

man. He often wondered at his folly in days gone by, in refusing to become a TOTAL ABSTAINER.

"See," said he to himself one day, "how the words of my faithful advisers have been verified; surely I *did* get into the GUTTER." How ashamed he felt for his past conduct!

During all this time he had never forgotten Lily. Some months after the pledge had been taken, the now reformed man ventured to write to the young lady, and convey the good news. He received such a cordial reply that his heart felt all aglow. From this time forward the correspondence was kept up regularly.

Another year passed, and John was sent out as a prospector by his employer. Success crowned his efforts to a remarkable degree. He came upon a rich lost reef, and was amply rewarded for his trouble.

Being now in possession of some capital, he entered into partnership with his employer. Success followed upon success. In three years time John was a well-to-do man. However much pressed for time, he always took a leading part in the Order of Good Templary. A close correspondence was kept up with his parents and relatives.

Our young friend also paid a visit to Lily, resulting in an engagement. She always loved him, she said, and although there had been several offers of marriage during his absence, she did not feel that any of them could be accepted. "And now, dear John," she remarked, as her head was laid upon his shoulder, "that those barriers of yours are removed, nothing stands in the way of our union."

Another year passed. John's father offered him a partnership in his establishment in England, and urged upon him to accept it because his assistance was needed. "I am getting high in years, my son," the old gentleman wrote, "and it will not be long before I retire from business altogether. Who else, but you, can be my successor?"

The offer was accepted, and two months after, the marriage took place. At the expiration of a few weeks, whilst John and Lily were seated on the very boulder where long ago he had met his refusal, she said, with a twinkle in her eye: "I suppose, John, you feel slightly happier today on this stone, than on a certain occasion when - - -." John looked up, and replied: "be jabers, I do!"

Words fail to describe the warm welcome accorded to John and his pretty and sensible wife, on their arrival in England. And they lived very happily.

A Transvaal Ghost Story.

A true Story.

Some years ago a gentleman was travelling in the Transvaal, and one evening arrived at a farmhouse. He was very hospitably received by the owner of the farm. After supper, the traveller and the host sat on the stoep smoking.

Presently the latter asked the former whether he believed in ghosts. He replied that he did not.

"Well," said the farmer, "to-night you will see one. You observe it is a clear moonlight night, else it may possibly be thought that I am deceiving you."

"Before long, you will see a wagon drawn by a team of oxen coming over yonder eminence. A new tent wagon, drawn by sixteen beautiful red bullocks. It will come to the bank of the river; you will hear the driver call out stop; you will hear him lock the hind wheel with a chain; you will see the wagon disappear into the river, but it will never reappear on this side." The traveller laughed at the idea, but, sure enough, presently there appeared

the wagon and team exactly as described by the farmer. "Oh," said the traveller, "you have been joking. That wagon no doubt belongs to one of your neighbours, expected by you this evening." The farmer, however, assured him to the contrary. "Well then," continued the traveller, "it is a beautiful evening, and I would like to walk over to the spot and ascertain whether any wheel marks are visible." "You may do so," rejoined his companion, "but nothing will be seen." He went, but could find no trace of any marks. And the mystery of the phantom wagon remains unexplained to this day.

IV.

The Heidelberg Dwarf.

A South African Tom Thumb.

(From a Newspaper.)

“Have you seen Piet Piek?” “Who is Piet Piek?” asks the stranger. He is the dwarf of Heidelberg, in the South African Republic, the local Tom Thumb, and one of the lions of the place. He is best seen at home; let him undergo the process of dissection there. Down near a rocky streamlet, which takes its rise in the Sugar Bush rand, stands a little mud cabin of rather superior class. On the side facing the town, is a small aperture, closed by a shutter. Here the dwarf resides. The little man is not visible, and has to be summoned. An expectant eye is cast towards the door, but it remains closed. Suddenly the little shutter before mentioned is opened, and with a hop and a jump a small figure drops out, and advances towards his visitor with a sprawling gait. There stands the much spoken of goblin, Piet Piek, the dwarf of South Africa. There is a weird look in his eyes, as he scans his visitor

from head to foot. Then apparently satisfied, he advances, stretches forth his long brawny arm, and shakes hands cordially, for, to add to his grotesqueness, the dwarf has disproportionately long arms, and an extraordinarily large head. He avers that he stands two feet eight inches in his socks, and no one who sees him will doubt it. Piet is a European of Dutch extraction, and the village of Cradock claims the honour of being the birthplace of his race. He was christened in that town in 1852. In 1876 he accompanied his parents on their pilgrimage to the North, sojourned for some time in the Free State, but after a time accompanied them to their present home.

Piet is not the only dwarf in the family; nine children were born to his parents, and of these five are dwarfs, and the rest of normal stature.

In 1883, Piet thought he would take unto himself a wife. He met a fair maiden, about six feet in height, became a suitor, and was accepted. In due time they were married. He is now the father of three children. His daughters are respectively three and five years old, the eldest already topping him by half a head. Both bid fair to become strapping lasses.

Once Piet's paternal patience was sorely tried. One of his daughters having arrived at a suitable age for baptism, a date was fixed upon which the ceremony could take place. The child was being arrayed in the long white garment used on such occasions, when her arm broke, on being lifted to be put into the sleeve. Medical assistance was

procured, and the limb set; but on operations being recommenced, another fracture of the arm unfortunately took place. Henceforth both arms became brittle, and broke on the slightest provocation. Piet was in a great state of anxiety, for the child's arms broke sixteen times before baptism could be administered, and even then every precaution had to be taken.

