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of the Revisers, Professor Roberts, remarks:[1] St. Chrysostom pointed out the beauty of the image; it is that of sailors who, catching a glimpse of the wished-for shores, salute them from a distance. So Cowper ("Task," Book I.) speaking of a promontory by the sea, says:

> his hoary head
> Conspicuous many a league, the mariner,
> Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
> *Greets* with three cheers exulting.

In 1 Pet. iii. 21, instead of "the answer . . ." must clearly be read "the *appeal* of a good conscience towards God." The Revised Version has the "interrogation" or "inquiry."

The Revised Version has a precise and a graphic rendering of the statement by St. Luke (xxii. 56) as to the maid-servant recognizing the Apostle at the fire: "A certain maid seeing him as he sat in the light *of the fire*, and looking stedfastly upon him, said. . . ."

(To be continued.)

ART. III.—SEVEN YEARS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Seven Years in South Africa. Travels, Researches, and Hunting Adventures, between the Diamond-fields and the Zambesi (1872-79). By Dr. EMIL HOLUB. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER. Two vols. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1881.

FROM the days of his boyhood Emil Holub, a Bohemian by birth, had been stirred with the desire to devote himself in some way to the exploration of Africa. The narratives of those travellers who had done something towards the opening up of the Dark Continent gave a definite shape to his longings; and in the year 1872, when an opportunity was afforded him of gratifying his desire, he decided that South Africa should be the field of his researches. For seven years he applied himself to his undertaking with energy and with success; and the narrative of his three journeys, written in a pleasing style, gives a good deal of information, and has an interest of its own. As a discoverer, Dr. Holub cannot rank with Major Pinto; but as a naturalist he is entitled to first-class honours. The distinguishing feature of his work, indeed, is the description of the regions through which he passed, their *flora* and *fauna*. The

[1] "Companion to the Revised Version." By Alex. Roberts, D.D.

incidents of travel, however, and of hunting, are described with a graphic pen; he gives sketches of life and manners among tribes of whom, after all that has been written of late years, we know next to nothing; and, in short, as we have said, the book is not only readable but informing. It has a good map, and many attractive illustrations.

In May, 1872, Dr. Holub left Southampton for Cape Town. Of the thirty-six days of the voyage no less than thirty were stormy, and, as he was suffering from dysentery, the sight of land was especially welcome. In August he started on his journey from Port Elizabeth to the Diamond Fields, where he intended to practise as a medical man. His vehicle was a two-wheeled cart, drawn by four small horses; and he accomplished the distance to Grahamstown, 86 miles, in eleven hours. The capture of elephants along this line is forbidden by law; consequently, wild herds still exist in Cape Colony, whilst in the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and the Bechuana country the race has become totally annihilated. The species of animals are numerous and diversified. Thus, Dr. Holub says:—

Ground squirrels and small rodents abound upon the bare levels where there is no grass, associating together in common burrows, which have about twenty holes for ingress and egress, large enough to admit a man's fist. In places where there is much long grass are found the retreats of moles, jackals, African pole-cats, jerboas, porcupines, earth-pigs, and short-tailed armadillos. In the fens there are otters, rats, and a kind of weasel. On the slopes are numerous herds of baboons, black-spotted genets, caracals, jumping mice, a peculiar kind of rabbit, and the rooyebock gazelle; and besides the edentata already mentioned, duykerbock, and steinbock gazelles are met with in those districts where the trees are in detached clumps. The tracts of low bushwood, often very extensive, afford shelter to the striped and spotted hyæna, as well as to the strand-wolf (*Hyæna brunnea*); and there, too, amongst many other Rodentia, is found a gigantic field-mouse; also two other gazelles, one of them being the lovely little bushbock. The bushes on the slopes and the underwood are the resort of baboons, monkeys, grey wild-cats, foxes, leopards, koodoo antelopes, bushvarks, blackvarks, buffaloes, and elephants, the elephants being the largest of the three African varieties. A hyrax that is peculiar to this locality, and lives in the trees, ought not to be omitted from the catalogue. Leopards are more dangerous here than in the uninhabited regions of the interior, where they are less accustomed to the sound of firearms; and so desperate do they become when wounded, that it is generally deemed more prudent to destroy them by poison or in traps.

