

it, and it's you for promotion and the quiet confidence of successful work well done.

One of the finest instances of Loyalty which the world has known, the present fearful war has produced in General Botha. I knew him when he was simply Louis Botha, farmer ; I stayed for two sessions with him when he entered the Raadzaal (Parliament) in Pretoria and felt sure that he would prove "sound" when the recent South African rebellion put him to the test.

Three years before Christendom became the quadrangle or playground of the devil and his myrmidons, using howitzers for battledores, with men's souls and women's bodies for shuttlecocks, Botha attested his loyalty to the Empire, to the principles for which he stood, and time and the Kaiser have helped him prove it again to the world at large in defiance of overwhelming odds.

But another illustration comes to my mind as I close, and though it is on a smaller scale it will serve to point the moral of my tale. A private soldier in Napoleon's army had been wounded in battle, and returning to consciousness while in the surgeon's hands he realised that a wound near his heart was being probed to find the bullet. In gasping tones he whispered: "Probe deeper, doctor, probe deeper, and you shall find the Emperor's image engraven on my heart!"

Every man who has a job to get done needs loyal helpers—not time servers, nor lip service—and nature works with the man who plays the game for himself and his fellows, for his Country, King, and God.

**Now turn to page 6 and help our
Brave Boys.**