drink, plenty of fresh air, plenty of horseback, and a pound or two in yer pouch: Maybe your "boss" has a pretty honey of a daughter. In that case ye may possibly get a kiss on the sly occasionally into the bargain. But it will have to be: "oh, kiss me *quick* and *go*, me honey," or else it may be all up with your little game."

John had a hearty laugh at the Irishman's joke.

"Yes," the latter continued, "ye'll have to bear in maind that some of these frontier farmers wear very heavy boots, and that they are uncommonly strong in the lower elbows, I mane the nase (knees). Besides, some of them go about with venomously thick stakes (sticks), and they are not over partickler nayther, by no manner of manes, (means) in which way they sometimes use them."

"So," thought John, "that is the way of South Africa, is it?"

Some further conversation ensued, after which the soldier rose, saying it was time to return to barracks. He must have noticed something in young Smith's manner, or appearance, for, in saying goodbye, he held his hand, and remarked: "I don't know, my young friend, whether ye are in the habit of taking STRONG DRINK, but if ye are, look out, it's to the gutter ye're agoing. Take my advice, and do'nt touch the stuff. The "drop of the craytur," has brought down many a foine man, and woman too,

for the matter of that. *Alcoholic liquor* is only a tame *sarpint*, and will bite ye before ye know where ye are. Ye know what the Bible says about STRONG DRINK. It warns us, and states that it *bites* like a *sarpint*, and *stings* like an *adder*. I thank God that I have become a Good Templar. And, my friend, seek the Lord Jcsus, and ye will be saved. I praise the Lord that *I* am saved. I got saved in the Salvation Army barracks."

They parted. John reoccupied his seat, and fell into a reverie. These were his thoughts: "Strange, that this soldier should also refer to the *gutter*, as my father did before I sailed. Surely, I am not destined to sink as low as that. Yet, who shall say? It is quite true, STRONG DRINK *has* brought down many a man right into the gutter, and will I be an exception? Perhaps it would have been as well if I *had* become a Good Templar in England. It would have pleased my parents immensely, and I would have derived the benefit. Well, I will see about it. If I can only get that situation."

"I wonder, now, why that soldier should talk religion to me. He gave the same advice that my mother did; to seek the Lord Jesus. Does religion follow a man like a Nemesis? And the warning against STRONG DRINK seems to be the companion. Here I am in a far off country, unknown to a single soul, and yet, a perfect stranger speaks to me, and gives the echo of my father's and mother's words. Funny world this!"

John left with the evening train. After travelling for two nights and a day, the station was reached

where the train had to be exchanged for the post-cart. In this vehicle he took his seat, and after being bumped over a wretchedly bad and stony road, at length arrived at the farm.

The house was a very neat dwelling, having a well kept flower garden in front, the pride of Lily, a pretty young lady of eighteen, the only daughter of the family. A well cultivated kitchen garden at the back amply supplied Mr. Robson's household with the vegetables needed for consumption, as well as the demands of the neighbouring market.

Mr. Robson was standing at the door when the post-cart arrived, and on perceiving a young gentleman alight, he at once walked up to the cart, and shook hands with the stranger.

The owner of the farm was a direct descendant of the British settlers of 1820, very honest, straightforward, outspoken, and kindhearted, but a shrewd man of business. His failing, however, was bluntness of manner, almost bordering on rudeness. In fact, he could be described as "a diamond in the rough."

John briefly stated his errand, adding that in case the situation was already filled, he would not take his portmanteau off the cart, but proceed further without delay.

"No, the situation is not filled yet," the old gentleman replied, "so you had better stay here today, and this evening we can have a talk."

Young Smith thanked him, thought matters looked promising, and hastened to remove his portmanteau from the vehicle.

"Here, August," Mr. Robson called out to a Kafir servant, "take this thing of the young baas, and put it in the spare room, leading out on the stoep."

"Now, young man," he continued, addressing John, "you just follow that 'boy' right into the room, have a wash and a rub down, make yourself as pretty as you can, and then join me on the stoep, when I will take you in, and introduce you to my family."