The varieties of birds to be seen along the route from Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown are numerous; an ornithological traveller would consume months before he could exhaust the material for his collection; and a sportsman might easily, day

after day, bring down different kinds of bustards, snipes and plovers, partridges, sand-grouse, wild ducks, geese, and fowl. Long-tailed *Nectariniæ*, or sun-birds, flit about; tiny green-and-yellow songsters feast among the shrubs. On the tops of the waggon-trees hawks and shrikes keep a sharp look-out; the leafy mimosas attract some birds; and the rushes are kept in perpetual motion by finches, weaver-birds, and reed-warblers:—

As representatives of the reptile world, gigantic lizards are to be found near every running water; tortoises of many kinds abound on land, one sort being also met with both in streams and in stagnant pools; there are a good many poisonous snakes, such as puff-adders, cobras, horned vipers, besides coral snakes; likewise a species of green water-snake which, however, is harmless. Venomous marine serpents also find their way up the rivers from the sea.

On the table lands north of Grahamstown, Dr. Holub met with the springbock.[1] The snare called the hopo-trap, described by Livingstone in his account of the gazelle hunting among the Bechuanas, would probably be now of no avail, as game is wilder and less abundant than in the great Missionary Doctor's days. A hopo-trap in use was never anywhere seen by Dr. Holub. The nests of the social weaver-birds are curious. So closely are several nests fitted together, that, when finished, the entire fabric has the appearance of one huge nest covered in by a single conical roof; the entrances are from beneath. In one nest Dr. Holub killed a great snake[2] just as it was beginning its work of destruction. Its tail was hanging out, but several birds had already been killed.

After a successful medical practice, Dr. Holub was able to

[1] The springbock is one of the handsomest of the antelope tribe; its shapely head is adorned with a fine pair of lyrate horns. Under the ruthless hands of the Dutch farmers, and the unsparing attacks of the natives, this graceful creature is becoming rarer every day. Springbock hunting is usually done on horseback. A gallop of about two miles brings the huntsman within a distance of 200 yards of a herd of flying antelopes; the rider dismounts and takes a deliberate aim. The Boers are marvellously clever marksmen. Englishmen, adds Dr. Holub, hunt springbocks with greyhounds.

[2] Of all the poisonous snakes in South Africa three of the cobras, a green sort, a black, and a yellowish, are the most venomous. Sometimes the green and black cobras will make an unprovoked attack on human beings. One species of cobra, in the more northerly parts of South Africa, attacks cattle in a curious way. Choosing a spot over a track in the woods by which the wild cattle pass on their way to drink, the creature will let its body hang from a bough, straight as an assegai, ready to make its attack at the proper instant. On one occasion, Dr. Holub found his dog in front of a great tubular ant-hill, barking furiously. A yellow cobra-capella, nearly seven feet long, was winding itself round the ant-hill; its neck was inflated, and it was hissing vehemently. A charge of small shot settled the question. This made a notable addition to the naturalist's collection.

