

with justice and right. Until that day shall come we must not be afraid to pluck, or ashamed to wear, the "blood-red blossom of war," no matter what puling futilities may be uttered about the deadly sinfulness of the arbitrament of the sword.

One of the shining ones of this earth, whose beautiful refinement of soul was not less remarkable than the luminous wisdom of his mind, has not shrunk from speaking the truth that was in him when he says: "When I tell you that war is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. It is very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact. . . . I found, in brief, that all great nations learnt their truth of

word, and strength of thought in war, that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace; in a word, that they were born in war, and expired in peace."—[From John Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olives*.]

We may conclude these remarks with a verse from a recent poem published in the *Spectator* upon the "Garden Colony" of Natal, by Mr. Gascoigne Mackie:

"We pray for peace, and peace will come again,  
The herald of a happier day, to heal  
The wounds of fair Natal; yet not in vain  
The brave have bled that man may honour man:  
And to what end does Britain rule the wave,  
But that her justice, like the salt o' the billow,  
Should cleanse and sweeten a corrupted world?"

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## OUR GOD.

The wondrous word of history shews  
How each age gave a nation birth,  
And as one fell, another rose,  
And left its trace upon the earth.  
Each had its ordered part to play,  
They served their purpose, each and all,  
They served their purpose, passed away,  
And left a lesson in their fall.

They set up gods and idols vain—  
The pride of riches, pomp, and state,  
They worshipped wealth and worldly gain,  
And in their luxury met their fate:  
Or else they fell because the sword  
They made their god, and victory's palms,  
Because they worshipped not the Lord  
But pride of power and strength of arms.

Though we are wealthy, yet we give  
From each to each, and will give more—  
Though proud of power, yet we would live  
In peace, and now we love not war—  
Though these have filled and yet shall fill  
The dangerous way our feet have trod,  
There is a danger greater still—  
To make our Empire as our God.

For we are strong, and rich, and great,  
A nation righteous, just, and free,  
And countless millions own our state,  
Our rule holds sway from sea to sea;  
Yet we should mark 'tis not through us  
That victory follows on our sword—  
"Not unto us! Not unto us!  
But to Thy Name, be glory, Lord."

The danger comes in specious ways—  
For it is good to love our land,  
But when we give ourselves the praise,  
And claim success by our own hand,  
And when in strength we place our pride,  
And say kings tremble at our nod,  
That there is nothing us beside,  
We take our Empire for our God.

Lord, if we faint in trouble's hour,  
And lost in darkness seem to be,  
Let out of weakness come our power—  
That we do firmer build on Thee,  
And if our souls bear such dark stain  
That we shall fall beneath Thy rod,  
Oh! make us serve but Thee again,  
And not take Empire for our God.

ALICE WOODHOUSE.