As young Smith was walking away, he called out after him: "Say, you need'nt make yourself 'swell' we are only plain country folk here."

While the young man was attending to his toilet, Mr. Robson sat smoking on the stoep. These were his thoughts: "pretty decent looking young chap that. Wonder though, whether he is honest. Hope he won't steal anything in the room. These Gold Fields have brought us strange characters; all very well to look at, but look out! At all events, in this case, I will hope for the best."

CHAPTER VI.

In a few minutes time John reappeared, looking all the brighter. Mr. Robson took him into the house at once, and introduced the visitor, as: "Mr. Smith, just from England." Mrs. Robson was an exceedingly kind lady. Her geniality made itself felt at once by strangers. So it was in this case. She gave the young man a very hearty welcome,

and told him to make himself at home. Presently Lily entered the room, looking charming, and was duly introduced as: "this is my only daughter Lily." "Lily, this is Mr. Smith, he says he has recently arrived from England."

With the quick eye of a mother, Mrs. Robson noticed that the young lady had, at first sight, made a deep impression upon the new arrival.

As it was now about noon, and dinner would not be served until one o'clock, after a few minutes pleasant conversation, Lily left the room, and, returned to the parlour with a glass of fresh milk, and some cake, which she said, was made by herself.

This refreshment was much enjoyed by John, especially the cake, on account of it having been made by Lily's dear hands.

Meanwhile Mr. Robson had vanished, as his superintendence was required on the land, where some labourers were ploughing. At dinner-time he returned. During this meal, he greatly amused his young guest with his droll sayings. At the conclusion of the repast, Mrs. Robson suggested that as the traveller no doubt felt tired after the long journey, it would be well to take a siesta for an hour. John said he would be glad of a little rest, and retired accordingly.

Mr. and Mrs. Robson also retired to their bedroom, as their custom was during the long and sultry summer days. During the hour, the pair had a conversation about the applicant, and it was decided to give him a trial, although the husband expressed

his doubts about his sobriety. The appearance of his face is against him, he said. The wife, however, suggested that the redness could possibly have been caused by the hot sun. At this idea, Mr. Robson smiled with a roguish twinkle in his eye, and said; "old birds are not caught with chaff."

John lay on the bed, and said to himself: "a splendid girl that Lily is, I am smitten all into fits. One could almost serve for her seven years, like Jacob of old did for Rachel."

After the afternoon rest, the visitor was refreshed with a nice strong cup of tea, and home made preserve.

Supper ended, Mr. Robson thus addressed the applicant:

"Well, young man, I suppose I may as well open fire now upon you. You have seen my four boys, Willie, Tommy, Freddy and Ernie. They require schooling badly, and you say you are willing to teach them. Fine fellows they are too; capital steel, only require polishing."

John. "Yes, sir, I am willing, if we can come to terms."

Mr. Robson. "I am coming to that point. Young fellow, you will excuse me if I talk straight. I won't ask you for testimonials. I don't believe in them. I want to see a man and judge for myself. Testimonials are rubbish for the most part. Let me look a man straight in the face; that to me is the best testimonial I can have. Now, you are a perfect stranger to me, and I do not wish to hurt any man's, nor your feelings, but business is

business. Tell me frankly what I wish to know. Answer this question, do you drink?"

John started and blushed. He made no reply. It certainly was very inconsiderate and blunt on Mr. Robson's part to put such a question in the presence of his wife and daughter.

There was an awkward silence, broken at length by the persistent old gentleman:

"I say, young man, business is business, and you had better answer my question, else I will have to reply for your part."

Mrs. Robson, although she felt for John, knew her husband too well to venture upon any remark.

The silence continued. At length Mr. Robson again spoke: "Your silence, young fellow, confirms my fears. Your face tells me, that you *do* drink."

Young Smith felt as if he could sink into the ground. Yet, an answer must be given. So he stammered out at last that he took LIQUOR occasionally.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I am very sorry to hear it. We keep no LIQUOR of any kind in our house. It is horrid stuff. Beware, my young friend, that venomous snake will bite you, and at length you will get into the gutter."

