

the cannon's mouth," or imbrued their hands in their brothers' blood. We hope and believe that no great war shall devastate our fields, destroy our cities, wreck our commerce and clothe our land in mourning. In fighting racial and religious prejudice, in casting out the drink demons and other evil spirits from the body politic, in building up a Christian civilization, in peopling the waste places of the earth and sending the Gospel to the regions beyond, is ample room and scope for the display of purest, loftiest patriotism and development of noblest character.

WAR NOT NORMAL.

In this connection we wish to dissent from sentiments expressed by the Premier of the Province at the banquet tendered to Colonel Otter and his troops on their return to Canada. Dr. Ross—we quote from memory—referred to the history of Britain as one of almost continuous war, and spoke of the pugnacious character of John Bull, and in praise of the policy of "What we have we'll hold." One must not accept too literally the rhetorical figures of an after-dinner speech at a military banquet, but Dr. Ross' own services to his country for many years have shown how great and benign are the victories of peace. If you look on one of those historical charts showing in red colours Britain's wars for the century you will find that they were exceptional, local, generally limited to the frontiers of the Empire, and were, properly, a police service in maintaining peace and not a general war. In our own country only for a few months out of the century have actual hostilities been in progress, and in Great Britain not for a single

hour. But weeks of war bulk more largely on the public view than years of peace. Poets and orators, painters and sculptors have glorified its achievements and haloed it with the nimbus of renown, yet, at best it is only a desperate remedy for a desperate disease—the surgeon's knife shedding blood to save the national life. But in the higher civilization of the future—the near future, we believe—war will become obsolete, the "idle spear and shield be high up-hung" and the nations practice its dreadful art no more.

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'
"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

PAX BRITANNICA.

It is pleasing to learn that the greater part of the Orange Free State has become pacified and loyal under British administration. Schools have been established, loyal Boers appointed justices of the peace, and the most of the clergy have taken the oath of allegiance and are receiving the same payment from the British Government which they received from the Free State. We predict that as soon as the irreconcilable bandits who are plundering the country are captured or dispersed, the same shall be true also of the Transvaal.

"THE LORD IS THY KEEPER."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The Lord doth keep, by night and day,
His people everywhere;
None too remote or lowly are
His guardianship to share.

Through storm and calm, in gleam or gloom,
He doth attend them still,
To cheer and soothe and sympathize,
And shield from every ill.

He smooths the way for those amid
Earth's busy throng who tread;
And watches tenderly beside
Each lonely sufferer's bed.

To weary ones He whispereth
Of the resting-time to come;

And comforts grief-bowed hearts with hope
Of a glad, immortal home.

The anxious and perplexed He bids
On Him all care to cast,
Trusting the love that leads aright,
Till trial-times be past.

No evil can befall the souls
Who His protection know;
Safe He will bring through every hour
Of danger or of woe.

The Lord His people everywhere
Will keep by night and day—
Until they come where night is not
And the daylight shines for aye!