

Nor us too, Macumazahn, as for the land we loved, the morning is outworn, the midday sun burns overhead, and at times the way is weary. Few of those we knew are left. Some are victims to war and murder, their bones strew the veldt; death has taken some in a more gentle fashion; others are hidden from us, we know not where. We might well fear to return to that land lest we also should see ghosts. But though we walk apart to-day, the past yet looks upon us with its unalterable eyes. Still we can remember many a boyish enterprise and adventure, lightly undertaken, which now would strike us as hazardous indeed. Still we can recall the long familiar line of the Petoria Horse, the face of war and panic, the weariness of midnight patrols, aye, and hear the roar of guns echoed from the Shameful Hill.

To you then, Macumazahn, in memory of those eventful years of youth that we passed together in the African towns and on the African veldt, I dedicate these pages, subscribing myself now as always,

Your sincere friend,

INDANDA.

TO ARTHUR H. D. COCHRANE, Esq.

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