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THE MOON IS UP—THE NIGHT IS STILL



WHEN YOU AND I ARE FAST ASLEEP

The Everyday Library

For Young People

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Plays, Pictures and Poems



7 NEW PLAYS FOR AMATEURS

112 PICTURES BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS

135 POEMS WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

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Plays, Pictures and Poems

“ Art is the right-hand of nature. The latter has only given us being, the former has made us men.”

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INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS

THE value of a children's play does not lie in the production of the play itself as a finished performance, but in its stimulation of the dramatic instinct, of the imaginative and creative faculties, and the training of the literary qualities of selection and discrimination. Children are fundamentally interested in the "real thing." The real thing in the play is the vital spirit of the play itself, not the staging, or the costuming, or even the lines themselves except as they show this vital spirit.

For instance, in "The Fountain of Wisdom" Odin's costume may be but crudely suggested, nor is it necessary that he be *letter* perfect in his lines, but it is necessary that he be *spirit* perfect. A true understanding of Odin's gain in exchanging material sight for spiritual sight will make the young actor speak convincingly even though he should alter many of the lines of the printed play. So long as what he says is in the spirit of Odin, he is playing the part perfectly. If this play be given with this real understanding of the characters it will be possible for children to select other scenes in Norse mythology and build plays for themselves, making the words fit their own conceptions of the characteristics of the gods, dwarfs and giants. In like manner Snow-White and Rose-Red may suggest other fairy tales, Cinderella or Sleeping Beauty, which the children may dramatise themselves.

Historical plays may be built around any historical incident which interests the children. The details and even many of the characters may be imaginary, provided they are true to the spirit of the period. If a courtier of Queen Elizabeth's time be introduced it is not so necessary that he be a true historical character as that he should speak as a member of Elizabeth's court would have spoken. In this they gain a perception of what is "true to life" in writing, and this later forms a basis for literary criticism.

To understand the play "The Little Patriot," the children must read up about the stamp acts, the tax on tea, the Committee of Correspondence, etc. Then they can use the same method of research in making other historical plays.

There is more value in one crude play of the children's own

INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS

writing, with the consequent education in simple plot construction, etc., than in many perfectly planned, drilled, and costumed performances entirely managed and written by older people.

Staging and costuming are secondary and should be simplified as much as possible. For the home theatre a few screens which may be used as backgrounds are invaluable. Draped with soft green cheese-cloth and hung with vines they make a forest background, covered with white and gold paper they become a throne-room, brown denim makes the wall of a hut or cottage, gray the distance of a lonely moor, etc. In short, with a few screens and a little ingenuity and imagination an endless variety of scenes may be represented.

Many effective costumes may be made of the simplest materials. A strip of cheese-cloth with a square hole cut for the neck will hang in long lines like a mediæval costume, or it may be draped in classical folds. Crepe paper makes excellent costumes for flower fairies or light elves. One may become a queen by donning a gold-paper crown or royalty may be denoted by a cape trimmed with cotton batting ermine, a mere suggestion is enough. In any case the children should plan and make the costumes themselves so far as they are able.

A LITTLE PATRIOT

CHARACTERS

ELIAS BOUDINOT, *afterward member of the Continental Congress.*

HANNAH BOUDINOT, *his wife.*

SUSAN BOUDINOT, *their daughter.*

ALISON, *a friend of Susan.*

ROGER, *a neighbour's lad.*

SALLY, *a "bound-out" maid.*

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN, *Royal Governor of New Jersey.*

MISTRESS FRANKLIN, *his wife.*

MISTRESS WINTHROP

MISTRESS CROTHERS

EDWARD CROTHERS

JONATHAN ENDICOTT

WILLIAM BRADFORD

} *Guests of Mistress Franklin.*

STAGE - SETTING

No special scenery is required for this play, except that there should be a window at the back of the stage. In the second act the tops of old-fashioned flowers (larkspur, foxglove, etc.) show above the window. Any old-fashioned drawing room furniture which is available may be used to advantage.

COSTUMES

If genuine old-time gowns can be borrowed, so much the better. If this is not possible the colonial dresses may be copied inexpensively in chintz and muslin.

SCENE I

A room in the house of Elias Boudinot.

TIME. *A morning in late summer, 1773.*

[*Mistress Boudinot is seated by the open window, sewing. The voices of Susan and Alison are heard in the garden singing, "Pretty Peggy, Oh!" (or any other little English ballad). As the verse is ended the two children enter. Susan has a basket full of old-fashioned flowers. Both have garden shears.*]

SUSAN. See, Mumsey dear, the larkspur has grown taller in the night; the canterbury bells were all ringing in the wind; and I found the last rose bud of all the year hiding down by the hedge!

A LITTLE PATRIOT

MISTRESS B. [*taking the rose bud*]. It has all the sweetness of a mid-summer's day, Susan. Bid Sally bring the tall vases for the posies and then come to your ruffling.

[*Susan goes to door, then comes back and both children gather the flowers into bunches. Enter Sally with two tall vases filled with water.*]

MISTRESS B. Put the larkspur on the mantel, Susan, and, Sally, take the canterbury bells to the dining-room. Then run down to Mistress Alston's shop and fetch me a package of raspberry leaves. Then when you have prepared the vegetables for Martha you may run and play for an hour.

SALLY [*bobbing a courtesy*]. Yes, ma'am, thank you, ma'am.

SUSAN [*taking work-basket and sitting near her mother*]. Now for the ruffling! May I have some of the little shell lace to edge it with, Mother?

MISTRESS B. Nay, Susan, that lace came from England, and you know well that we can buy no more English goods while the king puts any tax upon us.

ALISON. I promised Mother to finish my stint, too. Hurry, Susan, and let us see who can be done first! Then we will go into the garden and make hollyhoek ladies.

SUSAN. We will have a tea-party for them down by the sun-dial! May we, Mumsey dear? Oh, this thread! There is a knot!

[*The door bursts open and Sally rushes in, followed by Roger. Sally's dress is torn and her hair unbraided and tumbled.*]

SALLY. Oh, ma'am! The boys have chased me down the street, and thrown sticks at me and torn my dress!

MISTRESS B. 'Tis a shame to treat a serving-wench so! Roger, do you know aught of this?

ROGER. I tried to get her home safe, madam; but, indeed, 'twas her own fault. She was found coming out of John Broadhead's store.

MISTRESS B. What does this mean, Sally? Have I not often told you that John Broadhead deals in taxed goods, and that all patriots are forbidden to do commerce there?

SALLY. Please, ma'am, as I was coming from Mistress Alston's I saw a lady drop her basket and all her things rolled upon the ground. I gathered them for her and she gave me a coin. Just before me was John Broadhead's shop with sweets in the window, and I—I bought one! [*She begins to sob.*]

MISTRESS B. Let this be a lesson to you! Should your master know that you had entered a shop forbidden to patriots, I doubt not that he would have you smartly whipped, but I think you have been fitly punished this time. Go to Martha and tell her to give you a cup of raspberry tea and let you rest and make yourself tidy before she sets you a task. [*Sally bows a courtesy and goes out.*] Thank you, Roger, for bringing the child home.

ROGER. 'Twas nothing, madam. I was coming here anyway, for Susan promised to make a flag for our troop when her stint was finished.

A LITTLE PATRIOT

SUSAN. It will not be done soon, Roger. I think this ruffle has no end! Mother says I must put it on the frock that I am to wear to Mistress Franklin's this afternoon.

ROGER. Girls must have frills!

SUSAN. Nonsense! I like not company clothes nor those for whom I wear them!

MISTRESS B. For shame, child! 'Twas most gracious of the governor's lady to bid you wait upon her this afternoon, even though your Father and I may not be present. I trust you will not forget the courtesies that you owe to her nor to my old friend, Mistress Winthrop.

ROGER. I would not give a fig for the governor's lady, nor for the governor himself. But yesterday he said 'twas only the rabble who had opposed his most gracious Majesty in his just measures of stamp acts and taxes. I wish Susan would not go there.

MISTRESS B. Nay, Roger, you forget yourself; though we dislike the governor's words, still we must not forget that he is in duty bound to support his Majesty, and for old friendship's sake we would keep at peace with his house.

ROGER. I ask your pardon, but I like it not. Why, next thing we know, Susan will be *drinking tea!*

SUSAN. Oh, Roger! You know I would not do such a thing!

ALISON. And why not, I pray? We drink tea at our house.

SUSAN. Oh, Alison! How can you? Are you not a patriot?

ALISON. I am a subject of our good King George the Third. My mother says 'tis folly to drink brews of raspberry leaves and sage when good tea is to be had so easily with but a pittance of tax.

ROGER. A pittance indeed! By what right does he tax us at all? He but hunts for ways to oppress us. Truly 'tis said "The king is industrious as a beaver and obstinate as a mule."

ALISON. A traitor's words!

ROGER. Better a traitor to a tyrant than to one's own land — like you tea-drinkers.

ALISON. Better —

MISTRESS B. Peace, children! There are quarrels enough abroad without bringing them to the home.

[*Enter Elias Boudinot.*]

ELIAS B. Good words, indeed! Would this young fire-brand stir up greater strife than that which is abroad already?

ROGER. Is there aught new, sir?

ELIAS B. 'Tis the same story, my boy. Another letter has come from the Committee of Correspondence in Boston. The conduct of the British soldiers grows in insolence. Never, since the Boston massacre, has the feeling run so high. There are rumours of new taxes, and Samuel Adams calls on all good patriots to stand ready to support Boston as she is standing ready to support the rights of all the colonies.

ROGER. I wish I were in Boston!

A LITTLE PATRIOT

ELIAS B. Patience, Roger. Opportunity cometh to him who standeth ready in his own place. [*A drum and very squeaky flute are heard. Elias B. goes to window.*] It seems there are some young patriots drilling here. Is that some of your work, Roger?

ROGER. 'Tis our troop, sir. I know we are but lads, yet the time may come when we are needed. Susan has promised to make us a flag when she has finished her stint of ruffling.

ELIAS B. So, little daughter, you, too, would join the army of the patriots?

SUSAN. Oh, Father, if I were only a man and could do big things!

ELIAS B. Little things may have big results, Susan. There will be enough for us all to do in the times that I fear are at hand. Only remember, little daughter, that if a time should come when you are called upon, be true, by word and deed, to the cause that belongs to us all—even you children.

SUSAN. Yes, Father, I will remember.

[*While the curtain is down between the scenes, Roger drills his small troop.*]

SCENE II

Mistress Franklin's drawing-room.

TIME. *Afternoon of the same day.*

Before the curtain rises the notes of a minuet and the sound of voices are heard. As the curtain goes up Mistress Winthrop and Jonathan Endicott are dancing a figure of the minuet. Mistress Franklin and the Governor, Mistress Crothers and Edward Crothers, and William Bradford are sitting and standing round the room looking on at the dance. In the doorway stands Susan.

MISTRESS FRANKLIN. Most charming!

MISTRESS WINTHROP. 'Tis the very newest figure, and as it was danced at his Majesty's court last season, I do assure you.

MISTRESS CROTHERS. Ah me, I fear we are sadly behind the merry world of London!

MISTRESS W. Why, Susan, child, come in and pay thy respects to thy mother's dear friend.

[*Susan courtesies low to both ladies and to the rest of the company.*]

MISTRESS W. So this is Hannah's little maid! Come sit beside me. How time flies! It seems but yesterday that we played at dolls and stitched samplers together.

SUSAN. So my mother has oft told me, madam.

MISTRESS W. I'll warrant she has! And of the plans we made to visit merry England ere she married a colonist. Wouldst like to come to England and see the good king, child?

SUSAN. I—I fear—

A LITTLE PATRIOT

MISTRESS W. Oh, speak up, child! I hope you are a loyal subject of the king.

[*A maid enters with tea things.*]

MISTRESS F. [*pouring tea*]. Never mind, Susan, we will not press vexed questions when you would enjoy your cakes.

GOVERNOR. The traitorous spirit hath spread even among the children. One knows not where it will spring up next. Time was when Elias Boudinot was a loyal and zealous subject, but I fear he hath too many new friends in Boston of late.

MR. C. 'Tis time his Majesty taught these upstart rebels a sharp lesson. Permit me, madam. [*He takes cup and passes it.*]

MISTRESS W. The times seem all awry when such a man as William Pitt will, in public speech, uphold treason and rebellion. Well I mind the day he said, "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three million people so dead to the feeling of liberty as to submit to be made slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest of us." All London hummed with that speech, I can tell you.

Gov. F. Yea, 'tis such as he that stirs up half our troubles. If there were but one firm mind in England all this nonsense would be over.

MISTRESS W. 'Tis but a flash in the pan—a bit of swagger and bravado! Once the king really wills to stop it, the thing is done.

MR. E. The sooner done the better, say I. They will not use the stamps! They will not drink taxed tea! One would think, forsooth, the king must ask their leave to govern his own kingdom!

Gov. F. The time has come for firmness and severity—not for pandering an argument. To think a beggarly colonist like James Otis dare bid the king rescind his measures or lose the colonies forever.

MR. C. Aye, but the king's soldiers gave him an argument for that! I hear his wits have been addled this twelvemonth from the drubbing they gave him.

MISTRESS F. A few more such wholesome arguments and all their fiery speeches will turn to smoke, I have no doubt. Come, child, drink your tea. Is it not sugared to your liking?

SUSAN. I thank you, madam, it is sugared. [*She hesitates a moment, rises, crosses the room, pauses at the window, and then slowly empties the contents of her cup on the flowers below, and turns defiantly, facing the room.*]

Gov. F. Said I not the very babes breathed the air of rebellion?

SUSAN. Not of rebellion, sir, but independence.

[*The gentlemen laugh, except William B., who sets down his cup.*]

WILLIAM B. I think my own drink hath grown somewhat bitter.

MISTRESS F. It would be more fit, Susan, that thy courtesy equalled thine independence.

SUSAN. I could not drink it, madam, but I crave your pardon that I spilled it on your flowers!

WILLIAM B. I think, little Susan, that you have this day watered that rarest of flowers—the Flower of Liberty!

ST. VALENTINE'S HOUSE

CHARACTERS

ST. VALENTINE.

ELVES.

FAIRIES.

IMPS.

CHILD.

STAGE - SETTING

Workroom [in St. Valentine's house]. Tables are piled high with paper hearts, lace paper, mottoes, etc. Walls may be adorned with old-fashioned mottoes. Elves working at benches. St. Valentine at desk.

COSTUMES

ST. VALENTINE: *A long cloak spangled with gold hearts and trimmed with a border of red hearts and cupids. He has a long white (cotton) beard and white hair.*

ELVES: *Gay coloured, tight-fitting suits with heart or other valentine device on front and back; pointed caps which may have a tiny bell on tip if desired.*

FIRST FAIRY: *Dress of pale blue, like forget-me-not. This may be made of crepe paper. The skirt should stand out like the petals of a flower.*

SECOND FAIRY: *Dress of yellow with little yellow hat shaped like a daffodil turned upside down.*

THIRD FAIRY: *Under dress of yellow, with over dress of slashed red paper.*

LACE FAIRIES: *Dresses of any pale colour. They have long lacy scarfs fastened to their shoulders, they hold these out as they run across the stage.*

IMPS: *Tight black suits, comic mask faces.*

CHILD: *A very simple gingham dress. Hair in a "pig-tail."*

FIRST ELF. Just give me a thousand more of those hearts, please.

SECOND ELF. Oh, what will rhyme with heart besides dart and smart and part?

THIRD ELF. And give me something to rhyme with dove besides love.

ST. VALENTINE [*looking up*]. Those are good enough, my dear. We've used them several hundred years and they have always given perfect satisfaction. Don't try to get new-fangled notions, my children. The good old words are best.

FOURTH ELF. The children always love them, that's true.

ST. VALENTINE'S HOUSE

ST. VALENTINE. Other people love them besides the children. Yes, there's lots of room in the world for good old-time love. So work, children.

ELVES [*working, sing*].

[*Tune: What are little boys made of?*]

What are valentines made of?

What are valentines made of?

Laughter and gladness,

But never of sadness,

That's what valentines are made of.

FIRST ELF. Ssh! I hear a mortal footfall. [*Door opens and child comes in.*]

CHILD. Oh! Oh! What a lovely place! I followed a dear little white pigeon and I have found the way to Fairyland.

FIRST ELF. This isn't Fairyland.

OTHER ELVES. Ssh!

CHILD. Not Fairyland? What is it then? [*Runs to St. Valentine.*]
You will tell me.

ST. VALENTINE. It is *my* house. Can't you guess who I am?

CHILD. Not Santa Claus for you have no fur-trimmed coat, nor reindeer. [*Looks at him a long time.*] Oh! Oh! I know. You are St. Valentine. Our own dear St. Valentine!

ELVES. Of course he is our dear St. Valentine.

CHILD. And this is where valentines are made?

ST. VALENTINE. This is where they are put together. All the materials are made by children themselves.

CHILD. Oh, I am so glad I found my way here! Perhaps I might make a valentine. I want to send one very, very, very much. We haven't a great deal of money, so I cannot buy one. I should like so to give a valentine. I never have.

FIRST ELF. She has never given a valentine!

SECOND ELF. She *thinks* she has never given a valentine, and she has been giving them every day. Aren't mortals stupid!

ST. VALENTINE. Tut! Tut! After all, it's better to give without knowing than to know without giving. Child, do you know what valentines are made of?

CHILD. Oh, yes! Gold and lace paper and beautiful flowers and —

ST. VALENTINE. Yes, yes. Of course. But do you know what these things really *are*?

CHILD. What they *really* are? I don't understand —

ELVES. May we show her?

ST. VALENTINE. It is too early to call our messengers, but she has sent us so much material that I think we will. [*Opens the window and rings little chime of bells.*]

[*Enter three fairies with baskets.*]

ST. VALENTINE. Welcome home! Tell our guest what you bring.

ST. VALENTINE'S HOUSE

- FIRST FAIRY [*empties forget-me-nots from her basket*]. These are gentle, grateful memories of the kindly deeds of last year.
- ST. VALENTINE. Good! Good! What should we do for our forget-me-nots if people stopped remembering the kind things done for them?
- SECOND FAIRY [*pouring out buttercups*]. Fairy gold! Fairy gold! The smiles and laughter of children. A splendid harvest to-day.
- THIRD FAIRY [*holding up red and yellow tulip*]. Here are harlequin flowers — the jolly jokes that children have played. [*She steps behind St. Valentine and throws flowers over him.*]
- ST. VALENTINE. Ha! Ha! You'll play your jokes on me, will you?
[*Enter fairies with baskets of hearts.*]
- FAIRIES. Here is every unselfish act that we have found to-day. There are one or two especially nice ones. [*Sees child.*] Why, the nicest of all came from *her*.
- CHILD. From me! How could it?
- FAIRY. Do you remember saving your ginger-nut for Johnny because he had none? That made a lovely red heart.
[*In run lace fairies with baskets and cobweb scarfs.*]
- LACE FAIRIES. We have had such a busy day! So many children were doing things that our shuttles fairly flew, spinning their work into laces.
- CHILD. Do the children really make the laces?
- ST. VALENTINE. All the industrious, helpful acts are gathered by the fairies and on their shuttles woven into lacy patterns.
[*Suddenly there is a horrid din, blowing on combs, shrieking, etc. Fairies cower down.*]
- CHILD. What is that?
- VOICES OUTSIDE. A child! A child in Valentine land!
[*Four little imps with comic masks, etc., rush in, surrounding child.*]
- IMPS. Come to St. Valentine's house and we will teach you all the teasing tricks that valentines are made of.
- ST. VALENTINE. Be gone.
- IMPS. You cannot send us away now, for there is a child here. We will not go until she has chosen. Every child may choose a valentine for herself.
- CHILD. Oh! Who are they?
- FIRST IMP. Messengers of St. Valentine.
- SECOND IMP. Gatherers of mischief and teasing words.
- THIRD IMP. Gleaners of unkind thoughts.
- FOURTH IMP. If you will come with us we will show you how to make people seem ridiculous and foolish.
- CHILD. But what good would that do?
- FIRST IMP. It is such fun to make people feel silly.
- SECOND IMP. Think of Sally. She teased you the other day. Wouldn't you like to make her angry?
- THIRD IMP. We will make you such a lovely valentine that every one will laugh at her for days.