Piet and his wife sometimes take a walk together, and the contrast then is ludicrous. This passion for extremes runs in the family. Piet's favourite sister married a man of five feet ten. There are, however, no children by this marriage.

Piet is somewhat of a moralist. He speaks in high terms of conjugal bliss, but warns all young men to test a woman's character thoroughly before being knotted for life. When he speaks thus, it is usually with a twinkle in his eye, and a swing of his walking stick, (total height of which is 18 inches). That little stick is sometimes vigorously brought into action. In an evil hour a wicked shop boy saw our hero pass his place of business. Taking up a Chinese lantern, the youngster walked stealthily from behind up to the dwarf, and endeavoured to fix it on his head. The little walking stick was immediately in requisition, and the mischievous urchin retired a sadder, and may be a wiser boy.

V.

The Liquor Traffic.

I.

(By a South African.)

It is our duty to serve God, and to seek His honour. The liquor traffic cannot be defended upon *this* principle. It is our duty to love our neighbours and further their interests. The liquor traffic cannot be defended upon this principle. It is our duty to give our fellowmen good value for their money. The liquor traffic cannot be defended upon this principle. It is our duty to further the interests of the community at large. The liquor traffic cannot be defended upon this principle.

We may not take part in crime. We must not be the means of bringing poverty. We may not kill the heads of households, and thus leave widows and orphans.

The liquor traffic is not a *moral* but an *immoral* business.

VI.

Sketch of the life of Mr. J. A. van Heerden, late member of Parlia- ment for Graaff Reinet.

Mr. Jeremias Auret van Heerden was born on the farm of his late father. The name of the farm is Doornbosch (Mimosa tree) and is situated in the district of Murraysburg. The date of his birth is the 28th September 1840. His first instruction in school was received on the farm, at the age of nine years. He was a very apt boy. At the age of twelve his father sent him to school at Richmond, of which Mr. Charles Stewart, an able man, was the teacher. There the boy made great progress in his studies, and subsequently he was sent to a Grammar School at Graaff Reinet. This Institution was in charge of the principal, Mr. Brown. In this place also young van Heerden furnished proofs of talents that were being developed. Some months after leaving school, Sir George Grey, then Governor of the Cape Colony, no doubt noticing the talents of the lad, urged his father to send his son for further study to Cape Town. His

parent, however, did not see fit to do so. This decision was deplored by the boy all his lifetime.

Mr. van Heerden took an active part in the formation of the Africander Bond, and represented Murraysburg at the first Bond Conference, held at Graaff Reinet, the second Conference at Cradock, and the third Conference at Richmond. He has devoted his life to farming pursuits and still resides on a part of the farm on which he was born. He was elected Member of the Assembly for Graaff Reinet, together with Mr. J. H. Smith. Both these gentlemen have given entire satisfaction to their constituents. At the election, the contest was very keen. Previous to his election as Member of the Assembly, Mr. van Heerden represented Graaff Reinet in the Legislative Council.

VII.

A terrible night with a lion.

In 1865 Mr. Botha was the proprietor of a mercantile business in Schoemansdorp, a village in the district of Zoutpansberg, South African Republic. It has since been deserted. Mr. Botha took a journey to Potchefstroom for the purpose of purchasing supplies for his shop. After completing the purchases, he started for home, travelling in a cart, drawn by two valuable horses. For these animals he had paid a very high price. Mr. Botha was accompanied by a friend, named Piet Venter. The travellers had also a little Hottentot boy, aged about twelve years, with them. At Pretoria, a halt of a few days was made, in order that the wagons laden with the goods, could have a fair start ahead. In due time the two friends started. One night they were travelling, and had just crossed the Pienaars river, in the district of Waterberg, when a lion suddenly appeared, and seized the horse which was harnessed on the left side. The travellers were terror-stricken, and, scarcely in their right senses, tossed every thing

that could be found in the cart, such as blankets, rugs, and overcoats at the savage beast, in the endeavour to frighten him, but all in vain. Botha hereupon lashed the lion with a sjambok (a whip made of hide). The only effect this produced was that the foe struck his teeth into the horse's neck, and the poor steed immediately expired. Botha and Venter were now indeed in very great danger. But, at all events, they were in possession of a gun. Venter took the weapon, aimed deliberately at the lion's head, but unfortunately it missed fire!

The little servant boy by this time was in such terror, that he crawled in between the seats of the cart. The gun had been purchased the day before, and the seller must have been careless. It had been cleaned and no doubt was still damp. Both travellers were accustomed to hunting, and so thought of some plan whereby they could get rid of their dangerous enemy. The first named remembered that he had some caps that would perhaps fit the nipple of the gun, but alas! they were found to be too small! Afterwards Venter called to mind that there were a few larger ones in one of his overcoat pockets. The coat was gently taken from the splashboard where it had rested after having been tossed at the lion. "Ah," he joyfully said, "now we are safe." However, one cap after the other snapped, till all had proved worthless. All this time the lion was quietly feasting on the horse, taking no notice of the three terror-stricken beings in the cart. The surviving horse tried to get free by dint of kicking

