

THE LIGHT — UKUKANYA.



A DRAMA OF THE HISTORY
OF THE BANTUS
1600-1924.



M. W. WATERS, L.L.A.

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PREFACE.

AS has commonly been observed by those that have had wide experience of Native schools, Bantu Native children possess a gift for acting. The dramatic appeals to them, and into any little dramatic representations they enter with enviable readiness, abandon and freedom from self-consciousness.

In consequence many missionaries have been attracted to the idea of teaching religious history and Christian ethics by means of stage-plays, as, they remember, was a method of the early Church in Europe. But, beyond experimenting, in that direction very little has yet been done.

In some missionary institutions in connection with their social events, there are acted simple scenes, little comedies, and even to some small extent tragedies, Native in character, generally, and written by Europeans or Natives specially for the occasion. I have also seen *Macbeth* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in an abbreviated form, acted by Native students, and acted well. But of the original compositions thus used few if any have been preserved. Accordingly each dramatic entertainment, as I have known them, has meant a composition, hurriedly written and still more hurriedly studied and rehearsed, which, with the best good-will of all concerned, has done neither author nor actor justice.

Towards the developing and utilization of this Native dramatic gift, or instinct, Miss M. W. Waters has made an important step in *Ukukanya*. This "Drama of the Light" embodies the story of the incoming of Christianity and of Christian civilization among the southern Bantu, presenting their tribal struggles, after the manner of Greek tragedy, as the outcome of an omnipotent purpose directing human destinies to its own end; and it is written in the

spirit of one who understands Native feeling sympathetically, and can interpret their aspirations. To the people too in their present phase of gloom and discontent it offers timely encouragement, for it strikes notes of hope and courage, and gives ground to them for faith in their future.

As a play *Ukukanya* affords ample means for trying out Native histrionic ability. I would bespeak for it not only a cordial reception among all those interested in Native affairs generally, but also (for without this it will fail of its main objective) the consideration of the Departments of Education, and of the heads of higher Native schools and institutions.

JAMES HENDERSON.

Lovedale,

24th March, 1925

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Kopje surrounded by caves near the Kei River. A number of Xosa boys sitting naked at play. Some are making model oxen in clay; others horses, some set bird traps. They talk.

Tswabusa (as he works). Look, what a fine team of oxen I have made! They are like the oxen given for my sister Tandiwe when she married across the Kei

Toto. Look at my horses! One could ride on them right down to the sea.

Xego. See, my bird trap! What a fine supper we shall have!

Nishiso (who is examining the caves). See, what a fine picture I have found on this cave, copied by the Bushmen. Look at the fight between the Bushmen and the Xosa. See how the Bushmen fall before the assegais of our forefathers. (They chuckle with delight) Look at the oxen our fathers have rescued from the thieves.

Tswabusa (wandering further along). Here is a wonderful picture. I see a group of strangers who travel from the north. They are like us; see their shields and their assegais. The women carry heavy loads on their heads. They would appear to be wanderers

(The boys look at each other).

Where do they go? They come from the north but their faces are turned to the south

There passes an old man with a stick

He calls. Ye laggards. See, the cattle stray into the corn fields while ye waste your time in play.

The boys run off, and the old man looks at the paintings.

Old Man. Ah! How well I remember that long march I was but a child when we travelled south, ever south.

(Turns round—surveys the land).

But this is a fair land and we are a free people, free under the rule of our chief. What care we for the inroads of the Bushmen and the Hottentots?

The boys return.

Boys. Father, the cattle no longer stray ; they feed on the slopes of the mountain by the forest, and the corn is safe. Father, tell us the story of the people in that picture ; the people who walk with their faces turned to the south.

Old Man. Sit down, my sons, and I will tell you the story of your ancestors

Old Man Listen to the story of the Ama-Xosa.

Long, long ago the Xosa tribe was founded by the great warrior Zwide. He had three handsome sons. He said : My children, divide my people into three parts, so that all the world may see the fame of the chief Zwide. The greatest of these sons was Xosa, and his tribe increased under his rule around the Great Lakes up in the North. Jealousies arose among the Chiefs and so the Ama-Xosa moved down to the South, seeking for pasture for their flocks and for land for their people. They came, as you see them, my sons, to the Kei River, and here they have settled. They were a brave and a great people, and always they won victory. This land is fair and on it have they settled

Boys. Father, tell us of the descendants of the other two sons.

Old Man They also travelled south. Have you not heard of the Ama-Pondo, there across the river Umtata ? The Ama-Gcaleka, the Ama-Rarabe and the Ama-Tembu, they are all descendants of the Chief Zwide, but the Ama-Xosa are the greatest of all

Boys. Yes, the greatest of all, the greatest in courage. Have they not come further south ?

Old Man Alas ! the sun travels west, and I have still far to go. Farewell, my children, and do not forget that you have in your veins the blood of great warriors.

Children Father, we will not forget. When we are men, we, too, will do great deeds

Enter shrouded figure

Greeting, my children

(The children look at each other in amazement).

Children. Who are you? And from whence do you come?
We do not know you.

Civilization I am called the Wanderer and the Stranger
I come from the lands across the sea. My name is
Light

Children (in fear). What do you want with us?

Civilization I search for light in this dark land, but I
cannot find it

Tswabuza Light! There is the sun (*pointing to it*) It
shines always in this land.

Civilization. Yes, my children, I see that light, but it is
the inner light, the light of the mind, for which I seek.
It has not yet come. I have searched but I do not find
it here

Children. We do not understand you.

Civilization. No, my children, you will not understand,
but I do not despair. It will come and light up this
dark land, this land of ignorance, superstition and fear

Children Do not speak so of our land. Are not our
fathers great warriors? Is not this land fair?

Civilization. You have no light here, no man's life is safe
The witch doctor is the evil ruler, and all men live in
fear It is the light that will dispel it

Children The light you speak of we do not want; if it
comes we will fight it; and you, Stranger, why wander
you in the land which is not yours?

Civilization True, my children, you will fight the light
when it comes, the light of civilization. It will yet
shine in this land; it will come with the white man
(She looks into space, shading her eyes). It will come
from across the seas

Exit Civilization.

Children. We do not understand her. What does she
mean?

Tswabuza Let us go and ask Nogu, the great doctor,
who is all wise and can see the future. Let us ask him
what this light is of which she speaks.

SCENE II.

Year 1779 :

Fish River.

Outside a Xosa hut in the afternoon—Xosas lying in the sun drinking beer.

