

to the front door I told him that the father of the little girl was with me and that we wanted him to show us the way to her room and to leave the door open so as not to compromise himself in case of any trouble and if he missed a horse in the morning not to say anything about it. Thomas called out a few words in Dutch to which Vanzyl answered from the veranda on which he was standing; I recognized some of the words as a Masonic formula and surprised them both by making myself known as a Mason also. My task then became easy as I knew we could all trust each other. Vanzyl went to the door of the room, for there is only one storey in a Boer farm house, and opening it he limped softly in. As I glanced through the open door I saw the golden light from the African moon which had just risen, shine on the face of the rugged father and bright countenance of the little girl when, with sudden opening eyes she saw the beloved features of the parent she had thought of so lovingly. As they clasped each other in close embrace the old Dutch clock in the kitchen struck the hour of twelve and Christmas day had dawned on that war-weary land and with it in our little party came, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

I need add little further; Harold and I were invited to come into the bedroom and her father told her that we two Canadians had brought him there. So Wilhemina gave us both a hearty kiss and in the softest of tones wished us a Merry Christmas.

We procured a horse from Thomas' stable and assisting our wounded prisoner on it, we deliberately broke the rules of war, for we sent our captive away a free man. And that is how we began Christmas of the year 1899.

LIEUT. ARTHUR J. B. MELLISH.