vigorously, and plunging viciously, but in vain. The travellers now thought this would be the last night of their lives. But what was to be done? Venter had a plan of escape. (It was now about two o'clock in the morning, and very dark; the sky being overcast with heavy clouds.) He put some powder on the nipple, and then requested Botha to strike a match, and ignite it. Meanwhile he held the gun in the direction of the lion. Alas! the powder exploded, but that was all. The lion now suspended his meal, and bounded into the cart, to the great consternation of the terrified travellers. Fortunately the "king of the forest," leaped against the "splashboard," bending it so completely that a kind of protection was afforded them. The savage beast tried to spring upon Venter, but owing to the "splashboard," could not well reach that gentleman. However, the determined foe inflicted three ugly wounds on his head, and one on his hand, with its claws. In attempting to bite, the beast missed the man, and so savagely munched the sides of the cart that one of his teeth broke off, and the assailant fell heavily to the ground. Both Venter and Botha without saying a word, at once took refuge under the seats of the cart. Now it was indeed a fearful hour. The little servant-boy began to cry out, for one man was sitting on his head, and another on his chest. The poor fellow cried: "Master, Master, give me a chance to breathe, I am smothering." His request was granted. Venter's wounded hand and head bled profusely. Both travellers now had recourse to prayer for deliverance. Every now and then their supplications were disturbed

by the growling of the lion, in his endeavours to keep off the wolves and hyenas that had by this time gathered in large numbers, eager to share the feast. To add to the misery of the besieged, swarms of mosquitoes appeared on the scene, attracted no doubt by the scent of blood. These pests took immediate possession of Venter's bleeding head, and refused to be expelled. Botha endeavoured to staunch the bleeding, by depositing sand on the head of his friend. The sand was found on the bottom of the cart. The travellers had no water in the vehicle, but only a bottle of wine. This was utilised by Botha for washing the wounds of his sorely tried companion. After this, he prayed for daylight. Oh, what a long night it seemed! At last there was a streak of the dawn. The one horse was still standing, but the voracious lion now made an onslaught upon that terrified animal. He seized the horse by the throat. This caused a fearful struggle. The danger now was, that in case the horse fell on the pole of the cart, it would break, and consequently the unfortunate travellers be precipitated into the jaws of the lion. Fortunately, the animal fell clear of the pole. Scarcely had the lion began his second meal, before the clapping of a whip was heard. No pen, or word can describe the unspeakable joy felt by Venter and Botha at this sound! Deliverance is at hand! The lion immediately disappeared. "Thank God!" burst from the lips of the travellers. A wagon belonging to Mr. John Watt soon came in sight. Mr. Watt was a shopkeeper residing at Klein Spe-

lonken. The travellers were saved, and the cart was attached to the wagon.

In this fashion the further journey was pursued. The above is a true narrative and shows what hardships the first inhabitants of the Transvaal experienced.

VIII.

Something about the Hon. J. G. Sprigg, Premier of the Cape Colony.

An Eastern Province paper states: "We heard rather a good yarn about the Premier the other day. He was then only plain Mr. Sprigg, and had not even quite blossomed into an M.L.A. but it clearly shows he was the same cool, hard headed man that he is to-day. He and a friend had occasion to go to town, and they inspanned a team of untrained oxen. On their return, the oxen became unmanageable, and bolted down a steep decline. The wagon capsized, the pole broke, and the oxen went on by themselves. Mr. Sprigg's friend was thrown out, and took a little time to shake himself together again. Then he thought of Sprigg, and asked the native servant where the "other master" is. "Under the wagon," came the reply. He approached the wagon, and called out: "Sprigg, are you alive?" And then a voice answered: "Yes, and I'll come out if you will assure me the wagon will not travel any more just yet, if it does, I'll stay here!"

It appeared that a box on the wagon prevented Mr. Sprigg from being smashed, and preserved the life of one who was destined to become the most celebrated of all Cape Colonial Premiers. When he emerged, he was not at all flurried.

IX.

A wonderful Plant in South Africa.

(Narrated by an eye witness.)

“We were travelling far to the North of the Murchison Range, and towards evening outspanned in a beautiful valley, that lay between two hills, and not far from a small natural lake. We, Whites, (Rogers and myself) sat around the fire near the wagon, discussing a pipe, and a glass of whiskey, while the native servants were sitting around a fire about ten yards off. The night was warm, and the moon bright. The fires had been used to prepare our evening meal, but we still kept them burning as a defence against wild animals. Presently I noticed a small, but rather bulky, and very peculiar looking tree, about twenty yards from the wagon. The boughs and branches stood out in a strange way, and, lit up by the moonlight, it had a weird and peculiar aspect. I asked Hall, (who has been travelling in South Africa, for the last thirty years) whether he had ever seen one like it before. He gazed critically for a moment, and then,

jumped up with a loud cry, exclaiming: "Upon my word, I believe it is an Upas!" and rushing up, examined it minutely, returning with the information that he was correct in his surmise. Rogers and I, never having heard of one before, asked him to tell us what there is about an Upas tree to warrant his excitement. "Fill your pipes, sit down, and prepare for a surprise," said he. After we were comfortably seated, he commenced: "I suppose you have heard of such a thing as a sensitive plant; well, this tree is a specimen. It is, as you have noticed, short but thick, and has branches and boughs jutting out most irregularly. Its leaves are numerous and thick, and something like those of the prickly pear, only very much larger, and ending with long steellike prongs. These leaves are closed at night-time, but at sunrise they gradually begin to expand, and in an hour or two later, they are fully open. The boughs and branches, and even the stem do not consist of wood, but are composed of a thick and pulpy substance, almost as impenetrable as india rubber. When the leaves, boughs, and stem are spread out, they have numerous pores, which have a wonderful and irresistible power of suction. The tree lives, strange to say, upon flesh, and blood and without these would droop and die. After sunrise, when the leaves have all extended, it sends forth a powerful odour, which attracts birds, and even animals, for miles around. The birds alight, and once there, seem to have no desire to depart. The animals nestle in the boughs, which, as you will observe to-morrow, nearly touch the ground. Now

comes the most remarkable part of my story. At midday a new and fierce life appears to be instilled into the tree, for gradually boughs and leaves begin to tighten, and all the birds and beasts entangled in its toils are unable to get away. The terrible arms close round their prey, the spikes penetrate the shrieking living things, and soon all that is left is a mass of bleeding pulp:—the blood pours down, and is gradually sucked into the stem, and the bones, when they have become bare, decay and fall to the ground. Even human beings have been caught in the cruel arms and have become as helpless as babes. There is only one way to destroy these dangerous shrubs, and that is by blasting them with gunpowder. Occasionally they are struck by lightning. Two of these murderous trees have been discovered within the last century, one in India, the other in South Africa, in spite of the general idea prevailing that the existence of such a tree is only a myth.”