ST. VALENTINE'S HOUSE

- CHILD. Oh, I know you now. You are comic valentines. Please go away. I love our own St. Valentine.
- IMPS. She has chosen! She has chosen! We are undone!
[*Imps shriek and rush out.*]
- ST. VALENTINE. Those fellows give me more trouble! And the worst of it is, some people think I send them. They come from the false St. Valentine who lives just across the way.
- CHILD. Oh, why do you let him stay there and make such horrid valentines?
- ST. VALENTINE. As long as the children send him material he will make valentines. We both use what the children send us. When he has no more material he will have to go out of business. But come now, should you like a valentine all your own, made of just such materials as you have sent us? Smiles and kind words and helpful acts?
- CHILD. I should *love* it. May I look at them all? [*Runs about the room. Stops at pile of dingy, crumpled valentines.*] Ah, what are these?
- FAIRY. Alas, these are the valentines that were received greedily and selfishly. They lost their beauty and have come back to be brightened with a little love.
- ST. VALENTINE. You must know, child, that there may be as great a blessing in the way you receive a gift as in the way you give it. These were lovely valentines, but they went to the wrong persons.
- CHILD. Oh, I am *so* sorry. See, this should be pretty. [*Touches it softly.*] *You poor thing!* Don't be sad, I love you. Why, it has grown bright again.
- FIRST FAIRY. That is because your kind thought made it beautiful once more.
- SECOND FAIRY. Would you like that one?
- CHILD. May I really have it? Oh, thank you so much! I wanted a lovely one like that because it is for mother.
- ST. VALENTINE. I think you could find a prettier one. Look once more. It is to be your valentine to mother, remember.
[*Fairies crowd around child as she goes from table to table.*]
- CHILD [*holding up one*]. I think that mother would like this one.
- ST. VALENTINE. That is the very one I had in mind. Do you know why she would like that one best?
- CHILD. I don't know why — I just think she would.
- ST. VALENTINE. She will like it because it is made of the smiles you gave her when you ran on errands; of the stitches you took when you helped her mend little sister's stockings, and of all the helpful little acts you did for her at night when she was tired. These are the best valentines mother can have.
- CHILD. Then valentines are really just loving, and one can give real valentines every day in the year! Isn't it perfectly beautiful? I must go back and show everyone the way to St. Valentine's House.
[*As curtain falls elves sing, "What are valentines made of?"*]

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

CHARACTERS

SNOW-WHITE.

ROSE-RED.

MOTHER.

BEAR.

DWARF.

PRINCE FAITHFUL.

THE FOREST ANGEL.

STAGE - SETTING

SCENE I

A very simple interior. If the play be given in a schoolroom or barn the bare walls suffice, but an excellent little room may be made from screens covered with rough denim. If there be no real fireplace one may be made from packing-boxes covered with dull red paper and chalked to represent brick (or of gray like stone). Two packing-boxes stood on top of one another may form each side with a board for the mantel. The fire may be made of red and black and gray paper (cinders). If an electric light can be concealed in the papers it will add greatly to the effect.

The furniture should be of the poorest: a table with a blue and white cloth, a few wooden chairs, a wooden bench, a kitchen cupboard with a few coarse dishes, an old wooden clock and a spinning-wheel. If a real spinning-wheel cannot be obtained, a good imitation can be made from a large wheel set up in a home-made frame. There is a fire on the hearth, with a bright brass kettle hanging over it. The mother is seated by the fire spinning. On the window-sill stand a red and a white rose bush. The Mother leaves her work and goes to the window. First she stoops and touches the red and white roses lovingly, then draws the curtain and looks out.

COSTUMES

SNOW-WHITE: *A simple white dress, cloak and hood of any wool material or of canton flannel. In the second act the cloak is not used, but a little white cap may be worn.*

ROSE-RED: *A costume exactly like Snow-White, but red instead of white.*

MOTHER: *A peasant dress of neutral tone, with kerchief and apron.*

BEAR: *A bear suit of brown canton flannel, covering hands and feet. The head may be made of the same or may be covered with a fur cap.*

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

DWARF: *A tight-fitting brown suit with pointed cap and shoes.*

PRINCE FAITHFUL: *Tight clothes of any neutral colour, long dark green cloak, tattered and torn, a hat with a draggled feather.*

MOTHER. It grows dark and the snow is falling. 'Tis time my Snow-White and Rose-Red were home. Yet I know they are as safe in the forest as here with me, for every creature, beast, elf, or spirit loves them for their gentleness. [*Turns back to the fire.*] I'll have a cheery fire to welcome them when they come.

[*Snow-White and Rose-Red run in powdered with snow and throw themselves into their Mother's arms.*]

ROSE-RED. Oh, Mother! You should see the forest! It is white as our little Snow-White!

SNOW-WHITE. And the dearest little rabbit hopped nearly home with us! I had nothing in my pocket for him but a dried fall leaf, but I stroked his soft fur while he ate it from my hand.

MOTHER. I was watching for you, my two snowbirds. Shake off those snowy coats and come close to the fire.

[*The children run to hang up their coats near the door, talking all the time.*]

ROSE-RED. Mother, may we have our supper by the fire as we used to when we were little, little children?

SNOW-WHITE. And stories while we eat! Please, Mother, dearest! [*They run to the cupboard and bring three cups and plates and put them on the bench near the fire.*]

SNOW-WHITE. Why, Mother, you have a saucepan of milk warming!

ROSE-RED [*peering into a brown jar*]. And here is a brown loaf in the jar! [*She brings loaf and knife, Mother fills cups.*] What a lovely supper!

[*Rose-Red takes cup and bread and sits on the hearth rug by the fire, Snow-White nestles against her Mother's knee.*]

SNOW-WHITE [*very gently, stroking her Mother's hand*]. Mother, dearest, were you lonely while we were away?

MOTHER. When the dark began to fall I was a little troubled.

ROSE-RED. Why, nothing could harm us in the forest!

SNOW-WHITE. Don't you remember, Mother dear, that night when we were lost and slept till morning in the forest, when we woke we saw a child in shining white who sat beside our bed, but vanished as we spoke?

ROSE-RED. And just beside us was a precipice where we might have fallen.

MOTHER [*drawing the children near to her*]. Indeed, I remember well. It must have been the angel who guards all the gentle things of the forest and all good children.

SNOW-WHITE. The forest angel would guide us through the snow, too, Mother. [*A loud rap is heard at the door.*]

MOTHER. Rose-Red, open the door quickly! It must be some traveller seeking shelter.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

[*As Rose-Red opens the door a great bear thrusts in his head. Rose-Red jumps back with a scream and Snow-White shrinks close to her Mother.*]

BEAR. Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. I am half frozen and only want to warm myself a little by your fire.

MOTHER. Good Bear, you are welcome. Come close to the blaze; only be careful not to burn your fur. See, children, he is a kind, honest bear. He will not hurt you.

SNOW-WHITE [*bringing her cup to the Bear*]. Poor Bear! Would you not like my nice warm milk?

ROSE-RED [*merrily*]. Good brother Bear, shall I not bring the hearth brush and scrub the snow out of your fur?

[*They brush the Bear, while he growls with pleasure; then they tumble over him and pull his fur.*]

BEAR [*playfully*]. Spare my life, I pray you!

MOTHER. Come, children, say good-night to the good Bear and run to bed. [*To Bear.*] You may lie here on the hearth rug. The embers will be warm till morning and you will be sheltered from the cold and wet.

[*The children wash their cups and put them on the shelf, talking all the time.*]

SNOW-WHITE. Let him come every night, Mother. He can be our forest brother.

ROSE-RED. We'll teach him to play hide and seek and blind man's buff.

MOTHER. You will always be welcome, kind Bear.

[*She pats his head. Snow-White and Rose-Red hug him and then run off with their Mother. The Bear stretches himself out on the rug, the stage grows dark, then the door opens and the Forest Angel comes in. She goes softly about the room and as she comes to the door where the children have gone she stretches out her hands.*]

ANGEL. Sweet sleep and pleasant dreams to all the gentle hearts who dwell beneath this kindly roof.

SCENE II

TIME. *A spring morning — in the forest.*

For the background, cover the screens with green denim, or soft folds of cheese-cloth, and hang them with vines and boughs; cover the floor with green cloth rising over a central mound, scatter leaves, small stones and moss over this. The dwarf's log may be real, or fashioned of small barrels covered with bark.

As the curtain rises a little Dwarf is seen caught by his beard in the cleft of a log. He bobs up and down, tugging to be free.

DWARF. Curses upon the evil fortune! Here I am fast and every spell may be undone before I can get my beautiful beard free!

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

[*He gives a great tug.*] Ouch! Ouch! May every misfortune come to him who felled this miserable tree! Ouch! Ouch! Hark! I hear a footfall! If a mortal should see me now I should be powerless and he might seize my treasure. [*He drops behind log.*]

[*Enter Prince Faithful. His cloak is torn and tattered, and he moves wearily to a little mound in the centre of the stage and throws himself down upon it.*]

PRINCE FAITHFUL. Alas, 'tis a year to-day since I began my weary search for my dear brother! I fear I shall never see him again. [*Buries his face in his hands.*] Oh, my brother! my brother! [*Enter Snow-White and Rose-Red. Their arms are full of flowers. Rose-Red has a little basket.*]

ROSE-RED [*running to Prince.*] Dear Sir, are you ill? Can we help you?

SNOW-WHITE. Won't you come to our Mother? She knows how to help everyone.

PRINCE FAITHFUL. Dear children, I am afraid no one can help me for my trouble is very great. A year ago my dear brother rode into this forest and has never since been seen. I know he is in the power of some wicked enchanter, and I have vowed to search for him for three long years. In all that time I will not rest beneath a human roof until I find him.

ROSE-RED. We know the forest! We will help you search.

SNOW-WHITE. And we will ask aid of the Forest Angel.

ROSE-RED. But you are faint with hunger. Here is our luncheon. You must eat.

SNOW-WHITE. Then rest upon this bed of moss where we have often slept.

PRINCE. You give me new hope. I think I have already found the Forest Angels. [*He eats, then throws himself down.*]

SNOW-WHITE. Poor man! He is already asleep!

DWARF. Now is my chance! There are those two foolish children who saved me from the fish. [*Tugs at his beard.*] Ouch! Ouch!

ROSE-RED. Why, there is the dwarf again!

DWARF. Stupid blockheads, don't stand gaping! Pull me out, I say!

ROSE-RED. How did you get in?

DWARF. Idiots! I was chopping firewood when the wedge slipped and my beautiful beard caught. Pull me out, I say!

[*Children try to pull out beard.*]

DWARF. Gently! A thousand curses on your clumsiness!

SNOW-WHITE [*pulling out scissors*]. I'll have you free in a moment.

DWARF. All evils come upon you! Would you cut my beautiful beard? [*Bear's voice is heard.*]

VOICE. Snow-White, I pray you hold him till I come.

DWARF. Cut! cut quickly! and I will give you this bag of precious stones.

VOICE. Snow-White, if you love me, I pray you wait!

SNOW-WHITE. I would not touch your jewels!

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

BEAR [*lumbering in*]. He is a wicked enchanter!

PRINCE [*waking*]. I hear my brother's voice!

DWARF. Cut! Cut! I say, and all the treasures of my caverns shall be yours!

SNOW-WHITE. Never!

BEAR [*holding his great paw over the Dwarf*]. Now you are in my power! If I spare you will you restore me to my former shape?

DWARF. Spare me and I will do all you ask!

BEAR. Break all the evil charms you have cast on every traveller, and restore to me my treasure and my former shape.

DWARF. It shall be done! [*Throws dust on Bear who shakes himself and throws off his skin.*]

PRINCE FAITHFUL. My own dear brother!

CHILDREN. Our Bear! A Prince!

DWARF. Free me quickly!

BEAR. It shall be done! But I must cut off your beard so you can work no more evil.

DWARF. Leave me my beautiful beard, dear Prince, and you shall have all my treasure.

PRINCE. Nay, for your evil power lies in your beard.

[*He cuts, Dwarf runs off crying, My beard, my beard!*]

[*Enter Mother.*]

MOTHER. Snow-White! Rose-Red! Did I not hear you call? [*Stops in surprise.*] Who are these gentlemen?

BEAR. Dear lady, a wicked dwarf once changed me to a bear and stole my treasure; but now through the love and faithfulness of Snow-White and Rose-Red I have regained my former shape, and with my dear brother, I now pray that you and these sweet children will go with us to our palace where we will live happily together all our lives. So shall you share our home as once a poor bear did share yours.

MOTHER. You shall both be dear to me as my own children. Only I must take with me my red and white rose trees.

[*The Forest Angel appears.*]

ANGEL. Take with you also those kind, loving hearts that are your greatest treasure. Fare you well!



BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

CHARACTERS

BAUCIS	}	<i>Roman Peasants.</i>	}	<i>Disguised as strangers.</i>
PHILEMON				
JUPITER,	}	<i>Father of the gods</i>	}	<i>Disguised as strangers.</i>
MERCURY,		<i>Messenger of the gods</i>		
SATYR	}	<i>Creatures of the woods.</i>	}	
DRYADS				

STAGE - SETTING

This play is intended to be given out of doors. The only requisite in the matter of stage-setting is that there shall be two trees near the foreground. The outside of the hut may be built of screens covered with rough denim or bark. The porch floor and top of denim or canvas with rough log supports.

COSTUMES

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON: *Simple tunics of the Roman peasant. Baucis' costume is dull blue. Philemon's of brown.*

The travellers are enveloped in long cloaks. When these are thrown back, Jupiter wears a tunic trimmed with gold and a toga with gold and purple; Mercury, a short white tunic, winged sandals and a winged helmet (this he can adjust by slipping behind Jupiter's cloak as he flings it back).

SATYR: *Wrapped in shaggy skins. Has furry pointed ears showing through his hair.*

DRYADS: *Pale green cheese cloth gowns, hanging in soft folds. Wreaths of leaves on their hair.*

SCENE I

[A hut on the hillside. Baucis and Philemon on porch.]

BAUCIS. Philemon, do you hear the dogs barking again?

PHILEMON. Aye, and I hear the sound of shouting and of rude laughter.

BAUCIS. I fear another stranger has come to the village, and that they are maltreating him. Oh, would that the people could learn gentleness and kindness!

PHILEMON. See, there are two strangers coming up the hill!

BAUCIS. Go out and meet them, Philemon, and bid them welcome for I fear they are in sore need of hospitality if they have passed through the village.

[Two strangers enter. Philemon steps out to greet them.]

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

- PHILEMON. Welcome and good cheer, fair sirs. Will you not bide with us a little? I fear you have fared ill at the hands of yonder churls.
- FIRST STRANGER. They are indeed a rude company. Was it ever their custom to greet the stranger with sticks and stones by way of bidding him be welcome?
- BAUCIS. Alas, yes. So it has been for many years. Even the children are taught to stone the traveller and to set dogs upon the innocent wayfarer! Oft have we tried to win them from their evil ways, but they do but laugh at us and threaten us with the same treatment, an' we will not hold our peace. But sit you down, fair sirs. To this house be ever welcome.
- SECOND STRANGER. Thank you, good dame. Could we perchance have a bit of supper here? Our welcome at the inn below did not fill our empty stomachs.
- BAUCIS. All we have we offer you right gladly, but I fear 'tis little for such honourable lords. Had we known we should have the happiness of guests we should have eaten more sparingly ourselves.
- PHILEMON. Aye, that we would, but to such as we have you are more than welcome. Will you sit here on the porch? 'Tis a pity to lose the golden light of the setting sun by shutting oneself indoors.
- [*Philemon brings out old table, propping one leg up with a shell. Baucis sets it, placing on it brown loaf, pitcher, dish of honey and another of ripe olives.*]
- FIRST STRANGER. A supper fit for a king, indeed. Sit you with us, mine host, and you, good dame, and let us all sup together.
- PHILEMON. Nay, we have but lately eaten. [*To Baucis in a whisper.*] I would that we had gone without our mid-day meal, there would have been more to offer our guests.
- FIRST STRANGER. Nay, I insist. Good dame, I crave your pardon, but I shall rob your cupboard. [*He goes in and re-appears with two dishes and mugs.*]
- BAUCIS. How lightly he moves — more as though his feet did fly rather than tread the earth.
- PHILEMON. Yes, and did you note his strangely carved staff? Once as I looked I thought the serpents moved as though they were alive.
- BAUCIS. 'Tis indeed strange — I noticed it myself.
- SECOND STRANGER. It is a peaceful spot that you have here — quiet as nightfall. Nothing is stirring but the busy wind.
- BAUCIS. Listen, the trees are whispering. Many a night when evening falls and all the work is done, I sit here listening to the soft voices of the trees. They are the gentlest, kindest and most patient of neighbours.
- PHILEMON. Often, I've thought that it would be a blessed thing to be a tree myself. Think of never hurting anyone by thoughtless word or deed; of living but to bless, of giving shade to the weary traveller, comfort to the tired in heart, fruit to the hungry, shelter to man or to even the smallest bird. Surely there is no better friend than a tree.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

BAUCIS. And how sweet it would be to feel the sun and rain, to understand the secrets of the wind, to watch the midnight sky and the first dawn, to whisper of all this to those who have an understanding heart. Yes, it must be beautiful to be a tree!

PHILEMON. I can never see a tree cut down without a pang. They seem like the brothers of mankind.

SECOND STRANGER. And so they are. In them dwell the gentlest, loveliest of spirits.

FIRST STRANGER. Ah, I am amazingly thirsty. Good Mother Baucis, may I have a bit more milk?

BAUCIS. I fear, I greatly fear, there is but a drop more. [*She lifts pitcher and pours.*]

FIRST STRANGER. A generous bowlful, I should say. Now I will pour for you. [*He fills all the bowls.*]

BAUCIS. My wits must have been wandering when I filled that pitcher. I had not thought there was so much milk.

SECOND STRANGER [*draining his bowl*]. I crave your pardon but would ask another bowlful of that delicious milk. The journey gives one a monstrous hunger and thirst.

PHILEMON. Pray take mine, I cannot drink it.

SECOND STRANGER. Nay, nay, I will pour for myself. [*Pours into bowl.*]

FIRST STRANGER. And again I will fill my bowl, with your leave. We are greedy guests but the fare is tempting. [*Pours again.*] Come, come, mine host, drink with us!

[*Philemon drinks, looks into the pitcher intently, slowly tips it up, then pushes back his bench.*]

PHILEMON. No mortal guests are you! As I looked, behold, the empty pitcher filled itself.

BAUCIS. The loaf, too, grew again before my very eyes!

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON [*together*]. Oh, wondrous guests, who are you?

[*Travellers rise, throw off cloaks, showing costumes of Jupiter and Mercury.*]

JUPITER. You speak the truth. We are not mortals, but gods. To such as you who meet us with a kindly welcome we bring blessing, but on those who turn us from their doors shall the curse of the gods descend.

[*A sudden peal of thunder rolls. Baucis and Philemon fall on their knees and cling to each other. As it grows still, Baucis points toward the village.*]

BAUCIS. Philemon, what has happened? I cannot see the village! Why, it is gone!

PHILEMON. Nothing is there but a lake. Oh, our poor neighbours, where are they?

STRANGER. Do not mourn for them. They were not fit to be called men. They were as cold-blooded as the fish that they have now become. Think of them no more for the world is a better, happier

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

place without them. Tell us rather how we may repay the hospitality that you have shown us?

PHILEMON. We are repaid by having had such guests.

STRANGER. Would you not like this hut to be a palace?

BAUCIS. Dear me, I should not know how to live in a palace! Our simple hut is better suited to us. Were we but able to set a meal before every hungry wayfarer and to give a bed to any weary wanderer who might come this way, that would be better than living in a palace.

JUPITER. So it shall be. Never shall the pitcher be empty nor your cupboard bare of food. Your generous giving shall be unstinted.

MERCURY. And have you no wish for yourselves?

[*Baucis and Philemon look intently at each other, then exclaim together:*]

If only we might be together all our lives and when the gods call, might go together from this world; for we have always loved one another.

JUPITER. It shall be so. Both the wish spoken now, and that one which you all unconsciously asked before, shall be remembered.

SCENE II

[*The same by moonlight. A Satyr seated on a log blowing on pipes o' Pan. From behind the trees step Dryads dressed in pale green and crowned with leaves. They come from every tree except two in the foreground and dance to the music of the pipes. Suddenly Mercury appears in the centre. The dance stops and Dryads cluster about Mercury.*]

MERCURY. Have you kept faithful watch over the two gentle souls who live within this hut?

DRYADS. We have. Each evening we have comforted them with quiet songs. Each night we have kept watch that nothing should disturb their peace.

MERCURY. Last time I passed this way they seemed scarce older than that night many years ago when we came to them as weary wanderers and they gave us all they had.

DRYAD. So many travellers have come here since. Hardly a day has passed that they have not given rest and refreshment to some tired soul. I think it is the happiness of giving which keeps them so young.

ANOTHER DRYAD. Yet of late they seem to have grown weary. Often at night they are like two tired children.

MERCURY. I think the time has come for me to keep my promise.

[*He goes into the hut. First Dryad creeps to the window.*]

FIRST DRYAD. They sleep like two happy children smiling at pleasant dreams.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

SECOND DRYAD. See, the kindly god has bent to whisper through their dreams.

[*In the treetop is heard a voice "Baucis" answered from other tree "Philemon."*]

FIRST DRYAD. The gods have called them and they have their wish. Their spirits have passed into these friendly trees.

[*Voices from treetops again: "Baucis!" — "Philemon!"*]

FIRST TREE. The gods are good! We feel the sun and know the secrets of the wind.

SECOND TREE. The gods are good! We have our wish. We are together.

[*Softly like a sigh the voices repeat: Baucis! Philemon! Baucis! Philemon!*]



THE PALACE OF THE KING

CHARACTERS

ELSA.

GRANDMOTHER.

JEANNE.

LISETTE.

THE KINGLY GUEST.

Chorus of voices for carols.

STAGE - SETTING

The stage-setting should be of the simplest. Brown denim screens may form the walls of the little room. A fireplace, a rough bench, the grandmother's chair, and a plain wooden table are sufficient furniture.

COSTUMES

The costumes may be of any simple peasant type.

