

cording to previous appointment, at which I spoke first and was followed by Elder Beck.

Thursday, September, 19th. The day was stormy, and at times the rains descended as it only can in the tropics. At 4 p. m., Elder Beck and your correspondent, accompanied by the two Elders Burnham and Brother Fred Kenison, boarded a boat belonging to Mr. David Kenison, and pulled out for Upolu. The wind being contrary, we had to row all the way, and that too while the rain was liberally pouring down upon our devoted heads. In order to shorten the distance we ventured through a narrow and somewhat dangerous passage over the reef into the open ocean. We then pulled straight for the little rocky island, Apolima, intending to land there and spend the night; but on nearing the island the breakers were seen to roll very high at or near the only landing place, and the darkness of the night also having settled down upon us, Brother Kenison considered it unsafe to attempt to land. Consequently, we changed our course and pulled for the island of Manono, lying about two miles further to the east. Having reached the west coast of that island, we were told that the village in which we ought to spend the night was situated on the opposite side. Hence the rowers, tired as they were, continued their labors, paddling the boat around the north side of the island. At length, tired and hungry, we landed at the village of Saleataua, situated at the extreme southeastern point of the island. We had come a distance of about twelve miles. After securing our boat, we entered a native house, where a family belonging to the Church lived. Here we ate our own food for supper, after which we were sent to a neighbor's house to sleep. There we stretched ourselves on the mats provided for us, and used our shoes and satchels for pillows. The master of the house being told about my special mission showed me additional attention by throwing me a white sheet to cover myself with. The other brethren slept without covering.

Friday, September 20th. We arose at daylight, prayed and took a morning promenade around the island. By walking at an ordinary gait it took us one hour and twenty-five minutes. There are nine small villages on the island, and we passed through all of them. We were offered no breakfast by the natives though we had divided with them the evening before. At 8 a. m., we continued our voyage by rowing two miles over to Laiovi, one of our missionary stations situated on the west end of Upolu. Here we met Elders Joseph A. Rasband and William A. Moody, who hold the missionary fort at this point, and I started to work at once to obtain the needed historical information and to give the usual instructions in regard to record keeping. By and by the natives brought us a splendid meal consisting of bread-fruit, shark, chicken, devil fish, and another kind of fish called "matu" by the Samoans. At 2 p. m., the two Elders Burnham and Fred Kenison started by boat on their return trip to Savaii, and we who remained held a good little meeting with the Saints at Laiovi. Brother Beck and I were the speakers. Towards evening Elder Beck and Moody started on foot for Fagalii, leaving me to follow alone on horseback the next day,

Saturday, September 20th. Elder Rasband and myself arose at daylight and walked to the neighbor who had promised us the use of his horse. After some difficulty the animal was found, caught, saddled up and mounted; but the brute insisted in going backward instead of forward, and cut up quite a number of capers, when he found that we wanted him to leave his master's premises. It was not till Elder Rasband had belabored him somewhat roughly with a "fraction" of a tall tree that he could be induced to start for Apia. The ride proved more tiresome to me than the walk would have been, but I got there at last. Counting the numerous villages that I passed through, getting off and on the horse to climb fences, holding on to my heavy satchel which I had failed to fasten to the saddle, and endeavoring to show the animal that carried me, white man's manners, kept me busy as I pursued my lonely ride along the narrow winding path, leading alternately through village and bush. I also stopped in a native house to get lunch and obtained a cocoa-nut to drink from a native boy who could talk a little English. At 2:30 p. m., I arrived at Apia, about thirty miles from Lalovi, and after partaking of refreshments at Mr. Hellesoe, I continued to Fagalii, where I found that Elders Beck and Moody had preceded me a few hours. After this trip to Savaii, embracing as it did quite a variety of experiences, I consider myself properly initiated into Samoan missionary life, and am perhaps better prepared to write the history of the mission than I was before.

ANDREW JENSON.

