



BOON'S IMMORTAL SOUTH AFRICA.



CHAPTER I.

BOON STARTS ON HIS TRAVELS FROM BLOEMFONTEIN, THE
CAPITAL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE
REPUBLIC, SOUTH AFRICA.

AFTER many months of hard work in Bloemfontein, I decided to take another special business buying-trip, having completed my stock-taking, and in one sense rejoicing that by strenuous labour, I had, even in the hard times of 1883, added to my means, but, to my annoyance and disgust, lost the same owing to the trickery of a man who was both a fool and a rogue, and of another "Africander" who was a fool, a rogue, and a rascal combined. To intensify my discontent, I had been pillaged by the lawyers of Ladybrand and Bloemfontein. Now, as money was not the only thing I cared for, and as man may not live by bread alone, I realised that my losses and difficulties would but be a spur to my future endeavours for myself and on behalf of the suffering world in general. It is not the abundance that a man hath, but the contentment of his mind, and the use he makes of his means and opportunities that give individual and collective happiness. I only grieved at

my losses from the fact that, after all my intense toil, I had diminished means and less opportunity to help in the cause so dear to me, and to aid generously and cheer heartily those who, in their old age, needed succour as some small ward for their toil and the many sacrifices they had made for the cause of suffering humanity. Truly they had been martyrs to principle, and that kept them poor. If the blood of such martyrs be the seed of a future church, then humanity has not without hope; for their lives, lived in an unostentatious way proved that in the mighty heart of England—London—there were to be found those silent workers who knew the cause of a people's poverty, but lacked the strength to remedy it. However, with a light philosophic heart I engaged my seat for the Colony once more, to meet the partner of my joys, sorrows, trials, and disappointments, and once again embrace my loved young ones. Punctually at eight o'clock in the morning, on the eventful 30th of August, 1883, I bade my associates good-bye, and hastened round to the "Phoenix Hotel, whose age was just one thousand years, all but a month. The proprietor promised that on my return I should find a young "Phoenix" out of the ashes of the old, to the delight and joy of the oldest inhabitant. Just as I was sitting, to my annoyance, a man came up, to whom I had often been extremely considerate, until imposture—cheating—using my name among friends in Bloemfontein, Kimberley, and elsewhere for the purpose of obtaining funds—had quite exhausted my patience. Although a native of Germany, and full of its latter-day insolence, my sense of justice would not allow me to cast him aside until I had found him utterly unworthy, and not to be relied upon in any relation of trust. Making free with that which belonged to another had secured him a public thrashing and a broken nose on the public market-place. It was hoped that this chastisement would have improved his morals and his honesty; but, alas! so soon had the man gone in his bad career, that at last he was known as the "German Wife Beater," the general trust-breaker, Dutch and Kaffir cheater, and a most unworthy subject of the Free State. In self-defence I had, when he offered me his hand before others, to tell him sharply that when he could prove

was *not* a liar, a thief, and a vagabond, I would take him by the hand. Sad to relate, he was but one of the many that infest the country as its bane and curse. With haste I bade good-bye to the mentally blind and lame, and to those who did halt for lack of knowledge to give the people something to think about. During my absence, I had again shown my fellow-citizens how possible it was for the Free State to construct its own Railroads, and the inhabitants of Bloemfontein to make Water Works with Legal Tender Notes ; and although the Park Springs and the Kaffir-Fontein, born of bog and dissipated by drainage and drought, had proved a waste of money, and the impossibility of securing a constant water supply from such sources. I was not known as the one true prophet for the Town Council, its priests, prophets, trimmers, and toadies, allowed things still to pursue their bad and barren course to the loss of all. Still, by many I was wished good speed, even in a post-cart—the time having not yet come for the traveller to dash along by railroad. My friends hoped I should return in safety, and that at some future time my political and social lessons would take root and bless all around, if not before, at least when the young “Phoenix” arrived at maturity, and gave birth to its successor. Truly, the man with a new idea must indeed have faith, if his views of life are only to have their reward a thousand years hence ! Yet, this is often the sole reward of the True Reformer, who, without any anticipation that he will be appreciated, he must work on, and work ever and even die in the hope that in the dim future he may be understood. With a hurrah, and to the sound of the bugle, away we speed past the Town Hall and Library, over the market square, on past the Lutheran Church, the German Home, which is no longer Lutheran, but narrow in its views of life, and dogmatical in its utterings, though nothing else could be expected from its ignorant grass-gathering pastor ; on past the insolvent St. Andrew's College, which, but for the respect that tradesmen had for educational institutions, would have been before the Master of the Bankruptcy Court long before ; on past the barracks of the living army of the Free State, wherein some twenty half-bred young Dutchmen live a

life of celibacy, with all the temptations of a "Waaihoek close by; it is astonishing how this little State attempts to ape a big Empire, flattered by an old sergeant of the German Empire, and dubbed Captain-General by a Cape Town Brand—then past, O ye reformers of Paris!—a memorial-stone erected to the memory of the Free Booters of the Free State who, being hungry for the Basuto lands and cattle, paid penalty of death for their cattle-lifting and blackman-slaying proclivities; and yet in the face of the "Thou shalt not steal" commandment, this monument has been erected and blessed by the Church, in memory of the dead, and thus to the principle that "Thou mayst steal, if it is from the black man who is consecrated. But there the feeling of justice is lost sight of in the presence of a fort that six sturdy Englishmen would take on any dark night, guarded though it is by that formidable Free State army, led, as already stated, by a brave sergeant of German Empire, bugled by a wretched band creating horror and disgust to all. And then we pass the square—"God's Acre," so called by a Church that dares to consecrate one piece of ground, and to impudently affirm that on such a spot is there sure and certain hope of a resurrection. Do not alarm yourselves, you church-babblers! It would be a misfortune if any of the Modern Church parties and their would-be people's masters ever rose again from the dead. sleeping in Jesus is an advantage, may that sleep to them long. On we go, with the magazine on the right the Gunpowder Retail store of the Free State Government—a Government well known now to have winked at enormous supplies being delivered to Bloemfontein and other border towns to enrich its Dutch and German supporters, to supply the Basutos with ammunition to defy the English Government; and in some cases the Free State Exchequer, replenished likewise by the sale of war material. On my left hand, to my utter disgust and contempt for the Town Council, I passed the native "location." If I felt indignant before, which I relate of my first experience in my earlier "Jottings," I now felt utterable contempt for a Council of nobodies and do-nothings who neglected to remove the birthplace of scarlatina, diphtheria and many other diseases, which all have their origin a

starting point in the filth collected in "Waaihoek." The Council had timely warning, but they took no effectual measures, and allowed a blockhead to receive money, as a sanitary inspector in the face of all who knew his uselessness. Good Heavens! When shall we have *men* to regulate and build decent houses for our two-legged and four-footed fellow creatures that congregate together? As a gregarious animal, man will always be found at close quarters; but is that a reason why more attention should be given to the stables of our horses than to the habitations of our people of all grades? Must crowded human beings always live in filth, and be surrounded by conditions unfit for swine? But for fear of a charge of incendiarism, I would have thrown a torch into the monstrous mass and burned the whole lot out. Would that this could be done by chance, though such mischance might be called the act of God, if but its foulness could be removed from the midst of Bloemfontein for ever. The same remarks are as applicable to the "locations" of every town in the Free State. Disease and filth reign everywhere; there is a constant stench in the nostrils of all healthy men, and there is a scourge in the homestead of every woman that has to hire servants from the dwellers in the infested region. The bishop and the many imbeciles called reverend were to be condemned for not preaching in the Kaffir churches the need of cleanliness, and we were supposed to think that if their Godliness was not more prominent than their sweetness and cleanliness, they were deficient indeed. When shall we have parsons who, like the Monks of Old, knowing how to use building tools, will shew the people how to build, and, if need be, will work with their own hands and erect human habitations. When shall we have Sisters of Mercy as ready, to attend to bodily as to spiritual wants, by giving lessons in cooking and all the ordinary duties of life, and producing comfort and pleasantness in the homes of the people instead of wasting valuable time in masses and matins, plunging the people deeper and deeper into superstition, stupidity, and idleness? At this point of the road, I met two inhabitants of the town, who bade me good-bye, and who having smarted under my lash for their foul tricks, would

have been happy if they could have shouted, "Away with him!—may he never return!" even if their hope had removed me to their region of HELL, and certain am I, that if their casting vote could have released me from its warmth, they would have preferred to prolong my torture. Such is the hate that some people have for those who dare to speak the truth in season, and sometimes out of season. Judging by one's want of success in life, there were times when it seemed unwise to utter one's own convictions, still one could not at all times be disloyal to the truth, let come what might. Their individuality being gratified at the expense of their families, roused my indignation and reproof, and when positive ruin stared them in the face like many others, they wore the Blue Ribbon which ought to have been worn years before, and the abstinence practised in the beginning, which would have made them successful, and then, instead of being jealous of my good luck, the outcome of very constant and hard work, they, too, might have rejoiced and been glad, even if, like myself, they had lost fortune by the want of trickery, as this after-history will explain, and fully bear out to the enlightenment of all.

