

prisoner, were safe. I bought a horse and rode on down through Zululand, a distance of about two hundred miles, to the nearest border of Natal, and from there took the train for Durban. During my ride from Nongoma to Natal I was in constant danger from the Boers, as the road runs right along the Transvaal border, and there were small parties of Boers raiding in their own country, quite close to the border. After arriving at Natal I went to Government headquarters at Pietermaritzburg, and offered myself for service at the front; but at that time they were not in need of surgeons, all vacancies having been filled by doctors who were refugees from the Transvaal. As I was anxious to see my native land, I took ship at Durban on the 17th of December, and after a pleasant voyage of four weeks reached London. I reshipped at Liverpool two days afterwards, and arrived safely in dear old Canada on the 27th day of January, thankful after the peril and excitement of my experiences with the Boers to be again among kindred and friends.

CHARACTER OF THE BOER.

Having given this brief narrative of my experience, I should like to make some reference to the Boer character. A great many people seem to have the idea that the Boer is a very pious individual. I was rather surprised on coming home to find that he had a reputation in this country of being religious, for he certainly has not that reputation in South Africa—that is, the Boer proper. I think what must have given this impression to the people at large is the fact that there is a certain class of Dutch people who have a very strong religious instinct and impulse. But these individuals are