

Brill, Rector of the Grey College, during the playing of the organ. She was beautifully though plainly attired, the trail of her dress being held by two pages, little sons of Messrs. J. Geo Fraser and R. Innes. They were followed by Miss Jakobs, and all likewise took their seats in front of the pulpit.

The Rev^d. Mr. Fraser now read from the Proverbs of Salomon, Chapter 31 beginning at the 10th verse, after which the marriage ceremony was impassively performed by the Rev^d. C. S. Morgan.

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A STIRRING AND APPROPRIATE ADDRESS.

The Rev^d. Mr. Winter hereafter gave one of those impressive addresses for which he is so renowned, as follows :

PSALM 127 vs. 1. *Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.*

“I address my remarks to the highly esteemed couple before me. That portion of scripture I have just read speaks of builders. You are now a married couple, and married people are builders. You have already been building. You, the respected head of the State, have brought stone after stone by your unwearied energy, so as to erect a stable house of State and you respected bride have been training the daughters of the State by acquainting them with science, and by leading them in a good way ; you have been preparing building material to be used in the future

for building up a people. You have already been building in the high positions in which it has pleased God to place you. Now you have joined hands in united work; now you will labour and build together, especially in the home circle.

Therefore in your case it applies: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

When a house is about to be built, the foundation stone is often laid with much solemnity. Every marriage ceremony is the laying of a foundation stone, for a beginning is made, a task is begun, a vow is taken, a foundation stone is laid of a building, not of wood and stone, but of a building of which the *material* is living human hearts, and of which the *idea* is, a happy, undisturbed home life. The day upon which a foundation is laid, is a joyful day; with gratitude the past is reviewed, and we say: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." And, no doubt, these words find an echo in your hearts at this moment. Hitherto hath the Lord helped you."

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"The Lord hath helped you, your Honor, by again giving you a *helpmeet*, after you have borne the burdens of life alone for a lengthened period. God has made life's path prosperous for you, and He has given you many blessings."

"On the tenth day, of the first month, of the present year, you have in this place of worship bound yourself to a people who had elected you as their head and leader, and today, on the eleventh

day of the last month of the year, you stand here again to bind yourself to a heart who has chosen you as its leader and head. In prosperous days the Lord was to you a sun, and fount of blessing: in dark days a shield, and a shadow at your right hand. Therefore, "Praise the Lord, and forget none of his benefits."

* * *

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

"This, respected bride, you must also acknowledge at the present time. Far from relatives and kinsfolk, far from fatherland and home, you have found a new home, and a loving, and beloved life's partner has been given to you. In the heart of sultry Africa, you have found a heart that beats warmly for Africa, but still warmer for you. Only a short time ago you came as a stranger to these parts; now your *name* is known throughout the Free State, and the inhabitants of this State listen with great joy to the words you today address to our President "thy people shall be my people." Not long ago you were quite a stranger in this State, but you soon felt so "at home" here, that now your own "home" is prepared to receive you. Therefore, "Praise the Lord, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

Thus you look back with gratitude to the past. This is a day of joy for you both, a day of joy for an aged mother, and loving parents at the present moment far distant; a day of joy for the large circle of friends on both sides of the ocean; a day of

joy for the inhabitants of this State; for not only do the children of the house exultingly exclaim: "to day we have found a mother again," but the children of the State do the same.

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"The day of laying a foundation stone is moreover a very *solemn day*. On looking back and reviewing the past with gratitude, it must be acknowledged: "The Lord has done great things with us." But on looking forward the prayer must also be offered: "Oh Lord, grant us salvation, and send us prosperity." You, my beloved friends, have already experienced the solemnity of life. What a rush of thoughts, much respected bridegroom, there is in your mind at this moment, when you recall the years that are past. Your path has not been without thorns; it was not always sunshine, sometimes dark clouds were overhead; yes, there was a time when you were surrounded by night, a time that filled your eyes with tears, and your heart with bitter sorrow; a time in which the complaint had nearly escaped you: "My God, why hast thou forsaken me."

* * *

"And you beloved bride, you have passed through the trial of parting. When you beheld the coast of your fatherland vanish in the distance, tears filled your eyes, while the ship in which you sailed bore you to a foreign coast, where you had to devote your strength and talents to the education of the young, a task associated with so many diffi-

culties, and disappointments, and with so much ingratitude, as well as reward for earnest workers. You realise that life is solemn, and so you take an earnest look into the future. A builder looks particularly to the corner, and reflects that there will be much trouble, and that much energy and labour will have been employed before the building is completed. We know that it needs much prudence and wisdom, faithfulness and perseverance, to erect the building of our life's happiness on a morally stable foundation, and that of every life, even the happiest, it may be said in the words of Moses the man of God: "Yet is their strength labour and sorrow." But it is a very comforting thought for you on this your weddingday, that you are only the *builder* but that God is the *Architect*. Consequently these words are full of promise: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it," or, in order that the promise may shine out clearer, for the words have reference to blessing, and not to punishment, we may take the positive in place of the negative, and read: If the Lord builds the house, the builders will not build in vain."

* * *

But the builders *must build*. Every one must labour, whether in a high position, or living in a hut of poverty; and you, respected bride and bridegroom are desirous, and no doubt will set a brilliant example of faithful labour, in the exact discharge of your duties, to every family in the country.

You will have to labour for the State, you will have to labour for your home, you will have to labour for each other. Unfortunately, human beings are not angels; even the best and most beloved have their failings and short-comings. Consequently we must bear with one another, help, lead, support and love each other; even when the flowers of the wedding day have been withered for a long time past, and the rays of the first love have vanished in the dim distance; we must love each other, not only during sunshine, but in storms as well.