For two years and more I had led an isolated life because I dared not allow those I loved to live in the town, and when I knew it could all have been altered by human agency, and that the town, with a good supply of running water, might have been a garden to live in, and the children enjoying its shade under green trees, instead of playing in its dirty gutters, I felt bitter against those who fattened upon high rents, and who did nothing to alter bad conditions. Much to the delight of the farmers of the neighbourhood of Bloemfontein, but to the inconvenience of us travellers, Nature had gathered up her big watering pot, and turned out the contents upon our devoted heads. A good Cape cart, well fitted, is a treat to ride in; but, as a rule, passenger and post carts are the oldest that can be got; while feeling glad for the rain, on account of the farmers, I cursed my luck at the prospect of being continually sprinkled by the heavenly showers through the means of the sieve on the top above my head; but it was useless to murmur. On, on, was the cry to the horses by our youthful

Jehu. Now, if the cart was old, our driver was young, and I felt it was a shame that a lad of fifteen years should be exposed to the elements, and the lives of the passengers risked in his hands, while his lazy father drank, smoked, and lolled at home. When will *things* in human shape remember that it is cruel to tax the strength and powers of the half-developed, whether of the two-footed or the four-footed animals in our midst? Passing by Koffyfontein, another wretched location, only made tolerable by its supply of water, which, like the Park Springs, was born of bog and being dissipated by drainage and draught. At this spot I began to make the acquaintance of my fellow-passengers, and to my surprise, after requesting their consideration for an orphan, I was surprised to find the elderly lady passenger was an old Colonist, to whom I had paid a visit in my earlier days, in the Colony, with a view of purchasing her husband's farm; but, with tears in her eyes, she told me how after many years of struggle, and the bringing up of a family, mainly through her endeavours, she had lost the farm, and its gardening pleasures, through the bad habits of her husband. This wicked wretch, time after time, ate up her industry to recover from his follies, he always made his way back, and heartlessly and haughtily demanded the fruits of her diligence and frugality. Truly, hers was a case where the ante-nuptial contract would have secured to her the results of her labours. It was painful to witness her emotion when she was describing her love for her old garden—the birthplace of her children—and what to her was at one time her *Eden*. She felt in reality the words of Adah to Cain, when remonstrating with Cain on the folly of his complaining: "Dear Cain, why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise? Can we not make another here or elsewhere? Where'er thou wilt, where'er thou art, I feel not, the want of this so much regretted Eden, have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and brother?" This was the feeling of this humble but loving mother; had the man but remained loving and kind, anywhere to her would have been an Eden; but without love she felt indeed Paradise was lost, and with no prospect of being regained with the father of her children, and now that she was no longer able to live with the man who swore a lifetime of

loyalty and protection, although compelled to live among strangers. Yet her love for the country was of the liveliest, and rural influences were to her the sweetest. Oh, the music in that word home! It brings back to us a sweet strain from the heart of our memory. To the young it is a reminder of all that is near and dear to them. Our noblest, best men, the leading men of our nation, derived the best elements of their character from maternal care bestowed upon them in childhood. Who moulds our characters while we are yet young? Certainly our mother does. There is no influence so powerful as hers upon the rising generation. While she shapes the characters of our great and good men, to her it also falls to to train those who are to be mothers when she is no more, and to do for this generation what she has done for hers.

Home of our childhood! how affection clings
 And hovers around thee with her seraph wings;
 Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
 Than fairest summits which the cedars crown.
 To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis sweet to look upon the fair
 And open face of Heaven.

What a beautiful trait in the character of the English people is their hearty love of everything that savours and sounds of "country." It is a thoroughly healthy characteristic—deep rooted, and not to be eradicated by the longest and most engrossing occupations of a city or town life. Many a fainting heart is cheered by the hope that one day success will crown the labours of years, and enable the industrious citizen to close his days amid the quiet of a green suburban retreat, or a country house, far off among fields, hedgerows, and babbling brooks, with the flowers blowing, and skylarks singing at will, freely and joylessly. This is the season of youth, the hope of manhood, and the realisation of age in the cases of many.

We do not wonder at the universality of this feeling among our country men and country women. This old green country is worthy of all their admiration, love, and pride. It is almost a part of themselves, and associations connected with it are bound up with their being. Our poets have sung

of it till it has become mixed up with their tenderest and strongest influences. History, has made it venerable; England's old castles and abbeys and churches, its battlefields, its old halls and country houses, are they not identified in history with the march of this great people in civilization and freedom? Then there are the birthplaces of its great men, the haunts of its poets, the stately piles dedicated to learning, the magnificent palaces of the nobles, the homes of the people, the huts of the poor, scattered all over this green land. There are the old forests, older than the Norman Conquest, and the old streams and mountainous country. The very word has music in it; it brings up thoughts of the merry Maypole, the freshness of the woods and fields, pansies and spring violets, shady lanes, and rose-embowered lattices, the hum of bees and the music of birds, the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle at eventide; clear skies from which the sun shines down among green leaves, and upon grass land, mossy banks, and gurgling rills, while trout and minnow

Take the luxury of glowing beams,
Tempered with coolness.

Country, however, we cannot all have. We who live in towns and cities—the great accumulated deposits of civilization—must ply away at our several tasks, some with the hammer and others with the quill; shopmen at their counters; lawyers in their chambers; needlewomen in their attics, merchants in their counting houses; labourers at their daily work. But even here the love of country shows itself as strikingly as ever; the strong passion displays itself in a thousand forms. Go to Covent Garden market any morning in June and you will there find the general love of flowers and green leaves displaying itself in another form. The stalls are filled with endless loads of bouquets; the tables are gaily set out with their tempting array of calceolarias, geraniums, fuchsias, cactusés, roses, and heliotropes, all nicely potted and mossed; and few there are who can resist the pleasure of having one or more of these in possession, and bearing them off in triumph. Many a longing look is cast upon these stalls by those too poor to buy.

What would many a poor girl give to be owner of one of

these sweet plants, reminding her as they do of country, and gardens, and sunshine, and the fresh beauty of nature ?

The love of flowers is beautiful in the young, beautiful in the aged. It bespeaks simplicity, purity, delicate taste, and an innate love of Nature. Long may flowers bloom in the homes of our people—in their parlour windows, in their one-roomed cottages, in their attics, in their cellar dwellings even ! We have hope for the hearts that love flowers, and the country of which they are born.

See, perched in that window sill, high above the rushing tide of city life, a lark in its narrow cage. Its eyes upturned, and its feet planted on the bit of green turf which its owner brought from under a great oak tree in the forest, when on his last holiday ramble, the lark pours through its little throat a flood of melody and joy. Though confined, yet it sees the sun through its prison bars, looks up cheerfully, and sings. And its captive owner in that narrow room behind—captive by the necessity of labouring for his daily bread—he, too, as he hears the glad melody, and as his eyes glance at the bit of green turf, and turn to the blue sky above, feels joy and love “shed abroad in his heart,” and he labours on more hopefully, even though the carol of the lark has brought his childhood's home, the verdure of its fields and the music of its words gushing into his memory. Sing on, then, bird of Heaven, so beautifully described by the immortal Shelley in his poem on the Lark.

You see the love of country strongly displays itself on all the holidays in the year. Then you find crowds of men, women, and children, pressing and panting out of the towns and cities in all directions towards the fields and the fresh air. Steamers up and steamers down, stage coaches, omnibuses, and cabs ; and, above all, railway trains are, on such days, packed tight with passengers all bound for the “country” for a day on the hills, in the woods, or by the rivers—a long day of fresh breathing and pure delight.

One might say a great deal more of the thousand other forms in which this love of country exhibits among us—of the cottage-gardening, the taste for which is rapidly extending among the people—the small allotments so eagerly desired by working men ; the amateur or gentleman-farming ; of the

love of rural sports, and games, and exercise ; of our national literature which is so full of the free breath of the country, of our poetry, and song, which from Shakspeare to Wordsworth have always drawn their finest imagery from nature, and have never struck the chords of the national heart with more electric power, than when appealing to country life and rural beauty.

In the United States alone, women are the equal of men. There alone they may proudly toss their heads. There the scamp, who, meditating shame to the wife, sister or daughter, has not before him the simple terrors of a correspondent. He knows he has before him the peril to be shot. There a faithless swain, who could not be imprisoned for debt, may be kept in prison until he elects to marry the woman with whose affections he has trifled ; an injured woman may herself use a revolver ; a slighted one—a cowhide. The general spirit of American law, in reference to woman is well-expressed in the statute law of Massachusetts in regard to the rights of married women. The property of both real and personal which any woman, who may hereafter be married in this Commonwealth, may own at the time of her marriage, and the rents, usuries, profits, proceeds thereof, and any real or personal property which shall come to her by descent or bequest, or the gift of any person except her husband, shall remain her sole and separate property, notwithstanding her marriage, and not be subject to the disposal of a husband, or liable for his debts. Any married woman may carry on any trade or business, and perform any labour or service on her own sole and separate account ; and the earnings of any married woman, from her trade, business, labour or service, will be her sole property, and may be used and invested by her in her own name. Thus we see that in America, without giving further details, a woman is not looked upon as a mere chattel, and the slave to a man's never-ending demands, but is looked upon, as she should be, as the fit helpmate of man, to be honoured in all and under all conditions ; and in that case her children look up to her, not as the house or bread-winning slave, but the mother of a home. Had such arrangements been in practice in Africa, this woman would not

have lost her home and been made a hopeless fugitive, whilst her children were far away from her. And let there be no mistake, to raise a nation, let the woman be made free, and then we may expect a nation of men. The state of our own law may frequently be gathered from our police reports ; time after time, women asking for protection in person and property, and magistrates even admitting that they could not help or protect. There is nothing to be feared, but much to be hoped, by being just to women, enabling them, as in the United States, to acquire, possess, and devise. This would often make better husbands, never, certainly, worse husbands, and would prevent the dragging down of wives and children to the level to which business, misfortune, or vice often reduces husbands. For further particulars of the rights of woman, and of men's treatment of woman, I refer to my future publications and to "Boon's Weekly English Propagandist."

THE LOVE OF WOMAN.

Woman's Love in sighs arises,
Breathes in throbs and blooms in tears,
Withers when the one she prizes
Wrecks the hope of future years.
Like the smitten rose of summer,
'Neath some angry, biting blast,
For the storms that overcome her
Leave no features of the past.
Woman's love there's no repressing,
For she loves and dotes on one ;
One, alone, receives her blessing,
From that heart too easy won.
Fortune, smiling—frowning—never
Warps the genial ray of bliss,
Which emits its light for ever,
Sparkling in the constant kiss.
Woman's love, to man once plighted,
In the throb—the tear—the sigh—
Though that pledge by man be blighted,
By the shrewd, designing lie—
Should all treasured hopes lie stifled,
Future visions' raptures flee—
Yet remains her love unrifled,
Fixed, oh ! false one, still on thee.