(Enter Hottentot bleeding and exhausted, falls fainting on the floor.)

Xosa. Whence do you come?

Hottentot Give me food! Give me shelter!

Xosa. Shelter from what?

Hottentot. I flee from the white man Give me shelter from him.

The Xosas look at each other and speak

Do you remember when Tswabuza herded the sheep and Nishisa minded the oxen, how the woman whose name was Light came and told us that the white man would come, and how the Witch Doctor foretold his coming from across the sea?

(The Hottentot is fed and sits up.)

Xosa. Tell us of this white man

Hottentot. The white man is great He lives in a house with corners; he covers his body with clothes; and his feet with shoes; his eyes are green. He travels in a house on wheels drawn by many oxen

Xosa. What is his work?

Hottentot He is very industrious; he ploughs the land and rears stock The black man is his servant

Xosa Where is he now?

Hottentot. He is down there—*(pointing south)*

Xosa. Why do you not kill him?

Hottentot We tried to kill him; we stole his cattle in order to reduce him to hunger, but he chased us to the mountains with a stick from which he shoots fire.

Xosa. Has he killed many of your people?

Hottentot He has killed us by the hundred Our power is broken and we are no longer a nation

Xosa. Have other tribes suffered?

Hottentot. Where are the Bushmen? The white man has finished them. He calls the Bushmen animals and he hunts them as a buck or an elephant. He has driven them to the mountains. Have you not heard the bushmen's new song?

Recites. Let the proud White Man boast his flocks,
And fields of fruitful grain;
My home is in the mountain rocks,
The desert my domain
I plant no herbs, no pleasant fruits,
I toil not for my cheer;
The desert yields me juicy roots,
And herds of bounding deer.
The countless springboks are my flock,
Spread o'er the unbounded plain,
The buffalo bendeth to my yoke,
The wild horse to my rein,
My yoke is the quivering assegai,
My rein the tough bow-string,
My bridle curb is a slender barb,—
Yet it quells the forest king
The crested adder honoureth me,
And yields at my command
His poison bag, like the honey bee,
When I seize him on the sand.
Yea, even the wasting locust swarm,
Which mighty nations dread,
To me, nor terror brings, nor harm,
For I make of them my bread
Thus I am lord of the desert-land,
And I will not leave my bounds,
To crouch beneath the Christian's hands.
And kennel with his hounds
To be a hound and watch the flocks,
For the cruel White Man's gain.
No! the Brown Serpent of the Rocks
His den doth yet retain;
And none who there his sting provokes
Shall find its poison vain

Xosa. The white man cannot come here; there are many mountains, and the way is dangerous

Xosa. Where is the rest of your party?

Dutchman It waits by the Gamtoos River.

(The men eat. The Xosas meanwhile converse with the Hottentot.)

Xosa. What is the size of their company?

Hottentot (counts on his fingers). There are about two dozen men.

Xosa. Will you show us the spot?

Hottentot. Yes, if you will give me a heifer

Xosa (turns to Dutchmen) You are welcome. Here is food, here is shelter, and to-morrow we will show you the great Chief's place.

Dutchman Thank you, O black man, you are kind, you are hospitable. When your foot passes by the white man's home, your nose will also smell food

Enter Civilization

See, the first meeting of the white and the black. The day begins to dawn. The light has come in darkness. The white man is the stronger, for the mind is stronger than the body. The black man will serve him as a hewer of wood and as a drawer of water

SCENE IV

N.B.—The Governor has been misinformed, he has been told that this is the great Chief.

Enter Governor van Plettenberg. The Fish River petty Chief gathers—1778,—with his followers

Governor. Greeting, O Chief!

Petty Chief Greeting, O ruler of the white man. What brings you to us this day?

Governor I have come to make a peace, to form a boundary line. You have murdered the white man, you have stolen his cattle, you have burned his crops, and now there must be peace

P.C. How is that peace to come?

Governor I have marked the boundary line. The white man must live on the left bank; and the black man on the right bank of the Fish River.

P.C. The Gamtoos boundary was the line, why does the white man increase his land?

Governor. The white man has increased. He wants more pasture for his herds: he wants hunting grounds. The Zuurveld must be his.

P.C. (aside). He does not go to the great Chief; he fears him; we are under his command; we shall be as wise as serpents and as cunning.

P.C. to Governor. We have heard your words, and we will obey them.

Exit Governor. Enter Xosa Messenger.

P.C. You, the Induna of the Chief, what message do you bring from the great one?

Messenger. The Chief has spoken. He says the Zuurveld is his. The war cry must be given. The warriors are to arm; and when the moon is full, they must rush into the Zuurveld; the farms are to be looted; the white man is to be killed, his buildings are to be destroyed; his cattle are to be plundered.

Petty Chief (rises excited). The call to war has come. Let us drive the white man into the sea. The land is ours and we shall keep it.

SCENE V.

A Group of Xosas Dancing

1st Xosa. Behold, the hair of the white man is a charm around my neck!

2nd Xosa (pointing to the right). See, these fat cattle; which I take to the Chief.

3rd Xosa (pointing to a pair of veldschoens). These I shall wear. I took them from a white man.

1st Xosa (singing). The power of the white man is broken; the home of the white man is in ruins, the white man lies in his own blood. The Zuurveld is ours, and the white man will be seen no more.

Enter Civilization.

Alas! The white and the black have met. Sorrow and suffering, but victory in the end and light in this dark land!

SCENE VI.

Party of Dutchmen and Adriaan van Jaarsveld enter.

Van J Hearken to the news that we hear of the massacre on the Zuurveld.

Dutchman. The blacks have killed our people and murdered our children.

Van J. Our numbers are small. We must summon our Hottentot servants and we must punish the Xosas. We will drive them across the Fish River.

Dutchman If they dare to cross it, we will shoot them down as dogs

Van J Force, force will teach them. When we have conquered them we will guard the frontier.

Dutchman They are savages; they plunder and lay waste the country, but they do not improve it

Van J We as white men must teach them they cannot interfere with us, we who are civilised

Enter Civilization, shading her eyes:

Civilization. I see war, war, much bloodshed. Many of these present will fall in the struggle, but none can stay the hand of fate. The light must break, and these are but the victims in the struggle.

