

# ON THE VELDT

A South African Love Story

(Continued.)

Here John Martin met him with an old-fashioned English welcome and Hendrick was ushered into the sitting room, where sat Nancy and her lover. Nancy greeted him heartily, if somewhat shyly:

"I am glad to see you, Hendrick—let me introduce you to Mr. Harvey. Dick, this is our friend, Henry Hoopstad."

"I am very glad to know you; we can't have too many friends these troublous times. You look like a fighting man. I hope you are with us?"

"I cannot fight against Miss Martin's countrymen, and the blood in my veins is more English than Dutch. I am on my way now to volunteer."

"Then we are well met; I am enrolling a body of volunteers to act as scouts. I saddle in a few hours, so if you are willing we go together."

"I ask nothing better. But what of Miss Martin—surely she must not stay here?"

"I am glad you add your entreaties to mine. I am trying to persuade Mr. Martin and Nancy to retire to the coast until danger is past."

"That's all right, Dick," answered Mr. Martin. "I should like to persuade Nancy to go, but I am going to stick to the farm."

"You run great risk, Mr. Martin," said Hendrick. "If you stay here you will be commanded to join the Boer army."

"I am an Englishman, and my farm is in Natal; that, I take it, is out of their jurisdiction."

"Possibly, but I hardly think they will draw so fine a line."

"Well, anyway, I stay here, and it won't be healthy for the commando that interferes with me."

"Then, if you are so determined, I must ask you to be equally determined in insisting upon Miss Nancy going to Durban. My married sister lives there, and she would be quite safe."

After much discussion it was decided that Nancy should depart for Durban immediately, with Hendrick for an escort. Dick Harvey would accompany them as far as Mooi river, where he would have to leave them, and Hendrick was to rejoin Dick as soon as Nancy was safe on the coast. Hendrick knew now that Nancy could never be to him more than a friend, and that friendship he determined that no sacrifice should be too great for him.

The three rode together until Dick had to leave them; then, with a tender and almost heart-rending farewell, he passed her into the care of Hendrick and departed. They reached Durban without mishap, and Hendrick, having handed Nancy to the care of his sister, prepared to return.

"I thank you, Hendrick, for your care of me."

"I wish no thanks; to be of service to you is the aim and end of my life." She looked at him curiously and seemed to penetrate his secret.

"I am going to the war," he continued, slowly, fixing his gaze upon the ground; "to fight for your countrymen and you. It may be that I shall not survive, and I should like you to think kindly of me. You are the only English woman I have been privileged to know with any degree of friendship, and the days have passed happily with me. A hope full of vanity was born within me that perhaps the caprice of fate might turn your heart towards me in love. Forgive me for saying this. I am only a fooling man, but I thought I would like you to know."

"Poor Hendrick!"

"I have seen the man you love, and my vanity is dead. Good-bye. I should like—may I—er—I should like to kiss your hand to seal my vow that henceforth my life is consecrated to serving you and yours to the death."

The tears rolled down her cheeks as she gave him her hand. The strong man kissed it passionately and departed.

Hendrick made his way back to Dick Harvey, and was formally enrolled as a volunteer. News came soon after that the Boers had crossed the border and were invading Natal, and Captain Harvey began to have fears for the safety of John Martin. He consulted Hendrick on the subject.

"What do you think of it, Hoopstad?"

"Bad, very bad. John Martin will have to join a commando, or be shot."

"So I fear, and I want you to start tonight and make your way to Caladon Farm. If you find John Martin there persuade him to come back with you; but if our worst fears are realized, and he has disappeared, find out what has become of him."

"I will start in an hour, and I thank you for giving me the opportunity."

"Good luck go with you."

In an hour Hendrick took the road for John Martin's farm. Numerous parties of Boers were about, and extreme caution was necessary. This meant slow progress, and it was not until the second evening that he reached the homestead. Dismounting, he rapped on the door, but elicited no response, and it was soon evident that John Martin was absent. Upon looking round, Hendrick discovered the frightened face of a Kaffir boy, peeping at him over a fence.