John started at these words, and thought: "upon my word, I am followed by a Nemesis. I shall be compelled to become a Good Templar."

Some further conversation ensued. Ultimately it was agreed that the applicant should receive £40 for the first year, with free board and lodging. If

the school be continued for the second year, the salary to be raised to £60.

Mr. Robson intimated that he would exact no promise, but it must be understood that the teacher shall abstain from LIQUOR, at least while he is on the farm, for his boys must have a good example.

CHAPTER VII.

The conversation now took a more free and easy turn. Mr. Robson began to take a deep interest in John, after the discovery had been made, that he had not only met his father some years ago, when on a visit to the Cape Colony, but that a few days were spent by his parent on the farm. This circumstance placed him on a much better footing with his tutor. The old gentleman even went so far as to make a joke about his daughter, saying that he hoped John would attend to his duties, and not fall in love. This remark called forth a blush from the young lady and an exclamation of "for shame, Papa!" To this Mr. Robson replied: "Well, my girl, I was young myself once upon a time, and know all about it."

The young tutor wrote home in good spirits, giving full particulars of his doings and prospects.

The school opened with eight scholars, a neighbour having sent four boys. This circumstance brought John an additional thirty shillings monthly. The pupils progressed exceedingly well. The teacher apparently delighted in his work, and the boys

seemed attached to him. Both Mr. Robson and his neighbour were very well pleased with the brilliant progress of their children. On Saturdays the teacher enjoyed a mountain climb, in company with the boys, or else they went fishing, or visiting at the neighbouring farms.

During the evenings, Lily would, at John's request, give him some music. In course of time, it was discovered that the young teacher could play very well on the violin. When Mr. Robson became acquainted with this fact, he remembered that one of his neighbours had a fine second hand fiddle for sale. This was purchased, and handed to John with these words: "Here, young man, take this violin, and mind you give us a tune as often as you are not homesick. I lend it to you at present, and if you are a very good boy, I may perhaps afterwards give it to you."

John thanked the old farmer very heartily for this kindness. Henceforth he often accompanied Lily on the piano, in the presence of her parents. The old folks were delighted. As this was a religious family, the invariable request of the old gentleman at the close was: "Now Lily, let us have a hymn, in which we can also join." The hymn being sung by the whole family, a chapter was read by the father, followed by a prayer, closing with the Lord's prayer, in which all joined. The servants were always called in to be present at the devotions. Every morning, immediately after breakfast, family prayer was, of necessity, briefly held.

Three months thus passed happily away. John

had become like one of the family. But alas! this felicity was unexpectedly rudely shaken. It so happened that young Smith one Saturday paid a visit to the village, fifteen miles distant. On his return in the evening he was so intoxicated that it became necessary to assist him to reach the bedroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Robson felt deeply shocked and grieved, but made no remark in the presence of the children. The young man kept his room the whole Sunday. In the course of the afternoon, however, a visitor knocked at his door. It was Mr. Robson. John turned pale and hung his head. The old gentleman, in his blunt way, did not spare the young teacher. He referred to the disgraceful state in which he had reached the farm the evening before, placed before the young man the bad example he was setting to the scholars, pointed out that he had not only brought disgrace upon himself, but also upon his work, and upon his employer's family. Where must it all end? In the gutter! John winced at these last words. Young Smith was strongly urged to become a Total Abstainer, if not a Good Templar. Mr. Robson produced a pledge-book of the Temperance League, and endeavoured to persuade his young friend to sign it. This was refused. Hereupon his employer offered, for *his* (the teacher's) and his father's sake, to sign conjointly. This offer, however, was likewise in vain, and the faithful adviser left the room in a very depressed mood.

The next morning at 9 o'clock, the school duties,

as usual, were resumed. The teacher felt wretched, and looked haggard. His feelings of self-respect told him that he had degraded himself, and his conscience accused him of sin. Mentally he vowed that such a disgraceful thing would not happen again.

Another six months passed. John kept steady, and the past was forgotten. Nor did he visit the village again, though frequent opportunities of doing so, offered.