Woman's love, our cares dispelling,
 Lights the stormy path we tread,
 Sheds a glory on the dwelling
 Where the bridal feast is spread,
 And averts the heart when lonely,
 From the sorrows that oppress ;
 Loves us dearly—fondly—only
 Loves till death that love suppress.

BAYLEY.

 WHERE IS LOVE FOUND ?

Where is Love found ? The happy and true,
 Who is never weary, or dull, or lonely,
 Who is ever the same, yet always new,
 Who gladdens the heart, but the pure heart only ;
 Who smiles away sorrow, and drives away strife,
 Or, if the world frown, is at hand to cheer us ;
 Who smooths both the up hill and down hill of life ;
 And in age, as in youth, is ever near us—
 Where is this Love ?

Shall we meet him in cities ? He is not there,
 Where Art presides with her thousand lures ;
 And Pleasures seeks, hand in hand with Care,
 The hearts that she tempts, but never secures ;
 Where mirth never gladdens, but all that's gay
 Is the banquet of Dead Sea fruits outspread ;
 Where the revel by night, and the sleep by day,
 Bring the burning pulse and the aching head—
 Love is not there !

Where is Love found ? Where the wild flowers grow,
 And the birds and the breezes both are singing,
 And heaven and earth have a healthy glow—
 A blessing that each unto each is bringing ;
 Where the fruit tree blossoms and fields are green,
 At either side of some silent river ;
 And Nature—the mother of Love—is seen,
 The gentle, yet bountiful, beauty-giver—
 There love is found.



CHAPTER II.

My male fellow-traveller was a young man on his way to ask papa the momentous question, as it is said, which, given in the affirmative, was to make him happy for the remainder of his life, and, if spared to the usual time, until sorrow and trouble came, owing to old age, and then to wish for his departure. A young man married is marred, so says Ouida, one of the greatest exposers of our wretched political and social conditions, and as such is abused by all the pigmies of our day, who will not and cannot understand her aims in life. No writer can be admired in all that he or she writes; but, take all in the best light, Ouida's writings are as necessary in this age, as the surgeon's knife to cut out a cancer in the body. To say that you could not put some of her books in the hands of a wife or a daughter, is to utter a fact; but this argument could be used against many books; and where is the man that would like his wife or daughter to read privately, much less publicly, the Old Testament? It is simply a history in some portions, of things done and to be done, that in its naked frankness is revolting. Ouida but explains facts and suggests remedies, and for so doing I thank her, and beg that all will read, mark, and inwardly digest, before condemning. She reveals to us many things, which seem impossible—incredible, but she reveals nothing but facts, she makes logically clear, that in this Nineteenth Century of ours, the upper classes are the most demoralized and brutish in their conduct, not only to society in general but to women of their own rank.

A young man married is a man that's marred! How can the man fail to be so, who chooses his yoke-fellow for life, in the blindest haste, when taste alters in all things so utterly from youth to manhood? Taste, bias, opinion, judgment,

alter as judgment widens; taste ripens and sight grows keener from long mixing with the world, and long studying its varied views. God help, then, the man who has taken into his heart and into his life a wife, who fair in his eyes, in all the glamour of love is as insufficient to him in his maturer years as are the weaker thoughts, the unformed judgment of his youth. The thoughts might be well in their way, the judgment generous and just, but he has outgrown them, and he can no more return to them than he can return to his boyish days. So the wife, too, may be good in her way; he may strive to cleave to her, to be faithful to her, as he has sworn to do; he may seek with all his might to come to her side, to bring back the old feeling, to find her all she needs, and all he used to think her; he may strive with all his might to do this; but it is lost labour. It is not his fault if he progresses, he goes on alone; if he falls back to her level he deteriorates with every day that dawns. A young man meets with a young girl in society, he falls in love with her, a few glances, a few meetings and he proposes. It is a pretty dream for a few months; then gradually the illusions drop one by one. He finds her mind narrow, ill-stored, with no single thought in it akin to his own. Or, and this I take it, is a worse case still—the wife is a good wife, he knows it, he feels it, he honours her for it, he knows she is a fond, good mother—but for all this, she is a bitter disappointment to him. He comes home, worn out with a day's labour, but successful from it; he tells her his successes or his hoped-for victories, of the one thing that is the essence of his life and the end of his ambition; she listens with a vague, amiable, absent smile; but her heart is not with him, nor her ear; she drawls out, "Yes, dear, indeed! How very nice! But cook has ruined that leg of mutton, it is really burnt to a cinder." She cannot help it; her mission is to think of small things. The perpetual drop, drop of her small worries is like the ceaseless dropping of water upon his brain. She is less capable of understanding him in his defeats, his struggles, his victories, than the senseless writing paper, which, though it cannot respond to them, at least lets him score his thoughts on its blank pages and will bear them unobliterated. A man

early married is prematurely aged. While he is yet young, his wife is old. Married in youth, he takes upon himself burdens that should never weigh save upon middle age; in middle age he bears a part that should be reserved for age alone. A young fellow starts in life with a good education and a promising profession, but with a little capital which cannot be lucrative to him till time has mellowed his reputation and experience made him more or less a name. He can live for a little if he likes; he can take his knapsack, and a walking tour, if he wants change and travel; he is not tortured by the envy of those who want bread; the world is before him to choose at least where he will work in it—in a word, he is *free*. But if he marries, while young, his up-hill career is fettered; if he keeps manfully and honestly out of debt, economy and privation eat his very life away. He toils, he struggles, he works on as all brain and hand-workers must, feverishly, and at express speed to keep in the van at all; he is old, while by right of years, he should be young, in the constant harassing rack and strain to keep up appearance and *seem* well off, while every shilling is of consequence; he works or writes for his bread with the turmoil of children near him, he smiles courteously with the iron in his soul and with summonses or bills hanging over his head; he returns from his business, and, after a long day, jaded and worn out, desires rest and recreation; but he comes not to quiet, to peace, to solitude with a book, anything to soothe the fagged nerves and ease the strain for an hour at least, but only to some petty miserable worry—some fresh small care, to hear his wife going into rabid and ridiculous agonies because her youngest son has the measles, or because the servant has not done her duty; or he finds her heartless, cheapening his honour, running down his credit, holding his name as carelessly as a child holds a mirror, forgetting, like a child, that a breath on it is like a stain; turning a deaf ear to his remonstrances, flinging at him with a sneer some died-out folly or some business mistake, misfortune, miscalculation, or loss through his faith in humanity; the crown of his manhood, his undying faith in all; goading him to words that he knows for his own dignity were best unsaid. Wise are the

old words of Sir Walter Raleigh : " Thou bindest thyself for life for that which perchance never lasts nor pleases thee one year, for the desire dicth, when it is obtained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied." A man among men, literally dying in the heat and burden of the day, of the weary weight, with no sympathy ; the torturing rack of home cares, his family and poverty dragging him downwards, is but a sample of the death in life, the age in youth, the early love-elected doom that almost invariably dogs the steps of a man who has married early, be his station what it may, be his choice what it will. Such is the lot of the young man married in mad haste, and who gives up the one priceless birthright on earth, *Freedom*. In his early days it may be due to his full heart of sympathy for the opposite sex, or pity, which is akin to love, for the woman he would protect from the insults of others. Let there be no mistake, personally, I do not believe that it is necessary to be married to avoid all the pitfalls of life. That there are temptations to be met, assailing the young man on all sides, is true, but it is for us elderly people to remove these as much as we possibly can, create a higher ideal of purity, and under no consideration teach that indulgence is the highest aim in life, instead of self-control, full occupation, noble aims. When means are provided and a certainty, as far as human foresight can arrange, justifies a mature choice, let marriage take place, with a deep unutterable love that enables the man to feel that he has found his queen of life, and his home choice, and the woman look up to him as her highest ideal as unto a god. With such facts taught, men would hesitate to pledge themselves into a false position, and women would not accept what may but be lip-vows instead of a mature heart's devotion. Men are not so helpless in these days that of necessity they must make homes in haste ; nor are women so helpless as to be compelled to make a life's choice in haste to be repented of while life lasts. I am fully aware that the present conditions of existence create much of the need to delay settling in life ; and it is my pride to assist in breaking down the monopolies that make life so full of struggles and disappointments. I know full well that if the oppressing classes are removed that, then, there will be an

opportunity for early marriages ; but until such conditions are removed all the objections now urged for delay will be valid ; until that time arrives let due precaution be used, seeing that it is a life-contract that is entered into. Some, however, may object to all this, and urge early marriage as society's safety valve.

That considerable difficulties exist upon this point, and that strong prejudices exist in society generally cannot be denied ; but, because ignorance, difficulties and prejudices exist, surely this cannot be any reason why those who have wholly, or in part, overcome them, should remain inactive or be bound down by incorrect conceptions which they do not acknowledge. Reforms do not spring from the masses ; they originate with the few who have and use the power to think for themselves, and the courage, when they know they are right, of doing that which they are assured is true and good. The masses must, as a matter of course, receive the conception of the thinkers ; and in due time, when they see the fruits produced by the workers they will also acknowledge that the reforms are beneficial. A man's every-day life denotes his morality, faith, and honour by the manly strength of purpose he exhibits in doing his duty.