purchase a waggon and many of the requisites for travelling, and in February, 1873, he set out from the diamond fields for his first journey, one of reconnaissance. At Likatlong, a capital of the Batlapins, the mission-house was in ruins; the church was built of unbaked bricks, with a gabled roof covered with dry grass. A missionary of the London Missionary Society has been sent to this place. On his way to the Vaal River our traveller suffered much from thirst. The Free State shore of the Vaal is elevated, and to a great extent covered with woods. Many of the well-to-do farmers, owning 3,000 acres of land, complained of the losses sustained through the hyænas; and one farmer, having lost eighteen head of cattle, poisoned the hyænas with strychnine. With Potchefstroom, the most populous town of the Transvaal, and one of the most important places in South Africa, Dr. Holub appears to have been pleased. With its neatly white-washed houses rising among the shrubs, river banks covered with flowers, and orchards well kept, it has the appearance of a garden, and vindicates its title of the "flower-town." The picturesque little English church is overgrown with ivy. Potchefstroom, about which town a question is asked in the House of Commons while we are reading Dr. Holub's description of it, carries on an active trade with the diamond-fields and Natal. Many of the farmers distil a kind of spirit from peaches, which is known in the Transvaal as peach brandy. At Wonderfontein, the limit of Dr. Holub's first journey, he made a stay too short, considering its zoological attractions; but a hospitable farmer expressed his surprise that he should spend so much of his time in collecting "vermin." Wonderfontein is on the northern boundaries of the Orange Free State. Dr. Holub did not go on to Pretoria, and, as a rule, he skirted the Transvaal without entering it. On his return journey, meeting some Batlapins roasting locusts over red-hot ashes, he tasted the favourite national dish. In flavour he thinks roasted locusts not unlike dried and strongly-salted Italian anchovy. Having been away two months, many of his patients had chosen another medical man, and some Dutch farmers had left for the Free State. His journey had cost him £400. For the next six months he settled down hard to his practice; he soon recovered his position. Of the thousands of black men who at that time acted as servants in the diamond-fields, the majority, he writes, belonged to the Basuto, Zulu, and Transvaal Bechuana tribes. They earned from *7s. 6d.* to 10*s.* a week, and rarely stayed at the diggings more than six months; with £5 or £6 to buy a gun and some powder, a woollen garment or two, and a hat, they reckoned they had made enough. They belong to the third great division of the natives of South Africa. First, the Bushmen proper;

second, the Hottentots proper, the Griquas, and the Korannas; third, the Colonial Kaffirs, Zulus, Basutos, Bechuanas, Makalakas, and other tribes, forty in all. The Basutos are yearly increasing in wealth; their agriculture is more advanced than that of any other tribe.

In November, 1873, Dr. Holub again set out from Dutoitspan. For his second journey he was fairly well equipped, and he had three companions. On one occasion, after the oxen had not tasted water for thirty hours, in a district where not a drop of rain had fallen for months, the party narrowly escaped a fearful death. Looking over the plain in front of them, they beheld a sheet of flame. Their only hope was a little hill; they reached it just in time. The heat of the atmosphere was intense, and as there was a good deal of powder in their waggon, the danger was great. In the course of the journey, on one or two occasions, they were mobbed by the natives, anxious to get brandy. At Taung, Dr. Holub found a missionary, Mr. Brown, who gave him a very kindly welcome. Bringing the waggon into the missionary enclosure, he escaped being pestered by the natives. The mission-house is a stone building standing in "a nice little garden." Mr. Brown's Sechuana dictionary has since been published. Taung is the foremost of all the Batlapin towns. In the course of his march onwards Dr. Holub was one day pelted by baboons from a cliff; another day he was mobbed by the natives because he would not pay 5*s.* a head for his cattle to drink in the village pools. On one occasion he hunted hyænas[1] by moonlight, but without success; and, again, he was caught in a tremendous storm while after gnus. Warned by a friendly chief that lions were in the neighbourhood, the travellers had to take especial precaution, the bushwood being dense; but no lion was seen. One day, on reaching the top of a plateau, they saw a vast plain, twenty miles in extent, fringed with mimosa groves, covered with a rich carpet of new green sward, studded with brown ant-hills; around the pools, the grass grew high. Here were striped gnus and black gnus, blessbocks and harte-beasts, springbocks and zebras; some grazing, some gambolling, whilst here and there a herd was stalking along in single file. Quite near to Dr. Holub and his friends was a group of about 150 zebras. Bustards, ibises, cranes, and countless birds, contributed to the general charm. For a full hour the travellers, forgetting the necessities of their weary cattle, feasted their eyes on this lovely and enchanting scene.[2]

[1] The spotted hyæna is a most enduring creature, and extremely tenacious of life; it will withstand the effects of fearful wounds for double the time that other mammalia can hold out.