Where God does not build, where God does not live, where God does not bless, there marriage is a misfortune, and life a burden. But gracious and beautiful is that life, and especially married life, where God blesses the union, where God dwells in the midst."

"To make a marriage complete, not *two* but *three* are required: God, man, woman. If God must build the house, man must build upon God. For that reason you have appeared this day in this church, to begin your married life with God. For that reason such a large number of friends, and interested spectators have assembled to pray for you, and with you that God may grant you grace, and that His blessing may abide with you, now and for ever.

* * *

"A builder loves to build upon a rock. You know the Rock, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, und for ever. If He is your friend, you have the best friend, if He leads you, you can lead others.

If you do not lack that "one thing," then you need nothing, and you do not labour in vain.

Storms may come, and the rain may beat against your house, but it will stand, for it is founded upon a rock. Then your dwelling will be a temple of love, a home of peace, a home of joy, a barn of blessing, a building of righteousness, a fortress of honour, a palace of morality, a monument of faithfulness, a hut of unity, a tent of delight, a tabernacle of God with men. And this wish will be fulfilled if your building and marriage plans are to be found in the words of one of old, who was also a President, namely Joshua: "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord!" AMEN.

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The whole ceremony was varied by beautiful singing. The choir sat in the gallery. Outside the roaring of cannon announced that Frans Willem Reitz had taken to himself a wife, and had thus given a mother to the State.

After the ceremony, the happy pair proceeded to the Young Ladies Institution, Eunice, under the continued and joyful shouting of the populace, and preceded by the Band of the President Brand Rifles. In the Institution a table with refreshments was tastefully laid. Many guests were present to pay their respects to the illustrious bridegroom and bride. A commission, consisting of the Chief Justice, Mr. de Villiers as chairman, presented the distinguished bridegroom with an address from the Judges, and other Government Officials, and teachers. He also,

informed him that a wedding present would likewise be presented, but that it had not yet arrived. His Honour briefly thanked the Commission.

The Revd. Mr. Morgan, chairman of the Curatorium in an appropriate speech proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, which was drunk enthusiastically. The bridegroom responded.

Mr. P. Elfers proposed the health of the parents of the bride, and of the bridegroom's mother, Mr. Brill responded.

Advocate Gregory (State Attorney) proposed the health of Miss Jacobz the bridesmaid, and Mr. Albert Brand responded in feeling terms.

Mr. Hubert Elfers recited a poem, composed by himself for the occasion.

Chief Justice de Villiers proposed the health of the clergy. The Revd. Mr. Winter responded.

Landdrost de Beer thanked the Curators. Several letters and addresses were handed in. Some of these were from the city of Bloemfontein, the Bloemfontein Club and the ladies of Bloemfontein.

The Band of the Artillery, and of the President Rifles played alternately during these proceedings.

At half past five, the happy pair left the Institution, amid a shower of rice and continuous cheering.

Free State Ghost Stories.

One story is to the effect that an old lady who died in the district of Rouxville, regularly appears on the farm where she expired. One evening, about dusk, it is said, she terrified a riding party of ladies and gentlemen by coming direct from the grave-yard, and standing before the horses. Half of her face was covered with a black handkerchief. The animals got startled at the sight of the apparition, and bolted with the riders. This story is one of many.

Another runs thus:—One day a gentleman was visiting at a farm in the Wepener district. That night he slept in a neat bedroom, and was awaked about midnight by a strange phenomenon. For a moment—the whole room seemed to be in a blaze. When the sleeper became thoroughly awake, the strong light was gone. At that moment, the clock in the dining-room adjoining struck twelve. The next-morning, at breakfast, the visitor asked the lady of the house whether there was any mystery about the room. She smiled meaningly, and wished to know the reason of the question. He explained.

She then told him the room was haunted; and that none of her children liked to sleep in it. The lady further explained that when the house was built, her son, being short of stone, took a head stone from a Kafir's Grave, and built it in one of the walls. This is the only way she could account for the ghost. The gentleman laughed at the idea. However, on another occasion, he again slept in the same apartment and was awaked at midnight very much in the same way. This time, in addition to the strong light, there were colours on the wall. Once more the clock struck twelve.

The father of the family also tells that he was awakened one night by his wife, who requested him to ascertain whether any one was ill in the boys' room, as she heard some one go into the pantry, come out, close the door, and toss the bottles about very noisily in the cupboard standing in the dining room. She also heard somebody rattling the cups. He complied with her request but found his boys fast asleep, and every thing in order. On his return, he told his wife she must have been dreaming, but the lady insisted that such was not the case.

A few weeks after, a travelling coolie came to the farm, and slept in the yard. It was a warm summer night, and the moon shone brightly. From where the traveller slept, he could see through the large window, into the dining room.

The next morning, the coolie asked the lady of the house whether any one had been ill during the night. She said no, and wished to know why he

asked the question. "Because," he replied, "I saw a lady in white, moving about the dining room with a candle in her hand; afterwards she went into a left hand room (the pantry) and on coming out slammed the door very hard."

"Ah," said the lady to her husband, "there now, last night when I awoke you, you would not get up, and said it was all nonsense." She then told the coolie it must have been a ghost, for the same noises had been heard on a previous occasion. "O," quoth he, "I will give you something to burn, then the ghost will not trouble you again."

In the same house, there is a girl, aged thirteen. She declares that one evening, whilst playing the harmonium, her chair was suddenly removed, and she was precipitated on the floor. She now refuses to go there after dark.

What of these ghost stories? How much is fact, and how much fiction.

XXI.

Singing for a Bride.