The man of the most humble origin, and in the most humble circumstances can stand throned as Nature's most noble work—a gentleman. Like a nugget of gold, he is not less solid, strong and pure, because encircled by a rough exterior. A man winning his bread by manual labour may be the peer or superior of one wearing a crown. The most heroic deeds have been immortalized by poor, unpretentious men. The qualifications necessary to entitle a man to the name of gentleman are numerous, but all derived from the same source and basis—purity and firmness of principle. A gentleman is ever loyal, just, generous, honest, truthful, brave, tender-hearted, faithful, temperate, consistent, forbearing, self-sacrificing, and unselfish. He is a true friend in adversity as well as in prosperity ; he is a man whose statement needs no additional oath, whose word is as sacred as his honour, for whom no bonds nor security are needed ; he is a man of charitable impulses and deeds, not receiving rich acquaintances with munificence,

then secretly turning the poor from his door ; he is a protector to the helpless and friendless, not sitting in church with saintly air, yet, at the first opportunity, defrauding the widows and orphans. He is a man not taking advantage of the misfortunes, of others, or acquiring wealth and station by intrigue and dishonourable means, but modest and unobtrusive, slow to anger, prudent in all occasions, not causing mischief by sly insinuations. He is a man above committing a low action—every woman's champion and defender whom all can implicitly trust. He is a true husband loving and sympathetic, with a constant desire to render his wife and children happy ; never reproaching actions done with the best of motives, never making hurtful allusions or trampling on sensitive feelings ; caring for no pleasure outside of his family ; his house, as an oasis in a desert, is the spot where all his hopes and aspirations centre. He is one who can be trusted out of sight to resist and combat all temptations. A man of this description is a "gentleman." During his life his example will elevate and benefit mankind, and the influence of his noble deeds and virtues follow him long after his earthly pilgrimage is over, while reward for him will be rest and happiness.

As it is impossible for the human imagination to form the faintest idea of any additional sense to those which we already possess, so it is impossible to conceive of any degree of happiness which shall not be in connection with our present feelings and faculties, and in harmony with them. Our very highest ideas of happiness, in any state, are invariably and inevitably associated with and restricted to our present sensational and emotional states, and cannot by any possibility transcend those states. We cannot even wish or desire to procure happiness otherwise than through the medium of our present mental, moral, and physical organisms. Our highest ideas of happiness are only to be realised by means of circumstances which will enable us to secure the healthy and pleasurable activity of all the faculties of our nature, sensational and intellectual.

Health and happiness are convertible terms. Perfect health is perfect happiness, and perfect happiness is perfect health. No organ or faculty can be kept in perfect health

without a full measure of activity or exercise, and this full measure of activity or exercise is the only means of obtaining the highest degree of the purest and most pleasurable states of consciousness of which each individual organ or faculty is susceptible ; and this is the highest state of happiness which mankind can realise, or of which they can form any conception.

* * * * *

Whatever the most stoical philosophy may utter to the contrary it is, nevertheless, a fact that we are the creatures of impulses, the puppets of our feelings. It is no objection to this statement to say that we are guided by our judgment, because our judgments themselves are invariably influenced by our feelings. This appears to be a law of our nature which cannot be abrogated ; consequently, in our so-called voluntary actions we are inevitably governed by our feelings. Our joys and our sorrows are precisely in proportion to the delicacy or coarseness of our nervous systems, and to the careful or careless training to which they have been subjected. Those who possess the most susceptible temperaments and the most acute sensibility are precisely those who experience the highest degree of happiness from amicable associations. And, by the same rule, the more we cultivate our feelings and purify our tastes the more intensely do we participate in the happiness of congenial spirits, and the more do we overflow in our desires and capabilities to communicate happiness to others.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

O happy they, the happiest of their kind !
 Whom gentler stars unite, and, in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 When Friendship, full, exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence ; for naught but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

What is the world to them,—
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense, all,
 Who, in each other, clasp whatever fair,
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ?
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look,
 Or in the mind, or mind-illumined face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime, a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm ;
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then, infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care,
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh, speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss !
 All various Nature pressing on the heart !
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive Virtue and approving Heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads.
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamoured more, as more resemblance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love.
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THOMSON.

But this picture, unfortunately, has its reverse. Just as in
 the great external world, where the sun shines clearest and
 brightest there the shadows are deepest and darkest, so in
 the internal world of human consciousness, where the
 pleasures are the most refined and the happiness the most

exquisite, there the sorrow is the heaviest, and there the clouds of calamity throw their darkest shades.

"The heart that is soonest alive to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

Our pains, our griefs and adversities are by no means essential constituents of human existence; they are wholly and solely the monstrous offspring of our own ignorance. It is to the shallowness and imperfection of our knowledge on the most important laws and principles of human nature, and of the proper means of obtaining true happiness, that we are to attribute those injurious manners, customs, and habits which not only lessen and destroy our happiness, but actually, in thousands of cases, prevent its coming into existence. In fact, our ignorance is so intense that by far the great majority of both men and women have no just idea in what true happiness consists. They waste their time in an eager pursuit of vain and frivolous amusements, falsely called pleasures, which produce a feverish excitement, for the moment, and the result of which is a gradual mental degradation; and, in general, an inveterate and increasing distaste for all intellectual and ennobling pursuits.

As long as our present loose and imperfect systems of education prevail, which set up such a low standard of morality and happiness, we cannot expect much amelioration in our social condition. Social, and, indeed, every other amelioration depends entirely upon education, not a meagre, pounds shillings and pence education, but a thorough education of the feelings as well as the intellect, by which a Temple of Virtue shall be erected in every heart, based upon the immutable principles of truth and justice.

Every individual who has the desire may become a promoter of this grand object, simply by an earnest endeavour to acquire true and useful knowledge, as far as capabilities and circumstances will allow. By this pleasant means we shall infallibly diminish prejudice, and induce the formation of more correct habits, both of thought and action, and at the same time we shall be enabled to communicate and spread superior knowledge among those with whom we

associate, and set a noble example to all those with whom we come in contact. This is, indeed, the best and most effectual education, which we ought by all means to foster and increase. It is cheering to think that all (who can and will) may do this to some extent, wherever they are, or however they may be situated. It is wholly by the teachings and example of the *few* wise and good that the world does improve at all.

Pleasure and happiness are terms which are very generally confounded, being vaguely used indifferently to convey the same idea, but, a thoughtful consideration will show that they do in reality designate two perfectly distinct states. Pleasure consists in motion, change, excitement, variety; happiness consists in quietness, tranquillity and repose. There is pleasure in the sublime; happiness in the beautiful. There is pleasure in overcoming difficulties; happiness in enjoying the results. It may, however, be observed that, between the two extremes of energetic action and complete repose, there may be a countless variety of gradations, in which pleasure may be so modified by an admixture of the elements of happiness, and happiness so blended with the special characteristics of pleasure that it may be extremely difficult in some cases to draw the line of demarcation. A small, affectionate group of intelligent and congenial souls forms the only assemblage in which true happiness can be found.

Our endeavours ought certainly to be, as far as our means and talents will reach, to benefit mankind generally; but our moral and intellectual powers will never be in a state to enable us to accomplish this effectually, unless our surroundings are such as to give full development and activity to the kindly sympathies of a cherished home. Certain it is, that happiness will never prevail until every human being has attained to the full enjoyment of domestic affections in our home and country.

Knowledge is the groundwork of virtue, and virtue is the foundation of happiness, and this divine union can only be blended into a perfect unity in the consecrated area of the domestic circle. The purest happiness is to be obtained, and

the most soothing alleviations of affliction are to be experienced only in the domestic associations where kindness and affection have unrestrained sway.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enohanting shores,
 Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend ;
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet,
 " Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?"
 Art thou a man a patriot ? Look around,
 Oh ! thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land, thy country, and that spot thy home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A multitude (whatever name we may give it), does not contain the requirements of happiness. We go to concerts, theatres, balls, or lectures for amusement, excitement, or pleasure, and to receive information ; and doubtless, all these may be very good in their proper time and place, and may furnish the elements of happiness, just as food and fresh air, and exercise are good in their proper quantities and qualities,

and form the elements of health ; but as food, air, and the rest are not health itself, but only the elements or means, just so theatres, or lectures, or any kind of knowledge, or all kinds of knowledge put together, are not happiness, but only the elements of happiness, or the means by which happiness may be attained. And as those who place their chief delights in sensual indulgence miss their way to health in mistaking the means for the end, just so those who expend their brightest energies in a continual round of external excitement, miss their way to happiness, by the same lamentable mistake.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Let others seek for empty joys
 At ball, or concert, rout or play,
 Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,
 Her gilded domes and trappings gay—
 I while the wintry eve away
 Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
 And marvel how I e'er could stray
 From thee, my own Fireside.

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
 That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
 Thus ever guide my wandering feet
 To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !
 What e'er my future years may be,
 Let joy or grief my fate betide—
 Be still an even bright to me,
 My own—my own Fireside !

A. A. WATTS.



CHAPTER III.

THE cry of the doctors in Bloemfontein, when in want of patients, was that in no part of South Africa, in no part of the vast Continent was there a health-producer, a sanatorium equal to Bloemfontein. In the case of my own family I had proved to the contrary, and my observations led me to convince and satisfy many persons that it was no longer a healthy spot, whatever it had been in its first years, and with a small population.