Enter Savage, hides in a corner with an assegai

Civilization speaks. Lo! where he crouches by the cleugh's dark side,

Eyeing the farmer's lowing herds afar,
Impatient watching till the Evening Star
Lead forth the Twilight dim, that he may glide
Like panther to the prey. With freeborn pride
He scorns the herdsman, nor regards the scar
Of recent wounds but burnishes for war
His assegai and targe of buffalo hide
He is a robber True; it is a strife
Between the black-skinned bandit and the white.
A savage? yes; though loth to aim at life,
Evil for evil fierce he doth requite,
A Heathen? Teach him then thy better creed,
Christian! if thou deserv'st that name indeed. (*Slater.*)

SCENE VII

(Scene outside a Xosa kraal Lord Charles Somerset
interviews Ngqika, a Xosa Chief.)

Ngqika. Great white man, I am as your child I come to ask for the protection of a father.

Somerset. What is it you desire?

Ngqika. We are divided between the Ama-Ndlambe and the Ama-Ngqika. The regent Ndlambe acted for me in my minority, and now he has divided the nation; he rules over the Ama-Ngqika section of the Ama-Rarabe I, the rightful heir, defeated and captured him. When he gained his liberty he was helped by the ruler Hintza of the Ama-Gcaleka He defeated me

Somerset. What do you ask of me?

Ngqika. White man, you are great and you are just. Will you help me to attack Ndlambe, who is a rebel and an outlaw, and will you restore to me my right?

Somerset. My troops will help you and restore to you your power.

(Enter Civilization)

Civilization. Alas! that the white man should interfere between black rulers. It is a struggle for light, and this will but hinder progress. Thou has been unwise, O White man, thou, the bringer of light, the torch bearer Thou the hope of the land.

SCENE VIII

(Enter Civilization from one side and Makana from the other.)

Civilization. See, here is the Witch Doctor Makana. The Commander in Chief of Ndlambe's forces, the man of understanding and genius who but leads his people astray

Makana (incanting and dancing).

See Makana and the spirits Have they not given me medicine to turn the white man's bullets into water? Have they not called to me to lead my men to victory? Do they not tell me that what I have learned from the white man is the wisdom of the wizard?

(He drops his voice and mutters, gesticulating with his hands,
Then he walks as if in sleep.)

I see the town of Grahamstown. The moon is new, and I lead my men to victory. We will breakfast there, and the white man will not stay our hands : my medicine will still him. The black man will rule again, and Makana will be the great and the wise prophet.

He sings a war song.

Wake ! Ama-Xosa, wake !
And arm yourselves for war,
As coming winds the forest shake,
I hear a sound from far
It is not thunder in the sky,
Nor lion's roar upon the hill,
But the voice of him who sits on high,
And bids me speak his will,
He bids me call you forth,
Both sons of Rarabe,
To sweep the white men from the earth
And drive them to the sea.
The sea which heaved them up at first,
For Ama-Xosas' curse and bane,
Howls for the progeny she nursed,
To swallow them again
Then come, ye chieftains bold,
With war-plumes waving high,
Come every warrior, young and old,
With club and assegai,
Remember how the spoiler's host
Did through our land like locusts range !
Your herds, your wives, your comrades lost
Remember and avenge.
Fling your broad shields away
Bootless against such foes ;
But hand to hand we will fight to-day,
And with their bayonets close,
Grasp each man short his stabbing spear
And, when to battle's edge we come !
Rush on their ranks in full career,
And to their hearts strike home !
Wake ! Ama-Xosa, wake,
And muster for the war ;

The wizard-wolves from Xesi's brake,
The vultures from afar,
Are gathering at Uhlanga's call,
And follow fast our westward way
For well they know, ere evening fall,
They shall have glorious prey! (*Slater*)

SCENE IX

Enter Colonel Graham and Makana.

Makana. Alas, alas! my dream is o'er I thought to conquer Grahamstown (Rini) and drive the white man into the sea. My men fought well against the soldiers of the Ama-Xosa. The spirits of our ancestors were with us, but the white men's medicines are stronger than ours; their bullets are bewitched, they have finished us, Fifteen thousand lie dead on the field We have not eaten our breakfast; our power is broken

Col G. Do you surrender, Makana?

Makana. What can a broken reed do but bow to the mighty wind. I give myself up to the white man. I have failed. You will take our land, you will break our power, and you will not care You are like the leopard, which treats its foe without mercy

Col. G. Makana, you have seen that the white man is stronger than you You are a danger, a danger to your own people, and therefore for the peace of the country we will take you far and put you on an island where you cannot incite your countrymen to rebellion and lead them to their death

Col. G. The boundary line has been fixed by the White Governor and woe to him who crosses it.

Makana Farewell, my country, farewell, my people. The spirit of Makana will lead you to war, and in the end there will be victory for the black man

SCENE X

Enter Civilization The year 1839.

Civilization. The light, the light, it rises but slowly in this dark land. Since the banishment of Makana there has been the war of Hintsa, the death of many brave troops,

the destruction of many homesteads, and the death of the Great Chief Hintsá. The Fingoes alone have remained faithful.

How much longer will ignorance prevent the triumph of the light? The white men now quarrel; they quarrel over the black, over the savage, the English and the Dutch; the slaves have been set free, and the Dutch take their waggons and they seek for liberty in the north. (She shades her eyes with her hands and looks north). I see Civilization wander into the wilds. It burns but dimly; it will be lit and its fire kept burning by the blood of many. New lands will open in the north, and civilization will build sure foundations on the ashes of the Trekkers.

SCENE XI

A hunting scene—Xosa boys of about nineteen Year 1854.

Boy Come, let us rest while Nado, the story-teller, will tell us of wars of our forefathers, the wars in which we thirst to join, thirst for the blood of the white man.

Nado Listen, my sons, to the war of the Ama-Xosa—the war of the Axe, when you were but children

Boys Why was it called the war of the Axe?

Nado Harken to the tale of Nado. To the tale of valour, to the tale of the warriors of the Ama-Xosa. As you know, my sons, the Fish River was the boundary line between the white man and the black. For some years, before you were born, the Xosas had crossed the border. At Fort Beaufort (counting on his fingers) about ten summers ago, a Xosa man named Tsili stole an axe. The white man caught him and sent him for trial, tied to the arm of a Hottentot. This angered the Xosas and so they attacked the party at the Kat River; and rescued Tsili. Then there was war. That is why it is called the War of the Axe.

Boys. What came after that?