"Halloa, Cabbage! Where is your master?"

"Baas! him dun gorn 'way."

"Where to?"

"Baas Shiel 'im dun took 'im 'way."

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

TIMELY DISCOURSE ON RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES.

He Would Free Humanity From the Graveclothes of Old Ecclesiastical Dogmas—Faith in Christ the Test of True Christianity.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Text is John xi, 44: "Loose him and let him go."

My Bible is at the place of this text written all over with lead, pencil marks made at Bethany on the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismounted from our horses on the way up from Jordan to the Dead Sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem he would come out there almost every evening to the house of his three friends. I think the occupants of that house were orphans, for the father and mother are not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property, for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Lazarus, the brother, was now at the head of the household, and his sisters depended on him and were proud of him, for he was very popular, and everybody liked him, and these girls were splendid girls—Martha a first rate housekeeper and Mary a spirituelle, somewhat dreamy, but affectionate and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone, and mother gone, they feel very nervous lest they lose their brother also. Disease did its quick work. How the girls hung over his pillow! Not much sleep about that house—no sleep at all.

From the characteristics otherwise developed, I judge that Martha prepared the medicines and made tempting dishes of food for the poor appetite of the sufferer, but Mary prayed and sobbed. Worse and worse gets Lazarus until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shriek that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into the adjoining room all those of us can imagine who have had our own hearts broken. But why was not Jesus there as he so often had been? Far away in the country districts, preaching, healing other sick, how unfortunate that this omnipotent Doctor had not been at that domestic crisis in Bethany. When at last Jesus arrived in Bethany, Lazarus had been buried four days and dissolution had taken place. In that climate the breathless body disintegrates more rapidly than in ours. If, immediately after decease, the body had been awakened into life, unbelievers might have said he was only in a comatose state or in a sort of trance and by some vigorous manipulation or powerful stimulant vitality had been renewed. No! Four days dead.

The Sepulcher of Christ. At the door of the sepulcher is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb one December day, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day spoken of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do? He orders the door of the grave removed, and then he begins to descend the steps, Mary and Martha close after him, and the crowd after them. Deeper down into the shadows and deeper! The hot tears of Jesus roll over his cheeks and splash upon the back of his hands. Were ever so many sorrows compressed into so small a space as in that group pressing on down after Christ, all the time bemoaning that he had not come before?

Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sounds of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Death had conquered, but now the vanquisher of death confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb, the familiar name which Christ had often had upon his lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to his tongue, and with a pathos and an almightiness of which the resurrection of the last day shall only be an echo he cries, "Lazarus, come forth!" The eyes of the slumberer open, and he rises and comes to the foot of the steps and with great difficulty begins to ascend, for the ceremonies of the tomb are yet on him, and his feet are fast and his hands are fast and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these hindrances! Unfasten these graveclothes! Loose him, and let him go!"

Oh, I am so glad that after the Lord raised Lazarus he went on and commanded the loosening of the cords that bound his feet so that he could walk and the breaking off of the shroud that bound his hands so that he could stretch out his arms in salutation and the tearing off of the bandage from around his jaws so that he could speak. What would resurrected life have been to Lazarus if he had not been freed from all those cripplements of his body? I am glad that Christ commanded his complete emancipation, saying, "Loose him, and let him go."

Only Half Liberated. The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half liberated. They have been raised from the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the graveclothes

on them. They are, like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tomb bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to free their body and free their souls, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me and comes to every minister of religion, "Loose him, and let him go!"

Many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds. Let no man misinterpret me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them—a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government, and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian church is now agitated about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party. Instead of revision I want substitution. I was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the pardon and the comfort of the gospel to all men, and the Westminster Confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now that the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of that creed—and everything that man fashions is imperfect—let us put the old creed respectfully aside and get a brand new one.