GRANDMOTHER: *A coarse gray gown with kerchief. (She should have the appearance of great age.)*

ELSA: *A simple blue dress, faded and mended.*

JEANNE AND LISETTE: *Bright cloaks with hoods, fur-trimmed if desired.*

STRANGER: *A loose garment of coarse material girded in at the waist, on his feet are sandals.*

SCENE

[A cottage room, very poorly furnished. As the curtain rises Elsa and her grandmother are seated by the fire.]

ELSA. Are you cold, Grandmother, dear? Shall I bring the big quilt to tuck about your knees?

GRANDMOTHER. Thank you, dear one. How many Christmases have come and gone since my old blood ran glad and warm as yours! It is not much of a Christmas for you to sit in the chimney-corner alone with an old woman.

ELSA. Oh, Grandmother! We have each other! and then you have often told me how near the dear Christ Child is to those who sit alone.

GRANDMOTHER. I often think it must have been a night like this when He was born, so pure and white and still! with the quiet stars all waiting for that one great star that told His coming.

ELSA. And I can see the shepherds, waiting too. Do you not think there were some children with the shepherds? I like to think they saw the angels.

THE PALACE OF THE KING

GRANDMOTHER. Aye, they would be the first to see them.

ELSA [*jumping up with face upturned*]. Oh, Grandmother! sometimes I think I hear them sing like our carol!

[*She sings "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Voices from outside take up the refrain "Glory to the new-born King" and sing through the verse, dying slowly away into the distance. The door opens and two children run in.*]

JEANNE. Have you heard the news? The king is coming to the service to-night at the church! The great organ will play and all the candles will be lighted!

LISETTE. And the king will wear his ermine robe and his crown of gold, and all the nobles of the court will be with him!

JEANNE. All the children are to sit in the front of the church, and at the end of the service they may speak to him and give him gifts.

LISETTE. Then he will choose two children whose gifts please him to come to live in his palace.

JEANNE. Father Pierre told us to come for you, for he said that you were a good child and that you, too, should see the king.

GRANDMOTHER. My little Elsa is indeed a good child. Look in the chest, my dear one, and bring me the little black box. [*Elsa brings box and grandmother takes out a red jewel.*] My mother's mother bade me keep this, for she said 'twould one day be a gift for a king.

ELSA [*turning the jewel in the light*]. It is wonderful, Grandmother, but it is yours. I could not give it.

GRANDMOTHER. It is yours, child. I give it to you. You may do whatever you please with it.

ELSA. Then I will give — [*Stops suddenly and runs to her grandmother.*] Why, no, Grandmother! I will not go. Who would warm your broth or keep the fire blazing? No, no! I will stay with you on Christmas Eve.

GRANDMOTHER. Go, go, child! The king might choose you to live in his palace.

ELSA. I would never go with him. I would stay here with you.

LISETTE. Hurry, Elsa, we shall be late!

ELSA. I am not going. I will stay with Grandmother.

JEANNE. But to live in a palace, Elsa, and to wear beautiful dresses and fine jewels!

LISETTE. And to ride in the king's own carriage, and to sit at his table and to play with the little princess!

ELSA. I am going to stay with Grandmother!

CHILDREN. Good-bye, then! — but you will never see the king!

[*The children run out, the grandmother looks lovingly at Elsa.*]

GRANDMOTHER. My little Elsa!

ELSA. I do not want to go to a palace! Now I will warm your broth and build the fire higher. Then will you tell me again about the little Christ Child?

THE PALACE OF THE KING

[*Outside children's voices are heard singing "Holy Night, Silent Night."*]

ELSA [*going to the window*]. The children are singing on their way to church. [*The voices die away in the distance.*] Why, a stranger is coming down the forest path to this house. Oh, Grandmother, he looks so weary! [*She opens the door as a stranger comes to the threshold.*] Will you not come in and rest by the fire? I was just going to warm Grandmother's broth, and you shall have some, too.

STRANGER. I thank you, child, for I am both faint and weary.

ELSA. Poor man! Have you come to see the king?

STRANGER. Nay, it is not to kings that I am come.

GRANDMOTHER. Have you come far?

STRANGER. A long and weary way.

ELSA [*bringing broth*]. Had you no home?

STRANGER. I had no place to lay my head.

ELSA. Oh, I am so sorry! You must stay here and rest as long as you will. Mustn't he, Grandmother?

GRANDMOTHER. Aye, he is welcome to all we have.

STRANGER. I thank you, but I must travel far to-night. There are many who need my coming.

[*As he drinks his broth Elsa looks at him thoughtfully.*]

ELSA [*softly*]. And he has no home nor money — perhaps he is often hungry! [*She goes to the chest and hesitates.*] 'Twas for the king — and yet — the king is rich and has gifts from everyone, and our guest has nothing! [*She takes the jewel from the chest and goes to the stranger.*]

ELSA. Will you not take this, please. Then some time when you are hungry and tired you can sell it for food and shelter.

STRANGER [*taking jewel*]. For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in. [*He looks at the jewel.*] 'Tis a gift for a king.

ELSA. It was for that my grandmother gave it to me. Her mother's mother said 'twould one day be a gift for a king.

STRANGER. 'Twould give you a place at the king's palace, little Elsa.

ELSA. I do not want a place at the king's palace; I want my own place here; and — Oh! I want to give the jewel to you!

GRANDMOTHER. Aye, little Elsa, give the jewel! Yet — the palace of the king! [*The stranger has moved toward the door, now. He pauses at the threshold with upraised hand.*]

STRANGER. Fear not, little Elsa, you shall come one day to the palace of the King.

[*The door opens apparently of itself and he goes out. Elsa and her grandmother stand dazed for a moment, then Elsa runs to the window.*]

ELSA. Oh, Grandmother! The forest is filled with a great white light, and I see a figure in a shining robe with gold about his head! He is come to meet the stranger — and, oh! the stranger's robe grows bright, and on His head is set a crown!

THE PALACE OF THE KING

[From without sound voices singing:]

*“ He is the Wonderful!
He is the Councillor!
The Mighty God!
The Everlasting Father!
The Prince of Peace! ”*

— From the Messiah.

[The two children enter.]

CHILDREN. Oh, Elsa, we have seen the king! Why, why, you look as though you had seen him, too!

GRANDMOTHER. Aye, we have indeed seen the King!



AMONG THE LOWLY. BY LÉON AUGUSTIN L'HERMITTE
(In Metropolitan Museum, New York)

THE FOUNTAIN OF WISDOM

CHARACTERS

ODIN: *The All-Father.*
THOR: *The god of strength and thunder.*
BALDUR: *The god of sunshine.*
LOKI: *The god of fire.*
FRIGGA: *Wife of Odin.*
FREYJA: *Goddess of flowers.*
IDUNA: *Guardian of the apples of youth.*
BROK: *A dwarf.*
MIMER: *Guardian of the fountain of wisdom.*
HERMOD: *Messenger of the gods.*
THE THREE NORNES, *Past, Present, Future.*
DWARFS.
LIGHT ELVES.

STAGE - SETTING

This play may be easily given out-of-doors, in which case it requires practically no setting. If given indoors the background may be formed of green screens covered with vines and branches. In the first scene, in the centre of the stage is Odin's Air Throne. The steps of this may be built of packing-boxes covered with white cloth to represent marble. The throne (high-backed chair covered in white and trimmed with gold paper) stands on a white-covered platform or box.

If the play can be given near a fountain no scenery is needed for the second act. (In this case a high white screen back of Odin's throne should conceal the fountain in the first act.) If the play is indoors a mirror may be used for the fountain pool. A jet of water adds to the effect, but cannot always be managed.

COSTUMES

The foundation of the costumes may be of cheese-cloth simply draped. The costumes of the goddesses may be of any pale colour. Freyja's should be bordered with flowers.

ODIN: *Foundation costume is almost entirely covered by a mantle of dark blue studded with gold (paper) stars. In the second and third acts the blue mantle is replaced by a brown one, and he carries a pilgrim's staff.*

THOR: *Brown costume, with goat skin girded about waist with "girdle of strength;" large "gloves of strength."*

BALDUR: *Foundation costume of white with yellow mantle.*

LOKI: *Flame-colour costume.*

MIMER: *A long gray cloak entirely envelopes him; a long white beard and white hair.*

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THE NORNS: *Future, white, with filmy white veil; Present, any neutral shade (as dull blue); Past, dull leaf brown.*

BROK and other DWARFS: *Brown suits with pointed caps.*

LIGHT ELVES: *Dresses of yellow with little wings.*

SCENE I

[*Before Odin's Air Throne in Asgard.*]

[*As the curtain rises Odin is seen upon his Air Throne looking off across the world. He rises slowly and comes down the steps as though in a troubled dream. As he reaches the last step Baldur and Thor enter. Behind them comes Loki, who moves with little leaps like the darting of a flame.*]

ODIN. My children, a great peril seems to creep nearer and nearer. To-day I looked across the world and saw fields that were green in yesterday's fair sun now blighted by the bitter icy wind. A great cold dreariness creeps over the whole world.

BALDUR. As I walked among the homes of men I heard them murmur that the gods had quite forgotten them; and that the grim frost giants came ever nearer to their homes.

THOR. Did you not feel that wind? It blew cold as the breath of the eternal snow. No such wind was ever before felt in Asgard.

[*Enter Frigga, Freyja.*]

FREYJA [*holding up withered flowers*]. See, Father Odin! Yesterday I planted flowers on a hillside where the little children love to play. To-day they are all withered by a cruel, cold wind.

FRIGGA. I would have gone down to the children of earth, but I am sure I saw a giant's hoary head just outside the gates of Asgard. [*Enter Brok. He trembles and speaks as in great fear.*]

BROK. Oh, most noble gods! As I came hither I passed the great giant Skrymir. He has sworn to enter Asgard ere another moon has come, and he says the throne of Odin shall be buried under great piles of snow, and that huge icebergs shall fill this sunny plain that now is gay with blossoms.

BALDUR. Each day the giants venture nearer. They seem to have lost all fear even of Odin and his all-seeing throne.

BROK. They fear you not because they are mighty men and great of stature. Why, one of them could hold me on his finger-tip nor know a feather's weight pressed on it!

ODIN. Nay, they fear us not because they have the strength of wisdom which surpasseth every other strength. I fear not their great bodies but their great, cruel, crafty minds.

BALDUR. Yet wisdom born of good is stronger than wisdom born of evil. Whence comes their power?

ODIN. Long ago, when the worlds were made, many secrets were given to the giants. These they have guarded, but they have wrought

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only evil with their knowledge. They fear no one save he who can answer all their questions and who has learned the secrets of the Norns.

THOR. Let us go forth and battle with them: better that than live in fear. Why do I wear my girdle and my gloves of strength if I must sit at home like any timorous old woman?

LOKI. Let us find cunning! Cunning and craft go further than strength. Let us beset their path with cunning lies and crafty magic.

ODIN. Let us get wisdom. It is said that he who drinks at Mimer's fountain learns all the secrets of the Norns.

BROK. Oh, but the path to the fountain is filled with danger!

LOKI. And the price of a drink from that fountain is greater than even a god would care to pay.

ODIN. There is no price too great to pay for wisdom. I will go myself to Mimer's fountain!

BALDUR. You are the king, the All-Father, the highest of the gods! It is not meet that you should go. Choose one of us and lay on him your commands.

ODIN. If I am king then I must be all-wise to rule aright; if I am highest then I needs must serve you all. *I go to Mimer's fountain!*

FRIGGA [*going to Odin*]. I am afraid! I shall not eat or sleep till you are come again! — and yet — and yet — I know that you must go.

LOKI [*insinuatingly*]. What if the price should be your life?

ODIN. Then I will pay it, but the wisdom that is gained shall come to Asgard.

BROK. We fear the giants while you are away.

ODIN. Courage, little brother! [*He turns and lays his hand on Thor's shoulder.*] Guard well our city till I come again, and if I come not, my dear-bought wisdom shall return to you, though I must force Mimer, himself, to journey hither. Fare you well.
[*The gods crowd around him protesting as the curtain falls.*]

SCENE II

[*Mimer's Fountain.*]

[*In the centre of the stage is the fountain. At its side sits Mimer, an old man with a long white beard. At the back left-hand side of the stage sit the three Norns. The oldest gathers up the golden threads of time, the second sister weaves them carelessly to and fro, and the youngest (whose face is covered by a long white veil) rolls them up. The veiled sister rises and takes a crystal bowl which she fills from the fountain. As she crosses the stage (toward the right) Odin enters, dressed as a pilgrim and leaning on a staff.*]

ODIN. My daughter, will you give me a drink, for I have travelled far and am weary?

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NORN. None have travelled far enough to drink this water.

ODIN. Yet I have come across the world, and past the great dreary stretch of frozen Jotunheim; and I have felt the fiery breath of Muspelheim, the land of flame. Past every peril I have come and I am weary.

NORN. Yet even that cannot buy a drink of this water.

ODIN. Your voice is kind and gentle and belies your words. I pray you lift your veil, for I have a great longing to look upon your face.

NORN. Rash traveller, know that not even a god can look upon my face and live, for on my face are written all the secrets of the future. These secrets are hidden from all save he who has drunk from Mimer's fountain.

ODIN. It is to drink of that fountain that I am come.

NORN. Before you lies the fountain; but are you sure you have the will to pay the price? There still is time to turn back.

ODIN. He who turns back when at his journey's end is twice a coward. [*He crosses to the fountain, where Mimer sits.*] Good father, I have come to ask a draught of wisdom from your fountain.

MIMER. Who is it seeks a draught from Mimer's fountain?

ODIN. I am Odin the All-Father, and I come because the powers of evil grow stronger day by day, and I greatly need wisdom to hold back the grim frost giants that threaten even Asgard.

MIMER. My fountain is for all who pay the price. Yet think well, for wisdom's price is great indeed.

ODIN. Were it my own right hand yet would I give it gladly!

MIMER. Odin's pride has never lain in strength of hand. That were too small a price. Not your right hand — but something far more precious.

ODIN. Tell it me quickly that I may the sooner drink!

MIMER [*rising and speaking majestically*]. Odin, All-Father, and All-Seeing One, whose keen eye proudly scans the whole wide world, if you would give, not your right hand, but your all-seeing right eye for wisdom, stoop and drink!

[*Odin stoops and drinks long; then rises slowly, his hand held to his right eye.*]

ODIN. A pain, a darkness here, and yet how small a price for the great light that streams through my whole being! How small shrinks evil in this pure white light!

[*The youngest Norn approaches slowly and taking Odin by the hand leads him to her sisters.*]

YOUNGEST NORN. Now you may read the secrets of the Norns. Look on my sisters! The Past, who plucks out the golden threads of Time. Learn from her all that has ever been. And this the Present, who weaves Time's threads into the lives of men. Of her learn all that is.

ODIN. Much have I learned of them, yet I am sad! There is so much of sorrow written on their faces.

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NORN. Look now upon my face! I am the Future! [*She throws back her veil. Odin looks long.*]

ODIN. I see all man has ever dreamed! And best of all, I read the messages of love and hope; that good is mightier than ill! Now I can go to meet the giants with a fearless heart.

SCENE III

Same as Scene I

[*Freyja and Iduna are strewing flowers on the ground in front of Odin's throne. At the back stands Frigga watching for Odin.*]

FREYJA. The fields to-day are glad with blossoms. I feel sure Odin has met the giants and that they fear him.

IDUNA. He will have need of my apples of youth after his long journey. [*Enter a band of light elves, dancing to soft tinkling music.*]

AN ELF. The world is ours to dance in and be glad! No icy wind blew o'er the fields to-day. We light elves would give welcome and thanks to Odin.

[*A clanking of hammers is heard. A band of little dwarfs march in two and two, knocking their hammers with a ringing sound. Brok marches at their head.*]

BROK. Has the great All-Father returned? We have come from the far caverns of the earth to do him honour.

[*Enter Baldur, Thor, and Loki.*]

THOR. The feast is spread, but we have no news of our father Odin.

BALDUR. If he comes not to-night I will search for him even to the halls of the dead.

LOKI. 'Twere better to await the coming of wisdom. Asgard must have a ruler. Why not one of us?

THOR. I should have wisdom enough of my own to crush you with these hands should you speak such a thing again.

FRIGGA. I see Hermod flying up the rainbow bridge. He must bring news of Odin.

[*Enter Hermod.*]

HERMOD. The All-Father comes!

ALL THE GODS. Welcome to Odin! Father and king!

[*Odin comes in. A patch covers his right eye. He leans heavily upon his staff. The gods crowd about him.*]

FRIGGA. You are wounded!

ODIN. 'Tis nothing — My right eye was the price that Mimer asked.

THE GODS. Your right eye! 'Twas too great a price!

ODIN. I have gained a vision that is greater far than any which I had before. I can see all that has been, or that is, or that shall be. I have met the giants in their hall of wisdom and they have trembled at my knowledge.

FRIGGA. But to have given your eye!

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ODIN. When we give freely what we cherished most the gift seems small, but great becomes the gain. All fear is gone in the great wisdom I have gained.

IDUNA. Yet weariness and age seem to creep upon you. You have need of my apples of youth.

[Iduna gives him the apples, Freyja offers him a horn of mead; as he takes them the light elves and dwarfs dance before him.]

BALDUR. The feast is spread in Valhalla! We will hold glad revels there to-night! Wisdom and hope have come to Asgard.



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IDUNA, GUARDIAN OF THE APPLES OF YOUTH

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND, AND THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

These little scenes are not intended to form a connected play. They are simply suggestions as to the chapters of Alice which may be dramatised effectively. Since all children know Alice so well it is not necessary to give the story as a whole, but any one of these scenes can be given separately, or they can be grouped for a single performance.

I

A MAD TEA-PARTY

CHARACTERS

ALICE.

HATTER.

MARCH HARE.

DORMOUSE.

SCENE. *A table set out under a tree in front of the house. March Hare and Hatter having tea at the table. The Dormouse sits between them fast asleep. The Hatter and March Hare rest their elbows upon table and talk excitedly over the Dormouse's head.*

MARCH HARE AND THE HATTER. No room! No room!

ALICE [*indignantly*]. There's plenty of room. [*Sits down by Hatter.*]

MARCH HARE. Have some wine?

ALICE. I don't see any wine.

MARCH HARE. There isn't any.

ALICE [*angrily*]. Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it.

MARCH HARE. It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited.

ALICE. I didn't know it was *your* table; it's laid for a great many more than three.

HATTER. Your hair wants cutting.

ALICE [*severely*]. You should learn not to make personal remarks; it's very rude.

THE HATTER [*opening his eyes very wide*]. Why is a raven like a writing desk?

ALICE [*to herself*]. Come, we shall have some fun now. I like riddles! [*Aloud.*] I believe I can guess that.

MARCH HARE. Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?

ALICE. Exactly so.

MARCH HARE. Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE [*hastily*]. I do; at least — at least I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know.

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

HATTER. Not the same thing a bit! Why, you might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see"!

MARCH HARE. You might just as well say that "I like what I get" is the same as "I get what I like"!

THE DORMOUSE [*drowsily*]. You might just as well say that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe."

THE HATTER. It is the same thing with you. [*Taking his watch out of his pocket, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear; then turning to Alice.*] What day of the month is it?

ALICE. The fourth.

HATTER [*dolefully*]. Two days wrong! [*Looks angrily at the March Hare.*] I told you butter wouldn't suit the works.

MARCH HARE [*meekly*]. It was the *best* butter.

HATTER [*grumbling*]. Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well; you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.

MARCH HARE [*takes the watch and looks at it gloomily; then dips it into his cup of tea and looks at it again*]. It was the *best* butter, you know.

ALICE [*looking over his shoulder*]. What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is.

HATTER. Why should it? Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?

ALICE. Of course not, but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.

HATTER. Which is just the case with *mine*.

ALICE. I don't quite understand you.

HATTER [*pouring a little hot tea on the Dormouse's nose*]. The Dormouse is asleep again.

DORMOUSE [*shakes its head impatiently without opening its eyes*]. Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself.

HATTER. Have you guessed the riddle yet?

ALICE. No, I give it up. What's the answer?

HATTER. I haven't the slightest idea.

MARCH HARE. Nor I.

ALICE [*sighing wearily*]. I think you might do something better with the time than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.

THE HATTER. If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's him.

ALICE. I don't know what you mean.

HATTER. I dare say you never even spoke to Time.

ALICE. Perhaps not, but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

HATTER. Ah! That accounts for it. He won't stand beating. Now if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons. You'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half past one, time for dinner!

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

MARCH HARE [*to himself*]. I only wish it was.

ALICE. That would be grand, certainly; but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know.

HATTER. Not at first, perhaps, but you could keep it to half past one as long as you liked.

ALICE. Is that the way *you* manage?

HATTER [*mournfully*]. Not I! We quarrelled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know [*pointing at the March Hare*] — it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:

“ Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at! ”

You know the song perhaps?

ALICE. I've heard something like it.

HATTER. It goes on in this way:—

“ Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle — ”

DORMOUSE [*singing in its sleep*]. “ Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,
twinkle — ”

HATTER. Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out, “ He's murdering the time! Off with his head! ”

ALICE. How dreadfully savage!

HATTER. And ever since that he won't do a thing I ask. It's always six o'clock now.

ALICE. Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?

HATTER [*sighs deeply*]. Yes, that's it, it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.

ALICE. Then you keep moving round, I suppose.

HATTER. Exactly so, as the things get used up.

ALICE. But what happens when you come to the beginning again?

MARCH HARE [*yawning*]. Suppose we change the subject. I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.