Tsili The White man asked Sandile, the heir of Gaika, to surrender the murderers and he refused. The white man sent a long army of men and waggons to make war. As they travelled through a pass, near Alice,

the Xosa scouts attacked the pass, killed off many of the white men, and carried off the waggon. But the white warriors are brave; they fought like tigers. Then the Xosa warriors swept into the Colony and burnt the white man's homes, and stole his cattle

Boys. What happened in the end?

Nado. The war ended, and the black man promised to plunder no more. But the black man was not beaten in that war. Many times he swept down on the white man.

Boys. Why did the white man not sweep into Kafirland and fight the black man

Nado. He feared him, for he believed the black man's words and promises. Who believes words in war time? Words are fair, but they do not mean deeds. Nor do they mean peace. Peace is only won after victory.

Boys. How long did this peace last.

Nado (counting on his fingers). It lasted three summers. Then came a long, long war, fighting which lasted for three summers. The Xosas hid in the forests, the white man chased them, but they flew as birds from one stronghold to another.

Boys. How did it end

Nado. The food was finished and alas! the black man was forced to yield. Alas! alas, the Gaika tribe was driven from the Buffalo and Keiskama Rivers. No longer is that fair land theirs. They yearn for it, and now the Gaika has left the fair Amatolas, and he pines by the Kabusie River, for that fair land.

Boys. Why can we not finish the white man?

Nado. It is of no use, he is too strong.

Boys. We yet thirst for war. Let us go to the great place, to the Great Sareli, and ask him to avenge the white man.

The boys enter Sareli's kraal. Praise him. They address Sareli through his Councillor Gxababa.

Bird of the morning! Give in secret thy commands to thy soldiers; to the veteran and to the more youthful. They will go before the dawn of the day,

To ravage every place whithersoever thou may'st
command them

To carry desolation.

Formerly we used to say of him:—He is a man of great
importance.

We did not know thee!

But now we know thee.

For thou hast cast a death-spell on thy enemies.

Ravisher, thou art held in repute amongst the Pondos.

Thou art the purple dawn of the morning.

Thou art beautiful as an isle in the Umzunihi.

Thou art the salvation of the Ama-Xosa.

Thou puttest nations to silence,

As thou wouldst silence thy cooks

Thou thunderest like the musket

At the fearful noise that thou makest

The inhabitants of the towns take to flight.

Thy granaries are larger than those of Kokobane.

Thou art sagacious as the elephant

Thou slaughtertest the nations as thou slaughtertest a
lamb

Boys We come, O Great One, to ask for war, war to
drive out our conquerors

Sareli. The white man is strong It is only by the
power of the Witch Doctor that we can do it

Boys There is a great war across the sea. The white
man is being vanquished by his enemies; his troops
have gone thither; now is our chance

Sareli Tell me more of this war.

Boys. A boat has been washed to the mouth of the Kei
and its crew has been destroyed, and we are told that
many of the white men have been drowned.

Sareli. Call Umhlakaza, the Witch Doctor.

(Umhlakaza Enters)

O wizard, you who are wise and cunning, ask our
ancestors for a plan to lead us to victory.

Umhlakaza. My daughter, Nongqause, tells me that
strangers have brought her messages from our ancestors
They call us to war and promise us victory.

Sareli. What is their plan?

Umhlakaza. The order is to destroy the cattle, empty the corn pits, and then the ancestors Hintsä and Makana will lead us to victory.

Sareli. Thou hast spoken. The order will be given to drive the white man to the sea. And the black man will be great again as in the days of Zwide.

SCENE XII.

Sandili's Kraal near Dohne, his councillor Tyali and many others, enter the Chief Commissioner

Commissioner Greeting, O Chief!

Councillor. Greeting, white man What brings you to the kraal of the Chief?

Commissioner I come, O wise Chief, to praise your wisdom. Have you not heard that the people of Sareli destroy themselves?

Sandili. How can that be?

Commissioner. For ten months, the land across the Kei has been thick with the carcasses of dead cattle; the birds of death have had a great feast; the land lies white with bones; the corn pits are empty

Sandili Who has done this?

Commissioner It is the work of Umhlakaza the seer, he has influenced Sareli

Sandili. O white man, is not Sareli wise, wise to follow the voice of his ancestors?

Commissioner. Sandili, is it wise to kill your people, is it wise to destroy your nation?

Tyali. Oh, Chief Sandili, the white man has spoken truly, hearken to the words of the white man.

Commissioner. Oh Chief, thy councillor Tyali speaks wise words.

Tyali. Sandili, remember you are not a child See the Amatole mountains are no longer ours. No longer do our cattle browse knee-deep in the valleys, no longer do the Buffalo and Keiskama give water to our flocks and

herds; no longer can we hide in the Amatole Mountains, no longer can we seek refuge and shelter there from our enemies. What has done this? It is war

Commissioner. Thou has spoken well, Tyali.

Tyali. Hearken to the words of the white man We have cattle, we have grain. Do not let us destroy these also, lest indeed our nation be lost

Sandili. I hear thy words, O white man, and I will hearken to thy voice

(Exit Tyali and Commissioner, enter Messenger who salutes the king)

From whence comest thou, oh son of Sareli?

Messenger. Thou striker of poison into every conspirator,
As well those abroad as those who are at home;
Thou art green as the gall of the goat;
Butterfly of Punga, tinted with circling spots,
As if made by the twilight from the shadows of mountains

I come, O Great One, from the Great Place with a message.

Sareli asks why you hinder the work of the spirits?

Sandili I understand not your words.

Messenger. Have you not heard, O Chief, of the great message from the ancestors? Wonderful things have been seen, the voices of Gaika and Hintsä are heard talking in the ground The knocking of the horns of cattle are heard in the caves impatient to rise Our great Heroes are seen in the sea, they pass in silent parade and sink again among the tossing waves

Sandili (Excited) What else is seen?

Messenger. The heroes are seen rushing through the air in the wild chases of old, then again they are marshalled in battle array

Sandili What is the message thou bringest from the Chief Sareli?

Messenger Woe! O Sandili, to the Amagogotya (unbelievers). In eight days, O Chief, all cattle must be killed.

Sandili. What comes on the eighth day?

Messenger. There will come darkness, thunder, lightning, rain and a mighty wind, and the white man, the Fingo and the unbeliever will be swept into the sea.

Sandili. Go, messenger, and tell Sareli, the great Chief Sandili hears, he will not hinder the work of the spirits. The white man speaks as a child, he fears the whirlwind and the tempest, and Tyali my councillor is but in his power.