[2] The numerous salt pans on this plain, Dr. Holub found out, have a great deal to do with the wonderful way in which game thrives. The

In Molema's Town, one of the most pleasing of all the native settlements of Central South Africa, Dr. Holub found a commodious mission-house belonging to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and enjoyed a conversation with the missionary, Mr. Webb. The population is thriving. The sale of brandy in this country is forbidden by the king; and there is no "local option." Former missionaries introduced European cereals. Molema, the governor of the town, is a Christian and a preacher. He complained bitterly of the encroachments of the Boers in the east; and Dr. Holub writes, that after his visit the jurisdiction of the country was offered to the English. Molema was an old man, and suffering from asthma; he said he had not seen a Nyaka (doctor) since Nyaka Livingstone. When they had journeyed[1] about 70 miles from Molema's town, they met with Montsua, the King of the Barolongs, who gave them a cordial welcome. A good proportion of the young people—here, as with not a few of the Bechuana tribes—embraced the truths taught by missionaries; and the orders of the heathen king in certain cases have been disregarded by the *Bathu ba lehuku*, "the people of the Word." When the king found that the converts remained faithful subjects, and, moreover, were the most industrious and thriving of all his population, he ceased to persecute, and even to some extent favoured the new faith. The work of the missionaries, we read, "has borne good fruit." The population of Moshaneng is about 7,000. Montsua was so weary of the annoyances he suffered at the hands of the Boers that he resolved to leave Moshaneng. In return for a Snider rifle he gave five strong bullocks; and by the aid of the missionary, Mr. Martin, five more bullocks were obtained. Dr. Holub continued his journey northward, therefore, with a very strong team.

The extensive highlands beyond Moshaneng are infested by large numbers of that most dangerous of all the South African beasts of prey, the *Canis pictus*, also called *Lycaon pictus*, or *venaticus*, commonly called the "wild dog:"—

It is one of the most rapacious and destructive animals on the face of the earth, and is a deadly enemy to all kinds of cattle. Both

capture of a wild goose (*Chenalopex*), the handsome skin of which he considered a great prize, gave him much trouble. He recognized the cackle as that of the Egyptian goose. Amongst other Coleoptera, he secured a large and handsome tortoise-beetle, having its wing-sheaths dotted with greenish-gold and brown spots.

[1] In this country Dr. Holub noticed a good many specimens of tropical vegetation; out on the plains the grass stood four foot high. He shot a heron; also two spurred plovers, whose peculiar cry, "tick-tick," attracted his attention. The women working in the fields were cleaner than the Batlapians; and he thinks that these northern Barolongs are of a higher grade.

Montsua and Mr. Martin had warned me to be on my guard against their attacks. "Never let your bullocks graze out at night," were Montsua's words to me; "and never let them be unguarded, even by day, if you expect to bring many of them to Molopolole." In size this dreadful animal is about as large as a young wolf, only more slender, and in shape it is a cross between the proteles and hyæna. Always hunting in herds they are especially dangerous; they attack the larger quadrupeds, oxen, elands, and hartebeasts, whilst their ravages amongst sheep, goats and wild pigs are still more destructive. They are not content with one victim, but seize a second and a third, so that the devastation they make is really frightful. They do not confine their visits to the native territory, but make their way to cultivated lands on the border of the Transvaal. They have their holes underground, and sometimes leave their quarters in winter to range over wider districts, returning in the spring. When they start on their raids, they hold their noses high in the air, and if unsuccessful in discovering a scent, they divide into little groups, and disperse in various directions, with their noses downwards to the surface of the ground. Having found the track of any wild or domestic animal, except the horse, which is too swift for them, the entire pack, yelping and baying, darts off upon the chase with such eager impetuosity that many of them fall into bushes or run foul of rocks and ant-hills. Through being so small, they not unfrequently succeed in getting close to cows or antelopes before they are observed; and whilst the cow may be defending herself by her horns from the assailants in front, two or three of the voracious brutes will be biting at her heels, and as many more at her belly; finding defence hopeless, the unfortunate creature will take to flight; this occasionally succeeds, and cows are from time to time seen reaching their homes in the farmsteads with dreadful wounds all over their bodies; but if they stumble, or get seized by the neck or nostrils, or bitten through their knees or in the stomach, so that the bowels protrude, it is all over with them, and they die in the most horrible agonies.

