

was a tendency among them to live in the city. They formed choice material for philanthropists to work with, and I wished therefore to know the result of the care that had been bestowed upon them. I may say, however, that they never were on an equality, either physically or mentally, with the Kaffirs on our eastern frontier, who have a strain of Asiatic blood in their veins that raises them high above most other Africans.

I was informed that they lived together in the worst part of the city. As I had not seen coloured children in the public schools, I inquired if they were not being educated, and was informed that they were, but in a separate building and by special teachers. Why? I asked. On moral grounds, was the reply. My cousin offered to take me to their school, and we spent a whole afternoon there.

The principal teacher was a Bermudian, perfectly black, but a highly intelligent and fine looking man. The Bermudians are recognised in America as being in every way superior to the other blacks. They have East Indian blood in them, and it shows itself in more refined features and a silkiness of the hair, but especially in higher intellectual power. This teacher, a neatly dressed handsome man, was the very essence of politeness and civility. My cousin informed him of the object of my visit, when he at once expressed a warm interest in Africa, the land of his fathers. He had heard of Lovedale, and of the good work being done there, so when I informed him that I had once been a teacher at that institution and told him of the positions of usefulness now occupied by some of its former pupils, he was ready to do anything in his power for me.

All the children were brought into one large room, and the girls' department assembled there also. The female teacher, a nicely dressed comely young woman, was the principal's niece. One had only to look at the group of children to see why on moral grounds it was regarded as necessary to have a separate school for them. They were of all shades of colour from the deepest black to a dingy white, and some were very coarsely attired, perhaps half attired would be a more correct expression, though I was glad to see that they were all clean, and was told that cleanliness was strictly enforced in the school.

The higher classes showed a very fair knowledge of the subjects taught ordinarily in a school of the third—I can hardly say the second—grade in the Cape Colony, but I was informed that their strongest point was singing. And indeed they sang some of Sankey's

hymns in a way that made it a treat to listen to them.

You have been teaching here, I said to the principal, a long time, I understand.

He told me how many years, but I have forgotten the number.

You have taught the grown up people of to-day when they were children, and you are acquainted with all the Africans in this city, I suppose?

Yes, he replied, I taught them and I know them all.

Now tell me please, I said, what the children you first taught and all those you have been teaching since are doing now, I want to know how they are making a living.

One is a professor in a college in the south, he replied with great satisfaction, and he told me of that boy's cleverness and good disposition and studious habits, and how he had step by step risen to be a professor of English literature in one of the former slave states of the American Union.

And the others? I said.

One is a lawyer in St. John, he replied, but he did not tell me more of him, and my cousin informed me afterwards that this lawyer would not exert himself to work up a case, and was in distressed circumstances when the legal fraternity, out of compassion, made him their librarian, and gave him a salary to live upon.

The others were in various occupations, he added.

But I would like to know, I persisted, exactly what they are doing. Please tell me how many of them are blacksmiths, or carpenters, or masons, or wheelwrights, for I hear mechanics are somewhat scarce. How many of them are keeping grocer's or draper's shops? How many are working in factories?

He knew of none in any of these occupations; but, said he, they have one line of business entirely to themselves, that is the barber's.

But they can't all be barbers? I suggested.

No, a good many of them manage to get a living by whitewashing.

Can you not think of any other occupations in which some are engaged?

Well yes, he replied, I can, but then it is not much to boast of. A good many are employed in opening oysters.

I could hardly avoid smiling, but I found afterwards that this statement was literally true. The number of oysters consumed in St. John is very large indeed, and at every place where they are sold a black man is employed to open them. The dexterity with which he accomplishes this is marvellous, it is almost an