

at that moment I thought she was calling me. I ran into the room. It was still as death. Those standing there seemed awed and frightened-like. Mother was sitting up in bed, her eyes fixed on something where we could see nothing, and her hands were extended. She was smiling for joy, and her face was like we read of Stephen's in Scripture, as the face of an angel. For a moment she remained gazing, smiling as in the face of a long-absent friend. Suddenly she started, and grasped the arm of the woman near her, and cried out: 'Do you hear it? Do you hear?' 'Hear what?' asked the woman in a startled tone. 'That music, that heavenly music! O my God, they come, they come! How glorious! How blessed!'

"Oh, sir, believe me or not! At that moment there was a light shone in that room with a radiance above the brightness of the sun. There was the sense of some high and holy presence. We were as if stunned and overwhelmed; and when the light faded mother was gone."

"'Jest what I told you; she went with the ebb tide, jest as I said,' whispered an old woman near me. But, sir, she was not, for God took her; the angels bore her away. I know there's a heaven, sir, and my mother is there. The angels came and took her away."

It was just a twelvemonth from the evening that I sat in that little cabin; a furious gale was raging. A man called at the parsonage to say that much anxiety was felt for several boats which had not been seen since the gale began. I drove down to the beach in a blinding rain. As I approached, the continuous roar of the sea became bewildering, oppressive, and the ear was relieved by louder reports which came at intervals like the explosion of cannon, and the rushing of fierce blasts through the pines.

I tied my horse in a sheltered spot among the trees, and stepped out upon the beach. At first I could not see because of the driving sand and flying spray. From time to time I would get a little glimpse seaward, and the great foamed waves seemed like mad old men with long gray hair, rushing

madly about. Further down the beach I dimly discerned a group of men standing, gathered thickly about some object. Then six came out from the rest, moving slowly, as if staggering under a heavy burden. An old fisherman of my acquaintance came running up behind me, and as he passed, shouted: "They've found him."

"Found whom?" I shouted after him; but the gale snatched the words out of my mouth and hurled them among the pines. I ran after him, seized him by the arm and shouted in his ear, "Is someone drowned?"

"Yes," he cried, grasping his sou'easter hard with both hands and pulling it down violently in his excitement; "Leavitt's boat missed stays a-trying to get in this mornin', and went ashore on Turnip Island ledge. It's him they's a carrying home. Oh, sir, he was a good man and true, like his father!"—*Charles Edward Stone, in The Independent.*

#### IS IT JUST ?

On Sunday, February 11th, our Bishops called us to prayer for our troops and the cause in which they are engaged in South Africa. In God's house we all joined most earnestly in supplication before the Throne for victory and a righteous peace.

Had this call come six months before many Churchmen would have obeyed in a very half-hearted way, feeling that gold-fields and stock-jobbers had more to do with the outbreak of war than Christian men cared to admit even to themselves. Since that time the situation has been revealed in its true colours, and we now know that these things are mere bubbles on the present surface, the real causes of war being far deeper.

In 1706 the British for the second time took possession of Cape Colony, and for the first time its resident Dutch settlers enjoyed a liberty and progress unknown under Dutch rule.

In 1834, by the Emancipation Act, England declared all slaves in her South African possessions free, making a grant of some \$6,000,000 (a very large sum in those days) to pay the Dutch farmers for the loss

of their native slaves. Partly owing to their ignorance in selling their scrip for small sums, as well as their determination to continue the system of slavery, a large number of Dutch farmers (Boers) trekked into the Orange district and Natal.

Finding that England was determined to prevent slavery in either of these provinces, some of the number accepted the situation quietly, and settled in the Orange Free State. All the irreconcilable Boers, however, trekked beyond the Vaal River in 1840, and established themselves in the Trans-Vaal, which was recognized by the British Government as an independent republic in 1852.

From that time the Transvaal has been the refuge of all the discontented Dutch, fugitives from justice and semi-civilized roving nomads from all over South Africa.

Their barbarous treatment of the native races within their borders, and their bloody slave raids across the borders gradually provoked the surrounding black nations into a prolonged war of retaliation. This became so formidable that in 1877 nothing but utter annihilation loomed up before the 8000 male Boers at the hands of the outraged natives. With a bankrupt treasury, owing to the aversion of every Boer to paying any kind of taxation, nothing was left them but to appeal for annexation to the British Crown, in order to save themselves from the blacks.

It is also worthy of note that while Great Britain is always being accused of "land hunger," by her enemies, this appeal was rejected by the Imperial Government until urged upon the ground of humanity to Boers and natives.

In 1877 the Governor of Cape Colony annexed the Transvaal, and then began a long series of campaigns against the Zulus and other native tribes under the famous Sekukuni and Cetewayo. Money and blood were lavishly poured out by England in order to protect the Transvaal Boers from the vengeance of the outraged native tribes, and finally Zululand, Kaffraria, Basutoland, etc., were conquered.

Freed from this black menace, internal law and financial order hav-