Dr. Holub gives an interesting account of the rock rabbits, called by the Boers "dossies." These creatures are the smallest of all extant Pachydermata, and, on account of being so continually hunted by the natives, are very shy. They watch the traveller from the ledges of rock, and on the slightest alarm bound away to the nearest crevices. This *Hyrax capensis*, if it be not actually the same species as the *Hyrax abyssinicus*, is certainly, we read, closely allied to it. In size it is rather larger than the rabbit; the flesh is eaten by both white men and natives. It is preyed upon by the caracal, the southern lynx, and the brown eagle; nevertheless, it thrives wonderfully.[1]

[1] Of the *Hyrax syriacus*—Proverbs xxx. 26, the "coney"—Dr. Tristram gives an account in his valuable book "The Land of Israel" (page 248). A pale russet spot on the middle of its back, which alone diversifies its tawny fur, distinguishes the "coney" (*shaphan*) of Scripture from the African *hyrax*. This little creature is a true pachyderm. The peculiar motion of its jaws resembles the act of rumination.

After a prosperous journey, the little party entered the territory of King Sechele, and arrived at Molopolole, the most picturesque of all the Bechuana towns. It is a well chosen stronghold, with a royal residence, a "villa," aristocratic houses, a spacious store (Messrs. Taylor's, next to Francis Grant's the most important in the whole Bechuana country) and villages. Sechele, the king, to whom Livingstone devoted more than one chapter of his "Travels," formerly lived near the Transvaal frontier: and at Kolobeng, now in ruins, he was visited by the Nestor of African travellers in the year 1842. At present, our author thinks, Sechele has only about 35,000 subjects. The two missionaries in Molopolole, Mr. Price and Mr. Williams (London Missionary Society) gave the party a cordial welcome. Mr. Price, by his marriage with Miss Moffat, became related to Dr. Livingstone. The Missionaries had been obliged, by reverses, and by a non-success described as "complete," to abandon their work among the Makololos; they have since left the territory of Sechele. In an interview with the king our author was not favourably impressed; he esteemed Sechele a double-faced intriguer, a hypocrite. The new palace had just been built by Messrs. Taylor at a cost of £3,000, the money being raised by the sale of ostrich feathers and oxen. Sechele has quite adopted the European style of living; the chairs and couches of his drawing room were of walnut wood covered with red velvet. The king spread out his pocket-handkerchief on the chair he selected for himself, and sat on it. Tea was served in cups shaped like little bowls; "the tea was good, and the cakes unexceptionable." While Dr. Holub was being questioned about the diggings, and the action of the English Government, the queen fell asleep, and the king, vexed at this breach of etiquette, gave her sundry pushes.

From Molopolole to Shoshong the road is 128 miles long; but in consequence of the deficiency of water a long circuit has to be made during certain months. On New Year's Day, 1874, in the heart of the South African wilderness our travellers drank the health of the Emperor of Austria. The next day Dr. Holub lost himself. Hunting a giraffe, he experienced, probably, a sunstroke; at all events, he fell into a sort of delirium, and wandered about aimlessly, till, falling upon his knees, he was laid hold of by a black man; his life was saved. He entered Shoshong, the capital of the eastern Bamangwatos, on Jan. 5, and, as his funds were getting low, he resolved to proceed no farther, but to return to his practice at the diamond fields, and prepare for the third journey. Of the chief missionary in Shoshong, Mr. Mackenzie (London Missionary Society), author of "Ten Years North of the Orange River," he writes in the warmest terms, as a noble-hearted and accomplished man,

"thoroughly a messenger of love." It is entirely owing, he says, to Mr. Mackenzie, that King Khame is now one of the best native sovereigns in the whole of South Africa. In regard to Christian Missions, the testimony of Major Pinto, a Portuguese, in the last CHURCHMAN, and that of the Austrian, Dr. Holub, may well be taken together. Christianity has been preached and practised in South Africa by "messengers of love;" and the good fruits are being made manifest.[1]

On the 7th of April, 1874, Dr. Holub arrived at Dutoitspan.