SCENE XIII

A field, dead people, dead with starvation. The figure of Tyali laments

Tyali. Sons of Gaika, see our fall,
Empty hearth and empty kraal.
Gone our strength and gone our might,
We no longer lead in fight.
Let our cries now rend the air,
Let us lift our voice in prayer.
Son of Gaika, rise again
Conquering death, and loss and pain.

(Umhlakaza and Nongquause pass through chewing bones)

Umhlakaza Ah! Sareli, would I had not listened
Ah! Sareli, why did ye deceive me
In your thirst for blood
Thou hast killed thy people
Woe to Umhlakaza the Seer

(They drop dead)

Sareli passes through

Sareli. Ah! had I but listened to the message of the white man I thought to lead my people to war through the cattle killing; and now I have led them to ruin

Enter Civilization.

Civilization. (She looks round and says):
Alas! The darkest hour is before dawn; the light will come This is the last struggle, and now light will break sure and certain in a sea of blood in the east

Enter Governor, Sir George Grey.

Alas! alas! I have failed

Civilisation. The land has been ploughed; it is fair, the hand of suffering has fertilised it. Sow the seeds of civilization, weed out the tares, laziness, ignorance and superstition. Their roots are no longer deep; the light will wither them up. Call the missionary, the torch-bearer in this dark land, and all will be well. Prosper in thy work. I go north to feed the dying flames. I will come again to see your harvest.

ACT. I—SCENE XIV.

Enter Tyali

Hearken to the lament of Tyali.

Let me die; "The word" is spoken
"Sons of Gaika! cross the Kei"
All is lost, the tribe is broken:
Leave me here and let me die
When the fatal "Axe" was carried
Over mountain and through flood,
Ere the Tyumie vale was harried
Or the Gwanga ran with blood
When false Umlanjeni muttered
Charms to shield us from the foe;
And when Umhlakaza uttered
Lies that wandered to and fro,
Then I raise the voice of warning,
Then my council was for peace,
And I waited, night and morning,
For the wild war-cry to cease;
Till my soul could bear no longer.
Seizing then an assegai—
"Though the white man be the stronger,
With my kinsman I will die."
Yes, I fought—I could no other,
When I saw the women's grief—
For the freedom of my brother,
For the honour of my chief.
Woe is me! the people perished,
In the famine and the fight;
And the dreams of hope we cherished,
Passed as shadows of the night.

How I cursed this sudden madness,
As I called to mind the slain ;
And I vowed in shame and sadness,
I would never fight again.

Then the conquering white man gave us
Fields to till and woods to roam ;
And, as if he longed to save us,
Left us still in reach of home

Yet, as season followed season,
And our boys to manhood grew,
Near us blazed the fire of treason,
And the sparks about us flew.

Fierce Gcalekas came to sound us,
And they called us idle logs,
Lying still, while all around us,
Ama-Xosa fought " the dogs "

O! the terror of the vision
Which was flashed upon my mind,
As I cried amid derision,
" Sons of Gaika! are ye blind?

Though the Fingoes know your power,
Though the English own you're brave,
You will meet in fatal hour,
Both the master and the slave.

" Hear, then, Tyali's latest warning,
Heed me, ere it be too late ;
Do not treat my age with scorning,
You are rushing to your fate

" Send back Keva to Sareli,
Bid Mackinnon's plotting cease ;
Now be wise, my chief, Sandili!
Speak, and let the word be peace ;
Ere thy sons, like sheep, are scattered,
When the tiger rends the flock ;
" Ere at last, thy power is shattered,
As the pitcher on the rock "

Fare thee well, I hear them call thee,
Go! I cannot see the end ,
But, whatever may befall thee,
Let the white man be thy friend.

I give thanks. The word is spoken—
Hark! I hear the battle-cry;
Nteya, father! Chief Sandili!
O my God! my heart is broken—
“Sons of Gaika! cross the Kei!”
Let me die.

(*Slater*)

ACT II—SCENE I.

Zululand. Tshaka's kraal, his councillors.

Councillors It would appear, O Great One, that down by the sea (points to the coast) a band of white men have come

Tshaka From whence do they come?

Councillor. They ride on the waves

Tshaka How do they travel

Councillor It is a house that floats in the sea It is called a boat.

Tshaka How comes it that they are not drowned?

Councillor They are wizards, they carry charms, and they have medicines for all ills

Enter messenger

Messenger. Some white men, O Chief, would speak to you

Tshaka. Bid them enter. (Enter Fynn, Farewell, etc)
Greetings, O white men From whence do you come?

White man We come from across the sea We are hunters and we beg the Great One to give us a piece of land.

Tshaka What will you give me in return?

White man. We have brought you gifts (they show them) and medicines.

Tshaka. You shall have a strip of land, and in return you will be my doctors It is said that the white men are great and powerful, that he can save one from death.

White man We thank thee, O chief. (They sign the documents.)

SCENE II.

Dingaan's kraal. The Year 1839.

(Dingaan seated in centre of kraal. Voortrekkers around and plumed warriors dancing in the distance)

Dingaan Now that I have agreed on a piece of paper to give the white men the land from the Tugela to the Umzimvubu let us celebrate it with beer drinking and dancing

Relief. Thou art great, O king, and the white man thanks you You will never have cause to regret thy goodness. Dingaan's enemies will be the white man's enemies

(They drink beer and watch the dancing.)

Dingaan See, my great hosts, see the strength of the Zulu king

Councillor (comes and praises Dingaan)

Thou hast delivered from oppression the virgins,

The women, the men, and the children

Thou art a king who crushest the heads of the other kings.

Thou passest over mountains inaccessible to thy predecessors ;

Thou findest a defile from which there is no egress

There thou makest roads ; yes, roads

Thou takest away the herds from the banks of the Tugela.

And the herds of the Babanankos, a people skilled in the forging of iron

Thou art indeed a green (vigorous) adventurer !

Thou art the pillar which supports the house of Mnan্দe Before thee the true men of the nations faint in their heart

The true men of the nations faint away.

Bird of the morning ! give in secret thy commands,

To thy soldiers ; to the veteran and to the more youthful They will go before the dawn of the day.

To ravage every place withersoever thou may'st command them.

To carry desolation.

Thou art the purple dawn of the morning.

