

## CORRESPONDENCE

## CANADIAN TEACHERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

## Chamberlain's Visit.

Orro's Hoop, January 22.

As you see, I am back from Rhenosterfontein, and home again—the only home I have in this great and forlorn country. I came a little sooner than I had intended. Mr. Chamberlain's expected arrival made some difficulties about conveyances at the end of the week, and I took the best chance a few days earlier. . . . We are expecting the Colonial Secretary here Monday. He is trekking through from Johannesburg. Monday will probably be quite a gala day. They are now putting up an arch immediately in front of our house, so we won't have to stir to see all. . . . The weather has been very warm this week. There has been only one rain in a month. It is said to be the driest season for many years. I discovered the advantage of living under a thatched roof when at Rhenosterfontein; we scarcely felt the heat.

January 24th.—The preparations for the reception of Chamberlain go on briskly. We were up last night to inspect the camp they have put up for him. There were thirty-two tents erected—nine marquees and the others bell tents. The furniture is altogether too grand, I think. They should have given him the regular tent equipment, that he might learn something of what we experienced when we lived in tents. The town is very lively now. Troops of all kinds—S. A. C., Inniskillings, B. S. A. P., etc., are coming in from all round, to act as guard, escort, etc.

January 27th.

At last the excitement is over, and we must settle down to work again. Sunday armed troops were coming in all day, and a great many people whom we knew, to be present during the Chamberlain visit. Monday morning our arch was completed. They say it is the prettiest they have passed through in the Transvaal. Burgers from the outlying districts began to arrive early, and there were many of them. During the morning word came that the Chamberlain party would not arrive until near night, instead of at noon, as was expected. It was a great disappointment, especially to those who had come a long distance, for in its present condition this place does not afford night accommodation for such a large number were here that day. However, everybody determined to make the best of it. The Inniskilling band played and kept the people entertained until the party arrived. Fortunately their arrival was before dark, so that our preparations were not lost, and the people who had to go away that night had plenty of chance to see them. They came es-

corted by a large body of armed S. A. C. . . .

Sunday night I had received a telegram from the inspector of the district, informing me that Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain and party would visit my school at 10 a. m. Tuesday. I cannot say that I was greatly pleased at having such honor thrust upon the school. I did not mind exhibiting the school, but that necessitated the exhibition of the teachers also, and that, as you know, I dislike. But there was no escape, so we faced the music. . . . Promptly at 10 a. m. Tuesday they arrived at the school, accompanied by a military escort. There were Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Sir Arthur Lawley, Governor of the Transvaal, Gen. Baden-Powell, and secretaries and aides-de-camps galore. I had quite a chat with each of those named. Mrs. Chamberlain was just as charming as she could be. She is a young woman, has a sweet face, and was very simply dressed. Both she and Mr. Chamberlain made themselves quite at home in the school, moving about freely, talking to the pupils, etc. In his conversation with me he referred to several things he had said to us at Lady Balfour's in London, and said the Canadian teachers were doing what he then expressed the confident hope they would do.

Miss Bryden and I explained and illustrated to them our principal methods of teaching English; and the school sang "God save the King." Before leaving Mr. Chamberlain made a nice speech. Among other things, he was kind enough to tell the pupils that they showed they had been well taught. . . . They did not seem at all in a hurry to go. I had been told before they came a half-hour was all they could spare; but they stayed about an hour. I suppose I ought to feel much honored, as this is the only school in the district which the Colonial Secretary visited. Now, that it is over, I am not sorry they came, though I confess that I dreaded the ordeal. . . . From the school, Mr. Chamberlain went to the Court House, where he addressed the Boers. He spoke to them very plainly. (Of course he had to be interpreted). He told them they had been opposed to new ideas, new inventions, and progressive things generally, and that it had been to their disadvantage and to the disadvantage of the country. Now, he said, it is the country of everybody who wants to come and help it. He urged them to face the new conditions, take advantage of the new opportunities, and do their part diligently and faithfully, to live together in unity and peace, and he predicted for them a great and prosperous future. . . . After that several Dutchmen came forward with difficulties to be settled. Some of the cases presented were real difficulties, others were absurd notions. One fat old Dutch woman, wearing a high black kopje (sun bonnet) and apron, want-

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We're in the Lead.—Originators, Not Imitators.

## Tennant, Davies &amp; Clarke

FREDERICTON, N. B.

ed to know why she did not still get rations. Wolfe, an old chap who evidently believed himself of large importance and widely known, asked if Mr. Chamberlain had not read in the *Mafeking Mail* about Wolfe of Malmani. There were many funny things, but Mr. C. seemed to satisfy them all. Sir Arthur Lawley told me that as they trekked across the country Mr. Chamberlain had been able to settle many difficult points. It is the general impression that his visit is doing a great deal of good. Before he came the Boers hated him. They regarded him as the personification of everything evil and cruel; some of them, I think, actually thought he had horns. They were greatly surprised, and many of them much pleased, when they discovered him to be so different from what he had been painted. . . . Our visitors took time to visit the wonderful caves of which I have written. In the afternoon they left for Mafeking. A great spread was prepared for them there, but the weather was so bad that much that had been planned had to be abandoned.

February 3rd.

Double mail came this week, for which I am duly grateful. Home letters are a great delight when one is so far away. . . . School has been running a week since the Chamberlains' visit, and everything goes on comfortably. Last Saturday a party of us drove out to Caalplats, a farm about five miles from here, and had a great feast of fruit. The figs are ripe. I think I might learn to like them very much, though at present I must say I prefer dried ones, which, perhaps, shows very poor taste on my part. The prickly pears are good, but awful to get at. You must take them off the bush (which is like an immense cactus) with a fork, and

take the outside off with a knife before you dare touch them. Even then you are almost sure to get prickles unless you happen to be an expert at cleaning them. Besides these fruits there were pears, peaches and water-melons. We ate all we could comfortably, and then brought a load home. We have lived largely on fruit this week. Good-by for now.  
I. E. McL.

## CONCERNING CENSURE.

Says the *United Presbyterians* Sometimes it is the duty of the preacher to speak in very plain terms and denounce sin with intense earnestness. But it is so easy to denounce that in others which we do not like that often the full indignation is spent on that which is minor, or belongs altogether to matters not spiritual. The following anecdote of Dr. John M. Mason may serve to illustrate the wisdom of great prudence:

A good, but eccentric, minister from Ireland occasionally preached for Dr. Mason. On a certain occasion, being much annoyed by the high head-dresses which he saw worn by some of the congregation, he did not spare them in his discourse. "My dear sir," the doctor said to him afterwards, "my business is more with the hearts of my hearers than with their head-dresses. If I can bring them in humble contrition to the Saviour's feet I shall have no more trouble. But suppose, brother, that some poor sinner, smitten in conscience by your rebukes, should call upon you tomorrow morning and anxiously inquire what pattern of head-dress she might wear, are you prepared to describe the exact style of millinery you would recommend?"

—A school teacher from her salary of \$1,000 sustains her substitute in China with \$500. There is nothing so fruitful as self-sacrifice. Those who give to the Lord's work have the promise of his blessing.