In March, 1875, he left Dutoitspan, hardly expecting to return to Cape Colony, and having in view a journey like Livingstone's, from the Zambesi to Loanda. The picture of the Atlantic at Loanda, unfolding itself to the gaze of his imagination, was an attraction irresistible. Journeying again by Molema's Town, to Shoshong, he met with the usual difficulties, not unmingled with dangers. At Shoshong he spent a fortnight, the guest of Mr. Mackenzie. King Khame, he found, had prohibited the sale of brandy; the chief incentive to idleness being thus removed, it was easier to maintain peace and order; and, also, to suppress the heathen orgies, which had been grievously pernicious. On his journey to the Great Salt Lakes, Dr. Holub heard complaints concerning Boers, who had gone about everywhere killing game merely for the sake of their skins; and he found the natives sometimes by no means friendly in their behaviour. The eland, the largest of all the antelopes, we read, is so short-breathed, being lusty and well-fed, that it can be overtaken by the fleet-footed natives, who are skilful in hurling their assegais so as to inflict a mortal wound. Mounted Dutch and English hunters chase the elands in the same way as giraffes, right up to their waggons, where they shoot them down.

In the Great Lake basin the largest salt-pan is the Soa; it is quite shallow, being only four feet deep; it is grey in colour, and is rarely completely full. When the shallow bed of Lake N'gami is filled by its northern and western feeders, it sheds its overflow eastwards down the Zooga to the salt-pans. At the Soa our travellers met with some Dutch hunters, on a chase for elephants and ostriches; also, they had a difficulty with some fierce marauding Zulus, who levied black-mail in the shape of

[1] On the return journey he came to a group of trees near to some well-cultivated fields; conspicuous among the trees were some eucalyptus about sixty feet high. Here were some houses built in European style. The secret of the order and prosperity in this neighbourhood was the residence of a Missionary, Mr. Jensen (of the Hermannsberg Society), whose instruction and example has had such an influence on the Baharutse that they have become thriving agriculturists. In the fields round the mission-house, maize and wheat were growing, and in the gardens were peaches, apricots, pears, figs, oranges, with roses and many other flowers.

powder and lead. A little farther on, finding a pool of fresh water, near which fresh lion[1] tracks were conspicuous, they encamped; and Dr. Holub tells the story of that night's encampment in the following words:—

Meriko was entrusted with a breechloader to keep guard over the bullocks. An extra strong fence was made, considerably higher than usual, and four great fires were lighted, which would keep burning till nearly two o'clock in the morning.

Poor Niger [his dog] was in a state of great excitement all night. Lions were prowling around us, and the hyænas and jackals kept up such a noise that sound sleep was out of the question, and in my dreams I saw nothing but stuffed lion skins dancing before my eyes. Just before morning the concert seemed to rise to its full pitch, two jackals yelped hideously in two different keys, the hyænas howled angrily with all their might, while the lion with its deep and sonorous growl might be taken as choragus to the whole performance.

In the rambles that Pit and I took, the following morning, the lion-traces were so many and so recent that we felt it prudent to keep a very sharp look-out. We crossed the river-bed several times, and observed that the tracks were particularly numerous in the high ground that commanded a view of the place where the various antelopes, attracted by the salt, would be likely to descend. On our way we passed a tree, the bark of which was torn in a way which showed that it had been used by lions for sharpening their claws; the boughs of the trees were wide-spreading, branching out like a candelabrum, and forming what struck me as a convenient perch. Here I resolved to keep a long watch of some ten or twelve hours. I was determined, if I could, to see the lions for myself. Accordingly, just before sundown, I took Niger, and accompanied by Pit I returned to the tree, and having made myself comfortable in my concealment, I sent Pit back to the waggon in time for him to arrive while it was still tolerably light.