The following curious circumstance according to a newspaper account took place in a village in one of the remote districts of the Transvaal. A Dutch couple presented themselves to the Landdrost (Magistrate) to be married by him. After the ceremony, the official demanded the marriage fee from the bridegroom, but the latter had only four shillings in his possession! The officer was much annoyed, but being unable to annul the marriage, accepted a goodfor for £ 3.6.0. The full fee payable was £ 3.10.0. A few days after, another couple appeared on the scene to be made man and wife. The Landdrost at once enquired whether the bridegroom was in possession of the customary fee. He replied in the affirmative. Upon this the ceremony was performed. When the official requested payment, the bridegroom tendered five shillings, and declared that was all he had.

The Landdrost, now being thoroughly roused, said he would keep the bride in pawn till the

fee was forthcoming. Nothing remained for the bridegroom to do, but to try and borrow the amount.

He accordingly went from shop to shop, but being known as "a bad pay" no one would assist him. Matters began to have a very serious outlook, as it was getting late in the afternoon, and the bride was still impounded. Driven to despair, the unfortunate bridegroom eventually had recourse to the device of going from house to house, and singing before each door. Although his voice was not harmonious, nor yet sweet, the inhabitants of the village took pity upon him, and subscribed small sums. Just at dusk the required amount was made up, and he triumphantly claimed his wife.

XXII.

Hans Dons.

A South African tale of many years ago.

About 50 years ago, there lived in South Africa, a man named Johannes Hattingh, and nicknamed Hans Dons. This person once started on a hunting expedition in the interior. After a journey of very many days, Hans arrived in the country of the Native Chief Moselekatse. For the first time in his life, the Chief now saw a gun belonging to the traveller, and wished to know the use of such an article. Hans explained that a rifle is used for killing game. "Can you kill an ox with it"? the Chief enquired. "Oh yes" was the reply.

The expectant natives then eagerly brought a bullock, which was at once laid low by the bullet of the Dutchman's rifle. The Chief then ordered a dry hide of an ox to be put up as a target, at a distance of about five hundred yards, and when Hans sent a bullet through it, he exclaimed excitedly: "Ah, I see you are a nizard!"

A few days after a great dance took place. On

that occasion, the natives made a bonfire, and amused themselves by taking up coals, in their hands and scattering the fire upon their friends. The joke consisted in taking up these coals, without burning the hands. "Well", said the king to Hans, "can you do this also"?

"I can do something far more clever" was the reply. Upon this he placed some powder in a handkerchief, and, standing at a safe distance, tossed the bundle into the fire. Of course there was an immediate explosion, and the natives surrounding the fire were covered with coals. "You are an excellent nizard", said the Chief again, "and now you shall live with me as my rainmaker." At this time there was a severe drought in the country.

Hans informed the Chief of his inability to make rain. "What", queried the latter, "do you mean to tell me that a man who can scatter coals with invisible hands is unable to make rain? This is incredible". When Hans persisted in his statement, he gave orders that the traveller should be lodged in a hut, and strictly guarded for three days and nights, and that if no rain came on the third day, he should immediately be executed.

These orders were accordingly carried out, and our hero was of course in a state of great fear. Every morning the Chief sent a messenger to him for the purpose of enquiring when it would rain, and the threat of death was repeated.

Fortunately, by a special Providence, it did rain on the third day. The Chief rejoiced, and by his directions fifty oxen were immediately brought to

the door of the hut of confinement, and presented to the rainmaker. Hans was now informed that he could live with the Chief in that capacity, and become a great man. If, however, an escape was attempted, he would most certainly lose his life. "Well then," said Hans. "I will remain with you. My children, however, are hungry at home. Allow me to send the oxen to them as food. Two of my servants can remain with me; let the others go with the wagon."

The Chief consented, and the wagon and oxen were sent. After a time, Hans had to take part in a war against a hostile tribe. The bullets of his gun caused dire confusion in the camps of the enemy. A rifle was beyond the comprehension of the foe, and a stampede was the consequence.

The Chief returned home in great glee. Hans had become a power in the land. That same night the warriors all slept soundly, being thoroughly tired. The supposed rainmaker took advantage of the circumstance, and made his escape together with the two servants. They travelled all night; and in due time arrived safely at home. Here a joyful welcome awaited them, for they had been mourned over as dead.

XXIII.

Was it a revelation from heaven?

Many years ago a European was travelling on foot in the far North of the interior of South Africa. His sole companions were his dog and gun. One night he arrived at the edge of a large forest, and there the wayfarer encamped. His dog had during the afternoon caught a large fat hare. This furnished the weary traveller with an enjoyable supper. After the repast, and the enjoyment of a pipe, he folded his blanket comfortably around him, preparatory to a sleep. It was a bright moonlight night. Presently he noticed a horse wagon approaching, drawn by four horses. The animals looked very tired, and the coachman a European, who was walking by their side, seemed much exhausted. It now struck the traveller as very remarkable that he could not hear any sound, either of horses' hoofs, or of wheels. The dog wanted to bark, but as there was something so mysterious about this vehicle, he spoke gently to the animal, and would not allow any noise.

Nearer and nearer came the wagon, till eventually it was stopped within thirty yards from where

the deeply interested spectator was reposing. And still not a sound was to be heard. The traveller also noticed that the coachman looked back anxiously towards the road along which he had come. The owner of the wagon now unharnessed the horses, and turned them loose.

He then went to the vehicle, and apparently spoke to some occupant. Presently a woman's head became visible, and she handed the man a spade. After this the lady alighted, and lovingly linked arm in arm, the pair walked about near to the wagon, apparently in search of something. Presently the female pointed to a spot between two little trees, upon which the man took the spade and began to dig a small grave. The woman meanwhile gathered armfulls of green twigs, which were gently deposited at the spot where her husband was digging.