The results which arise from the apathy and negligence of life-holders are disgusting. Sheep and goats are starved in kraals all night within the town, and the effluvia therefrom, particularly in hot weather, cannot fail to be very mischievous to health. Some do not recognise, especially the doctors, who are paid to cure or kill, and unlike the Chinese doctors, practice only to be paid in health, and whose business, therefore, is to cure as fast as possible to secure their income. Again, that the fumes of ammonia, and so on, arising from stable litter and kraal dung are not injurious to health; but it is manifest that these gases actually do an immense amount of mischief to the tender systems of men, women and children. All accumulation of filth, of whatever nature, should be suppressed, and would be (but for the doctor's trade unionism) with a strong hand in all centres of population, to secure purest atmosphere. All this, and more I fully explain in my "Physical Religion," to be had of the publishers of my other works. Many misled by the doctors false statements, arrived in Bloemfontein, in the hope that the dry atmosphere would cure them; but, alas, the want of Nature's heat in the winter, and of a plentiful supply of fuel to give artificial warmth when needed, and good, well-cooked food of all light substances counterbalanced all; the extremes were too great

to be withstood, and, sad to relate, the invalids never recovered, never returned to their friends; but their bodies rest in eternal sleep, in a miserable compound, dignified with the name of "God's Acre," to the grief of their friends, so many thousands of miles away, who would have willingly deposited their loved ones in a Cemetery *Garden* of rest, until the time shall come when, for the sake of the living, we adopt the wiser plan of Cremation universally, and guard in a Temple of the Dead the ashes of our loved ones. But the deception practised on the credulous, was to the advantage of the doctors and undertakers. The want of heat and the constant change had, with all my care, to my excessive annoyance, given me rheumatism; but such was the extortion of the Bloemfontein physicians and the old German missionary quacks, called doctors, made so by a Cape Brand diploma, and who found it paid to physic the body and to ignore the belief in, and the need of physicing the substance or nonentity called a *Soul*, that I could not see the utility of seeking that assistance of Charlatans to be afterwards presented with an outrageous account, because I might be considered worth black mailing. Under these circumstances I used some very simple remedies, but not being perfectly cured, I hastened my journey, thinking that a warmer climate would be beneficial and bring about a perfect cure. I put up with torture of racked joints; but the first hope in this, as in many other things in life, told a flattering tale, and when I got into the cart, and the rain came on, my pains kept apace with the journey, and my limbs grew quite stiff, compelling me to ask for help to be removed from the cart. Now this, coming to the notice of my lady-passenger, and she not being young, spoke with experience and freedom, and assured me, that if I had only tried old Jacobs' Oil, that he first drew from his well in Arabia, and which, handed down to his successors, had proved an oil-well-fund ever since, I should have been cured, and feel a young man again. She then gave me such instances of cure that I felt that the machinery to make old into young will not be wanted, while the Jews can persuade the Gentiles to buy their cunning compositions. Talk of borrowing from the Egyptians in the old and the modern

days, is but another proof, that the Jew studies every trick that pays; and to further mislead and bamboosle the public, I was assured instantaneous relief would be secured if I did but follow out directions and use Hamburg drops and other imposture of Jewish and German origin. I felt somewhat disgusted that Christians allowed a Bible hero's name to be used for such a mercenary purpose. But, then, when one thought of this Jacob, and read his history, as portrayed in the Bible of the Jews, one realised that he was an imposter all through his life, and like all Jewish compounds, therefore, a delusion and a fraud, and I felt delighted that men were pushing the sale of their Bibles. I felt that there was hope for the people, if they would but read them. The four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Luther, the translator of the Bible into German, had arrived; it will not need four hundred years in the future to convince the inhabitants of this Globe that this Book, containing the history of the vilest race the Earth had at present upon its surface, for trickery, meanness, villany, debauchery and false-statements has not its equal. In fact, no one but Jews would call the Bible a Religious Book, and no one but those of Jewish nature, if not of their race, could uphold its character. But for the Church, built by a Paul, and made profitable to those who call themselves Christians after the man Christ, depicted in the New Testament, the Bible would long since have fallen into oblivion. This same New Testament was compiled by a new sect of Jews to mislead the people after finding that light was beaming in the World. Pretending to repudiate the Old Book, they manufacture a new, the worse of the two. The old was tolerable as the history of a wretched race, but the new, to hold men's minds as well as their bodies in thralldom, is simply damnable. As of the old, so of the new—no one reads with a view of understanding its lessons and facts. In one part, we see this Christ-Jew, an ungrateful child, stern relative, dangerous citizen, base egotist, who was neither husband nor father—who grossly boasted of being *the* Son of *God*, and having legions of angels at his command—who denied his mother, troubled families, inveigled children from their paternal home, refused burial to the dead, preached

intolerance and persecution. This ambitious fanatic, who ignored Moses and the Prophets, and who, when compared with the Ancient Philosophers, must be looked upon with pity and contempt, paraded himself as the SON of a God. On the other hand, there are passages that bring out all the good human qualities of the man Jesus, and who, however, in haste and thoughtlessness brought on his own execution, in the old Roman way of being crucified; but here I have no time to picture the outlines of a noble human figure to be found side by side of all that is reprehensible in the Christ Jesus found in the Gospels. Putting out of sight, for the moment, the question of miracles, there appears a general agreement of the most thoughtful of all ages, that there is not one exalted sentiment, not one noble word, for which the Evangelists or their Master are supposed to be responsible, which does not harmonise with the highest conceivable ideals of all that is good and true *in all ages*, and I feel that the time has come when Truth must be made known and fiction no longer taught and relied upon, as in days gone by. At present what is called Christianity is simply an instrument for "degrading the masses, and for enriching the Priests, Pastors and Ministers of all sects." To the injury of the people and the continuance of such a Public Fraud, Christianity, as taught and practised Sunday after Sunday in churches and chapels of all kinds, and supported by the wolves in sheep's clothing, who with black suits and white ties are wandering up and down this world of ours, and who are so fully depicted in the Poetry of D. Evans—

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

"The Cross of Christ! the Cross of Christ;"

A mouthing priest in frenzy shrieks;

"Bestows a boon of joy unpriced

On him in faith who humbly seeks"

From Calvary upreared on high

It casts its shadows thwart the sky.

O'er Afric's parched and arid plains,

O'er stern Kamskatchka's silent snows;

In Buddha's sacred sweet domains,

Where holy Ganges gleaming flows—

This Cross of Christ its gloom has shed

To fill the human heart with dread.

BOON'S SOUTH AFRICA.

Then, are we slaves, or are we free,
 That reason's force should blindly yield
 To tales of priestly mystery
 The love by long research revealed ?
 Should we relapse and sink again
 Enwound by superstition's chain ?

They bear the name of Christians, yet
 The titles that its founders bore
 Adorn them now, but why forget
 The simple live's, they liv'd of yore ;
 Why make their whole existence cry,
 Behold one monstrous living lie ?

In cloth of finest texture clad ;
 By prancing steeds in chariot drawn ;
 The portly bishop seeming glad,
 Heeds not of sterling men the scorn ;
 Luxuriant housed, and robed and fed,
 He lives while thousands die for bread.

Unroll me now the scroll of time,
 When priestly craft o'erruled the earth,
 And branded thought as monstrous crime—
 The spawn of hell that gave it birth ;
 And when the brave in torture bowed
 To please a cursed Christian crowd.

The Cross of Christ ! the rack and flame !
 These words would suit such ghouls the best
 Whose hearts are dead to sense of shame
 As by their deeds they stand confest.
 High up their high imposture rears,
 Abortion sprung from human fears.

As then they taught, they now would teach,
 Had they the power—they have the will—
 And Smithfield fires again would preach ;
 Again their swords our blood would spill ;
 But reason's strong defensive shield
 Turns back the blade they try to wield.

Oh ! heroes of the glorious past,
 Whose work immortal lives for age,
 Who sought the truth and held it fast,
 Whose names the world revere to-day ;
 In darkest depths of God-made hell
 Your souls are thrust—so Christians tell.

Lo ! mark the names of those who sing
 The heavenly Lamb's eternal praise ;
 Whose gladness shouts triumphant ring,
 While angel harps attune their lays.
 What rapture dwells, what holy joy,
 With Williams, Palmer, Peace, Lefroy.

Oh ! glorious sun, whose rising beams
 Are piercing through the clouds of gloom ;
 Whose light of life and gladdening gleams
 Dispel the fear that haunts the tomb ;
 Haste on thy strong resistless course,
 Till creeds shall fade before thy force.

For me, I proudly make my choice ;
 If then a heaven and hell there be,
 Then in my faith I'll still rejoice ;
 The cross of Christ is nought to me
 Since all the best below are crammed,
 I humbly hope I may be damned.

When will men be honest enough to come out in their true colours, and how much longer are we to have this Nebuchadnezzar's image of science and religion, are hard points to determine. The old school is going, and if the theological seminaries continue to turn out such advanced theologians, it may be hoped that, at the outside, the next generation will be but little, if at all, plagued with Christianity, the bane of all true progress.

However, theology dies hard, and there is much to be done ere mankind will be free from its bonds. Whilst it is encouraging to note the last stages of Christianity and the internal causes of its decay, it will not do for us to leave the matter there. We must war relentlessly against the creed which would deprive us of our rights ; and although it is our duty to strike hard and often, we can still bear in mind that it is the creed, and not the Christian we seek to destroy. My cogitations at last led me to think that perhaps there is in store for us some converted Jew, so called converted, that is to say, at a fabulous price, as see the yearly reports of the " Jew Conversion Society," like Shapira, the Jew may gather up from out among the " Old Clo' " men, parchment of a Deuteronomy to pay and compensate himself for becoming a Pariah among his

own race, who had the audacity to ask a million of pounds for forged work, in the hope that for a time all subscriptions will be stopped for the heathen abroad to gather together this sum to gratify the modern believers in a lie. Fortunately, this trick on the credulous did not take ; but now I expect to see some converted Rabbi start anew, and since Jacob's Oil pays, go in for a few patent medicines, such as Moses' cure for snake bites ; Meshach and Abednego's cure for burning ; Balaam's cure for dumbness of animals, applicable to the human race ; David's patent warmth-producer, without the aid of a waiting maid, as in the Bible stated ; Job's patent salve for boils ; Jonah's cure for drowned or swallowed-up men ; Aaron's receipts for all mesmerisers and astrologers ; Jesus's Eye opening salve ; Messiah's blood purifier ; the Saviour's food for hungry men ; the Redeemer's wine for invalids ; Magdalene's hair restorer ; Timothy's stomach cordial ; Peter's limb restorer ; Martha and Mary's love elixir ; Christ's eye beam remover ; Jesus's mote take-me-out machine ; Christ's life-giver ; the Apostle's cure for all diseases ; Paul's perfect cure for liars and deceivers.