The sensation of being alone in such a spot was sufficiently strange. I soon began to look about me, and noticed that the trees around were considerably higher than that in which I was perched, the ground was in some places elevated, but thinly grassed, so that the light sand could be distinguished which covers the flaking strata of the salt lakes. Just below me was a bare circular patch, which bore no footprints at all, except our own and those of the lions that had passed by; on my left was a rain-channel some six feet deep and twenty feet wide, much overgrown and opening into the Nataspruit about twenty yards away. The nights were now extremely cold, and appeared especially so in contrast with the high temperature of the day, and I took precautions of tying myself to one of the strongest boughs, in case I

[1] The full maned lions of the northern part of the Continent are seldom to be seen in South Africa. Maneless lions are found in the valley of the Central Zambesi. The most common are those of the short-maned species. Usually, the South African lion is an exceedingly cautious beast. Except the fox, no animal surpasses it in craftiness for securing prey.

should fall asleep, and a tumble off might bring me into closer contact with the monarchs of the forest than might be agreeable; but having made myself secure, I soon settled down in the middle of the triple-forked recess that I had chosen for my ambush.

The sun, meanwhile, had all but set; only a few golden streaks on the highest boughs remained, and these gradually faded away. My insight that night into scenes of animal life proved even far more diversified than I could venture to anticipate.

Amongst the first of the sounds to arrest my attention was the sonorous "quag-ga, quag-ga" of the male zebras, they were on the grass-plains keeping watch over their herds; with this was soon mingled the melancholy howl of the harnessed jackal, awakening the frightful yell of its brother, the grey jackal; the beasts, I could not doubt, were all prowling round the enclosure of our camp. For some hours the various noises seemed to be jumbled together, but towards midnight they became more and more distinct, so that I could count the beasts that made them. After a while a peculiar scraping commenced, caused by rhyzænas hunting in the sand for worms and larvæ; it went on all night, except during the brief intervals when the busy little creatures were temporarily disturbed by some movement near them.

The gazelles and antelopes came down quite early to lick at this salt mud in the Nata-bed; they evidently were accustomed to get back to their haunts in the open lands before the beasts of prey quitted their lairs in the wood. Some of the little steinbocks (those most graceful of South African gazelles) came down so cautiously along the track that it was only through accidentally looking down that I was aware of their being near me. I think there were three or four of them. They were followed by some other gazelle, of which the movements were so light and rapid that I failed to catch a glimpse of it. After a considerable time a single antelope passed beneath me, of another species, larger than the others, making a succession of short leaps, then pausing and bounding on again, but I could not recognize what kind it really was.

The slow, steady tramp of a large herd on the other side of the bank proceeding towards the salt pools, and in the direction of the one fresh-water pool, could not be mistaken; moreover, the crashing of their horns against the wood in the thickets left no doubt of the approach of a number of koodoos. While I was listening to their movements I heard another tread on the game-path beside the river; straining my eyes in that direction, I saw a dark object stealthily making its way towards the descent: it was about the size of a young calf, and I could have little doubt that it was a brown hyæna; it sniffed the air at every step, and after stopping a few seconds just beyond the channel, started off at a brisk trot.

As the hours of the night waned away I was beginning to think that I should hear or see nothing of the monarch of the forest. I had not, however, to wait much longer before the unmistakable roar, apparently about half a mile away, caught my ear. I could only hope that the beast was on its way once more to sharpen its claws upon

the accustomed tree. I had now no heed to give to any other sound; neither the barking of our own dogs beside the waggon, nor the yelling of the jackals around our encampment could distract my attention, and I listened eagerly for at least half an hour before the roaring was repeated; it was now much nearer. I listened on, and it must have been nearly twenty minutes more when I distinguished its footsteps almost within gunshot. The lion was not in the ordinary track, as I had expected, but right in the long grass in the rain channel. Its strides were generally rapid, but it paused frequently. I could only hear its movements; it was too dark for me to see.

