

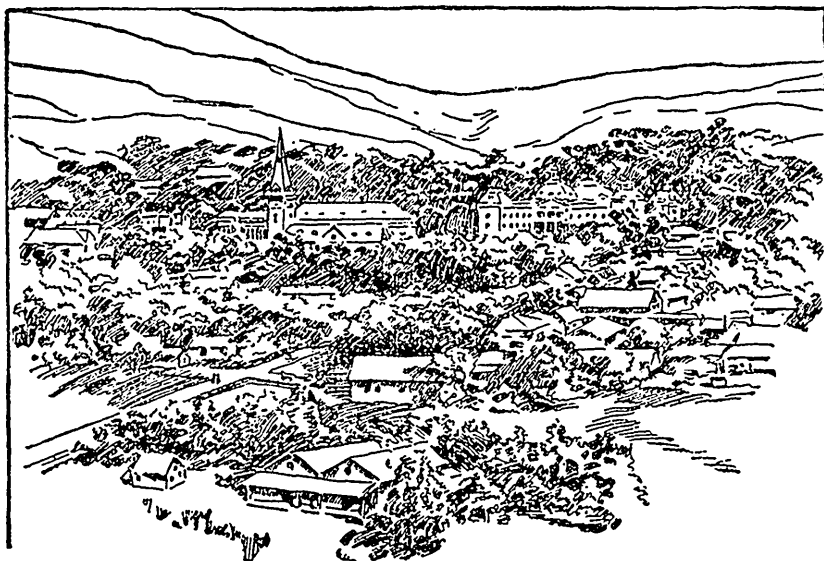
able than with me." Which is perfectly true, and the Boers who are surrendering by hundreds will find that they are perfectly safe and will enjoy a larger liberty under the red-cross flag, the symbol of law, order, and freedom wherever it floats, than under the Vierkoleur.

Lord Roberts has proved himself no less a statesman than a soldier. He granted a day's armistice before marching his victorious legions into Johannesburg, in order to avoid needless effusion of blood by conflict with the demoralized and fugitive Boers. The burghers, with their usual "slinness," improved the interval to withdraw their guns and what stores they could carry, and left the rest

PEACE IN SIGHT.

When the glad news flashed beneath two thousand leagues of sea of the surrendering of Pretoria, a thrill of joy rang throughout the entire Empire. Never was its unity and solidarity so strikingly felt. The enthusiastic rejoicing was not so much from the sense of victory, as that peace was in sight, and that the hateful war, forced upon Great Britain by the Boers, was over. The bonfires kindled in the streets were but a symbol of the patriotism glowing in every heart.

The following lines of the Quaker poet, Whittier, written at the close of the American war, express the sentiment that filled every heart :



PRETORIA, LATE CAPITAL OF THE TRANSVAAL.

to be looted by the Kaffirs. Their characteristic duplicity is also shown in inducing a thousand British prisoners, by a false promise, to entrain at Waterval. "They were told," says a cablegram, "that they were going to be delivered up to Lord Roberts at Pretoria. They cheerfully entrained, but soon found themselves at Nooitgedacht, where a new prison had been prepared, with barbed wire fences."

The counter strokes and guerilla war which the Boers threaten can have no effect on the final result. It can only prolong for a time the unhappy contest and bring greater exhaustion to the country which Kruger has so misguided and misruled.

LAUS DEO.

It is done !

Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel !
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !

Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time !

Let us kneel :

God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us ! What are we,