

He who had won Fate's prizes and he who had drawn her blanks,
 From the man who marshals an army to the drummer who serves the ranks;
 Those who had cast behind them pleasure and power and lands.
 Those who gave all in giving the life they take in their hands.

Nay, tho' they fare so proudly, the price of glory is high;
 Hearts that are rent to breaking, tears that no skill can dry,
 The pitiful wail of orphans, the widow's desolate fears,
 And grief that nothing can lighten thro' the march of the empty years.
 Sickness, famine and fever, till life seems poor at a gift,
 And the living could almost envy the comrade whose end was swift;
 Or the bitter and awful phantom that can daunt the strong and brave,
 Of who will care for the children when the father is in his grave?

Think of it, O my brothers! You who sit warm to-night
 And gather your dear ones round you, while they go forth to fight;
 From camp, and beleaguered city, 'mid cannon and clash of steel,
 From the din and the roar of battle they made you their last appeal!
 Into your tenderest keeping those whom they loved receive,
 Lo! to your charge they left them, all that they had to leave;
 Is not your safety purchased at the cost of the blood they shed,
 And the ancient honour of England upheld by the mighty dead?

—*Christian Burke, in the Pall Mall Magazine.*

JOHN RUSKIN.

1819-1900.

JOHN RUSKIN, the son of a rich wine merchant, was born in 1819, in London. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford. At the age of nine he showed a great liking for poetry, and wrote a short poem on "The Universe." He was always a delicate child and was very carefully brought up.

He loved Art much, but Nature more. Through this he made a great many friends, but enemies also, by his hatred of either "sham" or "show." He was the revealer not only of the hidden beauty of Art, but of the hidden power in our own souls to love it, when he had aided us to understand it.

He wrote "The Modern Painters," a series of sketches running through a period of about seventeen years.

Although he loved nature, his deepest feelings were stirred by the blindness and selfishness of man. This heart-stirring led to the giving of the greater part of his fortune (about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a million, which he had inherited from his father) to the building of houses and various projects for the elevating of the domestic conditions of the poor. He had a noble soul, not a perfect one, but a really noble soul, the value and greatness of whose inner life we would do well to copy. We shall never see him in this life. How many thousands of people who admired him have desired to obtain even a glance or word from him, but now they will never be gratified. How many have lovingly pictured his aged face, white hair, faded eyes, and wrinkled hands often to be seen at Brantwood. All have now passed away. His long useful life is ended, he died at the beginning of the