

For the establishment of these colonies, then, he instituted the St. George's Company, and called upon the readers of his articles to contribute to a general fund for beginning the enterprise, himself heading the list by a donation of one-tenth of his income.

As was inevitable, the response was not so ready as he in his enthusiasm had hoped. People are seldom in the mood to throw over conventional ways of living to venture on untried paths; still more seldom are they willing to hand over any considerable portion of their means for experiment, and, although a colony was actually started at Abbeydale in 1877, it fell far short of Ruskin's ideal, and eventually proved a dismal failure. A somewhat similar experiment in the Isle of Man for the making of homespun, and another at Langdale for the manufacture of hand-made laces and embroideries, were more successful from a strictly Arts and Crafts point of view.

These various ventures, however, with the carrying out of a scheme in the slums of London—by way of example—for providing better homes for the poor, with a lower rental; the establishment of a museum at Sheffield, of a tea-shop in Marylebone, in which absolutely honest and fair business methods were to prevail; and an enterprise of street-cleaning to show what the model town should be like, told materially on Ruskin's own fortune, and eventually it all leaked away, so that he became dependent on his pen for his living.

In 1869, "The Queen of the Air" was published, and in the same year Ruskin was made Slade Professor of Drawing at Oxford, a position which he held intermittently for several years, his lectures usually attracting crowded audiences.

In 1871 he bought a house at Coniston—"a rough-cast country cottage," he wrote, "old, damp, decayed. . . but with five acres of rock and moor and streamlet, and I think the finest view I know in Cumberland or Lancashire, with the sunset visible over the same." This house, "Brantwood," was Ruskin's home, with a few intervals of absence, for the rest of his life, his cousin's wife, Mrs. Severn, and a few faithful servants assisting to make it as much of a home as it might be for the busy but aging man, whose

chief bitterness in life now was that his strength was not equal to the tasks that he imposed on it. More than once he was attacked by serious brain trouble, and the people of England, at last convinced of his sincerity in regard to their welfare, with, indeed, the people of the civilized world, sorrowfully read the daily reports of his condition from the bulletins. An additional proof of the regard of his countrymen was shown when the famous libel case was brought up against him by the artist, Whistler, when—however mistaken the great critic may have been in regard to Whistler's genius—Ruskin's costs, amounting to nearly £400, were paid by public subscription. Whistler's award, it may be interesting to recall, amounted to "one farthing."

In 1897, having resigned his Slade Professorship (as a protest against the introduction of the practice of vivisection into the University), Ruskin returned to Coniston, and interesting, indeed, are the glimpses of his life there, given us by visitors privileged to visit him there, at "holy Brantwood," as a scoffing poet called it. Here, perhaps, Ruskin was at his happiest, for he was among friends, in the midst of the forests and moors, and he loved much the quaint old house by the lake, with its rambling rooms and its "duck-egg" walls, covered with drawings and paintings by Burne-Jones, Prout, Meissonier, and, above all, Turner. No lamp or gas was ever permitted at Brantwood; work was put away with darkness, and only candles flickered over the priceless canvasses. But Ruskin invariably rose at dawn, spending the day in gardening, writing, and attending to correspondence. "And so you go in to tea and chess," wrote a visitor, "for he loves a good game of chess with all his heart. He loves many things you have found. He is different from other men you know just by the breadth and vividness of his sympathies, by his power of living, as few other men live, in Admiration, Hope, and Love."

At the end of 1881 he went to stay with the Severns at his old home on Herne Hill, and resumed for a short time his position at Oxford, but was again obliged to give it up through ill-health.

The writing of "Præterita" and preparation of earlier papers for the

press, occupied his later years, but at last he could see that his life-work was ended, and he spoke frequently of Toistoi as one who might finish the work he had begun.

His eightieth birthday was brightened by an avalanche of flowers and telegrams and letters of congratulation from all parts of the world. It was the last that he should celebrate. In January, 1900, he fell ill to influenza, to which he succumbed on the twentieth of the month, very peacefully, at "Brantwood."

