

souls of the slain at Ferket banqueting with the Houris in Paradise. But the people doubted alike the Emir's vision and the Kalifa's theology, and Dervish loyalty diminished as the victorious force advanced.

At this time of writing, it is reported that the enemy have entirely evacuated Dongola Province and are massing around Omdurman and Khartoum, where there seems no intention to follow them at present. The plan of the campaign has been from the first to secure every foot of vantage gained. Where Egyptian power has come, it has come to stay. The forts at Akasheh are a sign of this, and the railroad, constructed with such marvellous rapidity from Wady Halfa up the river, is an indication that every Soudanese can understand. In accordance with this policy, it has been determined to strengthen and garrison Dongola, to appoint British and Egyptian officials to reform the government, and to restore it, as far as possible, to its one-time flourishing condition. When this is accomplished, the frontier may be

pushed yet farther southward, and there is no doubt but that ultimately Khartoum, the "Queen of the Soudan," will pass once more into the hands of Egypt.

Mindful of her former connection with English operations on the Nile, Canada has not been behind in the present campaign. We must not forget, nor is there any danger of our forgetting, the splendid offer of the Eighth New Brunswick Hussars for service in the Soudan—service which for danger and hardship is unsurpassed by any in the world. For a variety of reasons the English War Office judged it inadvisable to accept their offer, partly because more experienced cavalry would be required for work of such difficulty, and partly because it was considered unwise to remove one of Canada's crack regiments at a time when the military reorganization of the colony had been decided upon. This, however, was not the fault of the Eighth Hussars, and their offer displays a patriotism and spirit of which Canadians may well be proud.

*Frank L. Pollock.*



## ANARCHY.

I SAW a city filled with lust and shame,  
Where men, like wolves, slunk through the grim half-light;  
And sudden, in the midst of it, there came  
One who spake boldly for the cause of Right.

And speaking, fell before that brutish race  
Like some poor wren that shrieking eagles tear,  
While brute Dishonor, with her bloodless face  
Stood by, and smote his lips that moved in prayer.

"Speak not of God! In centuries that word  
Hath not been uttered! Our own King are we!"  
And God stretched forth his finger as He heard,  
And o'er it cast a thousand leagues of sea.

*John McCrae.*