We interrupted him many times during the course of his story, but I am giving it in the main. Rogers and I were greatly astonished at the tale, and took it with the proverbial grain of salt. We decided, however, not to discuss its merits that night, and were soon fast asleep.

We were up at daybreak. Towards twelve o'clock we were ready to depart, but Rogers, who was very anxious to see the tree in action, asked us to delay an hour or two, for the boughs of the Upas were already laden with birds, and there were three bucks nestling among the entangled shoots trailing along the ground. The strange aroma

that Hall had mentioned the previous night was strongly perceptible, and we felt a strong inclination to approach nearer to the dangerous plant. We called the natives together, and gave them strict injunctions not to venture within a certain distance of it. At about half past twelve, a queer uneasiness seemed to take possession of those living things that had taken up their position in the Upas branches, and it became evident that the leaves and boughs were tightening perceptibly. "Let us try to scare them off," said Hall. "Bring your rifles, and when I give the word of command, we will fire a volley of blank cartridges." We did as directed, and the rifles gave forth a loud report. Some of the birds did not even attempt to move, when they heard the noise, but others tried to soar, only to drop again, after they had risen an inch or two. The three bucks made frantic efforts to escape, but they were too surely entangled in the dread arms of the cruel semi-human monster. Suddenly a series of shrieks, and squeaks, and twitterings told us the tree was beginning to do its deadly work, and we saw the lives being crushed out of its victims. All in a moment a terrible event happened. We were standing close together (the natives with us) as near to the tree as we thought it safe to venture, when the youngest of the Kafirs, a lad of about seventeen years of age, uttered a peculiar cry, rushed into the enticing boughs of the Upas, and in less time than it takes to write, was lifted off his feet and crushed as in the coils of a cobra. Not thinking of the great danger, I snatched a

hatchet from the hands of one of the other boys, and rushed to his rescue. Fortunately for me I held the hatchet in my left hand, for I suddenly felt a tremendous wrench, and found myself being dragged along the road, out of reach of the dreadful suction, by Hall, who had interposed just in time. I fainted, and when revived, found my companions standing around me, and my eyes turned involuntarily towards the Upas. It was almost closed now, and bones with shreds of flesh and clots of blood upon them were lying surrounding it in all directions. My left hand was very painful, and you can judge of my astonishment, when, upon examining it, I discovered that the thumb and first finger were missing.

We did not proceed on our journey till the following morning, but that same afternoon we gathered all the gunpowder we could possibly spare, though we could ill afford any, and blew down (or up) the dread vegetable ogre. Now all that remains to prove the existence of the Upas, is a peculiar mass rising from the ground, from two to three feet in height, looking very much like a charred and blasted stump."

X.

Louw Wepener.

Louw Wepener was a very brave Commander of the Burgher forces in the Free State. As a warrior he was fearless, but gentle as a mother towards the defenceless. Being out on patrol in Basutoland, during the war, he fell in with some hungry Basuto children, and at once divided all his rations among them, which necessitated total abstinence from food for that day. He lost his life in the war with the Basutos.

The following lines on this hero were composed by Ex-President Reitz of the Orange Free State, and translated into English by Mr. Advocate Maskew.

Shall alien poets sing to us
Of heroes great and grand,
And I not tell of Wepener,
In accents of our land?

No, Brother-Africanders, no!
Our heroes are our own:
Heaven has given us Wepener
And why not make it known?

Let them of Tromp and Nelson boast,
And many of like fame,
Let me but name Louw Wepener,
And we need feel no shame.

Far more is he to us, than they
Who in old abbeys lie;
They bled 't is true, but Wepener
Did for the "Free State" die.

On mount Bosigo now he sleeps,
With nought to mark his grave,
But in our hearts lives Wepener
The generous and the brave.

.

And if we yet sometimes must blush
For our poor country's sake,
Brothers, remember Wepener,
Courage and comfort take.



XI.

How a young minister of the Dutch Reformed Church travelled through the Free State, and what befell him on the journey.

Some years ago, a young minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, having just completed his studies at Stellenbosch, took a trip through the Free State, accompanied by a little brother of eleven years of age. The travellers made use of a light spider, drawn by two nimble ponies. For some days, all was well, but unfortunately one fine morning, the wayfarers found themselves in a deep mud hole. There seemed to be no chance of getting to *terra firma* again, in spite of the most strenuous exertions. The horses sank deeper and deeper into the mud.

What was now to be done? Just what a farmer's boy would do under the circumstances. (The young minister was a farmer's son). He stripped, took a leap into the mud, loosened the ponies, whipped them up, and soon the trusty steeds stood upon dry ground. The next difficulty was how to get the spider out. Fortunately there was a farm-

house in the vicinity, and accordingly the young cleric, having quickly dressed, put his overcoat upon one of the bedaubed ponies, and rode in that fashion in search of assistance. The owner of the farm was of course surprised to find a clergyman in such a plight. He, however, sent four oxen, and speedily the undamaged vehicle was brought up to the house. Through his hospitality the two travellers soon forgot their troubles.