ALICE. I'm afraid I don't know one.

MARCH HARE AND HATTER. Then the Dormouse shall! Wake up, Dormouse!

DORMOUSE [*shakes itself and opens its eyes*]. I wasn't asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.

MARCH HARE. Tell us a story.

ALICE. Yes, please do.

HATTER. And be quick about it or you'll be asleep again before it's done.

DORMOUSE. Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well —

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE. What did they live on?

DORMOUSE [*hesitates a minute*]. They lived on treacle.

ALICE. They couldn't have done that, you know. They'd have been ill.

DORMOUSE. So they were, *very* ill.

ALICE. But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

MARCH HARE [*earnestly*]. Take some more tea.

ALICE [*indignantly*]. I've had nothing yet, so I can't take more.

HATTER. You mean you can't take less; it's very easy to take *more* than nothing.

ALICE. Nobody asked *your* opinion.

HATTER [*triumphantly*]. Who's making personal remarks now?

ALICE [*helps herself to tea and bread and butter; then turns to Dormouse*]. Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

DORMOUSE. It was a treacle-well.

ALICE [*angrily*]. There's no such thing.

HATTER AND MARCH HARE. Sh! Sh!

DORMOUSE [*sulkily*]. If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself.

ALICE [*humbly*]. No, please go on! I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*.

DORMOUSE [*indignantly*]. One, indeed! And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —

ALICE. What did they draw?

DORMOUSE. Treacle.

HATTER. I want a clean cup; let's all move one place on.

[*They all move on one place, Alice taking the place of the March Hare, who had just upset the milk-jug into his place.*]

ALICE [*timidly*]. But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

HATTER. You can draw water out of a water-well; so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well — eh, stupid?

ALICE. But they were *in* the well.

DORMOUSE. Of course they were, well in. [*Yawns and rubs his eyes.*]
They were learning to draw, and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M.

ALICE. Why with an M?

MARCH HARE. Why not?

DORMOUSE [*drops asleep, but wakes with a little shriek when pinched by the Hatter*]. — That begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, memory and muchness — you know you say things are “much of a muchness” — did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?

ALICE. Really, now you ask me, I don't think —

HATTER. Then you shouldn't talk.

ALICE. I never knew any one so rude in all my life!

[*She gets up from the table. The Hatter and March Hare pay no attention to her but begin to stuff the Dormouse in the tea-pot. Alice walks away.*]

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE. Well, at any rate I'll never go there again! [*Stops suddenly.*]
Why, there's a door in the tree! How very curious! I think I'll see where it goes to. [*She disappears through the door.*]

II

ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR

CHARACTERS

CATERPILLAR.

ALICE.

[*Alice and the Caterpillar must be just the same size.*]

SCENE. *A wood in Wonderland, Alice and the Caterpillar looking at each other in silence.*

CATERPILLAR [*in a languid, sleepy voice*]. Who are *you*?

ALICE [*shyly*]. I—I hardly know, sir, just at present — at least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have changed several times since then.

CATERPILLAR [*sternly*]. What do you mean by that? Explain yourself.

ALICE. I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir, because I'm not myself, you see.

CATERPILLAR. I don't see.

ALICE. I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly, but I can't understand it myself, to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.

CATERPILLAR. It isn't.

ALICE. Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet, but when you have to turn into a chrysalis — you will some day, you know — and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?

CATERPILLAR. Not a bit.

ALICE. Well, perhaps your feelings may be different; all I know is, it would feel very queer to me.

CATERPILLAR [*contemptuously*]. You! Who are *you*?

ALICE [*gravely*]. I think you ought to tell me who *you* are first.

CATERPILLAR. Why?

[*Alice turns slowly away.*]

CATERPILLAR. Come back. I've something important to say!

[*Alice turns and comes back.*]

CATERPILLAR. Keep your temper.

ALICE. Is that all?

CATERPILLAR. No. [*Caterpillar looks at her.*] So you think you're changed, do you?

ALICE. I'm afraid I am, sir. I can't remember things as I used — and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

CATERPILLAR. Can't remember *what* things?

ALICE [*in a melancholy voice*]. Well, I've tried to say "How doth the little busy bee," but it all came different.

CATERPILLAR. Repeat "You are old, Father William."

ALICE [*folding her hands*].

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak —
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose;
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

CATERPILLAR. That is not said right.

ALICE [*timidly*]. Not quite right, I'm afraid; some of the words have got altered.

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

CATERPILLAR [*decidedly*]. It is wrong from beginning to end. What size do you want to be?

ALICE. Oh, I'm not particular as to size, only one doesn't like changing so often, you know.

CATERPILLAR. I don't know. Are you content now?

ALICE. Well, I should like to be a little larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind. Three inches is such a wretched height to be.

CATERPILLAR [*angrily*]. It is a very good height indeed!

ALICE [*in a piteous tone*]. But I'm not used to it. [*To herself.*] I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended.

CATERPILLAR. You'll get used to it in time.

[*Alice waits patiently until it chooses to speak again.*]

CATERPILLAR [*yawns once or twice; then crawls away, remarking as it goes*]. One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter.

ALICE [*to herself*]. One side of *what?* The other side of *what?*

CATERPILLAR. Of the mushroom. [*It disappears.*]

III

A VISIT TO THE MOCK TURTLE

CHARACTERS

ALICE.

THE GRYPHON.

THE MOCK TURTLE.

SCENE. *The Mock Turtle is sitting on a rock sighing as if his heart would break. Alice and Gryphon enter.*

ALICE. Is that the Mock Turtle! Oh, poor thing! What is his sorrow?

GRYPHON. It's all his fancy, that. He hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on.

[*They sit down by the Mock Turtle.*]

GRYPHON. This here young lady she wants for to know your history, she do.

MOCK TURTLE [*with a deep sigh*]. Once I was a real turtle.

[*A long silence.*]

GRYPHON. Hjkrrh! It's all his fancy, that.

MOCK TURTLE. When we were little we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle — we used to call him Tortoise.

ALICE. Why did you call him Tortoise if he wasn't one?

MOCK TURTLE [*angrily*]. We called him Tortoise because he taught us. Really you are very dull.

GRYPHON. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question. [*To the Mock Turtle.*] Drive on, old fellow. Don't be all day about it.

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

MOCK TURTLE. Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it.

ALICE. I never said I didn't.

MOCK TURTLE. You did.

GRYPHON. Hold your tongue.

MOCK TURTLE. We had the best of educations — in fact, we went to school every day.

ALICE. I've been to a day-school too. You needn't be so proud as all that.

MOCK TURTLE. With extras?

ALICE. Yes, we learned French and music.

MOCK TURTLE. And washing?

ALICE [*indignantly*]. Certainly not.

MOCK TURTLE. Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school. Now, at ours, they had, at the end of the bill, "French, music, *and washing* — extra."

ALICE. You couldn't have wanted it much, living at the bottom of the sea.

MOCK TURTLE. I couldn't afford to learn it. I only took the regular course.

ALICE. What was that?

MOCK TURTLE. Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.

ALICE. I never heard of Uglification. What is it?

GRYPHON. Never heard of uglifying! You know what to beautify is, I suppose.

ALICE. Yes, it means — to make-anything-prettier.

GRYPHON. Well, then, if you don't know what to uglify is, you are a simpleton.

ALICE [*to the Mock Turtle*]. What else had you to learn?

MOCK TURTLE. Well, there was Mystery — Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling — the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: he taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.

ALICE. What was that like?

MOCK TURTLE. Well, I can't show it to you myself, I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learned it.

GRYPHON. Hadn't time. I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old Crab, he was.

MOCK TURTLE. I never went to him. He taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.

GRYPHON. So he did, so he did.

ALICE. How many hours a day did you do lessons?

MOCK TURTLE. Ten hours the first day, nine the next, and so on.

ALICE. What a curious plan!

GRYPHON. That's the reason they're called lessons, because they lessen from day to day.

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE. Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?

MOCK TURTLE. Of course it was.

ALICE. And how did you manage on the twelfth?

GRYPHON. That's enough about lessons. Tell her something about the games now.

[*Mock Turtle sighs deeply and then begins to sob violently. The Gryphon shakes him and slaps him on the back.*]

MOCK TURTLE [*still sobbing*]. You may not have lived much under the sea —

ALICE. I haven't —

MOCK TURTLE. — and perhaps you were never even introduced to a Lobster.

ALICE. I once tasted — No, never!

MOCK TURTLE. — so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-quadrille is!

ALICE. No, indeed! What sort of a dance is it?

GRYPHON. Why, you first form into a line along the sea-shore —

MOCK TURTLE. Two lines. Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on: then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way —

GRYPHON. That generally takes some time.

MOCK TURTLE. — you advance twice —

GRYPHON. Each with a lobster as a partner!

MOCK TURTLE. Of course, advance twice, set to partners —

GRYPHON. Change lobsters, and retire in same order.

MOCK TURTLE. Then, you know, you throw the —

GRYPHON [*bounding*]. The lobsters!

MOCK TURTLE. — as far out to sea as you can —

GRYPHON. Swim after them!

MOCK TURTLE. Turn a somersault in the sea!

GRYPHON [*yelling*]. Change lobsters again!

MOCK TURTLE. Back to land again, and — that's all the first figure.

[*During the quadrille the creatures caper madly; now they suddenly sit down very quietly.*]

ALICE. It must be a very pretty dance.

MOCK TURTLE. Would you like to see a little of it?

ALICE. Very much indeed.

MOCK TURTLE [*to Gryphon*]. Come, let's try the first figure! We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?

GRYPHON. Oh, you sing. I've forgotten the words.

[*They begin solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they pass too close, and waving their fore paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sings, very slowly, and sadly:—*]

SONG

“ Will you walk a little faster? ” said a whiting to a snail,

“ There's a porpoise just behind me and he's treading on my tail.

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
Will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
Won't you join the dance? "

" You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us with the lobsters out to sea! " "
But the snail replied " Too far, too far! " and gave a look askance —
Said he thanked the whiting kindly but he would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not,
Would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not,
Could not join the dance.

ALICE [*hesitatingly*]. Thank you very much. It's a very interesting
dance to watch.

GRYPHON. Shall we do another figure of the Lobster-quadrille? Or
would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song —

ALICE. Oh, a song *please!*

GRYPHON. Hum! There's no accounting for tastes. Sing her " Tur-
tle Soup," old man.

MOCK TURTLE [*sobbing as he sings*].

Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,
 Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
 Beau-ootiful Soo-oop!
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,
 Beautiful, beauti-FUL SOUP!

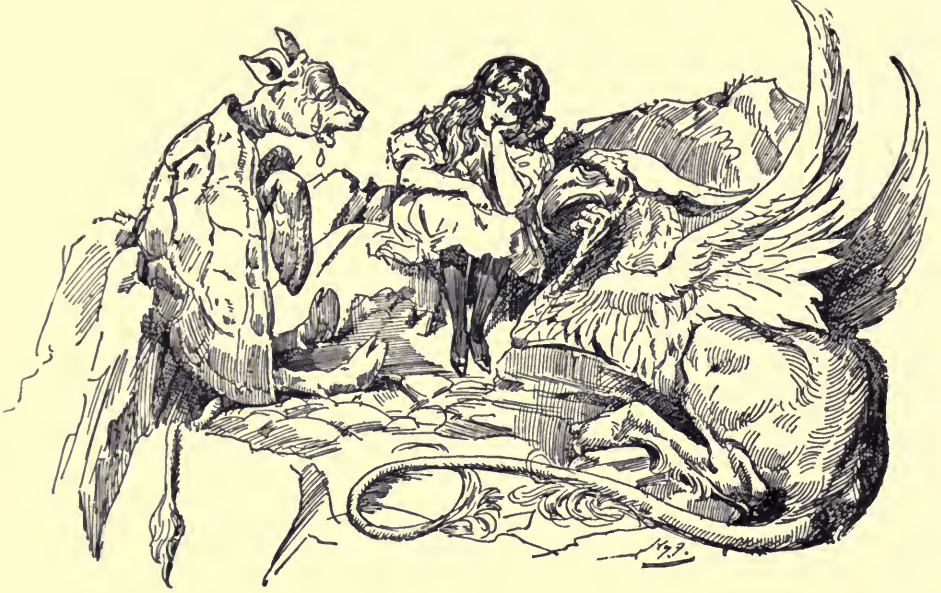
[*A voice in the distance is heard calling.*]

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

VOICE. The Trial's on!

GRYPHON [seizing Alice by the hand]. Come on!

[They run off, leaving the Mock Turtle sobbing and singing Beautiful Soo-oop.]



IV

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

CHARACTERS

TWEEDLEDUM.

TWEEDLEDEE.

ALICE.

SCENE. *A wood in Wonderland.*

[*Tweedledum and Tweedledee are standing under a tree, each with an arm around the other's neck. One has "Dum" on the back of the collar, the other has "Dee." Alice stands staring at them.*]

TWEEDLEDUM. If you think we're waxworks you ought to pay, you know. Waxworks weren't made to be looked at for nothing. No-how!

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise, if you think we're alive you ought to speak.

ALICE. I'm sure I'm very sorry.

TWEEDLEDUM. I know what you're thinking about, but it isn't so, no-how.

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic.

ALICE. I was thinking which is the best way to get out of this wood: it's getting so dark — would you tell me, please?

[*Tweedledum and Tweedledee look at each other and grin.*]

ALICE [*pointing her finger at Tweedledum*]. First Boy!

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow!

ALICE. Next Boy!

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise!

TWEEDLEDUM. You've begun wrong, — the first thing on a visit is to say, "How d'ye do?" and shake hands.

[*The brothers each hold out a hand. Alice seizes both. Immediately they begin dancing round and round in a ring, singing "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush."*]

TWEEDLEDUM [*panting*]. Four times around is enough for one dance!

[*They suddenly leave off.*]

ALICE. I hope you're not much tired.

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow. And thank you very much for asking.

TWEEDLEDEE. So *much* obliged.

[*A long pause.*]

ALICE. I'd better be getting out of the wood, for really it's coming very dark. Do you think it's going to rain?

TWEEDLEDUM [*spreads a large umbrella over himself and his brother*].

No, I don't think it *is*. At least not under *here*. Nohow.

ALICE. But it may rain *outside*.

TWEEDLEDEE. It may if it chooses, we've no objection. Contrariwise.

[*Suddenly Tweedledum springs out and seizes Alice by the wrist.*]

TWEEDLEDUM. Do you see *that*?

ALICE. It's only a rattle — not a rattle *snake*, you know — only an old rattle — quite old and broken.

TWEEDLEDUM [*stamping and tearing his hair*]. I knew it was! It's *spoiled* of course!

ALICE. But you needn't be so angry about an old rattle.

TWEEDLEDUM. But it isn't old. It's new, I tell you, — I bought it yesterday — my nice *new RATTLE!*

[*Tweedledee tries to fold up the umbrella with himself in it. At last he rolls over with only his head out, and lies opening and shutting his mouth and eyes.*]

TWEEDLEDUM. Of course you'll agree to have a battle?

TWEEDLEDEE. I suppose so, *only she* must help us dress up.

[*They go off hand in hand and return with their arms full of bolsters, blankets, rugs, table covers, coal-skuttles, etc.*]

TWEEDLEDUM. I hope you're good at pinning and tying strings. Every one of these things has got to go on somehow or other.

[*Alice dresses them.*]

TWEEDLEDEE. Just put that bolster around my neck to keep my head from being cut off. You know it's one of the most serious things that can happen to one in battle — to get one's head cut off.

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

TWEEDLEDUM [*handing Alice a saucepan*]. Just help me with this helmet. Do I look very pale?

ALICE. Well, yes — a little.

TWEEDLEDUM. I'm generally very brave, only to-day I happen to have a headache.

TWEEDLEDEE. And I've got a toothache. I'm far worse than you.

ALICE. Then you'd better not fight to-day.

TWEEDLEDUM. We *must* have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long. What's the time now?

TWEEDLEDEE. Half-past four.

TWEEDLEDUM. Let's fight till six, and then have dinner.

TWEEDLEDEE. Very well, and *she* can watch us — only you'd better not come *very* close, I generally hit everything I can see — when I get really excited.

TWEEDLEDUM. And I hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not.

ALICE. You must hit the *trees* pretty often, I should think.

TWEEDLEDUM. I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing, for ever so far round, by the time we've finished!

ALICE. And all about a rattle!

TWEEDLEDUM. I shouldn't have minded it so much, if it hadn't been a new one. — There's only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella — it's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can.

TWEEDLEDEE. And darker.

ALICE. What a thick black cloud that is! And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it's got wings!

TWEEDLEDUM. It's the crow!

[*The two brothers run in one direction and Alice in the other.*]

V

ALICE AND THE WHITE QUEEN

CHARACTERS

ALICE.

THE WHITE QUEEN.

[*This scene follows directly after Tweedledum and Tweedledee.*]

[*As Alice runs she sees a shawl blowing. As she stops to pick it up the White Queen runs in. Alice hands her the shawl. The White Queen stands whispering.*]

QUEEN [*whispering*]. Bread and butter! Bread and butter!

ALICE. Am I addressing the White Queen?

QUEEN. If you call it a-dressing. It isn't my notion of the thing at all.

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

- ALICE. If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin I'll do it as well as I can.
- QUEEN. But I don't want it done at all. I've been a-dressing myself for two hours.
- ALICE. May I put your shawl straight for you?
- QUEEN. I don't know what's the matter with it! It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here, and I've pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it!
- ALICE. It can't go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side, and dear me, what a state your hair is in!
- QUEEN. The brush has got entangled in it! And I lost the comb yesterday.
- ALICE [*fixing the Queen's hair*]. Come, you look rather better now! [*Altering most of the pins.*] But really you should have a lady's-maid!
- QUEEN. I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure! Twopence a week, and jam every other day.
- ALICE [*laughing*]. I don't want you to hire *me* — and I don't care for jam.
- QUEEN. It's very good jam.
- ALICE. Well, I don't want any *to-day* at any rate.
- QUEEN. You couldn't have it if you *did* want it. The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday — but never jam to-day.
- ALICE. It *must* come sometimes to "jam to-day."
- QUEEN. No, it can't. It's jam every *other* day: to-day isn't any *other* day, you know.
- ALICE. I don't understand you. It's dreadfully confusing!
- QUEEN. That's the effect of living backward; it always makes one a little giddy at first —
- ALICE. Living backward! I never heard of such a thing.
- QUEEN. — but there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways.
- ALICE. I'm sure *mine* only works one way. I can't remember things before they happen.
- QUEEN. It's a poor sort of memory that only works backward.
- ALICE. What sort of things do *you* remember best?
- QUEEN. Oh, things that happened the week after next. For instance, now [*sticking a large piece of plaster on her finger*], there's the King's messenger. He's in prison now, being punished, and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday; and of course the crime comes last of all.
- ALICE. Suppose he never commits the crime?
- QUEEN. That would be all the better, wouldn't it?
- ALICE. Of course it would be all the better; but it wouldn't be all the better his being punished.
- QUEEN. You're wrong *there*, at any rate. Were *you* ever punished?
- ALICE. Only for faults.
- QUEEN. And you were all the better for it, I know!

SCENES FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE. Yes, but then I *had* done the things I was punished for; that makes all the difference.

QUEEN. But if you *hadn't* done them, that would have been better still; better and better, and better!

ALICE. There's a mistake somewhere —

QUEEN. Oh! Oh! [*Shakes her hand about as if to shake it off.*] My finger's bleeding! Oh, oh, oh!

ALICE. What is the matter? Have you pricked your finger?

QUEEN. I haven't pricked it *yet*, but I soon shall — oh, oh, oh!

ALICE. When do you expect to do it?

QUEEN. When I fasten my shawl again, the brooch will come undone directly. Oh! Oh!

ALICE. Take care! You're holding it all crooked! [*She catches at the brooch, but too late; the pin slips, and the Queen pricks her finger.*]

QUEEN. That accounts for the bleeding, you see. Now you understand the way things happen here.

ALICE. But why don't you scream now?

QUEEN. Why, I've done all the screaming already. What would be the good of having it all over again?

ALICE. It is getting light. The crow must have flown away, I think. I'm so glad it's gone. I thought it was the night coming on.

QUEEN. I wish *I* could manage to be glad! Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like!

ALICE [*weeping*]. Only it is *so very* lonely here!

QUEEN. Oh, don't go on like that! Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you've come to-day. Consider what o'clock it is. Consider anything, only don't cry.

ALICE [*laughing*]. Can *you* keep from crying by considering things?

QUEEN. That's the way it's done; nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let's consider your age to begin with — how old are you?

ALICE. I'm seven and a half exactly.

QUEEN. You needn't say "exactly," I can believe it without that. Now I'll give *you* something to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, five months and a day.

ALICE. I can't believe *that*.

QUEEN. Can't you? Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes.

ALICE. There's no use trying: one *can't* believe impossible things.

QUEEN. I dare say you haven't had much practice. When I was your age, I always did it for half an hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes the shawl again! Oh! Oh!

