

" His life's expense
 Hath won for him coeval youth,
 With the immaculate prime of truth ;
 While we, who make pretence
 At living on, and wake and eat and sleep,
 And life's stale trick by repetition keep,
 Our fickle permanence
 (A poor leaf-shadow on a brook, whose play
 Of busy idlesse ceases with our day)
 Is the mere cheat of sense.

" We bide our chance
 Unhappy, and make terms with Fate
 A little more to let us wait :
 He leads for aye the advance,
 Hope's forlorn hopes that plant the desperate good
 For nobler earths and days of manlier mood.
 Our wall of circumstance
 Cleared at a bound, he flashes o'er the fight,
 A saintly shape of fame to cheer the right
 And steel each wavering glance."

Thomas Fairbanks Burrage was born in Fitchburg, Mass., July 4, 1834, the eldest son of Jonathan and Mary T. (Upton) Burrage. Jan. 14, 1857, he married Harriet L. Battis. He was at that time engaged in the manufacture of varnish, in Roxbury, Mass., having, in 1854, succeeded to the business of his father, who died July 5, of that year. On the outbreak of the war of the Rebellion, in the spring of 1861, it was with difficulty that he could deny himself the privilege of entering the service of his country. But as successive calls for troops were made, more and more urgent did the question of duty become, and July 29, 1862, he wrote, "The time