

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Interesting Particulars of the Struggle Between Great Britain and the Boers.

THE WOMEN OF BRITAIN

BY ETHEL M. DE FONBLANQUE.
(Mrs. Arthur Harter.)

A word for the women of Britain,
Who bid their beloved goodby,
The husbands, the brothers, the sons
Who go forth
To fight and to conquer, or die.
A word for the women of Britain
Who part with the friend they love
Best,
And fighting their fears, smile up
Through their tears.
When he, too, goes out with the
rest.

'Tis hard for the women of Britain,
Who stay when their warriors go.
The men who set forth are eager
and mad

To measure their might with the foe.
For the men there's the passion of
peril

That lightens the hardship they bear,
For what they can't stand with a com-
rade at hand,

The death or the honour to share.
For them there's the strain of the
battle,

And the joy of the charge at its
height.
The cry of the clan, the shout of the
man

And the fury and throb of the fight;
In the clamour and clash of encounter
There is valour and glory—or death?

With the thought of the woman who
loves them
To hallow their last dying breath.

But what for the women of Britain?
Ah! they need our pity the most!
In their desolate homes they are wait-
ing for news

Of the dear one who dies at his
post.

For theirs is the weariest trial,
Long veils of pain day and night:
Sick at heart and alone, they pray at
God's throne

For the men whom they love in the
fight.

And this is the word for the women
Whose loved ones are far, far away
That the work to be done for those
who remain

None else can accomplish but they;
And this is the work of the women—
Brave women of generous soul—
To take each her share of the sorrow
they bear

And lighten the grief of the whole.

The gentle are helping the simple—
Love and sympathy level all pride—
And hearts find relief in the union of
grief

When the men fight and die side by
side

All the women of Britain are equal,
For the men share alike in the fray,
And the rich and the poor are just
sisters

In the hearts of the nation to-day.

A PREACHING PRIVATE.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF AN EXTRA-
ORDINARY SERMON.

Much has been written of the relig-
ious spirit in which the Boers do
battle. That the Boer has no mono-
poly of this spirit is shown by the fol-
lowing sketch written at Enslin (Gras
Pan) battlefield by a correspondent of
the Daily News:

"He was standing at eventide facing
the rough and rugged heights of Enslin.
The crimson-tinted clouds that em-
blazoned the sky cast a ruddy radiance
round his head and face, making him
appear like one of those ancient mar-
tyrs one is apt to see on stained-glass
windows in old-world churches in Rome
or Venice. His feet were firmly plant-
ed close to the graves of the British
soldiers and sailors who had fallen
when we beat the Boers and drove
them back upon Modder River.

"In one hand he held a little well-
worn Bible; his other hand was raised
high above his close-cropped head,
while his voice rang out on the sultry,
storm-laden air like the clang of steel
on steel;

"Prepare ter meet yer God!"
"No one who looked at the neat,
strong figure arrayed in the plain khaki
uniform of a private soldier, at the
clean-shaven, square-jawed face, at the
fearless gray-blue eyes, could doubt
either his honesty or earnestness.

Courage was imprinted by Nature's
never-erring hand on every lineament
of his Saxon features. So might one

of Cromwell's stern-browed warriors
have stood on the eve of Marston
Moor.

"Prepare ter meet yer God!"
"To the right of him the long lines
of the tents spread upward toward the
kopje; to the left the veldt with its
wealth of gray-green grass, sown by the
bounteous hand of the great harvester;

all around him, excepting where the
graves raised their red brown furrows,
rows of soldiers lounged, listening to the
old, old story of man's weakness and
eternal shame, and Christ's love and
everlasting pity. On the soldier preacher's
breast a long row of decorations
gleamed, telling of honorable service
to queen and country. Before a man
could wear those ribbons he must have
faced death as brave men face it on
many a battlefield. He must have
known the agonies of thirst, the dull,
dead pain of sleepless nights and mid-
night marches; the tireless watching
at the sentry's post, and the onward
rush of armed men up heights almost
unscalable. On Egypt's sun-scorched
plains he must have faced the mad on-
slaughts of the Dervish hosts, and ral-
lied with the men who held the lines
at Abou Klea Wells, where gallant
Burnaby was slain. The hills of
Afghanistan must have re-echoed to
his tread, else why the green and crimson
ribbon that mingled with the rest.

His eyes had flashed along the advancing
lines of charging impi, led by Zulu
chiefs. Yet never had they flashed

with braver light than now, when fac-
ing that half-mocking, half-reckless
crowd, he cried:

"Prepare ter meet yer God!"
"Rough as the thrust of a broken
bayonet was his speech, unskilled in
rhetoric his tongue, his periods un-
rounded as flying fragments of shrap-
nel shell; yet all who listened knew
that every word came from the speak-
er's soul, from the magazine of truth.