Thus departed from us this man, who had "passed his life in almsgiving, not in fortune-hunting, who chose to make men look to Turner and Luini, rather than to exhibit the skill of his own hand; who lowered his rents; who would rather watch a seagull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it." Of how many men may as much that tells of sweetness, and gentleness, and philanthropy, be said?

A grave in Westminster Abbey was offered for him, but he had asked to be buried at Coniston, where to-day his resting-place may be seen, marked by a stone, rude in form like a shaft of the native rock that he had loved, and inscribed simply with the words:

JOHN RUSKIN
MDCCCXIX.—MDCCCC.

The first thing which I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag, on Derwentwater.

To-day those works of Ruskin which were at first held in highest esteem, contribute, perhaps, least to the greenness of his memory. "Modern Painters," though still read with interest by those who have opportunity to examine the works of the artists criticised, possesses comparatively little interest for the world at large. "Stones of Venice," though perennially delightful to those who have seen the city of the Adriatic, and valuable because of its record of splendors fast crumbling away, recommends itself, with the exception of the one live portion already referred to, but little more to general appreciation. Nevertheless, "Stones of Venice" contains many passages of great beauty, and is considered by many Ruskin's greatest work. "Unto This Last," however, of which the great author himself said, "I rest

satisfied with this work, though with nothing else that I have done," with the volumes written supplementary to it, with the ever popular "Sesame and Lilies," are to-day living volumes, to be read with interest, at least, if not with unlimited approbation, by everyone interested in the welfare of humanity.

It is, in short, by his work in social reform that John Ruskin's name must be most revered. However unsuccessful, apparently, his own practical experiments and his preaching may have been in his own day, his work has by no means failed. He has been the inspiration of a multitude of workers since, from William Morris, to the social reformers of our own day—workers who have called for honest and original workmanship, for greater beauty in the homes and lives of men, for higher ideals and broader sympathies, whether in practical or private life. To his influence, greatly through William Morris, may be traced to no small degree the popularity of arts and crafts manufactures, and of the introduction of manual training into our schools. He foreshadowed our agricultural and technical schools, "parish pensions," as carried out in old-age annuities, the campaign against trusts, and such paternal government as is being to-day, for instance, carried out in New Zealand. Thus the spirit of his work and thought will live, perhaps, when his credit as originator will have been lost in oblivion. But this is as he himself would have had it. He lived not for fame, but for humanity.

[The works of Ruskin: "Modern Painters," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Stones of Venice," "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," "Political Economy of Art," "The Poetry of Architecture," "The Two Paths," "Unto This Last," "Munera Pulveris," "The Crown of Wild Olive," "Sesame and Lilies," "Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne," "The Old Road," "The Eagle's Nest," "Mornings in Florence," "Fors Clavigera," "Præterita."]

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Danger of Secret Sins.

Israel hath sinned therefore the children of Israel cannot stand before their enemies sanctify yourselves against to-morrow.—Josh. vii: 11-13, R. V.

There was despair in the camp of Israel. The people who had marched forward in the strength of the LORD of Hosts, who had conquered Sihon, king of the Amorites and Og, the giant ruler of Bashan, and had utterly destroyed the fortified city of Jericho, had now fled in terror before the people of the insignificant city of Ai. What could be the matter? Had Jehovah, their Leader and King, lost His power to save and conquer? Or had He deserted the people He had brought out of Egypt, and left them helpless in the midst of fierce foes, who would soon hear of the change and would environ them round to cut off their name from the earth? No wonder Joshua and the elders of Israel fell on their faces before the ark of the LORD until the eventide, and put dust on their heads as a token of deepest humiliation.

Then came the startling message: "Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face? Israel hath sinned." God had not changed, but the holy God could not uphold the cause of a disobedient people. It was no use asking Him to give them victory and success, when no attempt had been made to put away the evil from their midst. Until the sin was brought to the light and fought to the death, the Divine Captain of the Host said: "I will not be with you any more."

Of course, Joshua could not endure to lose the Presence of God, so he made all necessary arrangements that night and arose early in the morning, determined to seek out the secret sin and put it away, no matter what it might cost. Probably the search was made by lot. Closer and



Holidays.