It is impossible that people who lived hundreds of years ago should fashion an appropriate creed for our times. John Calvin was a great and good man, but he died 336 years ago. The best centuries of Bible study have come since then, and explorers have done their work, and you might as well have the world go back and stick to what Robert Fulton knew about steamboats and reject the subsequent improvements in navigation, and go back to John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, and reject all modern newspaper presses, and go back to the time when telegraphy was the elevating of signals or the burning of bonfires on the hilltops and reject the magnetic wire which is the tongue of nations as to ignore all the exegetes and the philologists and the theologians of the last 336 years and put your head under the sleeve of the gown of a sixteenth century doctor. I could call the names of twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin. The nineteenth century ought not to be called to sit at the feet of the sixteenth.

Change in Conditions.

"But," you say, "it is the same old Bible, and John Calvin had that as well as the present student of the Scriptures." Yes; so it is the same old sun in the heavens, but in our time it has gone to making daguerreotypes and photographs. It is the same old water; but in our century it has gone to running steam engines. It is the same old electricity; but in our time it has become a lightning footed errand boy. So it is the old Bible, but new applications, new uses, new interpretations. You must remember that during the last 300 years words have changed their meaning, and some of them now mean more and some less. I do not think that John Calvin believed, as some say he did, in the damnation of infants, although some of the recent hot disputes would seem to imply that there is such a thing as the damnation of infants. A man who believes in the damnation of infants himself deserves to lose heaven. I do not think any good man could admit such a possibility. What Christ will do with all the babies in the next world I conclude from what he did with the babies in Palestine when he hugged them and kissed them. When some of you grown people go out of this world, your doubtful destiny will be an embarrassment to ministers officiating at your obsequies, who will have to be cautious so as not to hurt surviving friends. But when the darling children go there are no "ifs" or "buts" or guesses.

We must remember that good John Calvin was a logician and a metaphysician, and by the proclivities of his nature put some things in an unfortunate way. Logic has its use and metaphysics has its use, but they are not good at making creeds. A gardener hands you a blooming rose, dewy, fresh, but a severe botanist comes to you with a rose and says, "I will show you the structure of this rose," and he proceeds to take it apart and pulls off the leaves and he says, "There are the petals," and he takes out the anthers, and he says, "Just look at the wonderful structure of these floral pillars!" and then he cuts the stem to show you the juices of the plant. So logic or metaphysics takes the aromatic rose of the Christian religion and says, "I will just show you how this rose of religion was fashioned," and it pulls off it a piece and says, "That is the human will," and another piece and says, "This is God's will," and another piece and says, "This is sovereignty," and another piece and says, "This is free agency," this is this, and that is that. And while I stand looking at the fragments of the rose pulled apart, one whom the Marys took for a gardener comes in and presents me with a crimson rose, red as blood, and says, "Inhale the sweetness of this; wear it on your heart, and wear it forever." I must confess that I prefer the rose in full bloom to the rose pulled apart.

Ours Not the Only World. Backed up by the teachings of your Bible, just look through the telescope some bright night and see how many worlds there are and reflect that all you have seen, compared with the number of worlds in existence, are less

than the fingers of your right hand as compared with all the fingers of the human race. How foolish, then, for us to think that ours is the only world fit for us to stay in. I think that all the stars are inhabited and by beings like the human race in feelings and sentiments, and the differences in lung respiration and heart beat and physical conformation, their physical conformation fit for the climate of their world and our physical conformation fit for the climate of our world. So we shall feel at home in any of the stellar neighborhoods, our physical limitations having ceased.