One day the clergyman arrived at a farm. Here he was not well treated. He was clad in ordinary travelling dress. On his arrival at the homestead, the proprietor was seated at dinner, with his family. It was about noon. The travellers halted at the front door, and the young minister alighted, knocked, and was admitted. The master of the house, and his wife both looked very sour, and did not even deign to ask the visitor's name, much less whether he would like to bait his horses. Nor yet was any invitation to dinner given. In moody silence the occupants of the dwelling continued their meal.

The traveller felt that if *he* did not *state* his requirements, nothing would be *offered* to him. So he said: "My friend, if you have no objection, I would like to unharness my ponies for a little while." Farmer, very gruffly: "You can outspan if you like." Minister: "Thank you." Upon this the latter returned to his spider, and with the assistance of his little brother, who had been patiently waiting for him, unloosened the horses. The farmer meanwhile remained indoors. On returning to the house after "kneehaltering" the animals, not

a trace of dinner could be seen by the hungry traveller. The table was cleared, and not a vestige of anything eatable was visible.

Some further conversation now ensued. Minister. "Mr.—will you kindly sell me two bundles of forage?" Farmer. "I cannot dispose of any, there are only a few bundles left which cannot be spared; I have a horse in the stable, and consequently require every straw."

Minister. "But Mr.—I must beg of you to take pity upon my poor ponies, they are very hungry, and there is nothing here for the brutes to eat." The woman now peered out from under her "cappie" (sunhood) and said: "Let the man have a bundle or two, there is nothing here at the homestead for the horses." "Well then," replied the husband curtly, "there is a loft just above the stable, you may take two bundles."

The clergyman hastened to the place indicated and found about a thousand bundles of beautiful oat-hay. He soon brought his ponies into the stable, cut up the hay, and, being very fond of his little favourites, and moreover accustomed to the use of currycomb and brush, began to rub them down. Presently the farmer came, and looked on in the doorway. After a while he remarked: "It would seem that you can handle a currycomb and brush very well." Minister. "Oh, yes, my father instructed me how to do it." After a pause he asked: "But what may your name be?" Minister. "My name is—I am a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, and have just completed my studies

at Stellenbosch." The farmer at once became alarmed, and said: "Oh, sir, give me the currycomb and brush." Minister. "No thanks, I can manage; besides I have nearly finished." The man, however, became so persistent in his entreaties, that the minister was obliged to discontinue his occupation. He then gave the disconcerted farmer a good lecture on treatment of travellers, upon which the latter cordially invited him and his brother to have some refreshment.

On learning that the traveller was a minister, the woman began to smile, and begged pardon immediately for her previous conduct. A palatable dinner was soon served, no charge was made for the forage, and later in the day, the travellers pursued their journey.

XII.

The march of civilisation among the natives of South Africa.

Scene: *A Mission Station in Basutoland.*

A Missionary lately arrived from England. Sitting in his study, preparing for the Sabbath services. Enters a native, representing himself as "The royal Commissioner" sent to test the missionary's acquirements before he could be allowed to preach.

"Scornfully he stood before me,
And a thrill of fear came o'er me,
Such as when the judge regards him,
Thrills the miserable thief.
"Know," said he, "the king has sent me,
His authority is lent me"—
(Here with reverence I bent me,
Reverence for the mighty chief.)
"Your acquirements to examine,
I'm commissioned by the chief.
Hearken then, therefore, I'll be brief.
Chosen for my various knowledge,
Gained in Bishop Cotterell's college,
'Tis my duty now to ask you,
Ere you undertake to preach,
To a single congregation,

In this great and mighty nation,
What has been your education,
Does it to our standard reach?
To the standard of our college,
Tell me does your learning reach?
Can you Mathematics teach?
Can you solve a stiff Equation?
Can you teach us Mensuration?
Have you studied closely Euclid?
Bookwork and the riders too?
Are you up in Hydrostatics,
In Dynamics and Pneumatics,
Also in the other atics?
Greek you can of course construe?
Here's a paper I have set you
With an easy thing or two
Just to see what you can do."

"Sir," said I, "I beg your pardon,
But your paper is a hard one;
All I know of Mathematics
Goes not past the Rule of Three.
Take it back, sir, for indeed it
Useless were in me to read it.
Had I known such things were needed
In these parts across the sea,
Never, let me tell you never
In these parts across the sea
Would you have discovered me."

"I'll detain you then no longer"
Said this learned college man,
With a glance severe and withering,

As he rose prepared to go.
"Take this thought for your reflections,
Who would win our hearts affections,
Must at least know Comic Sections,
More, far more, you ought to know,
You must be a lazy fellow,
Since not even this you know."
Meekly I endured this blow:
Naught replying to his prating
Though 't was most exasperating.
But when he had asked this question:
"Did you really think that we
For our thirst of knowledge famous
Which to study doth enflame us
Would receive an ignoramus,
Knowing but the Rule of Three,
Knowing naught of Mathematics,
Past the paltry Rule of Three?"

Suddenly he turned to flee,
For though never I was cooler,
At this point I seized the ruler,
And with fury in my visage,
Poised the weapon in his view.
Wherefore he evaporated,
As I have already stated;
And the ruler liberated
Crashed my study window through,
As he "hooked it", fled and vanished,
Whereupon my vision too,
Vanished like the morning dew!"

XIII.

Funeral of the late Rev. John A. Chalmers.

Mr. Chalmers was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Graham's Town, for some years, and was much beloved by his church and congregation.