Some London slum had been his cradle
the gutters of the great city the only
university his feet had ever known.
The coster's dialect was native to his
tongue, yet no churchman crowned
with the laurels of the schools could so
have stirred the blood of those wild
lads fresh from the boundless bush and
lawless mining camps beneath Austr-
alian suns.

"Prepare ter meet yer God!"
"And even as he spoke, we, who
listened, plainly heard the rolling thun-
der of our guns as they spoke in sterner
tones to the nation's foes from
Modder river. It was no new figure
that the preacher placed before us.
It was the same indignant Christ that
swept the rabble from the temple; the
same great Christ who calmly faced the
seething mob in Pilate's judgment hall;
the same sweet Christ who took the
babes upon his knee; the same divine
Christ who with hyssop and gall, and
mingled blood and tears, passed death's
dread portals on the dark brow of Cal-
vary. The same grand figure, but

quaintly dressed in words that savored
of the London slums; and of the
soldier's camp, and yet so hedged
around with earnest love and childlike
faith that all its grossest trappings fell
away and left us nothing but the ideal
Christ.

"Once more we heard the distant
batteries speak to those whose hands
had rudely grasped the Empire's flag,
and every rock, and hill, and crag, and
stony height took up the echo, like a
lion's roar, until the whispering wind
was tremulous with sound. Then all
was hushed except the preacher's
voice.

"Prepare ter meet yer God! I've
come ter tell yer all abart a general
whose armies hold ther city of eternal
life. If yer are wounded throw yer
rifles down, 'nd 'e will send the ambu-
lance of 'is love with Red Cross angels,
and His adjutant, whose name is
mercy, to dress yer wounds. Throw
down yer rifles 'nd surrender. No re-
bels can enter the city of eternal life.
You can't storm ther walls, or take the
gates at ther point of ther baynit, for
ther ramparts are guarded 'nd the sen-
tries never sleep. When ther bugles
sound ther larst reveille you will ever
'ear, 'nd ther colonel, whose name is
Death, gives the order ter march, you'll
have nothink to fear abart, if yer bandol-
liers are full o' faith 'nd yer rifles are
sighted with good works. Yer uniforms
may be ragged, an' you may not even
have a corporal's stripe to show; but if
yer can pass ther sentries fearlessly,
you'll find a general' commission wait-
in' for yer just inside ther gate. But
yer can't fool with my General. Re-
member this: ther password is, "Repent-
ance," 'nd nothink else will do. This
sentry on duty will see you com-
in' and will challenge you. "Who
goes there?" "Friend!" "Advance,
friend, 'nd give ther countersign!" If
you say, "Good works," you'll find 's
baynit up against yer chest. If yer say

