

[From the "Glasgow Weekly Citizen."]

## Incident of War.

### A Plea for the Native Races.

[THE DEFENCES OF PRETORIA.—The country was consumed with the turmoil of coming war. Armed bands were riding hither and thither in all directions. Crowds of excited fugitives, chiefly foreigners, men, women, and children, besieged the railway stations. . . . Bands of Kaffirs, secretly summoned back to their kraals, had forsaken their work and employers, and at a swinging gait, singing as they went, were off to join their people.—Special Correspondent, "Daily Telegraph," Ladysmith, 6th Oct., 1899.]

Do you hear that Kaffir singing down the way,  
Do you see him passing easily and slow ?  
Not with his former masters will he stay,  
Nor to the camps and borders will he go.  
The exiled English pass him as they flee,  
The outpost riders meet him as they roam :  
The rest are for the frontiers of the sea,  
But he is for the desert, "going home."

Will the Burghers frown upon him as he goes ?  
Will they curse the Kaffir dog who will not bear  
The burden of his serfdom when he knows  
He may go outward, singing, then and there.  
"Will our soldiers laugh and chaff him down the way ?  
Will they sigh and think of hearts across the foam ?  
Will they give the Kaffir passage as they may ?  
"Hli ! steady, let him pass, he's 'going home ?' "

He looks not right nor left, but keeps his pace :  
A whisper from the kraal is in his ear :  
A secret sign has passed among his race.  
They seek the ways of travel far and near.  
A stir among the bondsmen—they must go :  
Far from the white man's service they will roam :  
The scouts of war are hasting to and fro,  
But only they keep onward—"going home."

They have gone singing through the ranks of war,  
Their steps are homeward turned amid the rout,  
They harken not the sounds of strife afar,  
They know not how the fray has come about.  
Perchance the desert dust has made them blind,  
The ways of Empire they may never roam,  
They bring not wealth or knowledge to their kind—  
They are happy, empty handed, "going home !"

Empire makers ! when the end comes, soon or late,  
When the cloud of war is lifted far away,  
Consider, 'mid your victory's estate,  
The peaceful singer of your battle day.  
Lead them outward, in the better times to be,  
From the ways of ignorance where now they roam.  
Bid them welcome to the Councils of the free—  
Set them forth amid the Nations turning Home!

IDEAL.