

What has come to the trooper old
Riding in yonder file?
Scars, and bruises, while timid Love
Flees from his iron smile.
Must I fight till I sink and die?
Is it sin, should I turn and fly?

Look! My Captain! He rides ahead,
Calm in the hellish noise.
See, he stops, and his glance of pride
Rests upon us, his boys.
"Stand," he says, "for a little while."
Oh, the charm of his manly smile!

Can I falter before his eye?
Crimson my coward cheek,
Over the field my pride must roam
Dangerous posts to seek.
He has fought at the King's command,
Surely a young recruit can stand.

Came a day when My Captain fell,
Fell on the trampled hill.
Soft we lifted his noble head,
Look! He was smiling still,
Dead! But he lived and played his part,
Boots and Saddles! The squadrons start.

Jean Graham in The Globe.

The gloom which the passing of John A. Ewan has cast over The Globe household is extended to a circle beyond the boundaries of any office, since it was Mr. Ewan's happy nature to give help and genial kindness in every sphere which he touched. His brother journalists did well to honor and esteem him; nor were the members of the Women's Press Club less appreciative of his worth and ability. His place as a journalist was among the ablest and most discerning, but of even more grateful remembrance was the sympathy which was ever extended to those of less experience. His literary culture made him a valuable adviser to the younger journalist, while his ready grasp of the practical aspects of his calling gave him a steady judgment which was an unflinching resource.