

least. When one of them was attempting to divest me of my small clothes, Robert, our eldest boy, about 8 years of age, ran off crying, and the two women who had carried two of his brothers up the hill cried for pity at the sight, and this moved the unfeeling man to desist. Our two hired attendants now turned back, and on my looking forward Mrs. Niven was making haste alone for the station. We all soon collected again, and praised the Lord for this escape from a second death.

*A Treacherous Guide.*—What a spectacle did our commanding position give us of the ravages in front. Woburn and Joannahburg, two military villages, were seen to be smoking ruins, and their inhabitants of course had all perished. The whole country was desert—dark figures alone seen hastening away from these scenes of carnage, rolling upward like a portentous cloud to Auckland, which was the next to fall an unmitigated prey to their fury. A young man armed with assagais met us, coming from the sacking of Woburn. We told him our tale, and his remarking “The people are crazy with war, to use a teacher so,” induced us to ask him to turn and convey us to the Tyumie river, at least. He hesitated, but complied. Of a sudden Tausi, who was walking by my side, drew near to me, seizing hold of my arm, and whispered, “I suspect this man will do mischief.” I dreamt not of murder, nor of harm to myself, but of some indecency to herself or the ladies. Again she came convulsively to me, I looked in time only to see her stay his right hand with an assagai drawn for an aim at my breast over her person. We stood, rebuked him, and caused him to put the spear among the others in his left hand. He apologized, that he was only in fun. I watched my opportunity, stopt a little further on, and thanking him for his convey, said we would not ask him to go further, for he had said before he was tired. Taken aback, he turned and showed his spirit by pulling off a scarf from Walter’s head, and passing the faithful Mankosi, pilfered the little bread he was carrying for the children.

*The Power of Prayer.*—Again delivered and thankful anew, we pushed on discoursing with chastened spirits of the Divine succors and sovereignty, and of our own need of faith and submission to His holy will; praying, meanwhile, that we

should not be forsaken so as to be terrified by our adversaries, nor question the desirableness of glorifying God by death through a barbarian spear, as well as by any milder form. We now saw various armed bands, and one of them making toward us. In vain the eye sought a rain gully or thicket in all the plain, to elude observation till they had passed. But a lowly bush invited us to prayer. We all, ten in number, bowed our heads, while first in English, and next in Caffre, we poured out our hearts to Him who was able to deliver. When I lifted my head the party stood before us—softened I felt, and patient to listen to our story. I was encouraged to bespeak their forbearance. Some women came up, among whom Mrs. Niven fell exhausted, beseeching them to intercede with their husbands and fathers to show us mercy; while I, thanking the men when they promised to spare the teacher, was emboldened to plead for Ball, whose life they *would* have. Blessed to succeed, I got two of them to promise to conduct us to the station, which was still four miles off, for ten shillings each.

*The Third Attack.*—Near to the ford on the Tyumie, and below several kraals, we encountered the most formidable trial of any. About a score rushed on us from two opposite points, and with indescribable fury ordered us to halt. They advanced with vengeance in their eye, and death in every hand. One of them looking me earnestly in the face, which he needed to do to recognise me, as I was, without neckcloth or coat, and wore instead only a black apron over me in front to hide my white shirt sleeves from distant eyes, exclaimed “It is Niven; he is safe, and all his.” Pulling me away by the hand to get the hapless carpenter, he added to his fellows, “Let Niven live; but that white man,” meaning Ball, “shall die.” One then deliberately taking Walter, our youngest boy, off his shoulders, and two others retiring a pace or two to take the deadly aim, we all closed in on the victim, aided now by our convoy, and with voice, and hand, and other significant means, turned, under God, the tragic purpose, and we passed on amidst murmurs and disappointment at this exit, so different from what the assailants had imagined when they first closed in on the helpless band.

*Arrival at Chumie.*—We crossed the river, Mrs. Niven on my back, eyeing