Searchers after truth must read their Bibles, and compare the same with Byron's "Cain and Manfred," and the true history as contained in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," and then they will understand the aspirations of humanity of the past and of the present. But, now, do not make a mistake, the medicines are not to be given away, whatever the faith may be in any or all without money or price, but all are to be sold with the usual eye to business, so characteristic of the Jew, as the following little poem so truthfully describes :

A TALE OF REVENGE.

Revenge is sweet ; a blow for a blow
 Is a salve for wounded feeling ;
 The working of vengeance is sometimes slow,
 But is always soothing and healing.
 And if wrong was done long years ago,
 And the injury has but one manner of curing,
 'Tis consoling to feel in our silent enduring
 That vengeance gets sweeter by proper maturing.

The tale of revenge, I now relate
 Goes back to a fairly ancient date—
 About three thousand years or so,
 When Israel's sons and dark-eyed daughters
 First went to dwell where seaward flows
 The Nile's exceedingly turbid waters.

One son—called Joseph—most moral it seems—
 Was wooed by a Mrs. Potiphar,
 Who found he wouldn't fall in with her schemes,
 (Of the kind with which the Bible teems),

For this rigid youth
 Adhered to the truth,

And swore that in his most amorous dreams
 He had never so much as thought of her.

Such virtue was all the talk, of course
 (The seventh commandment was not yet in force)

And laxity was not uncommon ;
 But virtue sometimes is rewarded on earth,
 And Joseph the Jew got a Government birth,
 And the public scoffed at the woman.

A famine came on, yet the Jews grew rich—
 For even then Jew palms would itoh,
 But the means of their riches were sinister ;
 For though corn went up to a famine price
 They bought it for nothing ('twas very nice)
 From the virtuous Joseph who in a trice,
 Had become a Pharaoh's own Prime Minister.

At last the Egyptian blood grew hot
 At what they considered Semitic tricks ;
 So to labour hard they condemned the lot,
 And set them working at making bricks,
 And drawing water and hewing wood
 As the best sort of thing for a Jewish brood ;
 The bondage was stiff and somewhat cruel,
 For the work was hard and so was the fare,
 A choice of food was extremely rare ;
 The staple diet—was water gruel,
 So the Jewish people grunted and greaned,
 And swore the wrong could be never condoned.

Then Moses who knew a "fake" or two,
 Arose, and tried what he could do ;
 Showed by a number of conjuring tricks—
 Developing serpents out of sticks,
 Which gobbled up snakes in a brace of shakes—
 That Jews knew more than just making bricks.

Many other wonderful things he did,
Till Pharaoh thought he'd better get rid
Of the Jewish crew
Who were raising a stew.

As no decent people would ever do
So Pharaoh kindly agreed to allow
The Jews to depart to avoid more row.

Now, Moses was "fly," as most Moses's are,
And intended to roam through the desert afar.
He was "up" in finance—as Joseph had been—
His wants were immense and Egyptians were green.
So he thought that he'd float the first Jewish loan,
In a fashion that might perhaps serve to atone
For the slavery that his race had known.
He issued his orders with craft and with skill,
And the good honest children gave ear with a will.
Each one was to borrow—of course from Egyptians—
Whatever he could, by way of "subscriptions"—
"Jewels of silver and jewels of gold,
And raiment"—the items need not be told.
The order was "borrow," but we all must feel
Such borrowing meant "to beg" and to "steal;"
However that be, it is certain they got
More Egyptian valuables than they ought;
It also is certain they sloped with the lot.

And ever since then
These Semitic men
Are known by the rings and the jewels they wear;
And over the earth, where'er they repair,
They keep on borrowing silver and gold
At a rate, now high, now low,
They are buyers of raiment—the sellers are sold—
And Moses is known as "Old Clo."
Though starting from Egypt on capital borrowed,
They won in the struggle for life;
The Egyptian was soft—for his softness he sorrowed—
But the Jew is as keen as a knife.
And recently he's lent Egypt again
A part of the wealth that he stole;
For each shekel that he lent he's extracted ten,
But still keeps her down in the hole;
And makes old John Bull
A convenient tool,
To roam o'er the land
With a gun in his hand
To punish the evils of Pharaoh's rule.

The tables are turned and Israel is free,
 'Tis the Egyptians who suffer from "bonds;"
 And in bonds that people are like to be,
 For they can't make snakes out of wands!
 The Jews make the most of heaven's decree,
 To spoil the Egyptians—the Egyptians are spoiled!
 But where one would like the Jews to be foiled,
 Is in reading the phase as a wider description,
 And treating us all as if we were Egyptian.

TEUTON.

Let the idea strike the Jews that their wretched compounds will help them to live outside Palestine instead of on Palestine, as tillers of the soil, they will advertise, with the help of their brothers, the owners of Sunday newspapers until even they, at the bidding of the Christian public, will no longer tolerate their advertisements after they have made a fortune by the same, and then with gushing, flashing articles, will denounce and say, "Depart from me, I never knew such quacks, and want to know you no more until the righteous indignation has died out, and then with new schemes and profit, give me a call again."

It is something horrible, with our scientific knowledge, that so little is done by Conservative or Whig to bring about a better system of health condition. Southwood Smith, Mantigazza, Dr. Richardson, and others have spoken out continuously; yet, withal, how few can look upon life with frank joy! Our beautiful structure would work on with hardly a local stoppage, were it only fairly treated on all sides, but has to suffer from the blind folly of the creature, or such surroundings as cannot be got outside of. People will not learn upon what conditions joy alone is gained. They will not learn that the gentle langour at the end of a day rationally spent is better than the pleasures of alcohol. Drinks are swallowed in haste, foods are partaken of, without care, and of course the transgressors are punished. The perfectly healthy man is almost unknown, unless we look for him among the savages. How few find sleep directly their heads touch their pillows! How few, whose eyes are really clear, and who rise with every nerve-giving delight to consciousness!

The furred tongue, the bleared eye, the lassitude through excessive smoking, and to cure all these ailments a vast trade has grown in our midst.

We are the most doctored people in the world ; in all our papers, especially the Daily Liars, will be found fifty cures for all diseases, and a choice can be had of about five thousand patent medicines. If death were not of so British a nature as not to know when beaten, he would retire from business ; and yet with all these perfect cure-alls, and the doctors, who are on the increase, the undertaker flourishes, and we go on trying to keep off death by unnatural means, instead of natural methods, and out of such folly, the doctors and chemists, and medicine manufacturers, make fortunes ; and our Holloway's bequeaths thousands for some pet hobby ; and, if reckoned up, more would be found to be spent in the purchase of health restorers than upon our National education. Now, with all this vast system of quackery for the body and the soul, the people are starved in mind and body. Some preachers tell us it is not sweetness that they have to offer, but medicine. Praise, prayer, and preaching have been and must continue to be the pharmacopia of the Church ; it is no libel to call such utterances rant, rhapsody and superstition uttered and felt by simpletons, priests, bigots, and hypocrites. Many are so absorbed in the mystic and unknown, as to be senseless of the temporal. It may be still true that in the dark ages the Church helped the needy, after it had compounded with guilt, as it is so plainly shown in Shelley's Cenci.

THE CENCI.

ACT I, SCENE I.—AN APARTMENT IN THE CENCI PALACE.

Enter COUNT CENCI and CARDINAL CAMILLO.

Cam. That matter of the murder is hush'd up.
 If you consent to yield his holiness
 Your fief that lies beyond the Pincian gate.
 It needed all my interest in the conclave
 To bend him to this point, he said that you
 Bought perilous impunity with your gold ;
 That crimes like yours if once or twice compounded
 Enriched the Church, and respited from hell
 An erring soul which might repent and live.

But that the glory and the interest
 Of the high throne he fills, little consist
 With making it a daily mart of guilt,
 So manifold and hideous as the deeds
 Which you scarce hide from men's revolted eyes.

Gen. The third of my possessions—let it go !
 Aye, I once heard the nephew of the Pope
 Had sent his architect to view the ground,
 Meaning to build a villa on my vines.
 The next time I compounded with his uncle
 I little thought he should outwit me so !
 Henceforth, no witness—not the lamp—shall see
 That which the vassal threaten'd to divulge,
 Whose throat is choked with dust for his reward.
 The deed he saw could not have rated higher
 Than his most worthless life—it angers me !
 Respited me from Hell ! So may the Devil
 Respite their souls from Heaven. No doubt Pope Clement
 And his most charitable nephews pray
 That the Apostle Peter and the Saints
 Will grant for their sake that I long enjoy
 Strength, wealth, and pride, and best of all, length of days
 Wherein to act the deeds which are the stewards
 Of their revenue—But much yet remains
 To which they shew no title.

Having possessed themselves of land, the priests compelled their devotees to labour, and out of such labour gave to those who never had a doubt of their Church—they offered alms. But it is not true that at any time desired to instruct the minds of their believers. No system of general education was ever introduced by any Church in the past ; then, as now, all churchmen were opposed to the people knowing, or having the possibility of knowing, the truth by comparison, and now it is no thanks to the Church or any Christian creed or sect, that there is a broader system of education, and a better understanding of truth, as explained in Science, and a closer conformity to Nature's laws, and the lovers of humanity are seen moving hand in hand with such reforms as contemplate the health, comfort, and the liberties of the people. When the movement is for better homes, for our crowded occupants of pent-up alleys, whose are the voices which are loudest in the cause, and the gifts which are most

lavish for improvement? When there is a demand for shorter hours for the labourer, for fresh air for our overwrought *employés*, for workman's trains, for the opening of galleries of art, for anything which can broaden human intelligence, and brighten the human spirit, the Rationalist is ever to the fore. In the crusade against drunkenness, improvidence, and vice; in the siege which aims it rams against the drinking bar, the pawnshop and the prison, the Rationalist is the pioneer. His weapon, the pen, is brandished against cowardice, and violence and fraud; and his shield is flung over the helpless and abused. He would teach the love of home, of wife, of child. When chains are to be broken, he is fired with the shout of liberty. When bloodshed is abroad, he is fervid for peace. And he draws the inspiration of his hopes for earth out of his faith in the future, and points from the turmoil of the mortal strife to the rainbow which fore-promises future victory.

