

I will now draw to a close. As I look through page after page, I feel how little I have done to make the world better than I found it. As I read them, how little there seems to be in the words I have written to commend themselves to those who read; and only that I know how much is there from God's own word, which will not return unto Him void, and that in humble faith I have asked so earnestly that He would guide my pen and my thoughts, I should be afraid to send them forth into the great world; but I do send them in His name to do with them as He will; to *prevent* or go before with His grace, that they may not hurt or hinder, to follow after with His blessing that they may be a help to some.

I wish that I could add one more chapter in which I could say the war is over, and to publish an account of the joy that will undoubtedly be manifested at such an event.

But it is not to be. God's time has not yet come. To many its long continuance is a great trial. Some think that our national sins are causing the Lord's face to be turned against us. We know not the plans of God, or why He permits this long continuance, except it be that He is showing a marvellous patience towards our enemies.

One thing we do know, the Boers have no sense of honor; they will keep no oath of loyalty one moment beyond their own convenience, but will take the first chance to make an attack in spite of it.

It is hard to make peace with an enemy of that kind, or with those who hate us as the Boers do. Yet South Africa is Christ's, and must be added to His kingdom. A patched-up peace would be vain.

We must be patient, then, until God is pleased to put down our enemies; but let us pray that it may be soon, according to His gracious will, and let us