

I galloped ahead, the regiment following in skirmishing order. The trail lead down a steep donga ; rough travelling it was, rocks, cactus, and wait-a-bit thorns in profusion. We soon heard firing. It was grand to witness the enthusiasm of the boys and the way the troops galloped up and went into action. For once the enemy was well caught, hemmed in on all sides in the donga. We might have wiped them off the face of the earth, but they put up the white flag of surrender and were ordered to walk single file up the donga. Seventeen were counted, the others having wrangled over the route to take and gone off in various directions. Three had been killed in the fight. The majority were mere boys who had just joined. The rifles had been brought by them to be given to recruits that might be induced to join Scheeper's guerilla band. Little further remains to be said. Three men of Capt. Johnson's were slightly wounded. Everyone behaved well and the Colonel promised all hands an extra pot of rum on return to camp. It was also with great satisfaction that we handed over our seventeen prisoners at Worcester.



THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE FAITH.

(In the Missionary Record.)

'Tis Mary's lovely self that makes
The household of the faith a home,
With mother-love our love that wakes :
'Tis Mary's lovely self that makes—

The lovely truth upon me breaks
While reading in the Sacred Tome—
'Tis Mary's lovely self that makes
"The household of the faith" a home.

J. FITZPATRICK, O.M.I.