All this time there was a growing attachment to Lily; and young Smith thought she was not indifferent to him. At length he made her a proposal of marriage by letter. The young lady felt much pained, and being very sensible, sought an early opportunity of a personal interview. She possessed all the determination of her father, with the gentle manners of her mother.

A day or two after receipt of the proposal, she requested his company in a walk. This, in itself, was no unusual thing. John, however, surmised its object this afternoon. Having proceeded some distance, Lily spoke as follows:

"John, I have received your letter, and therefore invited you to take this walk in order to discuss it."

John. "That is very kind of you, Lily."

Lily. "I must at once, however, tell you that there is no hope whatever of your wish and desire being realised."

The young man's heart sank, and he turned pale. There was an awkward silence, and Lily suggested that they should take a seat on a boulder, some

distance from the road. This was accordingly done. The silence became oppressive.

At length John said in a husky voice:

"May I ask your reasons?"

Lily. "Certainly. This interview is exceedingly painful to me, John, yet I must speak plainly. It would be cruel on my part to mislead you with false hopes. I have nothing against your relations. From letters you have shown me from time to time, I can see they are not only respectable, and well educated, but also God-fearing. Yet, John, a girl does not marry a man's relations, but the man himself. But let me come to the point. You ask me for my reasons. Well, I have sought Divine light in this weighty matter, and I am convinced that it has been accorded to me. There are two reasons principally why I must decline your offer. The first is — oh, John, my tongue seems tied."

Here the young lady paused. After a while she continued: "How can I marry a man *who drinks?*"

Lily burst into tears, whilst John looked sad. Some time after, she became more composed, and said: "You see, John, *that is the* great obstacle. I will not say, I have no love for you, but I *do* say; marry a man *who drinks*, never! never!! never!!! Why will you not be wise in time? Oh, dear John, think of it what God's Word tells us:— "no *drunkard* shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Here you are, a fine healthy young man, well brought up, with a good education, with every chance in the world to make headway in every direction, making a *PIG* of yourself, for that is

really so! Oh, please excuse me, if I have spoken strongly, but it must be done. Why don't you take the pledge?"

John. "I do not wish to sign away my liberty."

Lily. "What nonsense, John! Your "liberty." STRONG DRINK takes liberties with you. We do not need these dangerous drinks. Alas! how many have fallen under their deadly and seductive influences. Nature's beverage, provided for us by a kind and loving Heavenly Father, is PURE WATER. This beverage has never yet injured any one."

This conversation was continued for some time. Lily pointed out faithfully and clearly to her hearer what a grief this bad habit to which he was addicted must be to his parents, and how painful it was to the family with whom he was associated at present. Further, that it would be his ruin temporally and spiritually. She concluded by offering to take him to the village, and, for his sake, to become a member of the Order of Good Templars as well.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The second reason is, John, that at present you are too poor to think of marriage. I do not hold with long engagements. In case I accepted your offer, it would probably be some years before we could be united. But, as I have already said, never, never, can I marry a man who *gets drunk*. And the worst is, you refuse to sign the pledge, although it is the wish of my heart. You say you love me,

but do not think me harsh when I tell you that you love LIQUOR better. If - - - -". Again the gentle speaker was overcome by her emotions, and silently wept.

John felt his position keenly, but was silent.

After two or three minutes, Lily continued calmly, though with a slight tremor in her voice: "If it is thus *before* marriage, how then will it be *after*? Oh, let me plead with you as a sister, for God's sake, for the sake of yourself, of your parents, of your brothers and sisters, of *our* family, try and get well rid of that *curse*, STRONG DRINK. In your own strength you are unable to do it, but the Lord will be your helper, if you only ask and trust Him. Good Templary in itself cannot save you, but it is a powerful means to an end."

Again there was a prolonged and painful silence, broken at length by Lily.

"Well," she said kindly, "John, I have told you what I intended to say. As no good will result from prolonging this interview further, I propose that we return home."

In a husky voice, and with dejected countenance John asked: "Is there really *no hope whatever* for me?"