He died in the year 1888. On the day of his funeral it rained heavily during the early part of the morning, and the prospect generally was far from pleasing. Towards noon, however, a strong breeze sprung up, and by 3 o'clock, the hour appointed for the ceremony, the clouds had been effectually dispersed, and the autumn sun shone forth in all its splendour, from an unflecked canopy of blue. The wind still whistled shrilly round the housetops, and sighed with a mournful cadence through the trees, but with this exception, even Nature seemed in sympathy with the desire of the deceased, that every thing should be as bright, and cheerful as possible at his funeral. A few days before his death, while speaking on this subject he had observed: "do very little for the *man*, let everything be done for the *Master*," and conformably with this wish, the proceedings were

characterized throughout by the utmost simplicity.

Neither was there anything sombre or funereal about the interior of the church, the pulpit, organ and choir gallery being draped with "white samite", with here and there a bunch of white roses, lilies, and maiden hair fern. At each corner of the communion rails similar wreaths and bouquets had been placed, while on the table itself was a lovely wreath of violets intended for Mrs. Chalmers, who subsequently placed it upon her husband's coffin. Facing the congregation were the words, "God is Love," worked in white and coloured everlasting, on the white ground of the gallery and pulpit draperies. These, as well as all the other floral adornments, were the graceful handiwork of the Misses Gowie, the Misses Tidmarsh, Miss Chapman, Miss N. Moffat, and the Misses R. L. Suttie, W. H. Howse and others.

Long before the appointed hour, the church began to fill, until by three o'clock it was crowded, and hundreds failed to get admission. The body having been placed between the communion rails, the beautiful hymn was sung, commencing:

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest,
Come to Me, saith One, and coming
Be at rest."

The Rev. R. Matterson read psalm 90, after which the Rev. F. Mason engaged in prayer. Subsequently the Rev. G. W. Cross read a series of passages from Scripture, including Matthew 7, vs. 21—29, the very last verses read to the late Mr. Chalmers on his

deathbed:—Romans 8 : vs. 31—39. 1 Cor. 15 : 20—26, and 47 to the end.

* * *

The hymn,

“Lead, kindly Light,”

was then sung, after which the Rev. G. W. Cross, delivered the following address:—

“We are here to-day, mourners of one who for many years led our praise. Strong men, bowed with a greater burden than that which rested in their hands, bare the remains of him who often bore them up by his fervent faith. That voice that was wont to thrill us with eloquent words, or strike home conviction as it aroused conscience, is still; quenched is the eye that turned and flashed with an inward fire, and quiet the heart that heaved with so many emotions. It is,

“An awful thought a life removed,
The human-hearted man we loved
A spirit, not a breathing voice.”

It is a strange Providence that has bereft us. The need of him in the Church was never greater than it is to-day. These are times of great unrest, of mental and spiritual fermentation; times when faith and form are being sundered; “a night of fear.” He was not unconscious of the forces that war against faith. He had faced them. He had wrestled with them, and thrown and gathered strength, and was able to help many who sought his aid in spiritual conflict. He was not conservative of forms whence life has fled, hence the young followed him ardently, yet he by no means preferred the

new spirit of to-day's fermentation to the old wine of the Gospel, and therefore the aged trusted him. He was a scribe, instructed unto the Kingdom of heaven, bringing forth out of the treasury, things new and old. Our city had need of him. No truer or saner citizen ever lived among us. He watched over the interests of schools, hospitals and library with continuous care. He never grudged them time, or thought, or toil. He was mindful of them, and wrote of them during his illness. His was the firmest voice of all in the denunciation of commercial and social immorality."

* * *

"The whole country is bereft. He understood the native races thoroughly, and wrote, and spoke, and thought in their language, and was their most judicious advocate. There are many who fear that in the near future, even more than in the past, the natives will need that advocacy. His voice, and work, and life, were all on the side of temperance, righteousness, and judgment, and we can ill spare them now.

I hardly dare to touch on the need of him in the home. Those children whose health he was fostering, whose minds he was training, whose character he was moulding—the wife whose purpose in life has well-nigh all gone into this dark coffin. May God support them! May this sorrow be a bond of love about them! His memory keep them brave! The hope of seeing him with God keep them pure! His love unseen, but felt, o'ershadow them, till God's love set them at his side again.

"For all this work of Home, and Church, and State, he was in the prime of his manhood. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. His experience had ripened his wisdom, his mind was expanding, his love was mellowing. Even his last sickness had given him visions of God, and views of His Gospel that would have made him of greater service to his generation, and now he will not declare the vision, nor utter the larger message, and we his brethren must go on without his counsel, and the children will be like plants in the wind without their stay."

"*It is a strange providence.* Let us keep silence, What God does, we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. God leadeth the blind by a way they know not. On Him wait, and for Him stay." Only be we assured of this, his work shall not stop for want of workers.

God doth not need

Either man's work, or his own gift: Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is Kingly: thousands at His bidding speed
And pass o'er land and ocean without rest,
They also serve who only stand and wait."

* * *

"He who lies below was not without his failings." Who is? God has no perfect children in this school, only children that He is making perfect. We are all readier to see faults sooner than excellencies. God pity us! As we *are*, we see. Some of you thought he was troubled and careful about many things, that he bore on his back too many burdens,

that his soul dwelt too much among the shadows. We are not here to praise or to blame. This is neither the time nor the place, and we are not the people. We are here to mourn and to think, and what I say now, I say not with regard to his memory, but for our profit. I have known him careful and troubled, and staggering under burdens, and I have often been with him when his outlook was darkened, but how much of it all was his infirmity. For years he has borne about in his body an insidious death. When I think that he was afflicted with a disease that is usually the grave of all hope, I marvel at this firm endurance—his bravery. I never knew him bending under his own burden. It was always his church, or his country, or some grief, that had fallen on one of you, or some of his flock straying from rectitude. Personal friendships, and even his own family were ever subordinated to his work. He bore your burdens. He stepped out to the last. He *gave*, he did not *yield* his soul to death. When I last saw him, and prayed with him, he joined in the prayers. His voice was firmer than ours. When we repeated: "Thy will be done!" his Amen was the most fervent."

