



GENERAL JOUBERT.

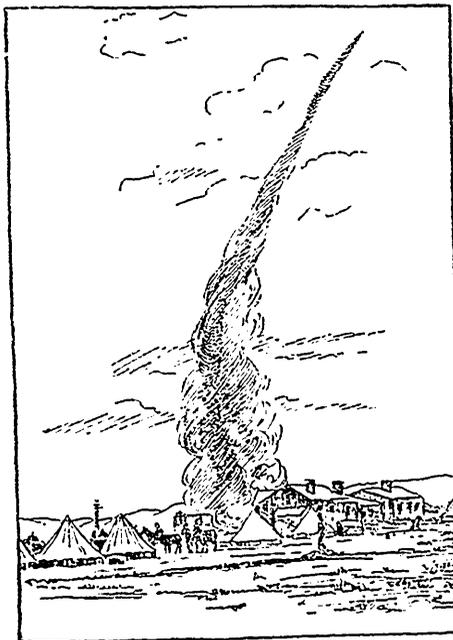
name of Miss Arbuckle, a Canadian teacher, they could not pronounce, but persisted in calling her Miss Carbuncle. The domestic servant problem existed in an acute form. The Kafir girls, though docile and kind, had a genius for making blunders. The Dutch girls were very sensitive, and could not stand joking by the Vrows about their English beaux. One such blushed so violently under fire that, says Miss Graham, "you could have toasted a bun at her cheeks."

We congratulate the accomplished author on the success of her volume, and congratulate our country that it could send across the sea such a contingent of Canadian girls to continue the work of conquering Africa by loving service, after its conquest by arms. It reminds us of Kipling's lines con-

cerning the Soudan—we quote from memory:

"They terribly carpet the earth with dead,
And, before their cannon cool,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes
To call the living to school."

The book has about eighty half-tones, kodaked chiefly by Miss Graham, including portraits of the forty teachers, the author wearing her Toronto University cap, gown and hood.



A SOUTH AFRICAN DUST STORM.

AT GIBRALTAR.

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
Between the East and West, that God has built;
Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt
While run thy armies true with his decrees;
Law, justice, liberty,—great gifts are these;
Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease!
Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite,
Thy blade of war; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am; would wars were done!
Now westward, look, my country bids good-night—
Peace to the world from ports without a gun!—*Geo. E. Woodberry.*