

A fool! Ah no! He was more than wise,
 His was the proudest part;
 He died with the glory of faith in his eyes,
 And the glory of love in his heart.
 And tho there's never a grave to tell,
 Nor a cross to mark his fall,
 Thank God we know that he "batted well"
 In the last great Game of all.—*Robert W. Service.*

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay
 down his life for his friends."—*New Testament.*

VITAI LAMPADA.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
 Ten to make and the match to win—
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And its not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
 The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and Honor a name,
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
 While in her place the School is set,
 Every one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dare forget.
 This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear thru life like a torch in flame,
 And falling fling to the host behind—
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

—*Henry Newbolt.*

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the gate:
 "To every man upon this earth
 "Death cometh soon or late.
 "And how can man die better
 "Than facing fearful odds,
 "For the ashes of his fathers
 "And the temples of his Gods?"—*Macaulay.*

Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will for a' that
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that.—*Burns.*