[*She runs after the shawl and disappears.*]

THE WOODLAND MAID—BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE



"THE WORLD WILL BE YOURS: ITS FIELDS YOUR PALACES, ITS LANES YOUR CORRIDORS, ITS WOODLANDS YOUR MARBLE HALLS, ITS HILLS YOUR THRONE OF KINGS"

GREAT PICTURES

WE should all love a great picture. As there are some things that can be said only in poetry, as there are some feelings that can be put only in music, so there are some thoughts that can be expressed only in pictures. A picture may say to us in a moment what words would need an hour to say; a picture may describe to us, without words, a scene that no words could ever bring up before our minds. In this picture gallery we shall see some of the beautiful pictures that the greatest artists of the world have painted.

1. ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

The grace, the sweetness, and the playful innocence of children attracted Sir Joshua Reynolds, the greatest English figure painter. He is the child-lover among the master artists. Here he portrays the forerunner of Jesus as a little boy, frank and noble of bearing and lissom of body.

2. AN IDYLL OF 1745

This is a picture of Scottish life during the rebellion of 1745. An English drummer-boy is leaning against the tree, playing on a pipe, to the delight of three wild little lassies from the hills. Another English soldier boy is looking on; and in the distance are seen the tents of the English army. Prince Charlie has landed in Scotland, and is coming at the head of the Highland clans to fight the English.

3. THE TRAITOR'S WIFE

A sad, beautiful lady, with her little son, is leaving the Tower of London, and rough soldiers mock at her as she passes. She is the wife of a lord who has been imprisoned on a charge of treason, and is now awaiting his trial. Let us hope he was not guilty, and that his wife and little son met him joyfully as he came out of the gloomy gate.

4. SPRING

This is a Dutch scene. A shepherd, with his dog, stands watching his flock as they feed toward him. The grass is a tender, soft green, and the feathery tops of the trees tell us that it is spring. Notice how the light falls on the backs of the sheep. This picture, which is in the Metropolitan Museum, was painted by Anton Mauve, a well-known Dutch artist of the last century.

5. THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

Painted in 1874, this famous picture thrilled the British nation. The old weather-beaten sailor has been examining the map of the North, and he exclaims, "It might be done, and England ought to do it!" At his feet sits his daughter, reading of the attempts to find the unknown route.

6. CROSSING THE FORD

A hundred and fifty years ago men could find nothing to admire in wild mountain scenery. But here is a picture in which a herd of shaggy Highland cattle, a stream, and a stormy mountain pass are transformed into a scene of impressive loveliness. Great landscape painters have trained our eyes to a larger sense of natural beauty.

7. THE PET DEER

There are two ways of painting animals. Some modern artists strive to bring out their strangeness and savageness; but Landseer loved them for their gentler qualities, for their love for their young, and for the faithfulness, affection, and intelligence they show when trained by man. Here we see how a timid deer can be tamed by kindness and patience, and made as true a friend as a dog. The dogs in the picture seem jealous of the deer. See how the little spaniel sits up and begs for notice, offering his mistress the rose in his mouth, while the big dog leans against the tree in lonely pride.

8. THE LAST OF ENGLAND

This famous picture was painted in the nineteenth century, when the British empire was being built up. In the stern of an emigrant ship a young man and his wife are gazing at the white cliffs of their native land — the great little land from which they are being driven, beaten in the struggle of life. Perhaps in New Zealand or Canada we might now find them sitting, very old and very happy, by the door of a large farmhouse, with their children and grandchildren gathered around them.

9. THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

This beautiful picture shows the contrast between honest poverty and idle luxury. Some peasant women are working in a field as the king's daughters pass by. The pale, proud princesses have courtiers to hold a canopy above their heads, and soldiers to guard them, and a jester to make them laugh. But they do not look as strong and happy as the poor working women in the field.

10. CHERRY RIPE

This is the first of many beautiful child pictures painted by the famous English artist, Millais. The little girl went to a fancy-dress ball in an old-fashioned eighteenth-century costume, and he was delighted with her charming appearance, and showed all his genius in his portrait of her. The picture gets its name from the cherry-red lips of the little girl, and we can see, in spite of her demureness, that she is full of playful mischief. Millions of copies of "Cherry Ripe" have been sold all over the world.

GREAT PICTURES

11. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

A charming study of open-air life in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The banquet is over, and a dainty maiden is singing Shakespeare's famous song from "As You Like It." It is in historical pictures of this kind that we are able to see again the delightful, picturesque life of those old days. Notice how the artist has placed the singer in the full light, so as to make her the principal figure in the picture. The other figures are admirably arranged, so that while she seems to stand away from them, she is really the centre — the motive as it were of the group.

12. AWAITING AN AUDIENCE

This is an admirable example of the Belgian school of historical painting. The arrangement is very skilful. The picture is divided into two parts — one full of light, the other in deep shadow; and the two principal figures, being in the light, at once attract attention. A beautiful lady, with her little son, is awaiting an audience in the hall of a great nobleman's mansion. Perhaps the lady wishes to plead for her husband. The Belgians, in the days that Professor Geets depicts, were being terribly oppressed by the Spaniards.

13. ASPIRATIONS

G. F. Watts was a great poet who used colours instead of words. He could express ideas, and, what is more important, he could express feelings. Look at this beautiful picture of a young knight. The high hopes and the noble thoughts that inspire him are revealed at a glance. Here is a portrait which paints far more than a careless eye can see. Watts does not merely show the character of the young knight; he paints his soul.

14. BOYHOOD OF ALFRED THE GREAT

This is a charming picture of Alfred the Great, as a boy, and his elder brother, Prince Ethelred, learning to read. The story goes that his step-mother promised to give a beautifully illustrated book to the first of the boys who learned to read it. Alfred won the prize. Even then he showed the spirit which, in spite of hardship, toil and struggle, helped him to become a true gentleman, a great scholar, and a far-seeing statesman.

15. HON. HENRY FANE AND HIS GUARDIANS

This fine picture is the property of the Metropolitan Museum. The Hon. Henry Fane is seated with his hand on the table, his dog at his knee, his head turned as if he were speaking to Charles Blair. His other guardian, Inigo Jones, is seated behind the table, just about to pour out a glass of wine. A stream glimmers to the right, and beautiful clouds hang low above the distant hills.

16. THE CONSPIRATORS

Again the magic colours of the painter's art makes us spectators of a wild scene in English history. We are back in the days of Queen Elizabeth, in the garden of a country house. Some lords are plotting against the Earl of Essex, who is in the queen's favour. The young master has overheard them, and as he turns away he is met by his anxious sister. "I will denounce them!" he whispers.

17. WHISTLER'S MOTHER

This simple, quiet portrait is the masterpiece of one of the most wonderful of modern painters. Whistler broke away from European art, and studied the more delicate and exquisite methods of Japanese artists. In this work of love he portrays the sweet, gentle, and beautiful character of his mother. And he does it all very quietly.

18. IN MERRIE ENGLAND

An amusing picture of English life in the days of the Cavaliers and Roundheads. The English people were then one of the most musical nations, and Mr. Fred Roe shows us a stern old Puritan singing merrily away, to the delight of some Cavaliers. Very finely painted is the play of light that falls from the open window on all the figures.

19. THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST

Here we have Sir John Millais at his best. Hunted by the soldiers of Cromwell, a Cavalier has taken refuge in a hollow oak, and a lovely Puritan girl, who has fallen in love with him, brings him food. The most striking thing in the picture is the way in which Millais has painted the play of sunshine on the satin petticoat of the girl. It was done on Hayes Common, in Kent, in 1852, when Millais was young and at the very height of his genius.

20. THE PORTRAIT OF AN ENGRAVER

Some pictures are beautiful because they represent beautiful things; these pictures are easy to paint. Other pictures represent ordinary objects in a beautiful way; they are the miracle of art. There is no beauty in an engraver looking at the first print he has taken from his press; yet how wonderfully beautiful this picture is! It is an exquisite study of reflected light. The light falls on the print, and from there it is thrown on the engraver's face, which becomes strangely soft.

21. THE SILENT MEETING

Mr. West is a fine painter in water-colours, which admit of more delicate effects than oil paints. How exquisitely he has caught

GREAT PICTURES

the beautiful spirit of this old-fashioned gathering of Quakers in the historic Meeting House at Jordans, in Buckinghamshire, where William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, in America, used to go! The quaint early Victorian dresses, the by-play of the little Quaker girl who sees a robin coming in through the open door, add charm and life to the picture.

22. MOTHER AND SON

A delightful example of the open-air school of modern English art. Looking at it, we taste the salt savour of the sea wind that tosses the manes of the beautiful white mare and her pretty, dark-haired colt. How lovingly the mother shelters her son against the wind! The picture is composed of four contrasting masses: the dark field and the lighter background of the sea, and the white body of the mare and the darker form of the colt. See how the shadows fall and are lost on the rough ground, and the hair of the mother's mane is blown by the breeze.

23. THE FERGUSSON BROTHERS

Sir Henry Raeburn is the glory of Scottish art. He was born about one hundred and fifty years ago, and he worked in Edinburgh. In this picture we see him at his finest. Two handsome young brothers came to him to have their portraits painted. Finding that the taller and fairer young man was interested in archery, Raeburn painted him in the act of shooting, and made the bended bow a frame for the darker figure of the other brother. The arrangement is so natural that we overlook the great art by which the painter has attained it. In concealing his art, and making it look like nature, he shows his greatness.

24. REVOLUTION

The Revolution has broken out in France, and a wild, fierce mob has stopped the coach of a beautiful lady. They have forced her to alight; and now with jeers and insults they are trying to make her drink to the success of the rebellion against the king. Tall, pale, and scornful, the lady refuses, and her little daughter clings to her in terror.

25. THE ARK OF PROMISE

Glorious with painted sails and gilding and carved woodwork, a great Spanish warship of the sixteenth century is setting out on a treasure hunt; and the artist has finely painted all the splendour and romance of it. Such a ship was called a galleon, and a great fleet of such vessels formed the Armada that Philip of Spain sent against England. The Spaniards, however, were better at building their huge galleons than at handling them; and the English sailors, with their small ships, were usually victorious in a sea fight.

26. FAIRY TALES

This delightful picture, of the American School, is by Mr. James J. Shannon, an American artist, who lives in London. A lady, in a white dress, is reading aloud to two little girls who are absorbed in the interest of the tale. The little girls, who are very simply dressed in white muslin, are seated against a background of blue with red and gold decorations. The elder one has a very lovely, earnest looking face. This charming picture of childhood belongs to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

27. GOSSIP

Two young women are sitting at their wheels in a pleasant, airy room. They are occupied in spinning, but are so busily engaged — so the title hints — in discussing the affairs of the neighbourhood that one of them has stopped her work. They are becomingly dressed in the blue and white peasant costumes of Bavaria, and the table behind them is covered with a snow-white cloth, and has blue dishes on it. Evidently they have been having afternoon coffee. The little kitten breaks up the blank space on the floor, which would otherwise be too large, and adds to the homeliness of the scene.

The painter, Mr. Carl Marr, is a native American. He was born in Milwaukee, but has spent most of his life in Germany, where he is very well known.

28. THE SHIP OF SOLOMON

This is one of E. E. Abbey's Galahad scenes. We see Sir Galahad sailing in a strange ship to the strange city of Sarras, where he hopes to find the Holy Grail, which only the pure in heart may see. Though neither he nor his companions can see it, an angel sits in the ship holding the Grail; and when Galahad reaches Sarras the mysterious and sacred object will be shown him. The Holy Grail was supposed to contain some of the blood that fell from the body of our Lord as He hung on the Cross. The legend is not true; but it shows us how highly, even in the wildest and darkest feudal ages, manhood loved a young knight who lived a good life.

Mr. Abbey, who was an American painter of international fame, was very much interested in legendary subjects. When he was asked to help in decorating the Boston Public Library, he chose for his subject the legend of The Quest of The Holy Grail.

29. A TERRACE BY THE LAKE

An enchanting view over the blue waters and the misty Alps is cut into three parts by the trunks of the trees in the foreground. These trees, and the straight wall dominate the picture. All the design is based on their strong, rigid lines, which frame the scene, and bring out the loveliness of the Italian landscape.

30. THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The famous ship, the *Mayflower*, is about to sail from Plymouth Hoe with the hundred Puritans who are destined to become the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. Very picturesque the old ship looks, its high poop crowded with the earnest, sombre colonists, going forth into the unknown wilds of North America in search of religious liberty. Most of us in these days would hesitate to embark in so small a ship (only 180 tons burden) to sail on almost unknown seas.

31. THE INVASION OF THE BARBARIANS

A splendid study of the poetry of action. The swirling movement of the great war-horses is painted in a way that makes us feel we are being carried with it. Signor Checa's picture is of high historic interest. The Goths were a Germanic race who defeated the Romans about fifteen hundred years ago, and became the masters of the Roman Empire.

32. A PICTURE OF OLD DUTCH LIFE

This picture of old Dutch life on a winter day was painted by G. H. Boughton, an American artist, who fell in love with Holland. He had a very graceful and delicate style. The way in which he balances the dark masses against the stretches of white is a lesson in composition.

33. FOUND

This is one of the finest works of Sir Hubert von Herkomer, a poor German boy who taught himself painting and went to England, where he has won fame and fortune by his great gifts. In a wild and rocky country, a warrior has fallen wounded, and he is likely to die with no one near to tend him. But just as he is sinking to the ground he is discovered by his sweetheart — a wild young girl of the hills, for whose sake he fought against the invaders.

34. THE HUNGRY MESSENGER

It is difficult to say which is most striking in this picture comedy by Mr. G. A. Storey — the humour of it or its exquisite art. It is a study of English life in the seventeenth century. A handsome messenger, having brought a letter to one of King Charles's captains, takes some food from the plate while the old man is reading. How finely the light on the left is contrasted with the shadows at the back!

35. ST. JOHN IN THE ISLAND OF PATMOS

This picture by the French artist, Jean Louis Meissonier, represents St. John on the Isle of Patmos, where it is believed that he wrote the Revelation.

36. THE CHIEFTAIN'S CANDLESTICKS

In this unusual and dramatic picture, Mr. John Pettie has finely brought out the romance of life among the old Highland clans. Two tall, savage Scottish clansmen guard their chieftain's chair, holding in their right hands their naked swords, and, with their left hands, lifting above their heads two flaming torches. They are a couple of living candlesticks; and very wild they appear, with flickering light from their torches playing around them.

37. PUNCH

A delightful scene of English village life in the early Victorian period, by Thomas Webster. Two Punch and Judy showmen are performing before a picturesque old country house, and everybody has come to see the fun. Old granny, clapping her hands in glee, enjoys it as much as the younger members of the audience. The beautiful stretch of open scenery in the distance is admirably painted.

38. THE RETURN OF THE FISHERS

A troop of pretty fishing girls in Northern Brittany is coming back from the oyster-bed with loaded baskets. How pretty they look with their quaint white caps and their wooden shoes! The picture is by a French painter, Fevin Perrin; and it is so finely painted that the French Government has bought it, and hung it in the Luxembourg — a great public picture-gallery in Paris. The French nation is very hard-working, and it takes a keen delight in pictures like this, which shows that honest toil makes for beauty and health.

39. THE CATECHISM

Here is a picture of French country life. In it the artist, Meunier, gives a charming and fresh study of four peasant children who have come to the parish priest to be examined in their catechism. The children are finely drawn; and there is an amusing touch about the little rascal who is playing, instead of attending to his lesson.

40. ANNE BOLEYN AT THE TOWER

This painting by E. M. Ward, who was born in London in 1816, is a good example of what is called the "historical anecdote" school of art. On May 19, 1534, Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth, was brought in pomp and splendour to the Queen's Stairs at the Tower of London, where King Henry VIII. was lovingly waiting for her. On May 19, 1536 — only two years afterwards — Queen Anne was ordered to be executed. She was taken back to the scene of her triumph at the Tower; but instead of returning by the Queen's Stairs, she passed to the next entrance — the Traitor's Gate!

41. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

Painted by Sir George Harvey in the early part of the nineteenth century, this picture of Scottish village life takes us back to the days when our grandmothers and grandfathers were still at school. The boys and girls are dressed in their best clothes for an examination, and they have to stand on a table and answer all kinds of questions. Very timid and quiet is the group on the table, but some of the boys on the bench are just as mischievous as boys now are. Pictures of this sort are always pleasing; they irradiate homely, everyday scenes of life with the glorious light of art.

42. THE CHARTERHOUSE CHAPEL

A famous picture of a famous scene. The Charterhouse is an old monastery in the heart of London, which was changed three hundred years ago into a school for poor boys and a retreat for poor gentlemen. Thackeray has finely described the "poor brethren" of Charterhouse in his novel "The Newcomes." Dear old Colonel Newcome ended his noble life as a poor brother, and it was Thackeray's descriptions of him as a black-gowned, white-haired pensioner that inspired Sir Hubert Herkomer to paint this beautiful picture. Thackeray himself was a Charterhouse boy. The low archway that breaks the wall in the background, and the graceful pillar to the right, add much to the beauty of the picture. The light, falling from the west, tells us that the old gentlemen are assembling for evening prayers.

43. THE PALMER

A palmer was a pilgrim returning from the Holy Land; and Mr. John Pettie here depicts one of these pious adventurers of the Middle Ages telling the story of his long and weary journey to a lord and lady and their little son. How attentive the boy is! Perhaps the tale of the old palmer inspired him afterwards to join the strange and terrible Children's Crusade — though let us hope not.

44. FRUITSELLERS OF VENICE

Very simple in arrangement and very picturesque in effect is this quietly beautiful picture of Venetian life. All the lovely romance of the ancient city of the waters is subdued into a little homely incident. The picture seems charming, but, as a matter of fact, it is more than charming. It is a masterpiece by a very noted modern painter — Sir William Q. Orchardson, a Scotchman. He seeks to conceal his skill rather than display it. The way in which the water is painted is one of the secrets of the picture. It is an example of the highest kind of art — the art that conceals art, and arrives at a simple, natural effect by very exquisite and subtle means.

45. SUNDAY MORNING

Time has dealt tenderly with this record of old English country life. It was painted by William Collins many years ago, just as an actuality. To us, however, it is full of added interest and romance. It takes us back to the days of our great-grandparents, and shows us the picturesque dresses and quiet, pleasant ways of life in those simpler days. A family of farming folk is setting out for church, and the mother, who is too old to walk, is being gently led to the farm horse. Notice the double saddle, with one seat for the young farmer and a seat behind him for his old mother.

46. ALLELUIA

A fine example of modern decorative art. The artist, Mr. T. C. Gotch, has gone back to the Italian painters of the fifteenth century for his composition and dresses; but the group of singing girls are sweet English lasses of the present day. It is this mixture of modernness of feeling and ancientness of style that gives so curious a charm to this well arranged picture.

47. THE FACES IN THE POOL

This is a lovely example of the art of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Burne-Jones was a pre-Raphaelite — that is to say, he thought the great Italian painter of the sixteenth century, Raphael, had led the European artists in a wrong direction. So he studied the older masters of painting, and tried to get their simplicity and sincerity and spirituality. In this strange and beautiful picture of a group of maidens using a pool as a looking-glass, Burne-Jones gives us a poem in colour.

48. THE JUMPING BABY

In this portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and her child, Sir Joshua Reynolds is at the top of his genius. It is one of his three greatest masterpieces. It is a study of a mother's love and a baby's playfulness; and the attitudes of the figures — so natural, so full of movement, and so exquisitely balanced — are wonderfully original and true. The striking and happy combination of richness, breadth, and simplicity raises Sir Joshua to the highest level in the art of portrait painting. He was one of the most noted of English painters.

49. THE LITTLE PRINCESS

This pretty little baby princess was the niece of King George III. She became the Duchess of Gloucester. But the painter saw in her, not the stiffness of a royal personage, but only a delightful little child, half-way between babyhood and early girlhood. So instead of painting her in some stately court dress and stiff pose, he shows her sprawling on the ground and play-

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ing with a little fluffy dog. It is this large and sweet humanity of the great Sir Joshua Reynolds that renders him and his works so lovable, and makes him such a successful painter of little children.

50. THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

A lovely poem in colour. It is the happiest thing of its kind that the great English painter ever did. There are two ways of looking at it. If we take it from its human side, it is a tender and loving image of childhood, in which a man who never had any offspring of his own has expressed his deep, unspoken affection for all children. From an artistic point of view, the picture is remarkable for its fresh and beautiful design, and the cream-like surface into which the paint is woven. In both ways it is undoubtedly one of the great achievements of the very best English art.

51. GOSSIP AT THE WELL

John Phillip was an English painter who fell in love with the Spanish people. Delighted with their picturesque dresses and their old-fashioned ways, he set himself to paint the incidents of their lives. In this picture of a pretty girl talking to a water-seller at the town well, the artist catches admirably the glow and colour and beauty and joy that the poorest people in Spain always manage to infuse into their lives.

52. TESTING THE BLADE

We are back in the Middle Ages, in the wild days when a man trusted chiefly to his sword for his safety and success. Buying a sword was then a very grave affair indeed, and in this picture by Sir W. Q. Orchardson a nobleman has come to a smith to buy one. One day his life may depend on the toughness and strength of the blade, so he is ready to spend a good deal of time testing the weapon before he buys it. It is easy to trace in this masterpiece the beautiful lines of the composition, and the way in which the artist used his colours is wonderful. The lighting of the interior, and the character shown in the faces of the two men, alone make the picture beautiful. The smith is proud of his blades, and sure that he can provide the nobleman with a trusty sword.