There was all this time no sound to be heard, although this strange scene was being witnessed by the traveller and his dog. Every now and then the animal would give a low growl, but his master quieted him by whispers, and patting.

The digging continued, the distressed digger all the time looking anxiously back. At last the little grave was finished, and both man and wife went to the wagon. The woman then handed out, lovingly and gently a small mattress upon which lay the corpse of a beautiful little girl, apparently about six years old. It was an exceedingly pretty child, with yellow curls. The remains were laid out in the purest white, the little hands being folded across the chest. The traveller could distinctly see the

tears coursing down the cheeks of the couple, but there was dead silence.

The man carried the corpse to the grave, followed by the woman, and affectionately laid it down. He then brought the reins of the harness and upon these the corpse was placed. The lady then laid hold of one end, and the man of the other, and their darling was reverently laid in the lonely grave. The spectacle now became so weird, that the traveller could not help sitting upright from intense excitement.

The occupants of the wagon knelt down in prayer, one on either side of the grave. The grief of the woman seemed intense. During the prayer she wrung her hands, and looked imploringly up to heaven. When the pair rose from their knees, the female gave the twigs to the man. He descended into the grave, and apparently arranged these about the corpse, according to the woman's directions.

After this followed the melancholy duty of filling up the grave. This was done by the man, while the distracted woman stood by apparently wailing and lamenting, but no sound was to be heard.

The scene then changed, and the reason of the anxiety manifested in continually looking back was explained.

A number of mounted Barotses (a native tribe) appeared, and approached the spot as fast as their horses could run. The barbarians were evidently on the track of the wagon. The man at the grave had just given the finishing touches, when these Barotses came in sight. The couple fled to the

wagon, and the traveller witnessed the enemies racing up, and firing on the defenceless man and woman. He plainly saw the dusky men and their horses; the smoke, and the streaks of fire from their guns, but there was not a sound to be heard. The poor fellow at the wagon was mortally wounded, but he walked back to the grave, where he was joined by the woman. Here they embraced each other for the last time. The Barotses fired upon them again and both fell lifeless, locked in each others arms, on the grave.

The traveller had great difficulty in keeping the dog quiet, when the Barotses appeared on the scene. He felt inclined to use his rifle in defence of the defenceless wagon occupants, but the thought that this whole scene was supernatural, deterred him.

The natives now laid their corpses side by side, a few yards from the grave, put the horses to the wagon, and made off with their booty. And yet no sound was heard.

The traveller could get no sleep after this scene. He had witnessed a strange spectral drama. The next morning at dawn, he examined the spot, but could discover no sign of any newly-made grave, neither a track of wagon wheels, nor yet marks of horses' hoofs. However, on further exploration, he came upon a little grave that had evidently been dug very many years ago, and not much further two skeletons were found, side by side. From a little hair still remaining, he was enabled to identify one of the corpses as that of a woman.

The thought now came into his mind, was this

scene a revelation from heaven ? Did Nature photograph this drama for his especial benefit? Many years before, his brother and his wife travelled up to these regions in a horse wagon. Their little girl of about six years old accompanied them. The travellers were heard of up to a certain point, but after that all trace was lost. Did Heaven in this way reveal to him the probable fate of his missing relatives ?

XXIV.

Lines written by Professor Noble of Cape Town shortly before his death.

Lay me low, my work is done,
I am weary. Lay me low,
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,
Where the balmy breezes blow,
Where the butterfly takes wings,
Where the aspens drooping grow
Where the young birds chirp and sing,
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long,
In the world's unequal fight,
Always to resist the wrong,
Always to maintain the right,
Always with a stubborn heart,
Taking, giving blow for blow.
Brother, I have played my part,
And I am weary, let me go.

Stern the world, and bitter cold,
Irksome, painful to endure ;

Everywhere a love of gold,
Nowhere pity for the poor ;
Everywhere mistrust, disguise,
Pride, hypocrisy, and show.
Draw the curtain, close mine eyes.
I am weary — let me go.

Others chance when I am gone,
May restore the battle call,
Bravely lead the good cause on,
Fighting in the which I fall.
God may quicken some true soul
Here to take my place below
In the heroes muster roll,
I am weary, let me go.

Shield and buckler hang them up,
Drape the Standard on the wall,
I have drained the mortal cup,
To the finish, dregs and all.
When our work is done, 't is rest,
Brother, rest that we should go.
I'm aweary, let me rest,
I'm aweary, lay me low.

XXV.

Address by President Kruger on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the Government buildings, at Pretoria, in 1889.

“Mr. Chairman, and Members of the Honourable Volksraad, Ministers of the Gospel, and Delegates of the Synod, Representatives of foreign powers, Friends.”

“I hereby declare the foundation stone laid of the Government Buildings at Pretoria, the seat of Government, in the South African Republic.

This circumstance ought to be to us a cause of joy, of gratitude, and of pride; for it is a proof of the prosperity of the State. Who would have thought five years ago, that such a large, commodious, and costly building as this should be necessary, and that it would be so easy for us to bear the cost? What was not then foreseen, has now become fact. The increase in the population has brought much prosperity. But it has also brought more wants, so that an increased staff of officials is needed. And for that reason a new building is also required. And so it must be. It is now no longer, as in

times past, when we were glad to have a roof over the heads of the Members of the Volksraad, and the Government officials.