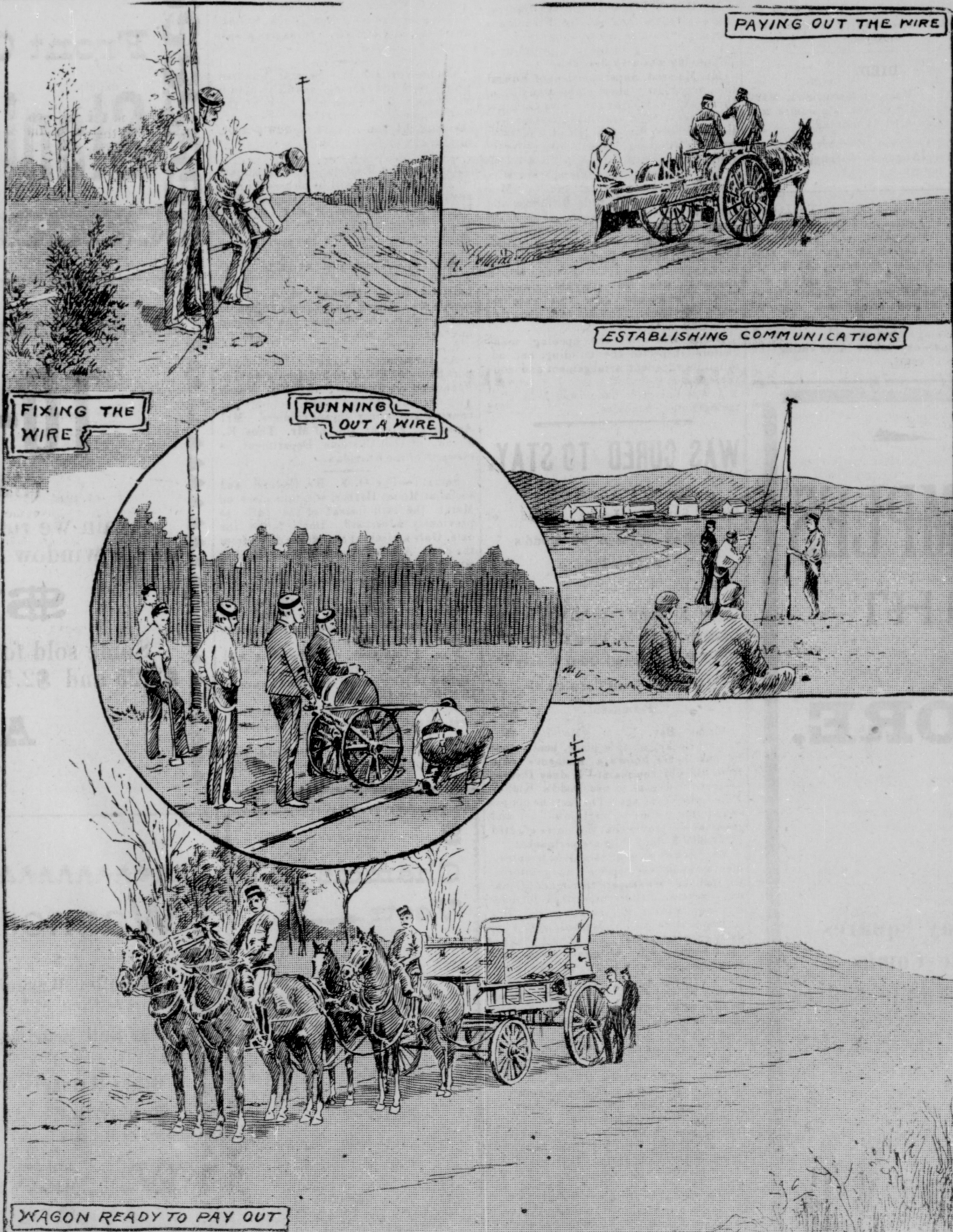
you forgot to get it, you'll be in ther
clink in 'ell in ther twinkling of an eye;
but if yer say loud 'nd clear, "Repent-
ance," 'e will lower 'is baynit 'nd say,
"Pass, friend. All's well!"

History repeats itself. It was long
ago that the poet wrote: "The poor
little street-bred people that vapor and
fume and brag—they are lifting their
heads in the stillness to yelp at the
British flag." Let them yelp. It lets
it be known who they are.

—The British flag is not a symbol
that can be injured by the little anger
of a mob, either in Montreal or any-
where else. The tearing of one from
its staff, nor the tramping of it under
foot, both incidents being enacted on
St. James street Montreal, can really
injure nothing that is British nor do
what is anti-British any good. Such
deeds, however, may create feelings
that wise men everywhere must regret.
It is time that such scenes as have
been enacted in Montreal during the
past two days were ended.

HOW THE FLAG WAS HAULED DOWN.

The Montreal Gazette describes the
row in that town on the day after the
relief of Ladysmith, and says: "Whilst
this was taking place, someone climb-
ed to the top of the temporary build-
ing, and when it was seen that he made
for the flagstaff and attempted to haul
down the Union Jack that was flying
therefrom, he was greeted with cheers
as lusty as 2,000 throats could send
forth. A little fumbling and down
came the flag, amid renewed cheers,
and after the "hero" of the minute had
disengaged it from the halyards, he
threw it down to the crowd, who at
once commenced to show respect for
the national emblem under which they
live by trampling it under foot, and



LAYING THE ARMY FIELD TELEGRAPH.—Boston Globe

subsequently tearing it into shreds and
burning it on Viger Square. As soon as the mob had taken
their departure from the Star, a
couple of Britishers climbed to the
roof of the building, and one of them
unfurling a small Union Jack, waved
it amid lusty cheers from the specta-
tors that had remained behind. Then
he called to his companion, "Where's
your gun?" and the prompt response
was the report of the discharge of a
blank cartridge. Cheers for England
and the flag were called for and were
immediately given, with the firing of
another blank cartridge from the re-
volver by way of a "tiger," and a chal-
lenge to let 'em all come." The small
piece of bunting was affixed to the
halyards and hauled to the top of the
flagstaff amid marks of enthusiasm and
loyalty, and another was soon hoisted
below it, whilst several more were plac-
ed along the top of the building.

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