53. SIR ROBERT PEEL'S DAUGHTER

Lawrence was a marvellous boy. Pictures of his were exhibited when he was only five years old, and when he was ten he was earning money by drawing portraits. In this charming picture of the pretty daughter of Sir Robert Peel, the celebrated artist displays all the grace and sweetness of his genius. He was the President of the Royal Academy and the most famous painter of his age. This picture was recently sold in London for £8400.

54. THE CRYSTAL GAZER

In this wild and fantastic picture, Mr. Fred Roe makes use of a strange superstition. Witches were supposed to be able, by gazing into a crystal, to throw themselves into a trance, during which they saw things that had happened in the past or would happen in the future. The weird vision was supposed to be seen in the depths of the ball. Of course it was all nonsense, but Mr. Roe has made a strikingly original picture out of the idea. The black cat on the chair-back adds a dramatic touch to the picture.

55. MRS. ROBINSON

This beautiful lady was a famous actress. She was called Perdita, because of the charming way in which she acted this character in Shakespeare's play, "The Winter's Tale." All the great English painters of the eighteenth century painted her portrait, and Romney immortalises her beauty with a flowing, rapid touch that is wonderfully fresh and winning.

56. THE MEN OF SAXON ENGLAND

These three pictures from the collection of Mr. Daniel Maclise, R. A., a well-known artist of the last generation, bring up before us the vision of Saxon England. We see the Saxon travellers on the road and the Saxon lord arriving at his castle, and there is something stirring in these groups of handsome, earnest men. For they are such men as made England, such men as Alfred ruled with, until, as in the third picture, a man came running to Harold and told him that Duke William had landed from Normandy.

57. THE GOOD AMONG THE EVIL

In this beautiful religious picture Mr. A. U. Soord deals in an exquisite way with the strange problem of the mixture of goodness and evil in the world. In a wild, overgrown, and neglected wood, a few golden shafts of wheat have sprung up among the thorns and weeds, just as men and women of wonderful sweetness and goodness of nature grow up at times in evil societies — in the courts of wicked kings, in the haunts of vicious people. But the Saviour of men gathers His true followers to Himself, no matter in what conditions they live, and the painter shows Him stooping down amid the thorns to glean the few ears of good wheat growing among the weeds.

58. THE PRINCESS AND THE POET

Five hundred years ago Alain Chartier was remarkable for being the ugliest man in France. Yet when Princess Margaret of Scotland, with her lords and ladies, was passing by a spot where Alain was sleeping, she stole up softly and kissed him. All the French courtiers were astonished and scandalised, because

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Princess Margaret was married to the eldest son of their king. But Margaret gaily said that she did not mean to kiss Alain himself, but only the poet's lips, from which had come so many golden and virtuous words. Alain Chartier was a poet who took the part of the poor, suffering people, and wrote against the proud, tyrannical French lords. Margaret of Scotland admired him for this, and when her husband became King of France he set himself to break the power of his cruel nobles.

59. RED AND WHITE ROSES

This glorious picture, by Mr. H. A. Payne, has been presented to the nation by Lord Beauchamp, and now hangs in one of the corridors of the British House of Commons. It is a fine example of the modern decorative way of painting history. In the early part of the fifteenth century two young men began to quarrel among the roses in old Temple Gardens, London. One was Richard, the grandson of Edward III.; the other was the Earl of Somerset. Nobody else wanted to join in the quarrel, but suddenly Richard plucked a white rose, and called upon his friends to do the same. Somerset took a red rose, and asked those who agreed with him to wear the red flower. So out of this silly quarrel grew two fierce parties in the state, who brought about the Wars of the Roses. The battles lasted thirty years, eighty princes being killed and the nobility of England almost destroyed. The picture is reproduced here by the courtesy of Lord Beauchamp.

60. RUFFIANS IN HIDING

In this strange and curious picture by a French painter, C. E. Delort, is a tragic and sinister meaning. It seems to be merely picturesque and rather amusing, but it reveals the worst side of life in the Middle Ages. Three ruffians are waiting to set upon and kill some lonely, unsuspecting man. Crimes like these were common in what are stupidly called the "good old days," and men were paid to do the horrible work; nor was it often that the coward who paid them and was the worst criminal was brought to justice.

61. KITTENS IN THE STUDIO

Madame Ronner loved any kind of cat, but she adored that furry, sprightly, roguish spark of life — a kitten. She watched the ways of kittens until she could paint them better than any other artist. Here we have a delightful example of her art. Leaving her room for a few minutes, she came back and found her mischievous little models playing in her paint-box and disarranging everything. Instead of being angry, however, she sketched the kittens and their mother, and so obtained a prettier, livelier, and more amusing picture than the one she had intended to make.

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62. THE BABY IN THE HOME

Baby is the centre of this touching study of a sweet and happy home. His brothers and sisters are singing while mother plays, but he seems too shy to join in. Mr. Isaac Snowman has painted this delightful "interior" — as pictures of this kind are called — with exquisite skill. The beautiful old-fashioned room, the charming old-fashioned dresses, and the earnest faces of the little singers form an effective background to the scene between the young and beautiful mother and the baby.

63. THE RABBIT ON THE WALL

Sir David Wilkie was a great painter of little things. He made the simplest and most ordinary scenes beautiful by the way he drew them. Here is a cottager amusing his children at evening by casting, by a well-known trick of the hands, the shadow of a rabbit on the wall. But it is really a wonderful picture of faces painted in the light of an unseen candle. The effect is very curious, and it was used by several Dutch painters simply for its quaintness. But Wilkie employs it to give a heightened artistic interest to the quiet, truthful study of country life.

64. THE FIRST SUNBEAM

Seeing at Rome a famous picture of the child Jesus by the great Italian painter, Raphael, Tennyson suggested that it was falsely drawn, because no baby could put on such a look of solemn wonder. But when the poet returned to England he saw his own little grandson staring at a sunbeam with just the same awed and transfigured expression of face. With a more homely art than Raphael's, Mr. Thomas Faed paints a child's delight and rapture at seeing a sunbeam on a wall for the first time. The toddling mite wants to catch it!

65. ON THE WILD COAST OF BRITTANY

This is a picturesque scene of everyday life on the wild coast of Brittany. Two bare-footed fisher girls have found a rock pool swarming with the little quick-darting and almost transparent bodies of shrimps. The painter has finely contrasted the two Breton maidens. The slighter and prettier girl stands up against the sky, with the sunlight softening and illuming her graceful figure, while the sturdier lass bends down among the dark stones.

66. THE DEFEAT OF THE TURKS

"We have to save to-day, not a single town, but the whole of Christendom, of which this city of Vienna is the bulwark. I have but one command to give — Follow me!" So spake John Sobieski, the hero King of Poland, to his little army on September 12, 1683. Four hundred thousand fierce, brutal Turks had

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invaded Austria, and they were about to capture Vienna, when Sobieski swept out of Poland to the rescue. The night before the battle the Turks killed 30,000 Christian prisoners, mostly women and girls. But Sobieski, in a swift attack, shattered the murderers, and drove them, in panic, back to Turkey. So Europe was saved. Here we see Sobieski, and the men who helped him, in the Turkish camp after his great victory.

67. THE FIGHT INTERRUPTED

There has never been a painter more interested in mischievous little boys than William Mulready was. Whenever he met a group of urchins, out came his sketch-book and his pencil. Here we have one of his early studies of a fight between the bully of the school and a smaller boy. The old schoolmaster is interrupting the battle, and lecturing the young victor, but two other boys point out it was the big bully who began the fight. It is a dramatic scene, in which the painter shows a fine knowledge of boy character, as well as the brilliant qualities of an artist.

68. CONTRARY WINDS

In both style of painting and choice of subject Webster resembles Mulready. He liked homely scenes of life in which children took a main part. Here some little girls and boys are amusing themselves by blowing a toy ship around a tubful of water. It was a favourite trick of Webster, in painting his cottage scenes, to light up the chief incident by placing it immediately under the window, and leaving the rest of the scene in shadow.

69. THE ANGELUS

This is the masterpiece of the greatest of French painters. Millet was more than a painter; he had the power of a great poet. Turning for inspiration to the peasants among whom he lived, he revealed the beauty and the glory of their fruitful labours in the field. Here a poor working man and woman pause in their toil, as the sound of the village church bell floats on the quiet afternoon air. It is the signal for prayer in Roman Catholic countries, and as they stand, with bowed heads and clasped hands, against the sunset sky, their figures put on a wonderful dignity and romance.

70. SEE-SAW

A delightful picture of the simple pleasures of country children. Two boys have thrown a plank over a fallen tree, and are sawing on it, while their sisters sit beside them and enjoy the fun. The younger boy, poised high in the air, is rather alarmed at his position; and the older girl is trying to laugh him out of his fears. The figures are drawn with spirit and humour, and the landscape setting has a quiet, peaceful loveliness.

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71. A GIPSY WOMAN AT A HORSE FAIR

A magnificent study of action of an uncommon kind. At a horse fair in the picturesque Turkish town of Adrianople, a strong, daring gipsy woman springs on a horse, and rides him at full gallop, to show off his fine qualities to a Turkish dealer. The poise and dash of the handsome gipsy woman, the strength and spirit and action of the big horse that she is putting to a leap, are painted with loving knowledge. The artist took so much joy in his work that he makes us feel his joy. Every fine work of art has feeling in it, and communicates to the world the emotion that inspired it.

72. ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS!

Some persons are inclined to think that modern life is not very romantic and picturesque. But painters like Mr. H. S. Tuke are able to show us the drama and heroism and excitement with which much of the daily, ordinary work of our time is carried on. A ship has begun to leak badly in a storm, and all the sailors have to work for their lives at the pumps, to prevent the vessel from sinking. There is no panic, but a steady, united effort is being made to keep the ship afloat.

73. DRIVING HOME

This is an unusual and picturesque study of winter travel on the plains of Russian Poland. In the depths of winter carriages and carts become impossible, for the wheels get stuck in the snow. So, as in this picture, great sledges are drawn by horses. The artist, evidently with loving knowledge, has shown us the action of the magnificent sledge team; the long, straight form of the centre horse, which is doing most of the pulling, contrasts well with the arching neck of the steed that is trying to shirk its share of the work.

74. SAVED TO BE FREE

This is a dramatic and striking scene of the wild, hazardous life of long ago. An army of Romans has suddenly attacked a riverside settlement of Saxons on the Rhine. The invaders have defeated the men, and are making slaves of the women and children. But one Saxon warrior has rushed down to the river with his family and put off in a boat, with his horses swimming beside him. Upright, with his shield thrown before him, he gibes at his enemies, so as to draw their javelins on himself, and save from attack his boy who bestrides one of the swimming horses near the bank.

75. THE LAST FRIEND

This touching picture is beautifully drawn. An old blind man, living in a bare, comfortless garret, is about to lose his last

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friend — his dog. The faithful creature, that has spent its life guiding its master about the streets, is lying weak and ill on the floor. The poor beggar-man, having prepared some food for his companion, gropes with his hand to find the dying dog and put the bowl of milk within its reach. The sightless, yearning face of the man is a wonderful study of love and anguish.

76. THE DINNER IS COMING

A scene of homely joy painted with remarkable skill. Some little Dutch children have heard their mother coming with the dinner, and, turning from the table at the cottage window, they hail her with smiles of delight. As their faces are turned away from the window, the reflected light from the farther white wall of the room illumines their bright and eager features. This is the effect the painter has caught excellently. In the background the father, who has just come in at the door, smiles proudly on the happy little group.

77. A CHRISTENING IN SPAIN

Spain is the most picturesque country in Western Europe, because the country people have not thrown aside their gay and glowing costumes. Here the effect of their ancient costumes is combined with the glorious architecture of an old Spanish church in a christening ceremony. How proud and stately the young father is in the fine dress he keeps for great occasions! And how charming and happy the mother looks in her black mantilla, a kind of head-dress made of lace and thrown over the head and shoulders!

78. THE LITTLE FIDDLER

A village urchin, with a fine, sensitive face, has entered the world of imagination and feeling through the gate of music. An old, white-haired master of the violin has taken the boy in hand, and we can see that he hopes to make of him a musician of genius. It is a quiet, simple picture, but the boy's face is drawn with telling sympathy. So is the figure of the old master, who listens intently and critically for some sign of progress in his pupil's work.

79. PHILIP THE FAIR KNIGHTS HIS SON

This picture looks as curiously beautiful as if it had been painted many hundred years ago. As a matter of fact, it is the work of A. de Vriendt, a modern Flemish painter, who treats historical subjects in a really historical way. He paints in the style of the period he depicts. Philip the Fair reigned in France when Edward I. reigned over England, and here we see him in the act of knighting his little son, who makes a grave, quaint little figure amid the splendour of the ancient ceremony.

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80. NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE

A charming study of babyhood. An older girl is offering her tiny sister an apple, in order to tempt the pretty mite to walk by herself across the room. Bending behind baby is mother, her arms outstretched to save the toddler if she falls. Finely observed and finely rendered is the sweet, tender face of the mother, partly illumined by reflected light from her white head-dress. The details of this picture are particularly noteworthy, and will bear the closest inspection. The hands, for example, are most beautifully modelled.

81. THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

A group of village dames are resting, after their work in the hopfields, by the edge of a wood. Of course they fall to gossiping about their neighbours, and some pretty tales has one of the dames to tell about the goings-on in the village. The characters of the women are admirably depicted, especially that of the old lady sitting on the log.

82. THE PORTRAIT OF THE CARDINAL

This is a very satirical and amusing picture. A young monk, with a gift for painting, has been ordered to paint the portrait of a very old cardinal who is on a visit to the monastery. The Prince of the Church is not like Oliver Cromwell, who saw that a painter was leaving out his worst defect — a wart on the nose — and ordered him to “paint warts and all.” The cardinal wants to be flattered, and the young painter, who appears almost at his wits’ end, has to use a great deal of imagination in making a satisfactory portrait of him.

83. IN COVENANTING TIMES

There are two ways of getting a dramatic effect in painting. One is to make the canvas a riot of colour; the other is to set a single bright figure, or group of figures, in a mass of shadow. This second way was invented by the great Dutch artist, Rembrandt. In this picture the Rembrandt manner is adopted. A Scottish commander sits by a table with a roll of paper before him. He is waiting for men to come in and sign the paper, which is the famous Covenant to abolish the rule of bishops. Many wars were fought between Scottish Covenanters and their opponents.

84. AN UNEXPECTED COOLING

An amusing study of life in an old abbey. One of the friars is busy chopping wood at the door of a cellar, and, as he is thinking it is warm work, down on his bald head comes the contents of a watering-can used in tending the flowers on the balcony above. Was it really an accident on the part of the gardener? We may

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be forgiven if we fancy that it was not *quite* accidental. This amusing little comedy is beautifully staged in an ancient Gothic building, and the painter has finely brought out the qualities of the old stonework.

85. MRS. SIDDONS

Mrs. Siddons was the greatest English actress of her day, and a woman as good as she was beautiful. Tall, and of a stately loveliness, she was unequalled in tragedy, and it is as the Tragic Muse — or tragic spirit — that Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her when she was twenty-eight years old. The flexibility of her finely formed eyebrows was one of the secrets of her art as a tragic actress; they lent a most expressive aid to her eyes, which were beautiful and penetrating.

86. THE SALE OF OLD DOBBIN

This is a fine modern example of the kind of story picture that some of the best of the old painters used to delight in. There is no reason why the homely drama of life should be avoided by modern artists. Because some feeble painters introduced an interesting story into their pictures in order to cover up the faults of their art, that is no reason why the clever men of the present day should confine themselves to painting uninteresting things in a brilliant way. This is an excellent picture from the purely artistic point of view. The figures are well drawn and arranged in well-balanced groups. The fact that it is a touching scene of an old ruined farmer listening in silent grief to the bidding for his favourite horse does not detract from the admirable way in which everything is painted.

87. INNOCENCE

This lovely picture is one of the masterpieces of J. B. Greuze, a famous French painter of the eighteenth century. In an age of frivolity and artificiality, Greuze was on the side of the angels. In his way of painting he was one of the originators of modern methods of using colour, and he devoted his gloriously beautiful art to the noble task of painting the pleasures of domestic life, and the loveliness of sweet and innocent girlhood. He married the charming maiden whose face appears in many of his pictures.

88. THE JESTER

This is an excellent example of the amazing cleverness of French art. The painter has taken the quaint figure of a king's jester of old days, and depicted him in a strange, fantastic attitude. The design is so curious and audacious that only the great power with which it is drawn saves the picture. The whole thing is a fantastic success.

89. WATCHING AND WAITING

A little girl and her baby sister are sitting under an umbrella in the hot August sun, waiting for their parents to finish harvesting. It is a delightful scene of open-air life in the days when the wheat is whitening in the sun. Baby has grown tired of waiting for her mother, and has curled up under the umbrella and gone to sleep. But her sister still sits like a little model of patience, gazing at the reaped field where the geese are quietly feeding amid the stubble.

90. GOLDEN HOURS

A beautiful picture of happy childhood. Some little boys and girls in the charming attire of bygone days are playing in a lovely old-world garden. Baby is mounted on a gentle pony, and his brothers and sisters are leading him through the land of happiness. It is a land that most children know, whether they are rich or poor. There is usually more happiness in the heart of a child than a king can find in a palace.

91. THE TITHE COLLECTOR'S RETURN

In this brilliant etching of a scene in Spain, art and humour are happily combined. Down the narrow street of a little Spanish mountain town two monks are returning home, with a donkey laden with good things they have collected from the people. Just where the path is narrowest, a woman bearing a jar on her head stands against a wall to let them pass. They think her jar contains wine, and want to take it for the good of the church, but the woman sullenly tells them there is only water in it. Besides the brilliant way in which the figures are represented, there is a fine contrast in light and shade; the white coat of the donkey would be out of place if it were not balanced by the large, dark mass of the old monk's umbrella.

92. DUTCH ORPHAN GIRLS

This charming picture of a group of girls in a Dutch orphanage is a fine example of the art of composition. The maidens themselves, in their old-fashioned dresses, are each delightful, but the picture owes its general beauty to the skilful way in which the figures are spaced out against the wall. They are treated as parts of a decorative effect, and it is this effect which distinguishes the picture and makes it a remarkable work of art. In particular, the large blank space in the centre of the scene is a bold and brilliant arrangement. An ordinary painter would probably have come to grief over it.

93. SILVER FAVOURITES

A beautiful picture of the grace and splendour of life in the days when the glory of Greece was combined with the grandeur of

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Rome. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema excelled in the art of conjuring on to a piece of canvas the lovely, stately ways of living in the classic ages. The faithful manner in which he rendered the texture of marble, as in this scene, is incomparable. The dark sea beyond gives a feeling of coolness to the scene. This cool background adds a great deal to the beauty of the picture. It softens the glare of the noonday sun, and provides a soft and effective contrast to the marble of the fountain, while it throws up the standing figure in high relief.

94. THE ARTIST'S SONS

There are no portraits so intimate and brilliant as those a painter does of his own family, which he knows and understands so well. Here the artist has caught his two pretty boys in a delightful attitude, and put them on canvas with the touch of genius. His loving knowledge of their ways has enabled him to excel the work of greater men who painted children with merely the same art as they painted any sitter who came to their studio. Love has made many a man a genius.

95. MOTHER'S DARLING

A tender and touching version of one of the greatest and finest subjects in art — a woman's love for her baby. The same expression that the artist catches on the face of this charming mother has inspired many of the great masters of old in their pictures of Mary brooding with love over her Divine little Son.

96. MASTER HOPE

This is a famous portrait by one of the great English portrait painters, Sir Thomas Lawrence. It shows the fine qualities of his art, and it also reveals his chief defect.

Master Hope is a beautiful little English boy, and he is painted as young Bacchus, the god of wine; and a very pretty picture he makes, with a leopard's skin thrown round his shoulder and a bunch of grapes in his lifted hand. But the prettiness of the picture is a defect. Lawrence was inclined to confuse true beauty with mere prettiness. That is why he is not so great a portrait painter as Reynolds and Gainsborough.

97. THE YOUNG SHEPHERDESS OF THE ABRUZZI

A little Italian peasant girl has fallen asleep while looking after her father's sheep, and one of the lambs has nestled by her side. It makes a most delightful scene, full of character and sweetness. For we can tell from the action of the lamb that the barefooted little shepherdess is a kind and gentle guardian of her flock. The Abruzzi is a mountainous region in the centre of Italy, where the inhabitants still keep to their old fashions and picturesque ways of life.

98. THE BLACK SHEEP

A charming comedy of life in the days of the Puritans, painted with an unusual talent. A pretty Puritan maid has been naughty, and, sitting on a bench like a penitent, she is being severely reprimanded by a quaint and dry minister. But what makes the picture so pleasing is not merely the beauty of the fair penitent, but the cool, clear light which floods the room and the study beyond. Everything is so bright and simple that the few darker shades of colour stand out with remarkable effect.

99. DESERTED

A delightful picture of alarm. A little peasant boy is being bathed in a tub, and his mother has left him for a moment to fetch a towel. A shriek of anguish comes from the tub, and up hops the poor forsaken baby! It is a charming comedy.

100. MISS CREWE

A famous example of the genius of the greatest of English portrait painters, in its subtlest, simplest form. It is just a picture of a quaint little old-fashioned lass with a wide-eyed, roguish face and the appearance of Red Riding Hood. But notice the curious way in which her features are lighted up in the shadow of her broad-brimmed hat. It is a very brilliant study of reflected light.