The circumstances of the State, and the respect due to the Republic, earnestly demand that a building should be erected both for the use of the Government, and for the legislature; a building in accord with the altered circumstances, and consequent respect so demanded. Such a building will now soon appear. I must express my gratitude to the Department of Public Works that under guidance of its esteemed Head Mr. Wierda, whom I would especially mention, and his assistant Mr. Van Ryssen, has furnished the excellent design of the building. The Department, and the zealous contractor, have my best wished in the furtherance of the work.

But now that new buildings are rising, let us take a retrospective glance at the old ones, whose places are now being filled by new structures. In the old buildings we have experienced much joy, and also much sorrow. Now that we have entered upon a time of prosperity, which makes it necessary that new buildings be erected, let us not forget to recall the past. Let us not forget to be grateful to our God who has given us all this prosperity.

I would just touch upon the past for a minute or two. You are aware that we have formerly walked over these treasures, but nothing was discovered. There was much activity, and all were exploring, but the result always was—"not-payable!" Then the universal cry was: "Those ignorant Boers are not

worthy of the country, they do not know how to develop it!' Upon this, the annexation by Her Majesty's Government took place. Then came learned people, and mineralogists, who traversed the land. The result was, "Not payable!" (laughter). When the State was annexed, all the inhabitants mourned, and men, women, and children met in small companies to call upon God for deliverance. God gave them back the country. But with it they were heavily burdened; a debt of some hundreds of thousands had to be paid, and not a farthing in the treasury! Then God opened the treasures that lay hidden in the earth, and they were found by learned and ignorant. Therefore I say let us recall the days of old and thank God for all these treasures, and attendant advantages, that we do not perchance eventually be found ungrateful, and these blessings be turned into a curse.

Permit me to quote a passage or two from Scripture, as being applicable to us to day. Psalm 89 vs. 15 to 18. "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.

In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

For Thou art the glory of their strength: and in Thy favour our horn shall be exalted.

For the Lord is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel in our King."

Let us continually say with Asaph: "But it is good for me to be near the Lord."

XXVI.

The Liquor Traffic.

III.

The great enemy of souls has never yet found out a more hurtful thing for poor humanity than the Liquor Traffic. Its fearful effects is not periodical, but constant. A sure effect. A deadly effect. It is a pestilence by night, but that also "walketh by noonday." The Liquor Traffic is a serpent that ejecteth deadly poison, day and night, and a murderer seeking his victim in every cask, as well as in every glass. No one is free from danger. There is no respect of persons. The strongest man becomes powerless within the grasp of this giant. The clearest intellect is clouded. The finest moral feelings become depraved. The most eloquent tongue becomes heavy. He upon whose lips multitudes have hung, babbles with the drunkard. The most brilliant talents are buried. The brightest hopes of youth are cut off.

Wherever a brewery is established, or a Bar opened, or a place fitted up for the sale of liquor,

there the temptation is ever present to become a drunkard; — a curse to himself, as well as to the community.

Can any person with *moral* feeling endeavour to find a living by engaging in the Liquor Traffic? Can any person with *religious* feeling endeavour to find a living by engaging in the Liquor Traffic?

What does God testify? What does conscience say?

XXVII.

A letter of Mr. J. J. Uys, brother of the late Mr. Piet Uys.

When the Prince Imperial of France took part in the war of England against the Zulus, Mr. J. J. Uys, brother of the late Mr. Piet Uys, who in years gone by was killed by that warlike tribe, wrote the following letter to the newspapers.

“6th June 1879.”

“On the first of May (last month) I was in General Thesinger’s camp. He was very friendly, and said: ‘Uys, what can I do for you?’ I replied: ‘General, I have come to speak to you, but I wish to have an interpreter!’ No interpreter was available just then, so the General said I could speak, as he thought he would understand me. My English is very imperfect, and I was afraid I would make mistakes. I then asked to see Prince Napoleon. He came, and greeted me in a very friendly manner.

‘Well,’ I said, ‘young Prince, are you not afraid to fight against the Zulus?’ He smiled and said, no. Upon this I cautioned him, and said: ‘Young Napoleon, be cautious, I know the Zulus well, they

are treacherous, given to betray, and murderous. How unfortunate it is, that you great men who come from England, refuse to accept counsel at the hands of a reasonable Boer. We Boers offer you good counsel, calculated to further the welfare of your Nation and Country. We speak by experience as we know much of the barbarity of the Zulus. You people from other countries come here thinking the Zulus are stupid, cowardly, and defenceless. I can truly tell you it is not so. They are very cute, treacherous, and murderous when they find that the enemy is not on the alert. My counsel to all Europeans of South Africa is that they should combine to bring the Zulus under law and order. And if this is not done, and another forty years elapse, then, I say woe to those Europeans who are still living in South Africa. I counsel the British Government to take away their horses, disarm them, and prohibit the sale of women. From these the Zulus have their power." "I reside for a period of 41 years in this country, know the Zulus well, and daily see what they have in view with reference to the Whites. The British Government has continually been taking their part, hence they feel themselves strong and in need of nothing. They look down with contempt upon a European, and fear no earthly power. I am very sorry that so many have already lost their lives through the Zulus, having been foully murdered, and given as a prey to the vultures, and whose bleached bones are still lying unburied to this day."

"I hope the eyes of the British public will be opened, and that the Zulus will in future not have

so many advocates. I trust it will be felt at what cost the Boers of whom I am one have inhabited this country. Yes, even at the cost, as it were, of my own blood, for there yonder at the Globane mountains lie the unburied remains of my late brother Petrus Lafras Uys, butchered by Zulus. Will you Europeans not lay these things to heart? Let us for once lay aside all party feeling, and unite in subjecting this Native race."