There are many preachers who have used the name of Humanity, but he only rightly uses it who is a true reformer, and points men onward and upward. There is no true progress without climbing and ascension. And the man is no reformer for this world, who has no faith in a better world to come in the future.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,
 Filled with eloquence and power,
 One is old with locks of white,
 Skinny as an anchorite;
 And he preaches every hour,
 With a shrill fanatic voice
 And a bigot's fiery scorn.
 "Backward! ye presumptuous nations;
 Man to misery is born
 Born to drudge, and sweat and suffer,
 Born to labour and to pray;
 "Backward! ye presumptuous nations;
 Learn to labour and obey."
 The second is a milder preacher;
 Soft he talks as if he sung;
 Sleek and slothful is his look
 And his words, as from a book,
 Issue glibly from his tongue,

With an air of self-content,
 High he lifts his fair white hands :
 " Stand ye still! ye restless nations,
 And be happy, all ye lands ;
 Fate is law, and law is perfect,
 If ye meddle ye will mar ;
 Change is rash, and ever was so,
 We are happy as we are."

Mightier is the younger preacher,
 Genius flashing from his eyes ;
 And the crowds who hear his voice
 Give him while their souls rejoice,
 Throbbing bosoms for replies !
 Awed they listen, yet elated,
 While his stirring accents fall :
 " Forward ! ye deluded nations ;
 Progress is the rule of all."
 Man was made for healthful effort,
 Tyranny has crushed him long :
 He shall march from good to better ;
 And do battle with the wrong.
 Standing still is childish folly,
 Going backward is a crime ;
 None should patiently endure
 Any ill that he can cure.

" Onward ! keep the march of time :
 Onward ! while a wrong remains
 To be conquered by the right,
 While oppression lifts a finger
 To defy us with his might ;
 While an error clouds the reason
 Of the universal heart,
 Or a slave awaits his freedom,
 Action is the true man's part,
 Lo, the world is rich in blessings,
 Earth and ocean, flame and wind
 Have unnumbered secrets still,
 To be ransacked when you will,
 For the service of mankind,
 Science is a child as yet,
 And her power and scope shall grow,
 And her triumphs in the future
 Shall diminish toil and woe,
 Shall extend the bonds of pleasure
 With an ever widening ken,
 And of wood and wilderness,
 Make the homes of happy men."

Onward! there are ills to conquer;
 Daily wickedness is wrought,
 Tyranny is swollen with pride,
 Bigotry is deified,
 Error intertwined with thought.
 Vice and misery, ramp and crawl;
 Root them out, their day is past,
 Goodness is alone immortal,
 Evil was not made to last.
 "Onward! and all earth shall aid us
 E'er our peaceful flag be furled,
 And the preaching of this preacher
 Stirs the pulses of the world."

This is the preaching of the Rationalists; this is their true, natural, Gospel. Science can do great things, and with a larger and devouter knowledge it shall still do greater. Religion wars against Science—but no real Science violates Humanity. And when Science comes to cast her crown before the feet of the world, and the people seeing, believe, and act up to the new light—life and love—the swaddling clothes will drop off, and the whole earth will rejoice, and sing Nature's praises for ever and ever.

I, while writing these remarks, remember that this is the 11th of November, 1883, a day set apart by a titled Brand of the Free State to pray to the Unchangeable One to alter His everlasting laws for the benefit of the Free State Lilliputians specially, and to save time, to be held on a Sunday. When will Presidents of little States cease from aping the follies of larger ones, and in defiance of cant and so-called religious demands, refuse to play the hypocrites in church in opposition to all the now well-known outcome of Nature's Laws? As well might days be set apart for the grace of God to shine upon some special one or many, to find out a new diamond or gold mine! True, some are blasphemous enough to give thanks to God for the discovery of Kimberley to the salvation of the Cape Colony and South Africa in general. Only three days prior to this date Mr. Justice Villiers drew attention to the advantages of Science in schools as a protest against Latin and Greek being taught—he would like to see, for the farming population, place given to natural knowledge; and he

admired Huxley's Lay Sermons, which so happily illustrated what he meant. Take the fact, that in the midst of so much praying, sham fasting, and other stupidities we, who were supposed to live in the healthiest town in the world were assailed by countless ailments. A winter never passed without that dreadful scourge, diphtheria, appearing in our midst; and typhus fever was a constant visitor, which was imputed to every cause but the right one; while, if knowledge of natural laws were imparted, cause and effect would be more easily recognised.

If knowledge extended beyond the Middle Ages and the Gospel, the City Fathers who held sway would have made strenuous efforts to improve the health of the town by cleaning out the Spruit and getting rid of the houses on the bank of the Sluit, as suggested in my paper, read before the Bloemfontein Literary Society, on How to Construct Water Dams, Houses, and other Works of Utility without the burden of Interest, Bonds, or Loans. In that essay I distinctly laid it down that all the houses must be removed, and the bank of the Sluit turned into a botanical garden, and the Spruit made into an ornamental water-way. But, there! What can we expect in an age and in a city of superstitious public teachers? Instead of natural laws being made known, people are told to seek the cure of their diseases and misfortunes in the weird evening light of the *Aurora Australis*.

If Science and Natural Laws were taught in our schools, we should be conferring on those who will eventually rule the town such knowledge as would teach them to discriminate between the great works of Nature's arranging and man's want of knowledge of natural causes. Children should be practically taught about rivers, clouds, evaporation, agriculture; what effects trees have upon soil, and what benefits are conferred upon the land by their cultivation. Children should also have a knowledge of practical and theoretical mechanics. How many officials and inhabitants of the Free State could explain why night follows day, or the changes of the seasons, or impart any knowledge with regard to the practical improvement of stock and land? No school is provided with an Agricultural Department. In this, as in

much else, the Americans are far ahead—their Harvard College taught Agriculture and many mechanical arts. What was wanted in the Free State, as elsewhere, was men of the Tyndal and Huxley type to impart knowledge in such forms as to make the study of scientific and natural subjects interesting and popular, and clear to all as part of every-day lessons and of their mental toils. In this case there would be an outlet for the physical powers side by side with mental development. Much might be said to show that had this knowledge been the heritage of the Free State, that no President would ask for a day to be set aside to ask the Eternal One to suspend or alter His laws for the benefit of some local part of South Africa. Singular to relate, to strengthen those who had faith in the prayers of the wicked, a few light thunder-storms gave water to a few spots; but, then, let it be remembered that this was at the usual time of the year when the spring rains refreshed the earth. To prove the efficacy of prayer the day of humiliation should have been when no one could possibly expect rain under any condition; but the Christian prayer-makers who, kneeling, roar like young lions, follow in the footsteps of the South African rain-makers. Both call upon their Deity when they know the time has arrived—that in the usual course of the seasons rain falls, and thus we see the same imposition practised by the ancient and modern priests upon the credulity of the people, and which will be continued until knowledge and truth cover the earth. Human kind must be encouraged to the uttermost to inquire into and prove—not to believe and submit without constant thought and testing—or mental progress is impossible, and civilisation is retarded. There should be no limit to the utterance of thought by pen, tongue, and the press: all expressions of opinion should be allowed, unless the spoken and written words be directed to the injury of society or the individual. Outside this all errors or misstatements of facts, or offences of taste or style should be left to the corrective of free discussion and the condemnation of enlightened public opinion. Heresies on political, social, and religious topics should be expressly encouraged. It is quite difficult enough, even under the most favourable circumstance, to think

beyond the limits of every-day habitual thought. There should be no cant about the "toleration of differences of opinion." The assumption of the right to "tolerate" another's thought is an insult and an impertinence. Each individual has the fullest right and duty of thought. If a statement is discovered to be wrong, it should be contradicted; no authority ought to protect it from denial, and no conventionality tolerate untruth. If any alleged matter of fact seems insufficiently vouched, doubt and inquiry becomes a duty. Toleration of error is treason to truth; but the contradictor and doubter should recognise and assert for the holders of the faith they assail, the same full right of reply and defence. Differences of opinion, clearly and thoughtfully expressed, should be regarded as most valuable aids to the attainment of human happiness.

No true thinker having new thought, or a new view of old thought, should be silent. It is their duty to give all the human family the opportunity of sharing in or rejecting the thought. None should be silent from undervaluing his thought. He should think aloud that others may appraise it. Reticence, out of respect to popular prejudice, or in obedience to fashion or custom, is disloyalty to truth. If those who are big enough to think and are not brave enough to give utterances, and in a clear and unmistakable language, it should be rung in their ears by every speaker, thrust in their faces by every writer, that their reticence is a dishonourable cowardice; for they throw the severe burden of the fight for the world's redemption on those whose social position is weaker, and who are less able to give battle against the paltry persecution by which ignorant, but fashionable, orthodox society punishes those who climb out of its narrow travel-worn path. None, either as Church or Pope, as King or Parliament, should have the right to say to any—"This is true, final, and indisputable, and thus far only shalt thou think!" The constant cry should be—"Is this all true? Is it the whole truth? Can you find truth beyond it? Is there a mixture of error in it?" And every dissentient answer should be attentively listened to and carefully examined. Laws against blasphemy or heresy are standing monuments of the

weakness of the creeds they are maintained to protect. Truth fears no attack—can suffer no insult. A criminal sentence does nothing to expose error. The harsh enforcement of the Penal Laws demonstrates nothing save the vindictiveness of those who strike because they cannot reply.

