

the loves, jealousies, and griefs that humanity is capable of, and throwing into relief the one ideal man, who while He was touched with all the feeling of our infirmities, was yet without sin. If this work tells the secret of the artist's soul, if it be the result of his insight into the nature of the Christ, then this French artist was one of the world's greatest seers. Surely it is true, "when the Gods come among men they are not known."

We lingered lovingly over *The Vale of Tears*. It was Gustavé Doré's swang-song for he died while the paint was yet wet on the canvas.

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The Padre has returned to London. He has been at Colchester for a fortnight speaking to the soldiers. The regiments there quartered, are the Warwicks, Gordon Highlanders, and Irish Fusiliers. He reports that when orders came for the men to be ready for immediate transportation to South Africa, the hospital was full of sick privates. In three hours there was not a solitary man in bed. The devilish itch to fight, which lies close under the skin of all Anglo-Saxons, had come out in a red heat, and every mother's son of them was ready to pay "the tax of blood" to his country, and if need be, lay his body down to fertilize the soil of an African veldt.

John Bull deserves his name, for he is decidedly bellicose. He was keen for battle and was far from pleased when the Hon. Cecil Rhodes said Kruger would "climb down." The war has not, however been taken up with universal enthusiasm. Those called "Little Englanders" are making themselves heard. Still the red horse has begun his dread march, and this time it is a fight to the finish.

On Saturday we went to the Waterloo station to witness the departure of the soldiers. Some of the officers left in private cars. Their mothers, wives, and sweethearts said good-bye to them with dry eyes, but pale, drawn faces. These women are