



“Cautiously coming in our direction was a man on horseback”

The Field Cornet's Child—A South African Christmas Story.

LAST Christmas night a family gathering met in one of our Canadian homes. The night was very stormy and the cheerfulness of the party contrasted with the wild snow storm that was beating against the windows. After a while, the gaiety being somewhat spent, one of the family, bronzed and weather-beaten from a year's exposure in the South African war, was called upon to tell how he had spent the previous Christmas on the African veldt.

The company having gathered around the sparkling fire, he told the following story:—

The day before last Christmas we were encamped at Belmont the scene of a fierce battle that had been fought between Lord Methuen and the Boers. We had been there for some time guarding the railway line from attack. On one side of us were the brown tents of the Munster Fusiliers and Royal Artillery, and on the other the green camps of the Queensland Mounted Infantry. I had just returned from