101. A LONELY DRIVE

A splendid study of horses set in a wild landscape of snow. A sledge is starting out in the depth of winter for a ride from a half-buried farmhouse across a great plain of snow to the nearest town. The two tall, powerful horses are full of fire and vigour, and the painter gives us a magnificent picture of their wild and vehement action.

102. THE ASTROLOGER

In the old days many people used to think that the planets and the stars had an important influence on the destiny of every human being, and wise men, called astrologers, fancied they were able to foretell everybody's fortune in life from the study of the heavenly bodies, which of course was all nonsense and superstition. Here we see one of the old astronomers engaged in calculating the position of the stars and planets.

103. THE DEFENCE

The manor-house of some gallant Cavalier in the days of Cromwell is being furiously attacked by the Roundheads. The gentlemen are defending the place from the window of the hall; but they have no time to load their guns, and the charming lady of the manor and her two servants are doing this part of the work.

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It is a very dramatic composition; the face of the frightened girl in the corner tells how perilous is the situation. The picture, however, though full of life and energy, has an artistic defect. The figures of the men and women form two groups, and at the chief point of interest — the centre of the canvas — there is a blank.

104. THE TRAITOR'S GATE

Under the wide, gloomy archway of Calais Castle a son of Edward III. is going to his death. He is the famous Duke of Gloucester who rose against the worthless favourites of the worthless young King Richard II., and got himself appointed by Parliament Regent of England. Now overthrown by the King, he is being rowed into the prison, there to be murdered by royal command. The picture is an unusual and brilliant piece of composition. The contrast between the bright, distant water and the dark archway is handled in a very dramatic manner.

105. THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN

This is one of the masterpieces of the great modern Dutch painter, Josef Israels. He began by painting historical pictures, but suddenly awoke to the fact that in the humble lives of the fishermen around him there was a real drama, nobler than all the battles and pageants of history. He possessed a wonderful command of colour, which was both strong and tender, and he created a revolution in European art by using his great gifts in telling of the pathos and sublimity of the fishermen's fight with the sea. Here he paints the great tragedy in a solemn and noble composition, full of deep feeling.

106. ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

The legend of St. George and the Dragon has always been a favourite with painters, for they have been able to use their imagination to the utmost in depicting the fabulous monster. Mr. Briton Rivière makes quite a success of it. His dragon is a strange, vast, and terrible creature, with a fine picturesque horror about it, and the knight is stretched, wounded and panting, on the ground after his first battle with the beast. The painter has all his life studied and painted animals of every sort, and he is able to use his knowledge in making the fantastic creature of legend look like a veritable living monster.

107. THE CARPENTER'S SHOP

A beautiful example of the art of one of the most poetic of modern painters. Mr. Stott has taken the greatest theme in Christendom and interpreted it in the terms of everyday life in a country village. And it is done so tenderly and vividly, that it brings out the homeliness of the central fact of our religion.

108. SENSE OF SIGHT

The greatest thing in all art is to recover the freshness and wonder of the grand commonplaces of life. This is what the painter does for us in this beautiful and remarkable picture. Sometimes in a little baby's face, as it stares at a sunbeam above its cradle, we catch the expression that this angel wears as her eyes open to the marvel and glory of the sense of sight. Most of us have grown dulled to the powers that we enjoy, and rarely think of the marvel of the senses that we possess.

109. THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Everybody knows the legend of the piper who rid the town of Hamelin of its rats by playing on his magic pipe, and then made all the children of the town follow the sound of his enchanting music because the townspeople would not pay him the money they had promised him. This curious fairy tale is here beautifully painted by a German artist, Hermann Kaulbach. He brings out both the strangeness and the charm of it, and the varied attitudes of the eager thronging children are excellently drawn.

110. THE ORPHANS

A charming and touching example of modern German art. A beautiful, fair-haired girl and her little sister have been left alone in the world, and, clinging to each other in sympathy, they form a very pathetic picture of bereavement. A look of fear seems to come into the face of the older girl as she thinks of the struggle that lies before her; but let us hope that she will be able to make her way in the world, and play the noble part of a little mother to her tiny sister.

111. A WATER-CARRIER OF ANACAPRI

The little island of Capri, off the coast of Naples, is the loveliest spot in Europe. The scenery is wildly picturesque, and the flowers are as beautiful as the maidens who bear the burdens up the steep heights. For, as most of the men are away fishing, the work on the land falls largely on the women. But how straight and tall the fisher girls grow through balancing their big jars on their heads as they climb up and down the rugged path to the town!

112. PRIESTLY ADMONITION

Two mischievous boys have in some way offended the village priest, and the expression on their faces as he gives them a lecture is masterly in its humour. The little rogues pretend to be very sorry, but we can see that they will be working some sort of mischief again before the day is over. This picture is a delightful example of German art.

113. THE SEAWEED RAKER

English painters discovered the sea to be the most glorious field of colour, movement, and changing form. And among the English painters of the sea James Clark Hook was pre-eminent. Glowing in colour, strong in drawing, and true to Nature, this picture of his is a scrap of history as well as a thing of beauty. It takes us back to the days of the old kelp-burners, who worked along the coasts, raking the seaweed from the rocks and burning it to get potash from the ashes.

114. THE SERMON

This is one of the modern pictures hung in the Luxembourg Museum in Paris in recognition of the genius of the painter. Let us try to see how the artist has won this place of honour. He has in the first place found a subject that is picturesque and striking in a natural way. He shows us a Breton church with a row of Breton girls and women, in quaint white coifs, in a state of deep emotion. But the great thing about the picture is the art with which the faces of the wives and daughters of the fishermen are drawn. The strong, heroic head of the second woman especially is a masterly piece of drawing. It is a revelation of character—a revelation of the force of soul that makes the Breton race the finest moral element in modern France. Her daughter's face shows what she must have been in her youth.

115. THE RUINED SANCTUARY

In an old ruined abbey, where the wild deer have made their home, a beautiful girl is weeping. In the old days churches and religious houses had the right to protect anybody who fled to them for refuge, so they were called sanctuaries. Here it seems as though the ruined sanctuary was the meeting-place of the lady and her lover, and at the spot where they used to meet she has found a letter telling her some sorrowful tidings. It is a romantic and picturesque scene.

116. "INTO THY HANDS, O LORD"

This fine picture of the days of knightly adventure may be looked at from two points of view. It is a romance and a study from the life. Regarded as a romance, it carries us back to the days when men believed in witchcraft and enchantment. A mail-clad knight had lost his way while hunting in a forest, and come upon some dark place of unknown terrors. He lifts up his sword-handle as a cross, and, praying that the hand of God may guard him, slowly advances towards the strange and perilous spot. As a study of life, the picture is most remarkable. The great war-horse is trembling with fear, and the hounds draw back, overcome with terror. Seldom has the fright of animals been painted with such mastery.

117. HELPING MOTHER

Here is a charming picture of Dutch life at the present day, by Josef Israels, who was the first to discover the poetry of common things. Most of his pictures are open-air scenes; but here he gives us a Dutch interior, with a poor, sick woman propped up by a pillow in a chair, watching her baby tottering across the room to her with a box that she wants. The sentiment underlying the little domestic scene is quite touching, but what makes the picture so effective is the artist's wonderful treatment of light and shade.

118. THE MAID OF ORLEANS

Here we see the little country maid, Joan of Arc, welcoming a warrior from the battlefields of France. She is still keeping her father's cattle in her native village, and slowly making up her mind to go forth to the scene of war and save her country. So she takes the soldier to her little room in her father's house, and, while bringing him food, questions him eagerly about the last events in the great war. This striking picture is the clever work of Mrs. E. M. Ward.

119. A SOUVENIR OF AUVERGNE

A magnificent winter scene in the wild, mountainous province of central France. In the falling snow a dog is herding some sheep, and driving them down into the valley for shelter, when a strange cur springs at the sheep and frightens them. The manner in which the wise little four-footed shepherd repels the attack on his flock is delightful to study, and the strange, lonely landscape is painted with fine feeling.

120. THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL

This is a delightful picture of an old English fair. Swings and roundabouts and mechanical instruments of music had not been invented in the days that Mr. F. Goodall chose for this scene of merrymaking. It was the village fiddler who set the feet of youths and maidens dancing on the village green, and, when they were not dancing, boys and girls had to keep themselves amused by kiss-in-the-ring and other simple games. There was much less vulgarity in the pleasures of the people then than now. That is why painters choose such a simple, old-fashioned scene of revelry as this rather than the more showy holiday scenes of to-day.

121. THE MEETING

This picture of a group of schoolboys is the work of one of the most brilliant of modern women — a Russian girl, Marie Bashkirtseff, who went to Paris resolved to make herself famous. Her aim was to paint the ordinary, everyday things around her

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without any touch of poetry or romance, and yet to make her pictures significant and striking by their truth, vividness, and insight into character. She was little more than a girl when she died, but both as an artist and as a writer she has won fame. These boys are studied with the eye of a great dramatist, and the paint is handled with a strength and subtlety that may be said to amount to genius. Evidently the boy in the background has done something upon which the rest of the group are passing judgment.

122. HE IS RISEN

A beautiful study of the first scene of the resurrection of our Lord. Mary Magdalene and the Virgin Mary have come to the tomb in the rock where the body of Jesus was laid, bringing sweet spices to anoint the dead Saviour. But as they enter they see an angel sitting on the empty tomb, and they draw back, afraid. But she tells them: "He is risen; He is not here. He goeth before ye into Galilee. There shall ye see Him." The painter has not portrayed the angel with any particular breadth of conception; the figure is pretty rather than sublime. But the strange, dark rock and the figures of the holy women are painted with great power and sincerity.

123. SYMPATHY

In a corner on the stairs a little maid is sitting very sad and thoughtful. Something has gone wrong. Perhaps she has been sent out of the room for being naughty. But, whatever her cares are, one dear, faithful friend is anxious to comfort her. He is the dog of the house, who has romped with her and played with her since she could crawl, and he now comes and sits beside her and lays his head on her shoulder. It is one of the prettiest of animal studies.

124. ROMOLA

A beautiful picture of an old blind scholar listening to his daughter reading some book that he wishes to study. The subject is taken from George Eliot's famous novel "Romola," which describes the life of the people of Florence in the days when the Italians were recovering out of Greek books the stores of forgotten knowledge which have now been developed into the magnificent fabric of modern science. Romola's father, Bardo, has lost his eyesight in the passionate pursuit of learning, so his noble-hearted daughter comes to his aid, and in reading to him and listening to him grows wiser in some ways than he is. In the background we see the shadowy figure of Tito, whom Romola afterward married. The arrangement of the picture is exceedingly good, and the contrast between the intent faces of the father and daughter is very fine.

125. SUNSET IN PROVENCE

This is an excellent example of the new method of painting. It is the aim of painters of this school to paint light in an intense, vivid way. They never use an unbroken, solid body of colour, but get their effects by breaking up natural tints into rainbow hues, and putting in small, fierce dabs and spots of colour that blend together and form the required tint. When, as in this admirable, glowing picture, the outlines of the objects are clearly drawn, the new method is very effective.

126. TRAVELLING THE STEPPES OF SIBERIA

A dramatic and exciting scene. Across the frozen plain of Siberia some Russians are riding in sledges drawn by two powerful teams of horses. Night is falling, and the drivers are hurtling along in a race for life to the nearest posting station. For a pack of hungry, grey wolves are gathering in a fierce attack upon the travellers. But the men have their rifles ready, and one of the wolves has already been brought down.

127. MORGAN'S PRIZE

The boy who knows nothing about Sir Henry Morgan can never pass an examination in the art and craft of piracy. Morgan was a Welsh lad of good family who was kidnapped and taken to the West Indies. He joined a gang of pirates, and, by strict attention to business and a show of patriotism, he became the most successful bucaneer of the seventeenth century, and was made Governor of Jamaica. Here he is seen after an attack upon a Spanish galleon, with two beautiful girl captives being brought before him. Let us hope he did not ask a high ransom.

128. THE RETURN FROM THE FIELDS

Here is a fine illustration of the truth of Robert Browning's saying that we often love for the first time when we see them painted, beauties that we have passed by, perhaps unnoticed, a thousand times. Six big, tired cart-horses are being taken home for the night after a long day's work in the fields. It is a commonplace scene of country life, but what a magnificent thing the painter makes of it! The powerful, quiet beasts, spaced in characteristic attitudes against a stretch of dark, rising ground, are clothed in a striking nobility. They are the breadwinners for mankind, built in great strength for the heavy work.

129. THE PILOT'S PEEPSHOW

A delightful picture of life in a fishing village, by one of the ablest of modern painters of the sea, Mr. John R. Reid. An old, weather-beaten fisherman is sitting outside the haven, watching the ships out at sea to see if they fly a signal showing they want his help to pilot them around the dangerous coast. A little baby

girl toddles up in search of amusement, and the kindly old pilot allows her to peep through his long telescope and spy the vessels far away on the ocean. This charming scene is set against a beautifully painted fishing village, with the coloured sails of the smacks rising against the grey houses where the fishing folk live. All the picture glows and sparkles with colour.

130. THE SON AND HEIR

A pleasant little picture of home life in the eighteenth century. The beautiful young mother of three pretty girls has had another baby, and, to everybody's delight, the little newcomer is a boy. The girls are clustering round their tiny brother and worshipping him, while granny looks with loving interest at the heir to the family. And how proud and sweet the mother is! It is a charming example of the art of painting "interiors," which is the name for indoor scenes dealing with familiar homely subjects.

131. A LITTLE ROGUE

What a mischievous little darling she is! Having seized her father's paint-brush and dabbled it in his box of water-colours, she has drawn a wild and startling figure of a scarecrow. The head is bigger than the body, and the mouth has changed places with the chin. Yet the roguish little beauty pretends that it is a true portrait of her father. But, oh, how her bewitching face is brimming over with a sense of fun!

132. LILIES

Flowers are the children of the earth, and children are the flowers of human life, and here they are brought together in exquisite fashion. A stately little maid, with a face of noble beauty, is carrying a bunch of pure white Lent lilies, and the white glory of the flowers is reflected on to her features. Notice how the little girl has caught her frock up while clasping the lilies. By drawing up her frock she has raised the frill and formed it into two lines, of high importance to the composition. If the frock hung down straight, the lower part of the picture would be empty, and its quality as a work of art sadly diminished.

133. THE NIGHTINGALE

Standing by an open window at night, a lady listens in rapture to the passionate music of a nightingale. This is one of the masterpieces of a leader of the modern Glasgow school of painting. A wonderful delicacy of style and a soft, subtle harmony of colouring distinguish the best artists of this school, who have now become famous throughout the world. This picture has a fine simplicity of arrangement, and is a striking study in the expression of emotion.

134. VOLUNTEERS

A lifeboat is being launched in wild, stormy weather, and the longshoremen are volunteering to go to the help of some ship in distress far out to sea. What a splendid figure is that of the man who is having his lifebelt buckled on by a friend! Just an ordinary fisherman, quiet, wary, and full of experience, but lifted up by his noble action to an heroic height of soul. His face is drawn with a remarkable feeling for character; it tells of calm, steady strength already tried in the perils of the seas. The picture is full of action, and one feels the force of the driving gale.

135. FAITH

This beautiful figure is the work of an English painter of religious subjects. Some years ago a lady built a little chapel of meditation close to Hyde Park, so that the busy people of London could turn from the dust and noise of the streets, and collect their thoughts in peace and quietness, and Mr. Shields was asked to fill the building with impressive works of religious art.

136. HOPE

This artist has spent many years in adorning the little chapel, covering its walls with glowing pictures. Here we have a lovely symbol of the virtue of Hope.

137. LOVE

In this picture there is the mother's love, represented by the beautiful central figure, with babes playing on her lap and at her feet. Then the brotherly love, which will one day bind all the races of mankind in one civilisation and one religion, is expressed in the charming figure of the European child who leans over to embrace a little negro boy. The rich fruits and ears of wheat indicate what a paradise earth would become if all its people worked together in love.

138. PATIENCE

A strange, angelic figure, her head bound with thorns, her feet caught in briars, stands with quiet, downcast eyes waiting till the time comes for action. There is a sickle hanging at her waist, showing that she will reap a full harvest in due season.

139. THE DRAWING LESSON

A clever and lively study of French school life. We do not think about the painter when we look at the picture, because his art is so quiet and telling that only its results strike the eye. But the way in which the boys are grouped according to the lightness or darkness of their jackets is a lesson in the art of composition. And then the faces of the boys — how eagerly interested they are in their work!

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140. YOUTH'S HIGH TIDE

Painted with unusual spirit and remarkable skill, this delightful scene stands for more than it actually represents. It is the high tide of boyhood as well as the high tide of the sea, and the laughing, frolicsome lads are unconsciously enjoying the happiest hours of their young life.

141. WINTER NIGHT ON THE STEPPES

Under a clear, cold, frosty sky of stars, the illimitable plain of Siberia stretches and sparkles to the sky-line — white with new-fallen snow, bleak, tufted with bare, dwarfed shrubs. In the distance a cluster of log-built farmhouses shows dim and grey in the starlight, and towards it creeps a solitary wolf, fiercely desperate with hunger, and bent on attacking sheep-fold or cattle-shed. But fear of man has made him cautious, and he stops and sniffs the air as he approaches the village, for he knows that a human scent means a bullet from a farmer's rifle.

142. A MERRY JOURNEY

A party of gaily dressed Polish peasants are driving to a fair. The farm carts have been turned into pleasure wagons, and the pretty, vivacious Polish girls, who are famed for their light-hearted, sparkling manner, encourage the young drivers to let the teams of horses tear along. The Poles are the most brilliant of the Slav peoples.

143. RIDING DOWN THE GUNS

A battle picture of the war between Frenchmen and Germans in 1870. Some brave and gallant French artillerymen have been protecting the retreat of their infantry, but they have fought so well to save their countrymen that they cannot escape themselves. A squadron of German dragoons, with spiked helmets, has swept down on the gunners in a fierce charge. The Frenchmen cannot harness their horses to the guns in time to get away, but with cool courage they do all they can to save their artillery.

144. TILLY AT THE LECH

Count Tilly was a Belgian warrior who led the men of Liège and the Ardennes in the terrible wars of religion in the seventeenth century. For twelve years Tilly was the victorious leader of the Catholic army, storming through Europe with his Walloons and Serbians. But in 1632 King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, with his mail-clad Finns, vanquished Tilly's army on the banks of the River Lech, in Bavaria. This is the incident shown in the picture. Tilly lies on the ground, fatally wounded, amid his beaten troops, while the Swedish army is forcing the river passage. Tilly was carried away to die, and Gustavus Adolphus marched on Munich.

145. EVENING'S LIGHT

At all times of the year the face of Nature is beautiful. Winter is as lovely as summer to the seeing eye, as this quiet twilight snow scene shows. The sheep are being driven home from the white fields, and the yellow lamplight shines from a window of the old farmhouse. All this is beautiful, but the wayside trees, with their tracery of leafless boughs outlined against the sky, are a miracle of loveliness. Winter's keen stars and lacework trees compensate for the loss of flowers.

146. A MISTY MORNING

A picturesque group of Breton shrimping girls are coming from the sea with their spoil. What a charming and quaint scene they make, with their distinctive head-dress, their clattering wooden shoes, and big net and baskets!

147. SANCTUARY

A picturesque scene of life in the bad old times. Men were so violent, and laws were so rough and crude, that the power of religion was often employed to help persons in trouble. They were allowed to take shelter in churches, and so long as they remained in sanctuary nobody was permitted to hurt them or arrest them. Here we see a man pursued by an angry mob to the steps of a convent church, where the nuns come out to defend him, calling on his foes to stop in the name of Christ. Thus many an innocent man, who had been wrongfully accused, was able to escape from death.

148. TREASURES

A lovely maiden, in the lovely costume of bygone days, is standing by her jewel-box and trying on her treasures. How her face glows with pleasure! Well, it may be all vanity, but beautiful girls and stately women do lend a grace to jewels and adornments. So long as they do not pierce their ears for earrings, as European women sometimes do, or make holes through their noses, as Oriental girls do, or waste useful things for vanity's sake, let us delight in their using pretty things in a pretty way.

149. SHEEP IN SNOW

An old Scottish shepherd is bringing his wee flock down from the cold white hills to the sheltered valley. The clever dog is guiding the sheep and keeping them to the safe path. Hardy hill sheep can often weather a bad snow-storm, letting the snow pile above them, and making a snow house for themselves in the whole drift by the melting heat of their crowded, woolly bodies. In these cases they have to be dug out before they weaken from want of food.

150. THE GLEANERS

This is one of the most famous works of the greatest of modern French painters, Jean François Millet. After studying in Paris, he withdrew to the country, and, dressed like a peasant, lived a poor, simple life, and entered into the work of the farming folk around him. The three poor women in this picture, gleaning in the reaped field, are beautiful and real. The curves of their bending figures have a nobility like that of a great Greek statue. Thus did Millet teach that work is glorious.

151. THE REAPERS

A fine study of the beauty of the human body in the act of using a scythe. The painter follows in the footsteps of Millet, and brings out the natural dignity that clothes the hard-working French peasant when labouring in the fields. Very fine is the way in which the forms of the two men are contrasted in different attitudes and brought into a new pattern by the long scythe handles and large curved blades. The French have an exquisite sense of composition.