"This subjection would be a good thing for the whole of South Africa, for the Zulus would like to revenge themselves upon the Whites at the first convenient opportunity. They are bloodhounds, and do not wish to know anything about Law or Gospel.

They mock at ministers of the Cross. Must such a nation not be chastised? Those who are now at the present time fighting against the Zulus are brave enough, but too slow, because they are not sufficiently acquainted with the wild country, and the habits and customs of the enemy. One never knows when there is safety against their wiles."

"Come along then, ye brave warriors of whom I know many. I am old, yet you must not despise my services. If you require them, and need my counsel, I will arm myself as in 1838, when I was the second man to set foot in Dingaan's town. Andries Pretorius was our General at that time."

In another letter he writes thus:

"A Zulu comes to you and greets by putting up the forefinger. He calls a European "Inkosi" which means captain. Some are led astray by this, and say: "what a polite nation!" but while the Zulu is

doing this, he is all the time plotting mischief, and thinking of some plan whereby he can injure the "Inkosi", either by robbing him, or spilling his blood. The Zulus are a very envious people, and do not like to see a European possess anything. In this every one, who knows somewhat of them, will agree with me."

XXVIII.

Lament of the Trek-Ox.

Inspanned early and late,
With the galling yoke on my neck—
To toil and strain 'neath the stinging lash
Till I drop—is my wretched fate...

Oh man! with the horny hand,
Oh man! with the stony heart,
Ere the sun goes down, if but for an hour,
For dear God's sake, span out.

For days and nights I have pulled
With my mates your fleecy load,
Through parched Karoo, and sapless bush,
Till we heard the cry of the wild sea-mew,
And the breakers thundering loud.

The breeze from the water cool,
Gave life to my throbbing heart,
And I trekked again with right good will,
To drink of the promised draught.

In vain, once more in vain;
For tied to the hateful yoke,
Through the chilly night, on the iron road
Till the day began to break.

On the cool and barren strand
We lay the weary night,
Till the God-sent sun arose once more
On our limbs, like iron bands.

With feet worn through, and wasted frame,
We stagger along the road;
Arrived in the sharp and stony street,
We stand while the men off—load.

'Mid the rush of eager men,
As they hurry along the street,
We stand, and wonder what it means,
And bemoan our cruel fate.

All day without water or food,
We pant in the blazing heat;
And visions dim of the shady wood,
And river's cool retreat

Pass through our weary hearts
Till the evening sun goes down,
When the startling shot of the terrible thong
Hurries us out of the town.

"Weary, and wounded, and worn,"
We stagger in front of the load,
And we stupidly wonder if men have hearts,
Or is there indeed a God?

A God all wise and good,
Who lists to His creatures 'cry,
'Tis hard to be understood;
To be born, and suffer, and die.

Port Elizabeth, June 1874.

F. E.

XXIX.

Anecdotes.

A Dutch minister was preaching one Sabbath on a farm. A great number had assembled. Several horses were tied to the vehicles of their owners. When the preacher had proceeded about half way with his discourse, a little Dutch boy came running in with a halter in his hand, and interrupted the service by shouting out excitedly: "Vader, Vader, Vonk het die halter gebreek, en is na die ongeluk"! (Father, Father, Vonk (which means Spark) has broken his halter, and is gone to Jericho!)

* * *

A missionary labouring among the Zulus, was seated under his verandah, conversing with one of the minor Chiefs, named Jacob. He was a great drunkard. The missionary reasoned with him thus: "I will be so glad, Jacob, if you could get away from that miserable liquor. Take my advice, and never touch it. Your reputation is at stake, your property is in jeopardy, and your immortal soul is in danger." "True, very true, my father", replied the Chief. The

pastor endeavoured to persuade him to sign a pledge, but he steadfastly refused. A few days after, the missionary had been out on horseback to visit some members of his flock. On his return, he was overtaken by a heavy rain, and got home wet and cold. After having put on dry apparel, he thought that a tumbler of hot punch might possibly do him good. So he ordered his servant to bring some hot water, and accordingly set about mixing the draught. While busy with these preparations, he did not notice that Jacob stood in the doorway, quietly watching his motions. He placed the glass of steaming liquor on the table, and turned to the cupboard to put back the bottle of brandy. Jacob felt that the fitting time had arrived, and forthwith stepping up to the table, took the tumbler in his hand, and spoke as follows: "Good afternoon, little father, (the gentleman was short of stature) please don't touch liquor. Your reputation is at stake, your property is in jeopardy, and your immortal soul is in danger." "And, little father," he continued with a twinkle in his eye, "your immortal soul is of immensely more value than mine, so *I* had better face the danger." Hereupon he emptied the glass, and coolly walked out, leaving the astonished missionary to philosophise on the ways of mankind.

XXX.

The Liquor Traffic.

IV.

Why do people engage in the Liquor Traffic? Because our duty to our Creator demands it? No. So further the health of the public? No. So further morality and happiness? No. Only to acquire riches. The question obtrudes itself, is it right on account of money, to sell deadly poison to one's fellowmen? A poison that destroys property! A poison that destroys health! A poison that destroys happiness! A poison that destroys peace! A poison that sends our fellowmen to perdition! A poison that brings madness! Poverty! Curses! Death! Innumerable woes for the land! For the Church!

And how dreadful is the fate of the poor wife whose husband is a slave to Bacchus. Her bitter tears! And the poor children fleeing on hearing the heavy steps of their drunken father!

XXXI.

The influence of the Gold Fields upon Christianity.

By Revd. M. P. A. Coetzee Jr. formerly Dutch
Minister (Gereformeerde Kerk) at Burgersdorp.

