

the time which elapsed between my capture and liberation, and had a long talk with the President of the Orange Free State, Mr. Steyn, and also with several of his Ministerial colleagues. Their ministers of religion, whom they call predikants, also chatted to me freely as occasions offered. I had more than one interview with their fighting generals. Medical men in their service I found very much akin to our own medical men. They stated that they patched up the wounded and asked no questions concerning nationality, just as our own doctors do.

### BOERS SAY AUSTRALIANS ARE FIGHTERS.

"You, of course, blame all the colonials, Australians and others, for coming to fight against you?" I asked a Boer.

"I don't know that I do, or that my people do in a sense," the veteran replied. "It all depends upon the spirit which animated them. If your Australians, who are of British blood, came here to fight for the motherland, believing that the cause was a just and a holy one, and that she needed you, they did right."

"What do you fellows think of the Australians as fighters?"

"The Australians can fight," one said simply. "They wounded me and they killed my father." Perhaps it was the wind sighing through the hospital trees that made the Boer lad's voice grow strangely husky; possibly the same cause filled the blue eyes with unshed tears.

"It was in fair fight, lad," I said, gently. "It was the fortune of war."

"Yes," he murmured, "it was in fair fight, in awful fight. I hope I'll never look upon another like it. I did not hate your Australians; I did not want to kill any of them. My father had no ill-will to them, nor they to him; yet he is out there—out there, between two great kopjes, where the wind always blows cold and dreary at night time."

"Tell me, comrade, of the Australians who fell. They were my countrymen."

"It was a cruel fight," he said. "We had ambushed a lot of British troops—the Worcesters I think they called them. They