Thou art beautiful as an isle in the Umzinyati.
Thou puttest nations to silence,
As thou wouldst silence thy cooks.
Thou art the salvation of the subjects
Thou art not the man to rest at ease in your palace!
Thou delightest in the military expedition!
Out then; flocks have been seen
Going up from the sea shore.
Pursue these herds and sieze them.
The ox of the Zulu is his assegai.
Father of praise, give an ox,
The ox of thy troops.
New troops have arrived,
Who stand before their king.
To receive from him their food.
Thou art indebted to no one for what thy belly devours,
But thou fillest all bellies,
O conqueror of kings!
Thou, the only one issuing commands,
Issuest orders even to thy seniors.
Thou art not young, for thou art powerful
If some head of the cattle have gone astray,
The herdsman fears to come and inform thee.
Matshetshe, that chief of the herdsmen, trembled
When the black heifer disappeared
He pulled up the supports of his cabin,
And went to plant them far from thy wrath
Noble sovereign, reign over the subjects of Mnande,
Of the land of Buza
Thou art a vulture, thou hast pounced upon Busako
Thou art he who abaseth all other men.
In the race by thy agility thou causest to pant
The lungs of the Basuto
Dost thou not say to them, Ha! ha!
When they speak they tell lies.
They are beasts of the fields from all lands
If they slaughter an ox, the cutting up begins with the
 shoulder, then the leg,
And the other flesh remains there;
A pretty spectacle it is!
These gross Basuto are numerous!

Multitudes of petty tribes,
Which know not whence they have come,
A host of beasts of the fields from all countries
Thou hast the whole nation under thee
Thou art Dingaan; thou causest to tremble all people
Thou thunderest like the musket.
The inhabitants of the towns take to flight
Thou art the great shade of the Zulu,
Thou reignest here, thou reignest there;
Thou reignest in all directions.

Dingaan (Whispers in Councillor's ear Exit councillor)
Kill the wizards, kill the wizards What do these
vultures want in the land of the Amathaka?

*(They rush in and the curtain drops. It rises again to show
Civilization standing among the fallen men)*

Civ Alas? alas? the treachery and dishonour of barbarism.

They would extinguish the light of Civilization but they
know not that the darkest hour comes before dawn.

SCENE III

Death of Chaka's Mother. The Tugela River.

(Enter Fynn and a Zulu warrior.)

Fynn Pray tell me, what is all the crying that I hear; it
is as if the earth had opened and all the spirits therein
wailed

Warrior. White man, it is the death of the Great Female
Elephant, and the whole land mourns for the mother of
the chief Tshaka

Fynn Tell me of her death.

Warrior. You know, O white man, that our chief is as
great as the earth,
Therefore when his mother departs to the spirit world,
he must do her honour,

Fynn. Tell me how this is done.

Warrior. The chief will wear his war paint and followed
by his warriors he will grieve He will go mad His
reason will forsake him. All his people must go mad
and the yells you hear are the cries of 2,000 people.

Fynn. How long will this last?

Warrior. None can sleep or eat for three days. Forty oxen have been offered as a sacrifice to the ancestors. It will be necessary to beat to death many of the people to propitiate the spirits.

Fynn. How many will be killed?

Warrior. Several thousands

Fynn. How do you know these things?

Warrior. We mourned in this way for the great Chief's grandmother, but a few summers ago

Fynn. Tell me of the burial

Warrior. After the third day, she will be buried sitting upright, near the spot where she died, and ten of her followers must be buried with her and bear her company in the next world

Fynn. Surely no manslaughter is necessary?

Warrior. For such a great person, there must be much killing and the tribes on the frontier must be attacked so that their cattle may be the tears shed for Tshaka's mother

Fynn. The poor, poor people. When will the light come that they may live in peace and in quietness? How long will barbarism triumph in this land?

SCENE IV

(A Wagon, and sitting on the dessel boom a Dutch woman in a kappie weeping.)

Woman. My husband, my brothers, my sons, alas, that I should live to see this evil day Alas! alas, that all my loved ones lie dead from the wounds of the assegai

(Enter Civilization dressed in red. She touches the woman on the shoulder.)

Civ. My good woman, why weepest thou?

Woman. My loved ones are no more, and I who was rich in kinsmen must walk alone.

Civilization. Where are thy kinsmen?

Woman. (Pointing to the north and west) They lie still and cold, with their faces upturned Hast thou not heard of the massacre of Retief and Maritz at the kraal of the King Dingaan? Dost thou not know of the battle at

Blood River when the very rivers ran with blood in sorrow for what they saw, and hast thou not heard of Weenen, the place of weeping?

Civilization Yes, I have heard of all these things. But why weepest thou?

Woman. Would'st thou not weep if all of thy blood had left thee If thou wast left with thy young children to live among the fears of the wilds and the terrors of the savage.

Civilization But is it not said that at Blood River the white man triumphed over the black; that the light conquered the darkness?

Woman Yes, it was so.

Civilization My good woman, weep not but be of good cheer. The blood of the Voortrekkers is not shed in vain, their deeds will build up a tradition for young South Africa. They are the martyrs, their children will build a great nation on strong foundations. The foundation of courage, perseverance and patriotism. (Civilization holds out her hand to a child who plays by her side). My child, remember this day, the day of Dingaan, when thy father overthrew the savage. When the light was lifted on high by the Voortrekkers See thou carry on thy father's work. Keep that light bright and pure.

SCENE V

(*Dingaan's kraal. Dingaan seated talking to his three brothers*)

Dingaan It is three moons since my indunas went south. Why does the new moon not see their return?

Brother O king, we look for them day by day.

(*Enter weeping warrior*)

Dingaan (in a rage). A man weeps. Are you who belong to the King's indunas, but a child You shall die, you coward. (Kicks him.)

Warrior O Great One, before I die, let me give my message, I who am the fore-runner Thy hosts, O king, have perished; famine and defeat have conquered them, but one half returns.

Dingaan (in a rage to his brothers): Call the councillors, remove this man and kill him as a dog. See (pointing upwards) the vultures hunger So I sent cowards, the King sent cowards to win for him fresh lands (To his brothers). Order the massacre of the wives and children of the vanquished host Kill them so that the birds of death be satisfied We of the Ama-Tshaka know not such people

Brothers (together) Mercy, O king

Dingaan (in a rage) Do as I bid you, unless you too would add to the carrion of the land.

Brothers (take out assegais and fall on him) Perish thou who art a viper Thou who would'st kill thy people and suck of their blood The tiger who drank of their blood, is thirsting for thy own

Dingaan (dying) You think you will conquer, but I see the white man coming; he will take this land as his own and none can stay his hand. (Falls dead)

ACT III—SCENE I.