The right and duty of thought come with the ability to think, and this ability was once only the privilege of the very few. In olden times, in politics, the people must not, did not, could not think. Force, not reason, made right. Law was the command of the strongest. The people had no voice in legislation; the noble helped the king, and the priest taught that he was heaven-appointed. The only duty of the people was obedience! their only right, to suffer contentedly, whilst obeying! Now, thanks most to the French Revolution, which closed the last century—a revolution brought about by the ages of misery which had preceded that mighty social convulsion—and thanks, too, since, to the growth across the Atlantic, of firm governments, without kings or hereditary peers, the disposition of Old World politics is, though slowly,—to the recognition of the sovereignty of the people. The greatest happiness of the greatest number, rather than the pleasure of the mightiest, is beginning to be accepted as the test of right. There is hope that in the near future international arbitrament may make war shameful, and that huge armies may cease to waste the resources and to corrupt the life of nations.

In theology, new thought has been too often marked as if it were the equivalent of crime, and complete subjection of intellect to church and priest has been paraded as if it were virtue. Early thinkers were almost all refuted with faggot, rack and prison. The executioner silenced the writer, and burnt his writings. At first theology forbade science, and the priest was the foe of the teachers. But Europe has awakened, and the dull sleep of the Dark Ages can never return. The printing press, school book, and lecture room are ladders by which to-day the humblest may climb to knowledge. A thinker is no longer alone by himself. The newspaper and the telegraph make all who read the possible companions of, and sharers in his thinking. America, Naples,

Holland, Bombay, Africa and England, have no space between them to divide or make barrier against thought. Like light, each thought-ray speeds through the world, and makes daybreak where it was hitherto the dark night of ignorance. The right to think is in many countries already substantially won ; in others it is taken and exercised at some risk. The right to think must be enjoyed by all, even though odium and penalty have to be faced. No honest thinker need let fear make his heels heavy in the forward march. If his thoughts be strange to those around him, he can be firm, without bluster, clear without violence, direct without coarseness. It is true that the Churches still rely on persecution as a weapon ; but the sword of the persecutor has become blunted by resistance, and the arm of the law is crippled when directed to the wounding of thought. Public opinion has force to-day ; and though truly on many religious questions public opinion is yet not free from the shackles of traditional prejudice, and some disadvantages and difficulties must be faced by avowed heretics, but rejoice, time must bring permanent triumph to the advocate of Freethought. Thought is the crown of no one nation ; each country gives gems to the glorious diadem, and the whole world may claim its triumphs. A grand two hundred years is the past, for it includes more of science-thought than the [whole of the two thousand years which preceded it. A brave two hundred years ! for in it the rack has been broken, and no heretic shall again be subject to its tortures ; the stake and faggot have ceased to have terrors ; and though there are still the prison and the fine, these are puny missiles for blind faith to hurl against the ever growing ranks of sturdy true Freethinkers. The Papal thunders launched, almost a century later, against the Encyclopædists, the Reformers, and thinkers, are the very emptiest echo from the ruins of a dying Church.

We have not the dangers of those who went before and made our path easy by their suffering, and we have help they wist not of. For us the chemist toils patiently in his laboratory ; for us the physiologist and pscychologist strive to find common ground in their studies ; for us the authropologist turns over fresh pages of the great volume, yet scarce opened

of the struggle of man; for us caves are dug into and bones brought to light; for us are unveiled temples and churches, languages and myths, empires and creeds from the remote yesterday, still to be carried far back. All these, and more, modern science puts before our eyes, encouraging us with the victories *thought* has won; the *ideas we think* and act *upon* and the facts, as nature unfolds to all who seek.

HUMAN AMELIORATION, MAN'S NOBLEST TASK.

Fall, fall, ye mighty temples, to the ground !
 Not in your sculptured rise
 Is the real exercise
 Of human nature's brightest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
 'Tis in the gifted line,
 In each far thought divine
 That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely and the true,
 'Tis in the generous thought
 Of all that man has wrought,
 Of all that yet remains for man to do.

IN MEMORIAM TO WILLIAM BARLOW, OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

" SUNDAY last was the birthday of the great Reformer, Martin Luther. On the 10th of November, 1483, St. Martin's Eve, a man-child—who was destined to work great changes in the world, which was waiting in expectation of a Reformation—was born in a miner's cottage at Eisleben, Saxony, Germany. This infant was Martin Luther. The Lutherans in Bloemfontain celebrated the four-hundredth birthday of Luther by meeting in the Town Hall, at which the President was Chairman, and which was addressed by several ministers of the Gospel. Perhaps no man's life had had so much effect on the destinies of christian nations as that of Luther. If one only thinks [of the state of christianity, civilization and liberty which, obtained during the four hundred years previous to the birth of this great man, and then turn [to the progress

made during the four hundred years since, he may be able to estimate the value of the work done. "For political and intellectual freedom, and for all the blessings which political and intellectual freedom have brought in their turn, England is chiefly indebted to the great rebellion of the Laity against the Priesthood." These are the words of Macaulay, in speaking of the advantages of the Reformation in England, but which had been previously initiated by Luther in Germany. Luther, like the English Shakespeare, belongs to all countries; and all nations in all time will do homage to his high character, his ability and his genius. He did not only do the work of a Reformer, but he composed the words and airs of some of the finest hymns that Germany possesses. Many have even passed into the English language. It was thus meet and proper for everyone to celebrate the birthday of this great apostle of the Reformation, who was instrumental in breaking down so much superstition, and in casting light upon the darkness of the Middle Ages. John Wycliffe, who lived more than a hundred and fifty years before Luther, has been styled the 'Morning Star of the Reformation;' but although he preached against and attacked the corruptions of the Romish Church, he was evidently before his time. It was left to Luther to do the great work of the Reformation—assisted as he was by the Reformers—and he successfully accomplished it.

But, my dear, dear Billy Barlow, whilst writing the above, why did you not protest against the many anniversaries that are so full of annoyance in the town (Bloemfontein) generally? Think of the annual return of live stock, as the summer comes on, which prevents human nature living with all the patience of old Job, and, mainly from the filthy condition of your town. And, had you suggested prayer on that day for the removal of all vermin from our midst, such as flies, mosquitos, beetles, bugs, fleas, and Kaffir lice, it might have been possible for us to have existed in peace. Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, are you so neglectful? The existence of such nuisances is a puzzle to all enquiring men, and becomes perfectly unbearable to all who, for want of tree shade round the town, are necessitated to stop indoors, and who, to

recover from the fatigues of hard work for six days before, are compelled to take advantage of rest. But rest is impossible, owing to the above-mentioned annoyances; and, still more the loud unearthly toned bells of the Churches in the town. When will churchmen and chapelmen understand that they have no right to annoy those who do not desire to go to their Places of Fetish Worship, no right to add to the further torture by the ghostly dead bell? As we must die and pass away from the midst of our friends, why not adopt other methods, and do what is necessary quietly? And as the tropical heat is continually threatening small-pox and other diseases, why not adopt the consumption of the body by fire?"

"*Sapientis Sanitatum.*—'The angel of death is, so to speak, hovering over a doomed land, and he descends on those spots which are the foulest.'—*Sir Richard Temple's Address at the Social Science Congress.*

"The Angel of Death, quoth Sir Richard, comes down
On spots that are vilest in every town;
Then flush out your sewers and clean well your drains,
And see that no refuse among you remains."

As it is, however, impossible to draw a *cordou sanitairé*, as the *variola* has a considerable period of incubation, and the seemingly sound persons may convey it to the Colony. A change of system is indispensable. If the scourge extends, incineration will be the safest system of treating subjects; and in America the question of cemeteries or crematories is receiving much serious consideration among the physicians and clergymen. The secretary is a chaplain of the navy, who quotes the cases of Cranmer and Ridley against the unsound arguments against burning. For all our bodies are burned, whether in an hour or five years; so it is better to effect the dissolution in the glow of the purifying furnace than in the gloom of the desolate grave, where corruption may be poisoning insiduously the lives of others. The process can also be effected at one-fourth of the average cost of interment; and all history tells us that nations have regarded the funeral pyre as a great honour. Cremation

also removes revolting associations and possibilities of a painful character. The tainting of water supply is now shown to cause a vast amount of disease amongst English cattle, and it prevents the making of cheese in some large dairies in Cheshire. Typhoid fever has often been traced to the fouling of a well at milk farms near large towns by the sudden outbreak of cases in families taking supplies from the same milk-seller. But for the dryness and windiness of this country, the demon of disease could never be exorcised, for dirt is the great mother of epidemics. If all our towns would multiply seried banks of resinous health-giving Eucalyptic, we should be rendered far safer, and our salubrity would be a growing quantity. With such belts of trees girdling us, we might then advance to the beech, beloved of Virgil, and, in time, rhyme of forests :—

“ O, ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest, making breaches
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our stately beeches.”

The fruit of the beech, chestnut and rosebud trees, would also fatten herds of pigs, such as may be seen in Southern Spain and the villages of Texas. Already it is demonstrated that swine can flourish in South Africa, and with a small allowance of linseed or mealies, some of our farmers might raise regiments of black porkers, and harden them for bacon by a course of malt or barley. In Hants, we have often seen one hundred pigs clearing a stubble-field industriously. In Norway, swine and sheep are always stunned before the throat is severed, and the practice is spreading in England, as it saves noise and trouble. Cobbett always advised that pigs should be singed, as it improves the bacon. The animal, should in that case, be washed in warm suds the previous day. We have the “Rural Rides” of this most able and fearless reformer of a corrupt age, whose “Letters to Young Men” are full of sagacious advice and instruction. If read in South Africa our political prospects would be rapidly improved, and the intrigues of unprincipled adventurers would be soon detected and defeated. Now we are the sport of vulgar cunning