AUNUU, Samoa, September, 28, 1895.

A CHAT ABOUT THE BOERS.

"Where is this Transvaal, anyway?" "Oh, it is the place that gold comes from."

Such a remark dropped outside of the Cullen a couple of days ago, made me wonder if the majority of newspaper readers' geography was as hazy. Probably the average individual would hazard the remark that the Transvaal is in Africa, but when pruned down to a more concise statement, as to longitude and latitude, would hurriedly murmur something regarding having learned it at school, you know—forgot—pressing engagement—au revoir—pedantic bore.

The Transvaal, otherwise known as the South African republic, is at present undergoing the distinction of having the eyes of the whole civilized world upon it, who are anxiously awaiting the outcome of the first act played last week, when 700 men after their last cartridge was spent, with 130 killed and wounded and starvation staring them in the face, surrendered to a superior force of 4,000 Boer burghers.

This is not by a long way the first time that the Transvaal has been the theater of warlike scenes—but that's another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say.

Cape Colony proper, the extreme southern limit of the continent of Africa, was originally settled by the Dutch in the seventeenth century; but England, who had even at that remote period passed through the kindergarten stage of her land-grabbing propensities, looked upon the Cape of Good Hope as a very desirable coaling station to possess, it being a convenient port for East In-

dia men to call at. To cut a long story short, the wish was father to the thought and Cape Colony has been under the Union Jack for a couple of centuries.

In 1833 the slavery agitation was started. To be a slave owner on British soil became a misdemeanor, the Boers who were large slave owners, took very unkindly to this, notwithstanding the imperial government allowed them consolation money. A great many of the Boers indignantly declined to take any recompense but with muttered imprecations packed up their belongings, left their homes and participated in a huge "Trek," anglicized exodus. These sturdy Dutchmen, with a couple of thousand wagons, herds, etc., etc., headed northward to found and settle up a new republic. The history of this great "Trek" reads like a romance, the Boers contending every step with the native tribes, notably the Zulus, who in one battle annihilated 800 of the white vanguard. Finally lead and powder triumphed over assegais, under the able generalship of Andries Pretorius. The "Trek" split up into two parties, the one occupying what is now the British colony of Natal, the other founded the Orange Free State.

In both cases England again essayed the annexing act. When diamonds were discovered in the Orange Free State, Kimberley, which was undeniably in the Free State, was added to England's possessions. Natal, after some diplomacy, was also annexed. The Boers in disgust again "trekking" northwest into the territory that is now called the Transvaal. Internal dissensions, native wars, and an empty treasury induced the Boers in '77 to call upon England to help them. Peace under the British protectorate, however, was of short duration. In 1880, the Boers broke out in open revolt. A detachment of troops was hastily dispatched from Cape Colony as a precautionary measure; and at Bronkers Spruit on the border line, one hot morning the troops were met by a score of horsemen who warned the rooibaaijes (red-coats) not to cross the line. The British officer with a sarcastic remark sounded the advance; fifteen minutes later the entire companies were annihilated (with the exception of some five or six men who lived to tell the tale), being shot from ambush. The majority of the troopers, caught napping, were shot, looting on the transport wagons in their shirt sleeves with pipes in their mouths; which fact although not reported in the papers, I got from a man who was on the scene. British disasters followed thick and fast. The Boers schooled in native warfare, never exposed themselves; every rock and krantz concealed a deadly sharpshooter who would bag his man, and when things assumed a tropical aspect, would silently steal away on his belly to where the horses were concealed and skip. The war practically ended in the Majuba Hill disaster, where half a Scotch regiment was shot to pieces, the general in command, Sir George Colley, being among the slain. Gladstone, much to the indignation of the English war jingoes, conceded to the plucky pioneers their republic.

Six years later came the gold discoveries at the Randt that have made Johannesburg famous as being the Opnir of the nineteenth century. With that came a great influx of immigration, in-