Basutoland. Moshesh. Sir George Cathcart, Governor, and Missionary.

Cathcart (reading a letter) This land, the land of Moshesh, fills me with surprise and wonder Moshesh has defeated us, and yet he sends me a message "I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken—you have shown your power, you have chastised us."

Missionary. Moshesh is a great ruler; he is the most upright Chief in South Africa, and one in whose good faith I put the most perfect confidence, and for whom I have a sincere respect and regard. He has made the Bantu Nation

Cathcart How has he done this?

Missionary He possesses the power of converting enemies into friends either by humanity or diplomacy. He has gathered round him at Thaba Bosizo, the remnants of the tribes destroyed by the Zulus When they attacked him, that is the Zulus, he threw boulders down on them from his fortress, and then he sent them

gifts on their way home. "This is wonderful," they said, "our enemy sends us gifts. We will never fight him again," and they never did.

Cathcart. A fine ruler, a fine ruler!

Enter Moshesh

Moshesh. O representative of the Great White Queen, I have passed through two wars. There have been disputes over the boundary line. Then war again against the Dutch, and a loss of my land on the west side, which is the most fertile part. I ask you, the Governor, to protect us, to give us the Great White Queen as our mother. Will you let us, me and my people, rest and live under the large folds of the flag of England?

Cathcart. Your prayer is granted. From henceforth you shall be the children of the Queen, and she will protect you in trouble as a mother hen does her chickens, and when her house is on fire, then she will look to you, the Basutos, her children, for help to extinguish the flames.

Moshesh. All is well. Prosperity and progress will fall on this land, and on our children and children's children.

Cathcart. The missionary is already here to teach you. His is the message that will give you true prosperity and peace.

Moshesh. Rejoice, ye men of Mokare and ye sons of Mokhatshane. You rulers of the cities, rejoice! We have all reason to rejoice on account of the good news we have heard. There are a great many sayings among men. Among them some are true and some are false, but the false have remained with us and multiplied—therefore we ought to pick up carefully the truth we hear, lest they should be lost in the multitude of lies. We are told that we have all been created by the One Being and we all spring from one man. Sin entered man's heart when he ate of the forbidden fruit, and we have sin from him. These men (the missionaries) say that they have sinned: and what is sin in them is sin in us also, because we come from one stock, and their hearts and ours are one thing. Ye of Mokhatshane have

heard these words and you say they are lies. If these words do not take effect, the fault will lie with you. You say you will not believe what you do not understand. Consider the egg! If a man breaks it there comes out only a watery and yellow substance out of it, but if it be placed under the wing of a fowl a living thing comes from it. Who can understand this? Whoever knew how the heat of the hen produced the chicken in the egg? This is incomprehensible to us, yet we do not deny the fact. Let us place these truths in our hearts, as the hen does the eggs under the wings; let us sit upon them, and take the same pains and something new will come of them.

Enter Civilization.

Civilization. All is well! the light has come! It has been lifted on high by Moshesh, and the sun will rise on a great and clever nation!

SCENE II

Khama. Bechuanaland

(Enter Civilization. She shades her eyes and looks round. There is a group of little Bechuana children playing near her.)

Civilization. Tell me my children your names, your nationality.

Children. We are Bechuanas, the children of the great ruler Khama.

Civilization. Why do you call him great?

Children. Have you not heard the word of Mosekalitze, the Chief of the Matebele, that Khama is a man, there is no other man among the Bechuanas.

Civilization. How did Mosekalitze know him? He lives far north.

Children. It was in the battle; Khama's father defeated the Matebele, and Khama inflicted a heavy loss on them. These successes have caused smaller tribes to flock to us—the Bamangwato—for shelter, and so we form a great nation.

Civilization. From whence do you come, you Bamangwato?

Children. We are a branch of the great Zulu Nation
We are the sons of the Duiker, hence our name
Bamangwato. It is said that we come from the north.
One branch of our tribe is to be found in the lakes of
Central Africa. But see! Here comes our father Khama
himself. He will tell you all.

*Enter Khama. Boys give him the royal salute then withdraw
Civilization approaches*

Civilization Greeting, O king of the Bamangwato. Thou
art great; tell me wherein lies thy strength

Khama Do not call me great; a ruler is but the shepherd
of his people.

Civilization. But thou art greater than thy ancestors,
thou art greater than thy father

Khama. That is true, because I learned Christianity, and
thus I saw the light and saw great things in life. I
became a Christian early, and incurred the wrath of my
father, who could not understand that when the eyes
are opened the light within will show the evils of
barbarism.

Civilization. How comes it that thy tribe has increased?
It is said many new people have joined in order to be
under the rule of Khama

Khama The tribes that come to me for shelter and
protection from their enemies are the Macwapang,
the Makalaka, from Mosekalitze. I treat them as my
own people. They became Bamangwato. How should
I treat them as slaves when Christianity teaches that
all people are equal?

Civilization What else has Christianity taught you in
Government?

Khama I have learned that a weak nation when beset by
enemies must lean on a stronger nation, and so in 1876 I
asked the Great Queen across the seas to defend me as
she defends all her people

Civilization How did you know that you could trust her?

Khama. The missionary who taught me Christianity was
a servant of the great Queen, and then I knew that a wise
and just servant must belong to a great and just ruler

Civilization. Did the Queen agree?

Khama. She has taken us as her own. She has wrapped us in her flag, the flag that stands for Christianity, for justice and equality, and she has helped me to suppress three evils

Civilization. What are they?

Khama. War, drink and witchcraft.

Civilization. But drink, beer! it is the food of the people!

Khama. Beer is the source of all quarrels and disputes

Civilization. And witchcraft? It is the life of the people!

Khama. Witchcraft is evil; it is the belief of the existence of good and bad spirits which haunt them and act on their lives. I will put down the doctors; they deceive the people by giving them charms against these evils. God is in heaven, and all life is in His hand. Listen and I will recite the poem of Ntsikana, the great Gaika Christian.