That the discovery of the Gold Fields in the South African Republic is great financial blessing, no one will deny. Let the circumstances of the Republic specially, and of South Africa generally, be taken into account before that discovery. It is, however, not our wish to enlarge further on this point.

We are of opinion that the influence of the Gold Fields is very injurious to Christianity. In the first place it is found that the Sabbath is but scantily observed. There is but little difference noticeable in the stir and activity from other days. We believe the law is stringent enough in this particular, but there seems to be laxity in enforcing it. True, business may not be carried on openly, but who shall say how much is transacted *privately* ?

There is more than one way to evade the letter of the law. It is quite possible that many a drive

on the Sabbath, under the pretext of seeking relaxation, is nothing less than a trip to inspect some property of which a sale takes place on the following morning.

On the Gold Fields, in the usual course of trade, people are brought into contact with men of all kinds of nationalities, and this circumstance has likewise a bad effect.

Those who before they knew life on the Gold Fields kept the Sabbath sacred, now think it is not really necessary to do so any longer, and that it is not a matter of much moment. And this bad influence is not confined to the individual, but as may be conceived, extends further.

* * *

Christians residing on farms are called especially to keep holy the Sabbath, and therefore we deem it necessary to call their attention to this injurious influence. Every professing Christian, but particularly those resident on the Gold Fields, should ask himself this question: What is my conduct with reference to keeping the Lord's day?

We would further observe that since the discovery of the Gold Fields the *love of money* has become very apparent, and there is an eager desire for riches, to be acquired in the shortest possible time. The spirit of speculation pervades the communities. Small gains are despised, and in many cases the products of farming industries are considered unsatisfactory. It is not necessary to point out what an infurious effect this must of necessity have upon Christianity.

* * *

Improvvidence is another infurious effect. When people have toiled hard for what they possess, such possessions are valued; if on the contrary they are easily acquired, no such value is set upon them. Many individuals who became rich on the Diamond Fields have lost all they possessed, through improvvidence. It is nearly certain that such will be the case with many on the Gold Fields. Generally more wisdom is needed to *keep*, than to *make* money. *Greed* is another threatening vice.

Man is so prone to vanity, when riches increase exceedingly. It is generally said that not the rich support churches and schools, but it is done by those not so well endowed with worldly goods? How is it, in this particular with such as have made a deal of money on the Gold Fields? Do they build up churches and shools? Do they endeavour to extend the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. We do not express any opinion, but hope what has been pointed out will be sufficient to let the reader understand that there is something in the nature of man which makes him forgetful of his duties, when days of great prosperity dawn upon him.

Two Love Letters.

A Kafir in South Africa sent the following letter to his sweetheart:

“Dear Mickie I received your letter off the 31st inst after coming home from church and the contents off your letter has knocked the Parsons discourse clean out off my head but dear Mickie you must not swear iff you think that it will turn you any blacker in the face for Dear Snowball you are black enough now in my opinion as for your heart bursting and you to lose the contents my advice is to try and get a small pill-box to hold the surplus rubbish in and dear Mickie I thought that you knew me better then to think that i would treat you in the same manner as a parcel of rascally prisoners as i have always treated you as a lady of lady's goes in this part so that dear Mickie i hope you will forgive me this time, and I will meet you tonight at 9 o'clock at house corner my heart is very sore over your letter but I am frightened if it burst as i had pumkin for dinner no more at

present but remains your own True Lover John Constable."

* * *

FROM A DUSKY DAMSEL TO HER LOVER.

"My Dearest,—I take the pleasure in writing you these few lines to acknowledge the receipt of your kind and welcome letter, in which I am ashamed of myself, for having delayed so long in answering your last letter, but hope you are not angry. Dearest before going further I must first tell you how we are still getting on. I am glad to say we are quite well through the kindness of our dear Lord, trusting that this may find you in the same way has it leaves me at present. Dearest for the first time I can tell you that the people is dieing very much down here. Dear—I was very sorry you were not able to come and bid me good bey but never mind Dear Dear you must still try and let your photo taken, and send me that I can have a good look at your dear face. Dear—my brother Jim is also gone to the Gold Fields last Friday. Dear—you say I must my photo taken. I cant get it taken now, perhaps next month I might go to Port Elizabeth and I will try and get it taken. Dearest—I can tell you that the people are all busy with cutting barley, but the barley have got the rust. Dear one many thanks for the letter that you sent I will always look at it and remember you when you were up country. Dearest, I can tell you that my brothers child is very sick, dont disappoint me, answer me soon again, I hope you will have a good trip up

country I would have write more but time is so short, so I hope you will be satisfy with these few lines. Dear—the grass is getting very dry now, the people is all up country. Dearest I must draw to a close has time is rather short so end with my united love to you and with hundreds sweet kisses to your rosy lips.

I remain your loving and true one

L—

Please do not look at my bad writing, mistake and blot. I am in a dredful hurry so you must soon again dear.

Dear—far away but not forgotten, for I wish that you were here loving whispers tender glancing Darling may you happy be remember me when this you see and think me not unkind though many a mile we distant be, still keep me in your mind.

Yours loving faithful and truly

L—

XXXIII.

A second Samson in the Transvaal.

In the South African Republic, says a defect paper, lived a Dutch farmer named Oelfse. His height was six feet four inches, but owing to his extraordinary broad chest, and strong limbs, his height could be mistaken for five feet four inches.

One day he had loaded fifteen bags of mealies on his wagon and when the team of oxen had already been yoked, he discovered that one of the front wheels required greasing. So with one hand he lifted the wagon (on which there was the weight of the mealies, over 300 lbs) and with the other took out the wheel and greased the axle, meanwhile supporting it on his knee.

