

taught a severe lesson four years ago in what is known as the Matabele campaign, and from which the Matabele, after a hard struggle, emerged a conquered and apparently subdued people, having in the time that has intervened quietly adopted many of the ways of civilization, and devoted themselves to the cultivation of the land. That the reformation was very superficial is evidenced by the avidity with which they have seized what appeared to be a good opportunity to wipe out the white people, and re-establish themselves as monarchs of the country.

Profiting by experience they have sought to make success more certain by adopting some of the tactics and weapons of their conquerors, but without discarding any of their original barbaric tendencies. They have already massacred several families living in isolated parts, and are now encircling Bulawayo, prepared at an opportune moment to rush in and by sheer weight of numbers destroy all within the ill-fated town, the defences of which, however, have been strengthened to the greatest extent possible, with a hope of offering successful resistance, until the arrival of the forces which are said to be on their way to the relief of the threatened people.

The small army of defenders have already given the besiegers a taste of what the latter may expect when they make their final assault.

On the morning of the 25th of April, it was found that the Matabele had drawn so near to the town at one point as to make the position of affairs very ominous. A sortie was at once ordered, and a party of 300, of whom 100 were whites, left the town to engage and drive off the enemy whose force numbered 3 000. The engagement which ensued was a hot and desperate one, black leaping bodies seeming to jump up as quickly as they were mown down by the guns of the small British column. Eventually, however, with odds of ten to one against them, the latter repulsed the Matabele who left a large number of dead on the field.

Of the British three were killed; and these met their death as a result of their generous and successful efforts to save comrades who had been wounded, and to whom they insisted on giving up their own horses.

It is such deeds as these, of which every campaign presents its quota, that thrill the hearts of Britons everywhere; and with the sorrow which the death of the brave fellows occasions, comes a feeling of intense gratitude, almost of joy, that the heroes who fell at Bulawayo, have once again taught the world that the British soldier, be he officer or private, is still, as he was in the past, and will be in the future, fearless for self, and faithful unto death to flag and friend.

It was during the last Matabele war that an incident occurred that will live long in the memory of the nation. Major Wilson and a small party of officers and men were caught in ambush by several thousand Matabele warriors whom they nevertheless kept at bay as long as their ammunition lasted, but the party, small as it was at first, had been fearfully reduced, barely a dozen being alive when the last cartridge was fired, and everyone was more or less wounded.

The cessation of the firing was the signal for which the fierce blacks were longing.

Over a thousand strong, they rushed in glee upon the little band of white men bravely and calmly awaiting their fate.

As the Matabele warriors drew nearer Major Wilson and his few followers stood up, and, taking off their helmets they sang together "God Save the Queen," and, singing, they fell, pierced by the assegais which rained upon them from every side.



Many of our readers will remember that we alluded in our November issue to the departure to British Columbia of John Bodger, of April '90 party. At the time we expressed the opinion that we should soon hear excellent accounts of John's efforts in the new Province. Our prediction has been fulfilled and we are in receipt of a very interesting letter from John in which he has much to say of the country in which he has made his home, of his prospects for the future, and, in a modest way, of what he has already done.

"I have bought ten acres of land in Longley, half a mile back of Mr. Harris (his employer). I hope to have soon one acre well cleared up, except for the stumps, that I can plant fruit trees. I have made a good start and have cleaned half an acre and piled the brush very snug, just as Mr. Walter Clark, my first boss in Canada taught me to do. Folks say I am making a good job of it. In this country people just chop the trees and let them lie where the fall and then set fire to them in the summer and pick up what is left and burn again. . . . I was never so happy in my life as now since I have been working for myself; I never took such interest in any work as I do for myself.

"I was a steady worker for other people but I am better for myself."

We can and do very heartily corroborate John's statement that he has been a steady worker for other people, and we are sure that his perseverance and industry, added to the natural enthusiasm of ownership, will be productive of much material prosperity to our friend in his new rôle.

Alfred Trickner 12 (April, '90), informs us that he is about to proceed to Washington to join an uncle who is doing well there and who is anxious that Alfred should make his home with him. Alfred has done well in Canada and will carry with him to the U. S. capital an excellent reputation.

George F. Medland writes us at length about the paper and the pleasure of seeing the girls accorded a place therein. George, who is 21, and may therefore be regarded as old enough to know something of such matters, stoutly maintains that our boys when they desire to marry should seek wives from among the girls "that come from the same old home and land," but he adds that the "girls should look before they leap." Some day we shall expect to find George carrying the principle for which he contends into practice.

John Moulden (Aug., '91) is four years younger than George Medland but he too can pay a pretty compliment. He says:

"There is nothing makes the paper look better than our girls; they look better than the boys."

John speaks feelingly of the debt of gratitude he owes to Dr. Barnardo.

Of Thomas and William Whitnall, 17 and 13 respectively, who came out in Nov., '91, we hear good news in a letter from the former. Both

like their places and are steady workers. They attended school at Lindsay during the winter, and are making satisfactory progress in their studies.

Sidney Head, 17, of the March, '92, party has just hired for a year for \$100, with Mr. Higgs of Masonville. Sidney is a good farm-hand and has worked steadily since he came out.

Thomas F. Mitchell almost exhausts his stock of adjectives in bestowing praise upon his surroundings at Zimmerman. Thomas is still a youngster, being not yet 13. He has been in Canada nearly three years, but it was only quite recently that he made a start at earning his own living. That he has commenced his career under fortunate circumstances is very evident from his letter, and we wish him all happiness and prosperity in the future.

Of Henry Blake, who came out in 1883, we hear that he is working for his first employer at Byng Mr. Griffiths, from whose report our information is taken, states that Henry is steady and a good worker.

James Horton is one of our older friends who came out in '86. The intervening ten years have been turned to good account. James has a nice little nest egg lying to his credit in the bank. He has been a steady worker and anything but a wanderer, having spent nearly ten years with his present employer at Barrie.

Of Thomas. D. Matthews, another boy of '86, a very recent report says: "Is still with Mr. Ford Pettitt, of Simcoe; is a big powerful young man and a first-class farm hand."

Charles H. Phillips has recently changed the scene of his labours to Campbellford, where, he writes, he is doing well. Among the possibilities of the future on which Charles is building is a removal next year to the North-West. Whether in that province or in Ontario our friend will give a good account of himself. He has consistently done so during the eight years he has already spent in Canada.

Good reports continue to reach us from Farquhar of the three friends, Saml. M. Ling (Mar., '93); Samuel Snow (April, '90); and George Hearn (April, '94).

Fred. Watkinson, 13 (April, '94), writes in a very enthusiastic strain of UPS AND DOWNS. Fred. is looking forward to the time when he will be in receipt of wages, so that he can "do something for the Home."

Fred. Erwood, 17, writes of himself and brother Wm. James, that they both like their places and are satisfied with Canada. They came out in March, '93.

Arthur L. Gillingwater (Mar., '93), says:

"It was hard work the first year, but I am better off now. If any of the boys would like to take up a correspondence in the paper I should like it very much."

Arthur is at Aldboro, and is doing "as well as could be expected"

Of Albert G. Bell and Thomas Kellick, two little boarders who came out last year, we hear from their guardian at Novar that—

"they are doing splendidly. They are attending school and are progressing nicely."