One of our first realizations in getting out of this world, I think, will be that in this world we were very much pent up and had cramped apartments and were kept on the limits. The most even of our small world, is water, and the water says to the human race, "Don't come here or you will drown." A few thousand feet up the atmosphere is uninhabitable, and the atmosphere says to the human race, "Don't come up here or you cannot breathe." A few miles down the earth is a furnace of fire, and the fire says, "Don't come here or you will burn." The caverns of the mountains are full of poisonous gases, and the gases say, "Don't come here or you will be asphyxiated." And, crossing a track, you must look out or you will be crushed. And, standing by a steam boiler, you must look out or you will be blown up. And pneumonias and pleuritis and consumptions and apoplexies go across this earth in flocks, in droves, in herds, and it is a world of equinoxes and cyclones and graves. Yet we are under the delusion that it is the only place fit to stay in. We want to stick to the wet plank in midocean while the great ship, the City of God, of the Celestial line, goes sailing past and would gladly take us up in a lifeboat. My Christian friends, let me tear off your dependencies and frights about dissolution. My Lord commands me regarding you, saying, "Loose him, and let him go!"

Getting Into the Light.

"But," you say, "I fear to go because the future is so full of mystery." Well, I will tell you how to treat the mysteries. The mysteries have ceased bothering me, for I do as the judges of your courts often do. They hear all the arguments in the case and they say, "I will take these papers and give you my decision next week." So I have heard all the arguments in regard to the next world, and some things are uncertain and full of mystery, and so I fold up the papers and reserve until the next world my decision about them. I can there study all the mysteries to better advantage, for the light will be better and my faculties stronger, and I will ask the Christian philosophers, who have had all the advantages of heaven for centuries, to help me, and I may be permitted myself humbly to ask the Lord, and I think there will be only one mystery left; that will be how one so unworthy as myself got into such an ungrateful place. Come up out of the sepulchral shadows. If you are not Christians by faith in Christ, come up into the light; and if you are already like Lazarus, reanimated, but still have your grave clothes on, get rid of them. The command is, "Loose him, and let him go."

The only part of the journey I made years ago to Palestine that I really dreaded was the landing at Joppa. That is the port of entrance for the Holy Land, and there are many rocks and in rough weather people cannot land at all. The boats taking the people from the steamer to the docks must run between reefs that looked to me to be about 50 feet apart, and one mistake of an oarsman or an unexpected wave has sometimes been fatal and hundreds have perished along those reefs. Besides that, as we left Port Said the evening before, an old traveler said: "The wind is just right to give you a rough landing at Joppa; indeed I think you will not be able to land at all." The fact was that when our Mediterranean steamer dropped anchor near Joppa and we put out for shore in the small boat, the water was as still as though it had been sound asleep a hundred years, and we landed as easily as I entered this pulpit. Well, your fears have been pictured for you an appalling arrival at the end of your voyage of life, and they say that the seas will run high and that the breakers will swallow you up, or that if you reach Canaan at all, it will be a very rough landing. The very opposite will be true if you have the eternal God for your portion. Your disembarkation for the promised land will be as smooth as was ours at Palestine. Christ will meet you far out at sea and pilot you into complete safety, and you will land with a hosanna on one side of you and a hallelujah on the other.

"Land ahead!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hill of fadeless green And the living waters laving Shores where heavenly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more When on that eternal shore. Drop the anchor, furl the sail! I am safe within the veil!

America Leads the World.

The United States is now the world's greatest producer and exporter of meats, which form one of the most important features of the export trade. In 1887 the total exportation of provisions and live animals was \$102,774,910, and in 1899 their total value was \$207,105,637, having thus doubled meantime, and forming in 1899 17.2 per cent of the total exports of that year.

## PORTO RICO GOVERNOR

Making Preparation to Leave for His Post of Duty.

WILL BE INAUGURATED MAY 1ST

The New Government to Be Set Up, After Which the Governor Will Temporarily Return to the United States—The Occasion to Be Marked With Dignified Ceremonies.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18.—Mr. Allen, the newly chosen governor of Porto Rico, is arranging to leave Washington for San Juan toward the end of the present week. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Allen and their daughter. The trip will be made on the United States ship Dolphin, Captain Southerland, which is now lying at the navy yard. It is Governor Allen's intention to make this a flying visit. He will set up the new civil government and inside of three weeks will return to the United States and arrange his private affairs.