Once he was training a very wild and fierce young ox. Three of his friends, also Dutch farmers, tried to get the animal in the yoke, but failed entirely. After contemplating their efforts for some time, he went up to them, and requested that the savage beast should be given in his charge. Upon

this he took the yoke in the one hand, and with the other dragged the unwilling ox nearer, and accomplished his task.

One day he was building a stone enclosure (kraal) for his cattle, and some of his neighbours had come to assist him. After labouring for some time, an extremely large stone had to be placed in a corner about forty yards distant. Six able-bodied men stood near, and to these he gave instructions where to roll the stone. He then left to attend to other duties. In half an hour he returned, but the men had not been able to move the stone at all. They were then invited by Oelfse to come to the house and partake of some refreshments. While sitting down to the repast, the host left the room for a few minutes, and returning, resumed his seat. After the table was cleared, he said: "Well now, after we have had a smoke, and an hour's rest, I will go with you, and help to roll that stone away, for it seems to tax your powers. If we cannot remove it by hand, I will send for a team of oxen."

After the rest, the labourers proceeded to the stone again, when lo! they found it was gone!

Oelfse now led them to the corner where he had desired to have it, and behold! it was there. With a hearty laugh, he took it up, held it aloft for some time, and said: "There my children, that is the way you must do it."

On another occasion he had invited several friends to a party at his farm. Among the guests was a stranger who resided near Pretoria. This young man's name was Webber, and his height six feet

two inches, his breadth being in proportion. He was a renowned prize fighter.

Oelfsen being peacefully inclined, hated quarrels. Webber freely made use of the liquor supplied, became quarrelsome, and eventually challenged his host to fight. At this, Oelfse only laughed. Afterwards Webber called him a coward, and repeated the challenge. The farmer said he did not wish to fight, much less with friends in his own house. He filled a glass of brandy for Webber, and one for himself, and said whilst handing it to the former, "It is better for us to have a friendly glass than to fight." Whilst in the act of drinking, Webber stepped up to Oelfse, and rudely knocked the glass against the lips of the latter, thereby causing a nasty gash. This naturally roused the giant. He rushed upon the prize fighter, took him by the neck and one foot, leaped on to a bag of mealies standing against the wall, and slung his antagonist over a beam like a riem (thong). There he hung in a state of helplessness, one part of his body on each side of the beam. After a few moments he took down the crestfallen prize fighter, who became the laughing stock of the party, and soon took his departure.

During war time, Oelfsen was very brave. In an attack upon the Native Chief Mehala, General Smit was severely wounded whilst being on the top of a mountain.

Oelfsen took the wounded man on his shoulders, and carried him down the steepest part of the declivity, midst the bullets of the enemy.

XXXIV.

A Bridegroom's Troubles.

During the year 1889, a wedding took place in the Colony of Natal, South Africa. The ceremony was a very grand affair. There were eight bridesmaids, and the church was crowded. But when it came to the proper place in the ceremony, and the groom began to feel for the ring, which he had put in his trousers pocket, he found that the magic circle had slipped through a hole in his pocket, and so worked down into his boot. He communicated the terrible fact to the bride in a whisper. She turned pale.

"Why don't you produce that ring?" whispered the bride's big brother, shaking his stick, under the impression that the miserable man was about to change his mind. "I can't, it is in my boot," exclaimed the groom, under his breath. He then placed one foot on the chancel rail, and began making spasmodic jabs for the ring with his forefinger. The minister beckoned to the organist to squeeze in a few notes, by way of filling up the

time. There was nothing left to be done but for the suffering bridegroom to sit down on the ground. This he did, and began to contend with his boot, which was new, and naturally tight. Rumours now began to get about, that the bridegroom is intoxicated and insists on paring his corns! As the boot finally came off, its crushed wearer endeavoured unsuccessfully to hide a large hole in the heel of his stocking. The parson noticed this, and said grimly: "You seem to be getting married just in time, my young friend!" The ceremony then proceeded without further interruption.

Address by Professor Marais of Stellenbosch to his students.

Dr. Marais is Professor at the Theological Seminary at Stellenbosch. He is a man of great ability both as a preacher, and otherwise. His training was received at the same Seminary of which he is now one of the Professors. He was for some years minister in Hanover, in the Cape Colony, but upon the death of the late Professor John Murray, was elected in his stead. The following address was given in 1887 on the occasion of some students leaving the College at the completion of their studies.

It may be noticed that several students from this Seminary have from time to time proceeded to Europe to pass their last examination and have passed very high.

* * *

“It is no more than reasonable that I should say a word of farewell to those of you who are about leaving us, and a word of encouragement to those who remain.

Our object there at Stellenbosch is to prepare preachers of the Gospel. It is not our aim to have book learning only, nor yet to form critics or philosophers. All your studies have been arranged with an eye to the weighty and important work to which God has called you. If you feel sure of your calling; if it is finally decided in your own soul, in the very depths of your being, between you and your God; if you feel certain that you are not obtruding in holy places, but that God has called you to this most important work, the most important to which any man upon earth can be called, then you surely at the end of every course put yourselves this question. "How will it be with me when my years of study have an end, and I have to stand before the church and congregation, awaiting my arrival?"

To reply to such a question is no easy matter. It is not possible to grasp what practical theology is, in one or two sentences. Nor can we be led astray by generalities. What I would wish to do is, to give you a few hints that may be of value, as future preachers of the Gospel.

* * *

The century in which we live demands much from the preacher. And rightly so. It is no easy task week after week, and year after year, to preach to the same audience, on the same holy subjects. The man who takes such a task upon himself should be one of clear views, and much development; hence it is that our church demands from its future ministers a thorough literary and theo-