Khama recites a poem on Christianity —

Thou are the Great God—He who is in Heaven
 It is Thou, Thou Shield of Truth;
 It is Thou, Thou tower of Truth
 It is Thou, Thou Bush of Truth;
 It is Thou, Thou who sittest in the Highest
 Thou are the Creator of Life, Thou madest the regions
 above;
 The Creator who madest the Heavens also.
 The maker of the Stars and the Pleiades
 The shooting stars declare it unto us
 The Maker of the Blind, of Thine own will dost Thou
 make them.
 The trumpet calls—for us it calls
 Thou art the Hunter who hunts for souls
 Thou art the Leader who goes before us
 Thou art He whose hands are with wounds.
 Thou art He whose feet are with wounds
 Thou art He whose blood is a trickling stream
 Thou art He whose blood was spilled for us, and why?
 For this great price we call.
 For thine own place we call

Khama passes out. Civilization speaks.
Civilization. The light has indeed come. To this man is given to see visions and to dream dreams. See, the Bamangwato are a great people. Khama's word is law; he is great and wise. In Khama's country there are no thieves. A kraal needs no sentinel, a waggon needs no guard. Khama had forbidden theft and therefore he has spoken. On the Sabbath you will see him in his Kotla. He stands under the roof of Heaven as the father of his people, giving them the message of true peace and prosperity. May many such a Khama be raised up to lead in this great land.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Civilization stands in a compound, the Xosas lie about.

She approaches a Xosa.

Civ. Greetings, O black man, what brings you to this land of gold?

Xosa. Necessity brings the black man to this place of wickedness.

Civ. Why call it wicked?

Xosa. Look around and see where will you find goodness. Vice of all degrees is found when the people—black and white—worship gold.

Civ. From what land then, O black man, dost thou come?

Xosa. I come from the Transkei, from the land where the missionary has taught the black man all the greatest and purest things. Has taught him that self does not count, and that Christ died for all men—while in this land the white men teaches that self is all that counts, and the Crucified Christ we do not find here.

Civ. Is the Christ crucified then to be looked for only where the missionary is?

Xosa. No. Christ died for all men. But how can there be a Christ where it is all sin and crime? See how the white and the black men live here. Their motto is, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die."

Civ. The missionary who tells you of the greatest and best things does he look for them, around him, or do they come from within?

Xosa. How can he get them from his surroundings where all is darkness and superstition?

Civilization. Then, O Black man, should not the goodness be within you? The Christ that was crucified, was he not a light in the dark? Why then, do you not shed your light from within?

Xosa. Who are you, O woman?

Civilization. I am the inner light. I seek for it in the Rand. Where, O black man, is your better self? Your reason, which will teach you to live above this vice and which will shine as a light on a hill?

Xosa. Thou hast spoken well, O woman, but the black man is but a child, he must lean to the white man.

Civilization. But the black man must learn to reason for himself. He must learn that he carries this light within himself. Till then he can never fight evil.

Xosa. But in the olden days, before the light came we were a great nation. Have you not heard of our Great Chiefs Hintsu and Sakreli. Our land was great, our kraals were full, the milkers grew weary. But now the white man has come, he has taken our lands, diseases have killed our cattle and we starve. We must work, work under the ground, we, who love the sun must hide from it, as the mole and the dassie, for our kraals are empty, our children hunger.

Civilization. You speak of those far off days, the days of plenty. Plenty for the body, but famine for the soul. The day when no man's life was safe. The days of barbarism and terror; when the witch doctor smelt men out, when men walked in terror because of their enemies. Now, O black man, your mind is opened, you see the truths and you no longer fear. Wouldst thou return to those days, the days of tyranny?

Xosa. Thou hast spoken, O woman. They were days of darkness and of fear.

Civilization. The Transkei is a fair land. A land of peace and prosperity. The fairest of all the lands is the land of the black man. Wars are no more; you rest safe

in the folds of the white man's flag, and you who sweat here, will you not return to a kraal of happiness and security?

Xosa. True, O woman, my time is almost done and I will return with gold to my home, my wives and where my children await me. No longer will I sweat underground. I shall till my lands, and live in peace—no longer do I fear the tyranny of the Chief.

Civ. Farewell, O black man. Thou hast seen the meaning of the inner light. It is as the day that dawns after the night. Would you have it night always as in those olden days, which held for you the terrors, the darkness, and the fears of the evil one?

Xosa. No! O woman!

Civ. Cherish that light, hold it aloft in this dark Rand, and it will be as the sun that lightens the dark places of the earth. Take it with you that it may lighten your kraal and your home.

SCENE II

At Fort Hare.

Enter Raw Xosa and two Graduates (Natives) in robes.

Raw Xosa. Greetings, O beautiful ones. What mean those robes that you wear?

Graduates. These robes mean that we are educated, that we know how to think.

Raw Xosa. Do not boast of the book. It but tells of the thoughts of others. True wisdom lies in your own thoughts.

Graduates. We are thinkers; we have learned to solve great problems.

Raw Xosa. What problems have you solved? Do you till the ground better than your forefathers. Can you cure the oxen of their diseases. Can you bring the rain?

Graduates. All those things we are learning. Have you not heard of the dry farming, of the animal doctors?

Raw Xosa. I have heard of them, but I have not seen the fruits of their labours. Young men, listen to the words of an old man, My time is nearing its end, soon

will I be gathered to my fathers. Do not let book learning fill you with pride and conceit; the greatest men and the wisest are the humble men. We are not white men, do not let us therefore imitate them, but let us show them those great qualities that will win their respect. Those qualities that are in us and that no book can teach.

Graduates. Thou hast given us great words, Oh father. The books do not develop those qualities.

Raw Xosa. Then show us those qualities in deeds, so that learning may bring true wisdom to the Native.

Enter Civilization

Civ. Greetings! Oh aged and wise one—(Exit Raw Xosa looking afraid.) Greetings to you, who have drawn water from the wells of knowledge.

Civilization. My sons, 200 years ago I came to this land to search for the light. Then it was all dark. The light came gradually with the white man. The dawn first in a sea of blood. Civilization fought with ignorance and barbarism, gradually it rose, and to-day we see the sun on the eastern horizon. You who are the forerunners who see the light first, you bear a great responsibility and on you rests the future of the land. Tell your ignorant brethren what that light means, show them by your words and deeds, those great things which make character. Teach them that the black and the white men were both emigrants in this land. The black came from the north, and the white from across the sea. Teach them that the land belongs to both. Make that which Civilization had brought you, live, so that each nation may respect the other. Teach your ignorant brethren to abandon witchcraft, magic and evil spirits. Show them that those qualities that make a nation are thrift and honour—so may this country be a land for the white men and the black. Do not think that education alone can make a nation. Farewell, young South Africa, the future bids fair, and it is in your hands, you the forerunners. Be worthy of that trust. Remember the wise words of Solomon: "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

