

Just at the present the war situation in South Africa is a very grave one, and one well calculated to try the metal of the sternest soldier. The repulses which have come to General Buller and Lord Methuen have given rise to a good deal of criticism. For the benefit of those who know what they would do, in these circumstances, we append one solution which may not have occurred to them before. It is from the pen of Mark Twain, and is as follows:—

"If I could get the management of one of those campaigns, I would know what to do, for I have studied the Boer. He values the Bible above every other thing. The most delicious edible in South Africa is 'biltong.' You will have seen it mentioned in Olive Schreiner's books. It is what our plainsmen call 'jerked beef.' It is the Boer's main stand-by. He has a passion for it, and he is right.

"If I had the command of the campaign, I would go with rifles only, no cumbersome Maxims and cannons to spoil good rocks with. I would move surreptitiously by night to a point about a quarter of a mile from the Boer camp, and there I would build up a pyramid of biltong and Bibles fifty feet high, and then conceal my men all about. In the morning the Boers would send spies, and then the rest would come with a rush. I would surround them, and they would have to fight my men on equal terms, in the open. There wouldn't be any Amajuba results."

Mr. Dooley's discourse on the Transvaal war (in Harper's Weekly) is after this illuminating fashion:

"'An' what's it all about?' demanded Mr. Hennessy. 'I can't make head nor tail iv it at all, at all.'

"'Well, ye see, 'tis this way,' said Mr. Dooley. 'Ye see th' Boers is a simple, pasthral people that goes about their business in their own way, raisin' hell with ivrybody. They was bor-rrn with and aversion to society, an' whin th' English come they lit out before them, not likin' their looks. Th' English kept comin' an' the Boers kept movin', till they caddent move anny further without bumpin' into Kitchener's ar-myy. "This far shall we go," says they, bein' a religious people. "an' divvie th' sthiep further." An' they killed off th' irreligious naygurs an' started in f'r to raise cattle. An' at night they'd set outside iv their dorps—which, Hinmissy, is Dutch f'r two-story brick house an' lot—an' sip their la-ager an' swap horses an'

match texts fr'm th' Bible f'r th' seegars, while th' childher played marbles with d'mon's as big as th' end iv ye'er thumb.

"'Well, th' English heerd they was goold be th' bucket in ivry cellar fr'm Ooopencoff to Doozledorf—which, Hinmissy, is like New York an' San Francisco, bein' th' exthreme p'nts in th' country—an' they come on in gr-reat hordes, sturdy Anglo-Saxon fr'm Saxony—the Einsteins an' Heidlebacks an' Werners; an' whin they'd took out goold enough so's they needd recreation, they wanted to vote. "An'," says Joe Chamberlain, he says, "he hivins, they shall vote," he says."—Literary Digest.

IN MEMORIAM

Miss Annie Smyth will long be remembered by many as one of the bright young ladies of the Class of 1895 and 1896.

"She is not dead . . .
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our
poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule."

Among her fellow-students here she was known as a conscientious and able worker, and a bright, vivacious companion, while her generous, cheerful and thoughtful character was evident both in work and play. After her two years in the College, she went to the Normal School, but she kept her interest in Wesley, and gave assistance in the social and religious meetings of the students. Then followed a brave period of a year and a half in the severe discipline of painful experience. Her courage, and cheer, and kindness, and her humble dependence on Christ her Saviour, were beautiful to see, and marked her ready for that great cloister's stillness and seclusion "where now "she lives."

The exchanges of this month are particularly interesting and instructive. Something in the joyous season just over, something also, perhaps, of suggestion in the hard days just ahead in our final term, seems to rouse up the boys for one good honest effort at their journal before the work closes in upon them.