I was sure that it could not be more than about fifteen yards from me, and could hardly restrain myself from firing. I feared, however, that a random shot would only be fired in vain, and with no other effect than that of driving the lion away. Accordingly I waited on. It came still nearer and crouched down somewhere for about another quarter of an hour without stirring an inch. At last I became convinced that it had caught sight of me, I saw the bushes shake, and the great brute looked out as if uncertain whether to make a spring towards me or to effect its escape. It was a terrible mistake on my part not to fire then and there, but my moment of hesitation was fatal to my design; the lion made a sudden bound, and in an instant had disappeared for good.

It was no use to me that Niger's frantic barking made me aware what direction it had taken. My chance was gone. I was much mortified, but there was no help for it. With the cold night air and my cramped position I was stiff all over, and much relieved when daylight dawned, and Pit appeared with Niger to accompany me back to the warmth and shelter of the waggon.

Of his reception by Sepopo, the ruler of the central Zambesi, Dr. Holub gives a graphic sketch. Sepopo had been expecting him for months; he had often enquired of the traders from the South when the Nyaka was coming to travel through the country like Nyaka Livingstone; and, although since the visit of the great explorer, Sepopo had had interviews with at least fifteen white men, he was desirous to give the new Nyaka a most imposing reception. The king was dressed in European style, with an English hat upon his head, decorated with a fine white ostrich feather; he shook hands with the travellers while the royal band produced excruciating music. A Bechuana, who had resided at this Court three years, acted as interpreter. As soon as they were seated the king began to ask questions; broiled fishes were then served, and the king having handed a portion to two chiefs (to see that the food was not poisoned), took a fish himself, and handed another to Dr. Holub. Fingers had to do duty in the absence of forks. The Marutse excel in their methods of dressing fish; and a great many fish, after being sun-dried, are kept for months. When Sepopo and his guests had eaten, water was brought to wash their hands; some

little green balls about the size of a walnut were brought upon a platter. Dr. Holub did not understand what these balls were, and the interpreter called out, "Smell them, sir!" They were of the nature of soap. In the evening, Dr. Holub supped, in the palace, with Sepopo and the queen; boiled eland flesh was served upon plates, and knives and forks—introduced by traders from the West Coast—were supplied. Honey beer was distributed in tin mugs. The king is described as by no means honest. In the course of the night our travellers saw him rummaging among the goods, and his majesty walked off with a waggon-lantern that the English trader had refused to give him during the day. Sepopo now and then, it appears, treats his people with inhumanity; he has a delight in human sacrifices, and against the advice of his council, perpetrates superstitious barbarities.

And here we must close our notice of this work. Illness seized the traveller, and he was compelled to return to the Colony. He embarked on board the *German* in 1879, bringing with him a splendid collection. We have only to add that, in regard to the Zulu war, he is of opinion that Sir Bartle Frere acted with the wisdom of a statesman.

Art. IV.—UPPER CLASS SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE question is not unfrequently asked, What is the future of Evangelical religion? What will be the state of the Evangelical body fifty years hence? The answer is not difficult: the future will be, under God's good pleasure, what the present makes it. It rests with us of the present day to bring up the children of this generation so as to ensure the growth and stability of the great Evangelical body in the time to come. And how is this to be done?

Let us take a fair view of the religious education of the children of the middle and upper classes, and see where it is likely to lead them. First of all, is it an uncommon thing for the children of decidedly Evangelical parents to go out into the errors either of scepticism or of superstition? Have not many families been saddened by the utter division of the children on the most important of all matters? And is not this in many cases attributable to the very imperfect education which has been given in the distinctive teaching and the technical knowledge of the doctrines of grace? Many words rise to the lip, many well-worn phrases rise to the tongue; but too often there is no real knowledge at the root, no power of giving a reason for