"Being dead, he yet speaketh. He has chosen these hymns that we sing, "Art thou weary," "Lead kindly light," "I heard the voice of Jesus." There is not a word of 'dark death', or 'cold grave' in one of them. "Let there be no black drapery, let all be bright and cheerful at my funeral" he said, and it is so—all but our hearts. He laid his faith upon those around him, his wife and children are upheld by it; you have seen them smile in this

great grief, as he smiled in death. Not a care troubled him. There was nothing to do—all had been thought, all said. He died thinking of you, as he lived working for you. He wished this service to be a blessing to you. "Let there be little, little said of me—much, much of my Master." And does not the whole event speak much of the Master? Among the last words that I read to him at his own request were these: "Jesus Christ has abolished death," and the scene explained the words as they never were explained to me before. I can say as Bernard said, when describing his brother's death: "I was called to be present at that marvel, to see a man rejoicing in his death, exulting over death. O Grave, where is thy victory? O Death where is thy sting? Thou wast nothing to him but a triumph. He dies singing, and sings dying. He thus entereth into Life, Immortality, and Light. God help us to follow him, as he followed Christ."

* * *

The Rev. N. Abraham then offered prayer, and the congregation dispersed to reform in procession outside, somewhat in the following order:—

Baptist Sunday school under Messrs. W. Grainger and H. F. Dowson.

Trinity Sunday school under Mr. C. Gowie, and Mr. Bett.

Trinity Church Choir under Mr. W. H. Howse.
Ministers.

The Bier.

Chief Mourners.

Members of the family, including Mr. W. R.

Chalmers late C.C. and R.M. of King Williamstown.

The three elders of the Church Messrs. E. H. Coleridge, E. Lowden, and C. Gowie.

General Mourners.

Union Chapel Sunday school under Miss Linnay.

The ministers present in the Church, besides those already enumerated were: The Revds. Dr. A. Stewart, Jas. Ferguson, R. Johnson, W. Oates, W. Impey, and W. C. Holden. In the procession were also the Ven. Archdeacon White, the Revds. Canon Wharton, B. Smith, and the Revd. Fathers Fitz Henry and Troy.

Some idea of the length of the *cortège* may be gathered by those acquainted with Graham's Town, from the fact that while those at the head of it were turning round by the Cathedral on to Church Square, those in its extreme rear had not yet passed the Albany Hall, and so enormously was it augmented *en route*, that by the time the front ranks were crossing the railway, the rear ones were still on the Square. The body was carried to the grave on a simple bier, borne by two relays of twelve bearers each, the first consisting of members of the Committee of Management of Trinity Church, and the second of the Graham's Town Caledonian Association. The coffin was of polished English elm; the name-plate, escutcheon shaped, bearing the following inscription:

Rev. John A. Chalmers,

Died June 1st, 1888.

There was a gilt ornament above the plate, beyond this, and the six gilt handles, the casket was perfectly plain.

“The concluding portion of the service was very impressively read at the grave by the Rev. S. J. Helm, and the late Rev. R. Johnston, then of Port Elizabeth, but formerly Mr. Chalmer’s predecessor at Trinity Church. By special request the appropriate hymn beginning:

“I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest”

was sung at the cemetery, which some time before the procession arrived was thronged both within and without with persons of all classes, creeds, and colour.

The floral offerings were very numerous, including wreaths from the following gentlemen, residing in remote parts of South Africa, Hon’ble John Tudhope, Cape Town; Mr. W. Mingay, Kimberley; Mr. W. Rogerson, Pieter-Maritzburg; Hon. Justice C. Buchanan, Cape Town; Mr. Edward J. D. Nelson, Kimberley; Mr. J. H. Jones, Kimberley; and Mr. James Simpson, Port Elizabeth.

The local offerings were also very numerous.

The entire arrangements were under the management of Mr. A. Will, and were carried out with his customary skill and decorum.

And so died the Rev. Mr. Chalmers, a great and good man in the prime of life. His early death is indeed an inscrutable providence.

XIV.

The Liquor Traffic.

II.

We cannot argue that a person engaged in the Liquor Traffic must of necessity be dishonest, nor yet that he cannot be a Christian. Many honest individuals, and also even Christians are engaged in this dreadful Drink Business. There was a time when this traffic was thought to be as lawful and right as any other calling. The dangerous consequences were not thought of. The damaging influence was not taken into account.

Slavery was carried on for many years. Duels were countenanced. But who will be found in *these days* to advocate such practices? Times and seasons have greatly changed.

XV.

The Swearing in of Ex-President Reitz, Orange Free State.

On the morning of the 10th January 1889, the ceremony of swearing in the new President of the Orange Free State, took place. Early in the morning, mounted Burghers rode to the Market Square, and fired several volleys with their rifles. A procession was formed at half past ten at the Government offices, which proceeded to the Dutch Church. About six hundred mounted and armed Burghers, besides the Artillery Corps, the Volksraad, Judges, Officials, the Corporation and about four thousand burghers, took part in the procession. Much cheering took place, and minute guns were fired from the fort.

The ceremony concluded at noon. The Burghers took the horses out of His Honor's carriage, and dragged it to the Presidency. In the evening there was a grand illumination of the town, witnessed by thousands.

