

dow of Camberwell Church), "had I not been already in the habit of feeling worsted in everything I tried in original work; while, since 1842, I was more and more sure of my faculty of seeing the beauty and meaning of the work of other minds." At this time, perhaps, it was beyond his wildest dreams that he should live to become prophet and originator, as well as interpreter.

* * *

In May, 1843, the first volume of "Modern Painters" was published, and, in spite of the opposition of irritated artists of the conventional type, became immediately popular, being read as much, perhaps, for its fine writing, its "purple patches," as for its exposition of a new ideal of art. It was recognized, in short, that a new master of style in writing had appeared on the horizon of English literature. Ruskin became the lion of his day.

Following this as rapidly as might be, from Italy, where he was now working, came the second volume, welcomed by no less a man than Sydney Smith as a work of "transcendent genius."

* * *

During the years that immediately followed, more harrowing experiences came to Ruskin. He was an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Miss Lockhart, a grandchild of Sir Walter Scott, and finally married (1848) a beautiful girl who had nothing in common with him—the girl at whose suggestion, years before, he had written the fairy tale, "King of the Golden River"—but the marriage was disastrous, and finally, after six years, Ruskin consented to a divorce, that his wife might marry a friend of his own.

The exquisite "Seven Lamps of Architecture," the most popular of his earlier works, was written during the first months after his marriage. In it, for the first time, he began to outline definitely a scheme of life very different to that which he saw about him. He had, indeed, begun to contrast and feel keenly the luxury and opportunity of the rich with the "poverty and captivity" of the lower classes, and oddly enough the awakening was greatly impressed upon him through that very Domecq family in which he had once been so deeply interested. "Elise, Comtesse des Roys, and Caroline, Princess Bethune," he says, "once or twice came with their husbands to stay with us. . . and the way in which these lords, and their wives, though women of gentle and amiable disposition, spoke of their Spanish laborers and French tenantry, with no idea whatever respecting them but that, except as producers by their labor of money to be spent in Paris they were cumberers of the ground, gave me the first clue to the real sources of wrong in the social laws of modern Europe, and led me, necessarily, into the political work which has been the most earnest of my life."

It was, then, with a mind plastic to new impressions, that he went with his wife to Venice to study. That city particularly attracted him, and he writes delightedly of the outlook from their lodgings, "With water two feet deep at the bottom of the stairs, then, all along the canal-side, actual marble walls rising out of the salt sea, with hosts of little brown crabs on them, and Titians inside." But he was to see much more than shadow-filled waters, marble walls, and Titians, in this great city of the sea, for out of the studies and reflections of the months that followed grew "Stones of Venice," with its delightful descriptions, its exhaustive study of Byzantine and Gothic architecture, and, most significant of all, its more distinct foreshadowing of his future teachings in its sixth chapter of Volume II., pointing to those higher ideals of life and better social conditions which he was yet to preach, brow-beaten, discouraged, often staggering beneath his self-imposed burden, yet never yielding, never swerving from the one

path that for him, henceforth, must be the one lone way.

About this time, too, is to be noted, a marked broadening of his views. He is becoming more tolerant, yet more anxious for truly Christian work. "I grew also daily more sure," he says, "that the peace of God rested on all the dutiful and kindly hearts of the laborious poor, and that the only constant form of pure religion was in useful work, faithful love, and stintless charity."

* * *

In 1851 Turner died (he made Ruskin one of his executors, and left him £20 to buy a mourning ring), and



Mr. F— in His Vegetable Garden.

shortly afterwards the ridicule of the critics was turned upon the "Pre-Raphaelite Brethren," a little clique of artists made up of Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, William Morris, and others. Ruskin, discerning the power and originality of these young men, immediately espoused their cause, and wrote articles in their defence. "Indirectly," as Collingwood has noted, "he found his reward. For, like Socrates, in the dialogue, by joining in the festival, he found youths to discourse with, and with them gradually evolved his own republic, the ideal of life, which is his real contribution to human progress."

Through these young men he came into relations with the "Working

men and to enlarge the number of their interests. Nevertheless, the College, in addition, turned out some first-class draughtsmen and architects.

Ruskin had now become recognized as the leading authority upon taste in painting. He had also founded a new landscape school in Britain of men who painted directly from nature, yet strove to express mood, imagination, and feeling—the poetry of art. To emphasize this, he now wrote the third and fourth volumes of "Modern Painters," preparing his own drawings for the engravers with infinite care. He was, indeed, feared by the artists who did not reach his ideals. As Punch had it:



A Hedge Separates Lawn from Vegetable Garden.

Men's College," in which Rossetti was a master—"the only one of our modern painters," says Ruskin, "who taught disciples for love of them."

Inevitably, Rossetti's efforts were soon to be seconded by those of Ruskin, and so the great art-critic rapidly grew towards the "common people." Indeed, like Thoreau and others, he was always attracted by "simple, unaffected folk." The success of his literary ventures had given him entree into the polite circles of London, but he was dazzled not at all. On the contrary, as he notes, "it was a mere torment and horror to me to have to talk to big people whom I didn't care about."

"I paints and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry;
Till savage Ruskin
Puts his tusk in,
And nobody will buy."

He was, however, drifting more and more to the study of social problems, the education of workmen, elevation of public taste, the right way to get and use money, etc.; and he now began to preach his conclusions that guilds of craftsmen should be established in every town to substitute co-operation for competition; that the State should undertake the education of the people, and be responsible for

their welfare and their employment; that all men should use their hands and minds; that they might be well balanced, and that undue burdens might rest on none; that pleasure in work and instruction are more to be desired than higher social rank and wealth.

Finally, in 1860, he retired to the Alps to think things out and formulate a new scheme for social improvement. The burden of the poor had become unsufferable upon him. "I am still very unwell," he wrote, after several months, "and tormented between the longing for rest and lovely life, and the sense of this terrific call of human crime for resistance, and of human misery for help."

As an outcome of this struggle, this time of terrible gloom, this apartness in the wilderness, he finally cried out upon the accepted state of things in almost all branches of life, and the mouthpiece of his scorn and his iconoclasm and his pleading was "Unto This Last."

(To be continued.)

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Washerwoman's Song.

Eugene F. Ware, who died the other day at Cascade, Col., was noted as a poet and a humorist. Most of his verse was written over the nom de plume, "Ironquill." The following is from his pen:

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone,
"With the Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Somehow happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotonous the song,
She was humming all day long,
"With the Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be;
But her spirits always rose
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of the Saviour and a friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spoons,
She still humming of her friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human deeds;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she may sing,
Any hope that song can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.