"No," she replied, "not a shadow of a hope. At least," she added quickly, "not as long as you have not said goodbye to LIQUOR for ever."

The walk back to the house now commenced. Lily's heart was full, and John felt miserable. At length the homestead was reached, and the young man went to his room at once. When called to

supper, he begged to be excused on the plea of a headache. Lily, however, prepared a nice strong cup of tea, which she sent to him, with some bread and butter, on a tray, covered by a snowwhite cloth. In the course of the evening the young lady conveyed a kind message to him by one of the scholars, saying she hoped the headache would skedaddle, and that he would feel bright in the morning.

The young teacher was moody for several days after this event. All his usual brightness seemed to have departed. The sympathising Lily did all in her power to raise the drooping spirits, but to no purpose.

Suddenly he resolved to leave for good. With this in view, he requested an interview with Mr. Robson. Accordingly, his employer requested John to follow him to the parlour. Here the young man frankly told the whole truth, and requested permission to break up the school, and leave the farm.

Mr. Robson looked fiercely at young Smith, as if he meant to say: how dare you speak to me about Lily?

After a brief silence, he said angrily: "Well, if Lily has given you the sack, I can't help that; you had better close the school, and take your departure." With these words the enraged father left the room, slamming the door so violently after him, that the ornaments on the parlour table rattled.

There sat John, pale, agitated, sorrowful, and alone. The very pictures on the wall seemed to mock at his misery. After a few minutes, Mrs.

Robson entered, spoke kindly to the dejected teacher, and told him that her husband had been very angry about this matter in which Lily had to play a part; he had laid all the blame at John's door. She had, however, succeeded in pacifying him by pointing out that young people did foolish things sometimes, and that in this case, no harm was intended. He was now in a good humor again, she said, and had thought better of it.

The kind lady told John that he had better forget this event and continue his school duties. But to this he would not agree. The same afternoon he packed his boxes, and left the following morning midst the tears of his scholars, with the best and hearty wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Robson and after an unsolicited kiss from Lily. His employer endeavoured to dissuade him from this step, but in vain. A gloom seemed to have fallen on the farm, after his departure.

On the following morning a Dutch farmer, but who could speak English, was standing on the platform of a railway station, when he noticed a young man, looking very dejected, walking up and down, apparently lost in thought. As the farmer was kindhearted, he got into conversation with the stranger, and eventually inquired the reason of his dejection. The reader has, no doubt, recognised John. He promptly informed the new acquaintance that he was a teacher in a neighbouring district, that for certain reasons the school had to be closed, and—behold! the reason of his sorrow.

“And,” queried the farmer, “what do you intend doing now?”

"I am going up country to try and get a situation," was the reply.

"Look here," said the kind Dutchman, "I have four sons who are very much in need of instruction. Why not become *my* tutor?"

After some further conversation, an agreement was made. The school to be opened in two or three days' time.

John accompanied his new employer at once, it being arranged that a Scotch cart would be sent to fetch his luggage the next day.

At the station the farmer had observed the young man taking LIQUOR, and this was repeated on the road. So he remarked upon this circumstance and pointed out the evils of INTEMPERANCE. "Besides," said he, "if you drink, you will set a bad example to my boys, and this I could not allow. And, please bear in mind, that even ministers of the Gospel have fallen under this awful curse, and become degraded beings. How much better it would be if you could see your way to become a Good Templar. If that is not possible, I hope you will confine yourself to one glass in the morning, and one in the evening."

John assured the farmer that he need not feel troubled on his account, for it was not customary with him to take LIQUOR, but he only did so now, because he felt miserable. He also informed the employer that his relations in England were very respectable people, and that he was the regular recipient of money from home.

His faithful companion again warned him earnestly

against drinking habits, and clearly pointed out the safety of walking in the path of TOTAL ABSTINENCE especially during days of trouble.

At length the farm was reached. The farmer's wife received the stranger very cordially, and expressed pleasure at the prospect of having her boys educated. They had intended, she said, to send them all to a boarding school, but to have a tutor on the farm was far preferable.