XVI.

Anecdotes.

A traveller, who wore a wig, came to a Dutch farmer's house, and slept there. The next morning, the host sent his Kafir servant some distance with the 'stranger, for the purpose of showing him the way. The horse of the traveller unfortunately fell. In this fall, the wig of the gentleman came off his head, and lay in the dust. The Kafir, who had never seen such an article before, took alarm, and ran back to the house in great haste and terror. He rushed in at the front door, and breathlessly exclaimed: "Master, master, the horse of the stranger has fallen, and the gentleman must be dead, for his head is separated from his body, and is lying on the road."

* * *

A minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, was once preaching in a church, in one of the back districts of South Africa. It was getting rather late in the afternoon. When the preacher had proceeded at some length with his discourse, a youth got up, and made for the door. The minister stopped, and

requested the young man to be seated. The youth turned round, and, facing the pulpit, said; "Sir, my father told me that I must tie up our oxen at sunset. I must now go and do it. There will just be time enough to have a little coffee, and then the sun will have set!" With these words he vanished.

XVII.

The Dutch Farmer's "Schoolmeester," (Schoolmaster.)

The following lines have been composed by
Mr. Horatio Grant.

Canto I.

An ignoramus, As poor as a rat,
 With a very old hat,
With very old clothes, And a very red nose,
Breath smelling of gin, (That's a very great sin.)
With a very bad shirt, Discolor'd with dirt,
With socks on his feet, (I can't say t'is neat.)
With a stick in his hand,
Thus he tramps through the land.

Canto II.

He comes to a farm,
The farmer and he
They soon do agree
As to what are the terms
For which every child learns
How to read and to spell,

And to write very well;
To reckon and write,
And how to recite.
Say prayers and sing,
A very good thing.
A little of orthography
And less of geography.
Talk English and Dutch,
And learn very much.
As to terms they agree
That the farmer, he
To the "Master" shall pay
(For five hours each day)
The sum of *one* pound
Per month, *as wages*
For teaching *eight* children
Of various ages.

Canto III.

Some months fly away,
But no signs of pay,
The farmer, as full of conceit,
As an egg full of meat,
Holds an examination
Of the children's education.
Thinks they have had enough
Of learning—"quant suff."
Then twisting his face
To a knowing grimace,
He says: "Mijnheer,
Hulle is al gaar volleer."
(Sir, they have all learned enough.)

Canto IV.

Each child knows as much,
Is as much of a fool,
As the very first day
When he entered the school.
The farmer is cheated
The "meester" (master) not less.
The children know nothing,
A very fine mess.
Now, reader, just say
Of such education
Oh! what dost thou think
In this generation?

Happily such benighted days are past in South
Africa.

XVIII.

Encounter with a Lion.

More than forty years ago, a Mr. Taylor resided at Fort Beaufort, South Africa. This gentleman took a half grown lion to Graham's Town, and sold the beast to a Mr. Morton. The latter, at that time, kept a shop, next to an erf upon which Wood's hotel has since been erected. An erf belonging to Mr. Mundy was on the opposite side, with an open square between. A stone wall about four feet divided these two properties. At the further end was an enclosure, with a wall eight feet high. In the centre of this enclosure a tree could be seen, to which the young lion was chained.

His roars at night were terrible. At the back of the wall a quantity of timber was stored, upon which the children used to climb for the purpose of looking at the animal. One day some boys again were mounted on this pile to watch the "King of the forest." Amongst them was a son of Mr. Charles Rhodes, of five years old. The boys pelted the lion with stones. This treatment made the beast very

savage, and he made a leap towards them. Although the lion could not reach the children, little Rhodes being very frightened, toppled over, and fell right before the enraged animal. The lion immediately bit the poor little fellow in the back of the neck, and also about the chest. A medical man testified to the fact that the beast had sucked the last drop of blood out of the little body. As soon as the circumstance became known, a crowd rushed up to the spot. A young man, named Samuel Morton used to feed the lion, but now was afraid to venture near, for the purpose of removing the corpse. At other times the lion was very docile. Mr. Taylor even rode on the back of the animal, on the market square, when first brought to Graham's Town.

The savage animal lay perfectly quiet, with the little corpse between the forepaws. Mr. Samuel Morton Sr. afterwards took a long piece of iron, bent at the end, and raked the mangled remains within reachable distance. The lion, meanwhile took no notice. He struck his tail however somewhat violently against the ground, once or twice.

Shortly afterwards, the father appeared on the scene, and, upon seeing the remains of his darling, swooned. When he revived, his grief was inexpressible. He left Graham's Town for good shortly after this event.

A day or two subsequent to this fearful occurrence, the lion was found dead. It is supposed that some unknown person administered poison.

XIX.

Marriage of President Reitz, of the Orange Free State, South Africa, December 1889.

Early in the morning of the marriage day, Bloemfontein, the capital of the Free State, had already a festive appearance. Numbers of banners were floating in the breeze.

At 3 o'clock, p. m. a large gathering assembled in the Dutch Reformed Church. The Rev^d. Morgan, pastor of the church, occupied the pulpit, whilst the Rev^d. C. Fraser, Dutch Reformed minister of Philippolis, Orange Free State, and Moderator of the Synod, and the Rev^d. Paul Winter, Dutch Reformed minister of Bultfontein, Orange Free State, and ex-Moderator, occupied seats near the pulpit.

The President, accompanied by Mr. Albert Brand (son of the late much lamented President Brand) as groomsman, entered the building as the Band was playing the National Anthem of the Free State, and took his seat in front of the pulpit. A few minutes later the bride entered, conducted by Dr.