

the other smaller states comprised in British South Africa, are divided by no natural barriers, are homogenous in products and industries, and are similarly placed as to advantages or disadvantages of climate. How absurd, therefore, it is to suppose that a country such as this will remain separated into different states, divided by hostile tariffs and discordant policies and destitute of political or administrative unity. It is manifest, too, that such is the intention of the British statesmen now guiding the affairs of the Empire. From a recent speech of Lord Salisbury's I have made a brief extract. After stating that the war would be continued to a successful issue, he said, "that while placing all South Africa within the Empire, we mean to remodel the governments in accordance with those traditions of free colonial self-government which have done such great things for us in the past, an on which the Empire is in reality founded." The second blessing to outh Africa from this war will be, then, in my opinion, a common system of government, modelled in all probability after our own.

The third streak of silver that I see in the lining of this cloud is the great assistance the war will give to the unification of the British Empire. The strategic importance to Great Britain of South Africa has never been questioned. From England to her possessions in the east, there are but two routes, one by way of the Suez Canal, the other by way of the Cape of Good Hope. In time of war the way by the Suez would be extremely precarious, while that by the Cape would be altogether impossible, unless Great Britain's authority was firmly established there, so as to permit of her vessels calling for coal and other supplies. But in another way, and not less potent, the unity of the Empire will be promoted by this war. You remember the enthusiasm that spread all over our country when our boys left to aid the Empire's cause in Africa. You remember, too, the thrill of joy and pride that swept across our land when, a few days ago, tidings came that our boys were going to the front to fight side by side with boys of old Britain. What did it mean? It meant that, though colonists in name, we had ceased to be so in fact, and had become citizens of that mighty Empire, whose dominion is worldwide and whose power is eternal.

There is yet another streak of silver in the lining of this cloud, and that is, the mighty impetus that will be given to mis-

sionary enterprise throughout all Africa. The cruelty of the Boer to the native has become so notorious as to be regarded as one of his national characteristics, but with the passing away of Boer supremacy will also pass away his barbarity and oppression, and in its place will come equal justice and equal laws, the mightiest of earthly agencies for the converting of the world.

Thus Africa, from being a land of lions and jungles, the home of warring tribes and hostile races, known to the world as "The Dark Continent," will become the home of peaceful and prosperous millions, will welcome to her shores the industrious from all lands, and, being united in her aims and aspirations, will, under the blessings of British institutions, take the place among the continents that belongs to her by the design of nature. And now, I have little more to say, except to invite your attention to a few verses that appeared a short time ago in the London Times, from the pen of the Archbishop of Armagh: They say that war is hell, the great accursed.

The sin impossible to be forgiven,
Yet I can look beyond it at its worst,
And still find blue in heaven.
And as I note how nobly nature's form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm
Perchance makes battles, too.
Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge.
Like flowers whose tremulous grace is
learned beside
The trampling of the surge.
They that marched up the bluffs last stormy
week,—
Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's crown,
The wind of battle blowing in their cheek,
Suddenly laid them down.
Like sleepers—not like those whose race is
run,
Fast, fast asleep, amid the cannon's roar.
Them no reveille and no mourning drum
Shall ever waken more.
And the boy-beauty passed from out the
face
Of those that lived, and, in its stead,
Come proud forgetfulness of ball and race,
Sweet commune with the dead.
Thus, as the heaven's many colored flames
at sunset
Are but dust in rich disguise,
The ascending earthquake dust of battle
Makes God's pictures in the skies.