The president and Secretary Long have determined that the inauguration of the civil government in Porto Rico shall be marked with as much pomp as is befitting an event of that magnitude. Therefore, the United States will see to it that there is at San Juan on the occasion of the inauguration of the first American governor a dignified and impressive ceremony that will fix the event in the minds of the people.

The United States ship Dolphin, which will carry Mr. Allen to San Juan, will enter the harbor there, escorted by the entire North Atlantic squadron under the command of Rear Admiral Farquhar on his flagship New York. The squadron will time its movements so as to arrive off the north coast of Porto Rico about the time the Dolphin is sighted.

Governor Davis will be inaugurated at San Juan on May 1, and General Davis, the military governor, will turn out all of the United States troops under his command in honor of the occasion. The ships of the squadron will fire salutes, which will be answered by the shore batteries. There will be some speeches and at night the fleet will use their electric lights and there will be general illuminations.

ROBERTS READY TO ADVANCE

Boer Tactics Force the Hand of the British Commander.

LONDON, April 18.—At last Roberts seems to be on the eve of making his main advance towards Pretoria. Unless all the usually reliable sources of information and all the indications smuggled past the censor are at fault the British army within a few days will be marching northward. After many premature and unfounded reports that have purported to tell of this move there is naturally, even in the best informed quarters, considerable hesitancy in definitely settling upon the day Lord Roberts is likely to leave Bloemfontein, but there is a settled impression that it will occur either at the end of this week or the beginning of next.

Largest in the World.

NEW LONDON, Conn., April 18.—The Eastern Shipbuilding company today took possession of the land at Groton on which will be established its plant and at once set a gang of men at work clearing the land. Within three months the keels of two steamers, the largest in the world, will be laid. The steamers are for the trans-Pacific fleet of the Great Northern railway, and are to be of 34,000 tons displacement.

Sustains Democratic Officials.

FRANKFORT, Ky., April 18.—In the circuit court today Judge Cantrill overruled the demurrers to the petitions filed by the democratic officers and sustained demurrers to the answers of the republican officers. The result is in favor of the democrats and the republicans can appeal now by refusing to plead further or may ask leave to amend their answer, which will only delay matters a few days.

Soldiers Speedily Rally.

MANILA, April 18.—Twelve hundred Tagalos attacked Case's battalion, headquarters of the Fortieth regiment at Cagayan, island of Mindanao, on the 7th. The Americans had fifteen casualties, while of the attacking force fifty were killed and thirty wounded or taken prisoners.

Close Down All Plants.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 18.—Labor troubles in the building trades are stated by President John W. Lambert of the American Steel and Wire company as the reasons for orders issued today closing down all the plants of the concern in the vicinity of Chicago; all those at Joliet, Ill., excepting the Rockdale mill and the extensive plant at Anderson, Ind. Twelve plants were ordered closed. Thousands of skilled workmen were temporarily suspended by the action of the wire magnates.

Iowa Man Kills Himself.

DES MOINES, Ia., April 18.—Frank Jaquit, secretary of the Des Moines Sprinkling company and prominent in social and business circles, was found dead today with a bullet hole over his heart. Despondency was the cause assigned for the suicide.

Miss French Dead.

AMHERST, Mass., April 18.—Miss Mary Field French, aged 75 years, a cousin of the late Eugene Field, and for a number of years his guardian, died suddenly at her home today. She had the care of Eugene Field from his 7th to his 18th year. In after years Mr. Field was accustomed to visit the town frequently to see his cousin, of whom he was very fond.

First of the Exposition Fetes.

PARIS, April 18.—The first of the series of official fetes to be given in connection with the exposition took place tonight at the Elysee palace.