During the evening, John was told by his employer that he regretted to say the room to be occupied by him had yet to be put in proper order, and consequently it would be necessary to share the sleeping apartment with the boys for two or three nights.

CHAPTER IX.

On the morning of the third day, the eldest boy complained to his father that it was impossible for him and his brothers to sleep in the same room with the teacher.

"What is the reason, my son?" asked the father.

"Well, father," replied the boy, "just when we are dozing off, the teacher calls out in his sleep, 'rir, rir . . . rir . . . rir . . . rir . . . rir . . . Lily, you have broken my heart!' And so it continues all through the night. As it is now the second night that our rest has been disturbed in this way, I am obliged to tell you."

During the afternoon the farmer called John into the parlour, and thus addressed him:

"I say, my young friend, the boys complain that they cannot sleep in the same room with you."

The young man looked up in surprise, and asked the reason.

"Well," continued the employer, "they tell me that all through the night you call out: "rir... rir... rir... rir... rir... rir... Lily, you have broken my heart."

"So, so," said John, "do I call out in my sleep in this way? Well, if the matter has thus partly been revealed, I may as well tell you everything candidly."

Hereupon the tutor gave his sympathising employer a full account of the whole history connected with Lily. At times, during the recital, he completely broke down, and wept bitterly. The farmer felt deeply for the young man.

At the conclusion of the account, the kind-hearted employer said:

"Well, my young friend, the best thing you can do now, is to get to work at once. That will be the only means of speedily forgetting Lily. If you require a wife, and she has refused to accept you as her husband, surely you could find one elsewhere. Why, the world is full of marriageable young ladies, and young widows. Women are not planted, but sown broadcast over the world."

John replied that he never could forget Lily, but the school would be opened next morning. This, however, did not take place. The tutor continued

very depressed, and took more LIQUOR than could with safety be consumed.

Day after day passed, and yet the schooldoor remained closed. On the tenth day, the farmer once more invited John into the parlour, and addressed him:

"Look here, young man," he said, "I would much like to know your plans to-day. It is now ten days since you arrived here, and, as yet, the school has not been opened. If you wish to enter upon your duties, it is high time to do so, and I should be much pleased. If, however, you have changed your mind, I do not wish to keep you to your agreement, and, however much I may regret the circumstance, it would be best for all concerned that you take your departure."

John's reply was: "To be frank with you, sir, I feel that I am too near Lily yet. I shall never be able to forget her here. You would do me a great favor by taking me back to the station, as I prefer going much further up country."

So nothing remained to be done, but to accede to his wish. The same day he was sent back. The sorrowful young man continued to imbibe that horrid stuff, *brandy*, and stepped into the railway carriage far from sober.

After some time, the kindhearted farmer heard that John was fortunate enough to secure a situation in an up-country town about a hundred miles distant from his farm. This situation, however, was soon lost through his Nemesis, STRONG DRINK.

From this town our young friend made his way

to the golden city of Johannesburg, travelling as a passenger in an ox-wagon. After a few days, he happily got another situation in a share broker's office. At this post John toiled on manfully for some weeks, but alas! the temptations of Johannesburg proved too strong, and once more the DRINK FIEND had the mastery. His employer valued his services, and, after a severe reprimand, forgave him. A week after, however, he was once more the victim of intemperance, and was consequently discharged.

Poor John now wandered about the streets until his last penny was well-nigh spent, and looking the picture of despair. He continued to imbibe, and was apparently always only half sober.

One morning, at daybreak, a Presbyterian minister was returning from a visit to a sick parishioner, and, to his surprise, noticed a respectably dressed young man lying asleep in the gutter. The true-hearted pastor roused the unfortunate stranger, and lent him a helping hand to rise. And in what a state he was! His clothes bespattered with mud and filth, boots dirty, hair unkempt, eyes bloodshot. The reverend gentleman further acted the part of the Good Samaritan by taking the stranger to his home. He watched over him for weeks, and, being a Good Templar himself, persuaded John to join the Order. He kept his pledge manfully, and through the influence of his reverend friend, the former situation with the broker was secured, and once more gratefully accepted by him.

Two years passed. John was quite a reformed