152. ON THE TOWING-PATH

There is a great charm about the life that the bargemen and their families lead. They are an independent race of open-air workers, with a very pleasant occupation. How delightful is this picture of the little bargeman's daughter guiding the old towing-horse, with the barge floating out of the lock, ready to continue its inland voyage!

153. THE AGE OF BRONZE

This is one of the masterpieces of Auguste Rodin, the great French sculptor, some of whose best work may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum, in New York.

154. INDUSTRY

This is part of a famous group of statuary by Meunier, the noted Belgian sculptor. As we look at it we feel a sense of tremendous exertion. Note the movement of the shoulder muscles and the tense look on the man's face.

155. THE POTTER

Modern British sculptors have not so far risen to the heights reached by Rodin and Meunier and our own St. Gaudens. The artist in this piece of work has gone to one of the oldest crafts for his subject.

156. EDUCATION

Here the artist has attained a breadth of feeling which is admirable. This group is a scholarly composition.

157. THE MIRROR OF CHIVALRY

According to the old custom of knighthood, a gallant young warrior is being armed for battle by his sweetheart. Stooping to buckle on his sword, she sees her own fair face reflected in the bright steel breastplate that covers his heart. It is, in truth, her image that he carries in his breast to inspire him to brave deeds.

158. AN ISLAND FERRY

A tranquil scene of peace on a lonely Scottish island. A shepherd woman has led her sheep down to the shore, and the boatmen have come to ferry her and her flock over the sunset waters. The dark figure of the woman and the gleaming backs of the sheep dominate the composition.

159. THE HUNS OF OLD

Wild, terrible, and savage, and overpowering in number, were the dreadful Huns who swept into Europe from Asia fifteen hundred years ago. Under their famous leader, Attila, they became the scourge of Europe.

160. THE UHLANS IN 1870

A very early picture by Lady Butler of a wild charge of German cavalrymen in the Franco-German War. Uhlans are lightly armed horsemen, on quick, lightly built horses, who ride in front of the foot soldiers, scouting and testing the strength of the opposing army. They are not meant to engage in a heavy fight, but to obtain information about the enemy. The name and the use of Uhlans comes from the Tartars. The Poles copied the Tartars, and the Prussians copied the Polish Uhlans.

161. GENEVIEVE AND THE PEOPLE OF PARIS

A famous fresco on the Pantheon in Paris. Genevieve was a Christian girl living in the fifth century. When Attila and his Huns were about to sweep on Paris, and the frightened people turned to flee, she persuaded them to stay. Then she walked out to the camp of the Hunnish king, and he promised to spare her city. Long afterwards Genevieve saved Paris from starvation. The French love her and Joan of Arc more than all the great captains, who have won for them honour and fame on many a well fought field.

162. THE MOTHERLESS FAMILY

A young Dutch fisherman, with his little son by his side and his baby daughter in his arms, is sadly returning home. The glimpse of grey sea, the dark grey sky, the waste of the dunes, all add to the feeling of melancholy that breathes from this beautiful picture. The young wife of the fisherman has passed

GREAT PICTURES

away, and he has now to mother his two children, as well as win food for them on the wild seas. The picture is one of the masterpieces of the great Dutch-Jewish artist, Josef Israels.

163. ON THE ROAD TO THE HORSE FAIR

There is a magnificent beauty about the great cart-horses which the farmers use for heavy work. They are descended from the large-framed war-steeds which, clad in armour, used to carry the steel-clad knights of old into battle. It is easier to appreciate the fine, graceful lines of the Arab race-horse than to discern the large nobility of form of a big, rugged cart-horse. But all the great painters, from Leonardo da Vinci to Watts, preferred the great cart-horse; and in this picture a modern French artist gives a striking study of these majestic beasts.

164. THE POT-BOILER

An amusing picture of an inquisitive, daring, but doubtful terrier tackling a large live crab stranded on the seashore. Of all dogs the terrier is perhaps the most human. He is full of mischief and intelligence. This one shows by his strange attitude the state of his mind. He is afraid of being nipped by the pincers of the crab, and yet he will not give up the attempt to examine the strange and menacing thing he has found.

165-6. HOPE AND FAITH

These curiously beautiful pictures are the work of one of the leaders of the recent pre-Raphaelite school, who considered that nearly all painters since Raphael had wandered farther and farther away from Nature and true beauty. Some of them, like Sir Edward Burne-Jones, tried to revive the style of painting of the Early Florentine artists; and these pictures, with their strange, antique loveliness and intricate symbolism, are an excellent example of one kind of pre-Raphaelitism.

Coloured Frontispiece. THE WOODLAND MAID.

This picture is a portrait of Miss Emily de Visme, when she was a little girl of about eight, or perhaps ten years old. It is a very pretty picture, very beautifully painted, but it lacks the movement and vigour that is needed to make it great.

In the picture over the page, *St. John the Baptist*, by Reynolds, we feel that the boy is alive; we should like to know to whom he is shouting, and what he is saying. We know that he is crying aloud, the "voice crying in the wilderness." But we feel instinctively that the little girl has posed to have her portrait painted. We are not very much interested in her, and cannot imagine that she could run, and shout and play. The defect in Sir Thomas Lawrence's beautiful pictures is that he does not give us much insight into the character of his subjects.



I. ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST



2. AN IDYL OF 1745

By SIR JOHN MILLAIS, P.R.A.



3. THE TRAITOR'S WIFE

By FRED ROE



4. SPRING

ANTON MAUVE



5 THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

By SIR JOHN MILLAIS, P.R.A.



6. CROSSING THE FORD

By HENRY GARLAND



7. THE PET DEER

By SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.



8. THE LAST OF ENGLAND

By FORD MADDOX BROWN



9. THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

By ARTHUR A. DIXON





II. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

By SHERIDAN KNOWLES



12. AWAITING AN AUDIENCE

By PROFESSOR WILLEM GEETS





14. THE BOYHOOD OF ALFRED THE GREAT

Copyright, by T. J. Hirst.

By E. BLAIR LEIGHTON



15. HON. HENRY FANE AND HIS GUARDIANS INIGO JONES AND CHARLES BLAIR By JOSHUA REYNOLDS



16. THE CONSPIRATORS

By GEORGE E. ROBERTSON



17. WHISTLER'S MOTHER

By J. McNEILL WHISTLER



18. A RING OF HARMONY

By FRED ROE



19. THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST



20. PORTRAIT OF AN ENGRAVER

21. THE SILENT MEETING



B. J. WALTER WEST



22. MOTHER AND SON

By HENRY W. DAVIS, R.A.



23. THE FERGUSSON BROTHERS

By SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.





25. THE ARK OF PROMISE

By BERNARD F. GRIBBLE



26. FAIRY TALES

By JAMES J. SHANNON



27. GOSSIP

By CARL MARR



28. THE SHIP OF SOLOMON

By EDWIN A. ABBEY

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29. A TERRACE BY THE LAKE

By J. McWHIRTER, R.A.



30. DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

By BERNARD F. GRIBBLE



31. THE INVASION OF THE BARBARIANS

By ULPIANO CHECA





33. FOUND

By SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER



34. THE HUNGRY MESSENGER

By G. A. STOREY



35 ST. JOHN IN THE ISLAND OF PATMOS
Painted by Jean Louis Meissonier

THE MAN WHOM JESUS LOVED

“Little children, love one another.” How often we have heard these words! How ordinary they are! Yet down through Time they come, laden with one of the tenderest memories of the human race.

Long ago, in a little island of the Aegean Sea, lived an old, old man. How old he was we do not know, but we know that he loved good with as pure a heart as ever beat among men; and in one of the earliest writings found in the world we read how this old man was carried into church, when he could neither walk nor preach, and how he gave his last message to the world in these five words: “Little children, love one another.”

And millions of men and women in the world to-day would have loved to be in that little island of Patmos, where John, whom Jesus loved, spent his last days. In all the world he was the only man who had known Jesus. Of that little band of men who followed the Light of the World, all but John had passed into their rest, and John was banished to Patmos by the Emperor of Rome.

And for many, many years he tarried in the world, remembering Jesus; and in his lonely island home he sat, dreaming that he saw the Great White Throne of God, and remembering that Jesus had said to him, “I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.” It was said that he would never die; it was said that he would remain upon the earth until his Master came again. But such things do not happen, and at last, while the love of Jesus was slowly capturing the hearts of men, the man whom Jesus loved passed into heaven. It must have been a sad moment for the world when the last man who knew Jesus passed away.



36. THE CHIEFTAIN'S CANDLESTICKS



By THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A.

37. PUNCH



38. THE RETURN OF THE OYSTER FISHERS

By FEVIN PERRIN



39. THE CATECHISM

By CONSTANTINE MEUNIER



40. ANNE BOLEYN AT THE QUEEN'S STAIRS

B EDWARD M. WARD



41. AN EXAMINATION AT THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

By SIR GEORGE HARVEY



42. THE CHARTERHOUSE CHAPEL

By SIR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.



43. THE PALMER.

By JOHN PETTIE R.A.



44. FRUITSELLERS OF VENICE

By SIR WILLIAM Q. ORCHARDSON



45. SUNDAY MORNING

By WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.



46. ALLELUIA

By T. C. GOTCH



47. THE MIRROR OF VENUS

By SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES



48. GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.



49. SOPHIE MATILDA, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.





51. GOSSIP AT THE WELL

By JOHN PHILLIP



52. TESTING THE BLADE

By SIR W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.



53. CHILDHOOD INNOCENCE

By SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.



54. THE CRYSTAL GAZER

By FRED ROE, R.I.



55. MRS. ROBINSON



56 AXONS ON THE ROAD

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.



56. A SAXON KING ARRIVES AT HIS PALACE

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.



56. THE LAST SAXON KING HEARS OF THE CONQUEROR'S LANDING

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.



57. SOWN AMONG THORNS Permission of The Autotype Fine Art Co., Ltd.

By ALFRED U. SOORD





59. PLUCKING THE ROSES IN OLD TEMPLE GARDENS

By H. A. PAYNE



60. IN AMBUSH

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By CHARLES E. DELORT



61. IN THE STUDIO

By HENRIETTA RONNER



62. CHILDREN'S VOICES

By permission of C. W. Faulkner & Co., Ltd.

By ISAAC SNOWMAN



63. THE RABBIT ON THE WALL

By SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.



64 THE FIRST SUNBEAM

By THOMAS FAED, R.A.



65. GIRLS SHRIMPING

By permission of Goupil & Co.

By ALFRED GUILLON



By ALOIS GREIL

66. THE RELIEF OF VIENNA BY THE POLES



67. THE FIGHT INTERRUPTED

By WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.



68. CONTRARY WINDS

By THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A.



69. THE ANGELUS

By JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET



70. SEE-SAW

By THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A.





72. ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS



73. DRIVING HOME

By SZYBIER SIEBIECZ



74. SAVED TO BE FREE

By E. HENSELER



75. THE LAST FRIEND

By C. LASCH



76. THE DINNER IS COMING

By T. KLEEHAAS



77. A CHRISTENING IN SPAIN

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78. A VIOLIN LESSON -

By O. PILTZ





80. NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE By permission of Berlin Photo. Co. By L. ALMA TADEMA



81. THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL



82. THE PORTRAIT OF THE CARDINAL By permission of Berlin Photo. Co. By TOBY E. ROSENTHAL



83. IN COVENANTING TIMES





85. MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE



86. THE SALE OF OLD DOBBIN

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89. WATCHING AND WAITING

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By FRED MORGAN



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94. THE ARTIST'S SONS

By CHRISTIAN LEBRECHT VOGEL



95. MOTHER'S DARLING

By JOSEPH CLARK



96. MASTER HOPE

By SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE



97. THE YOUNG SHEPHERDESS OF THE ABRUZZI

By FRANCESCO PAOLO MICHETTI



98. THE BLACK SHEEP

By F. G. MILLET



99. DESERTED

By V. VAUTIER





101. A LONELY DRIVE

By WIERUSZ KOWALSKI





103. THE DEFENCE

By LASLETT JOHN POTT



104. THE TRAITOR'S GATE

By DAVID SCOTT



105. THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN

By JOSEF ISRAELS



106. ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

By BRITON RIVIERE



107. THE CARPENTER'S SHOP

By EDWARD STOTT



108. - SENSE OF SIGHT

By ANNIE L. SWYNNERTON



109. THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

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113. THE SEAWEED RAKER

By JAMES CLARK HOOK, R. A.



114. THE SERMON

By P. DE LA BOULAYE



115. THE RUINED SANCTUARY

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116. "INTO THY HANDS, O LORD"

By BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.



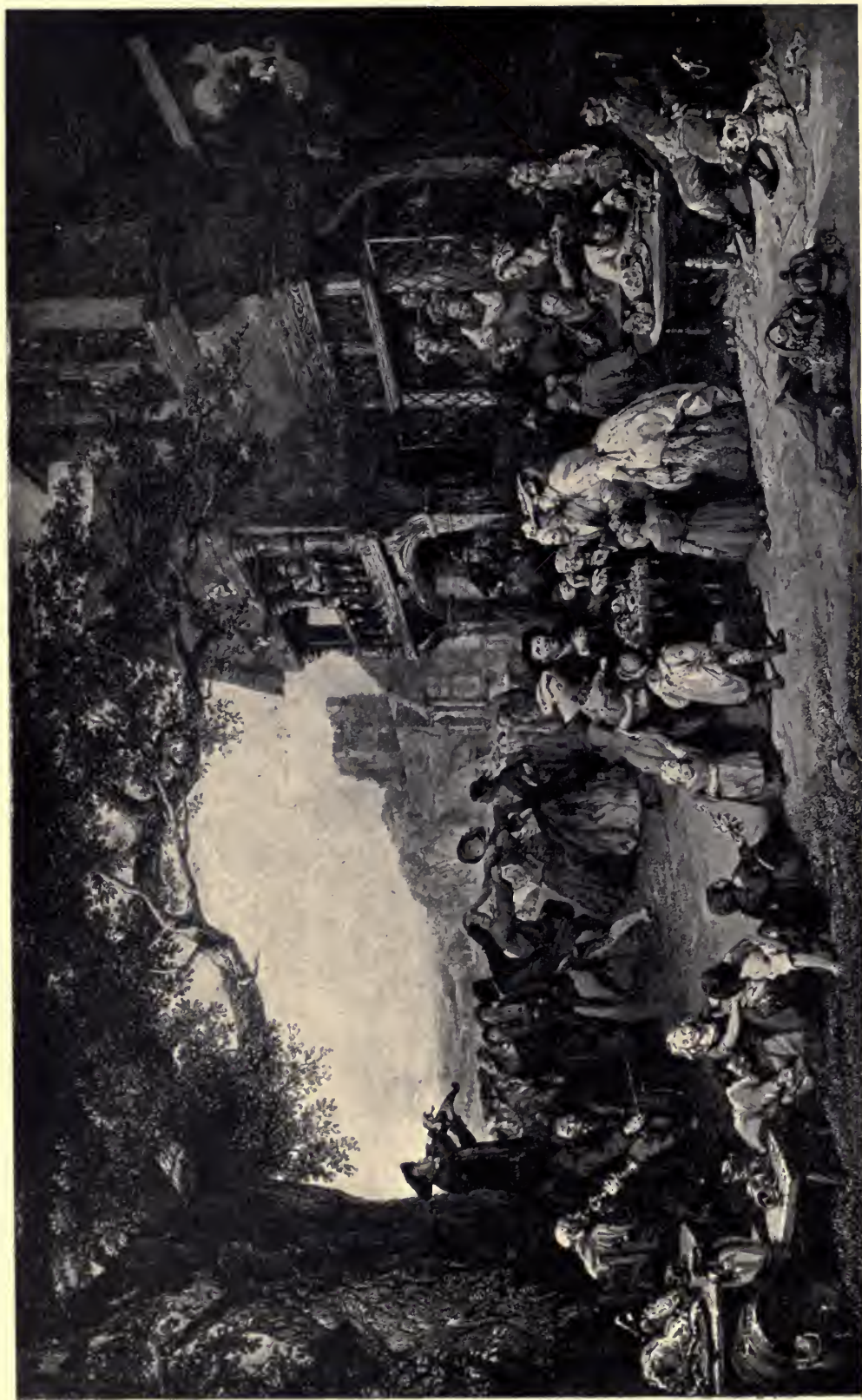
117. HELPING MOTHER

By JOSEF ISRAELS



118. THE MAID OF ORLEANS





120. THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL

By FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.













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129. THE PILOT'S PEEPSHOW

By JOHN R. REID, R.I.



130. SON AND HEIR

By G. SHERIDAN KNOWLES



131. LOOK! THIS IS MY DADA!

By A. S. BUCHANAN





133. THE NIGHTINGALE

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By GEORGE HENRY





135. FAITH

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By FREDERICK J. SHIELDS



136 HOPE

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137. LOVE



138. PATIENCE

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139. THE DRAWING LESSON

By JEAN GEOFFROY



140. YOUTH'S HIGH TIDE

By ARTHUR J. BLACK



141. WINTER NIGHT ON THE STEPPES

By WIERUSZ KOWALSKI



142. A MERRY JOURNEY

By WIERUSZ KOWALSKI



143. RIDING DOWN THE GUNS

By EMIL HUENTEN



144. TILLY AT THE BATTLE OF THE LECH

By P. F. McSSERSCHMIDT

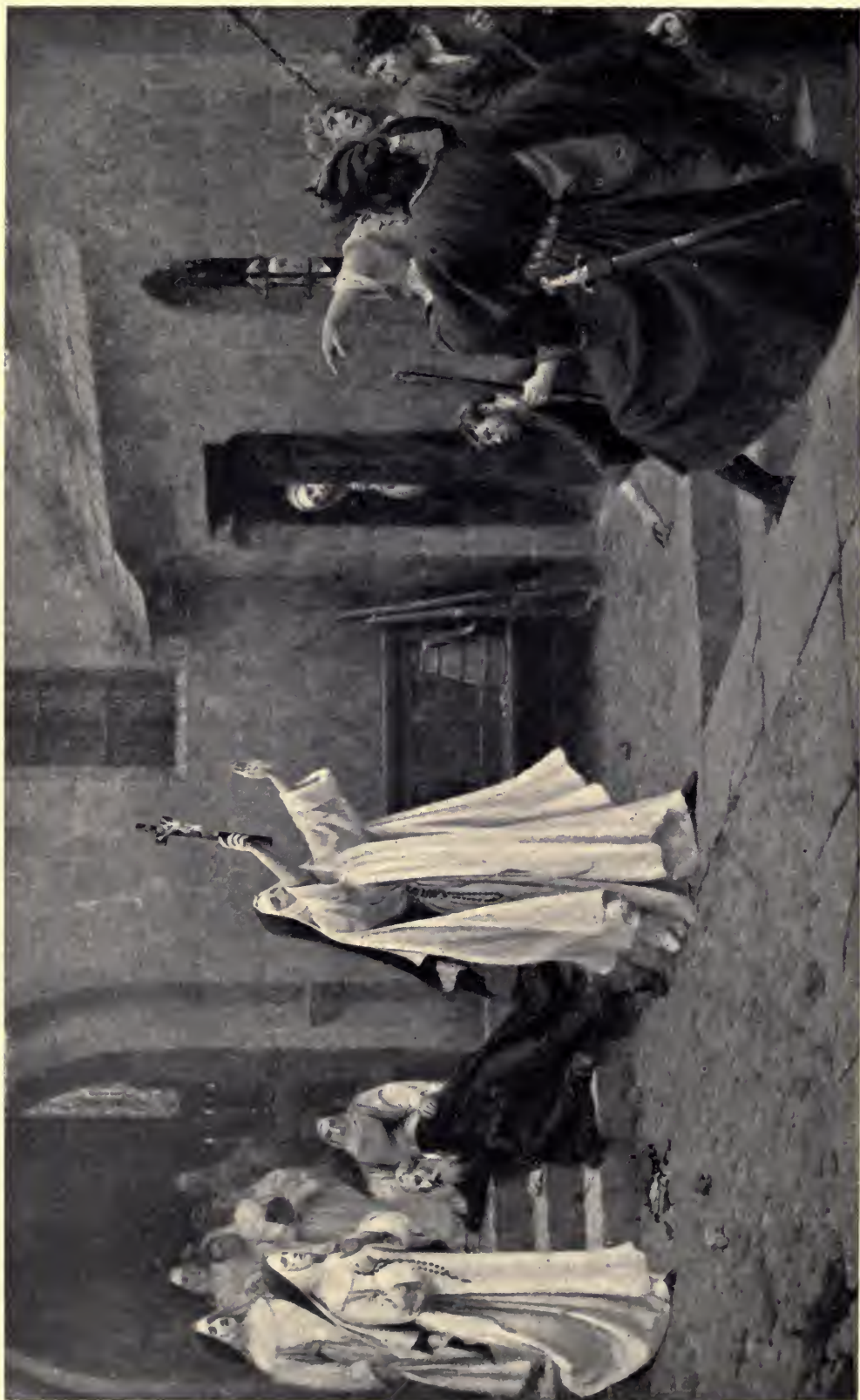


145. EVENING'S LIGHT

By E. DOUGLAS



146. A MISTY MORNING These pictures by permission of The Autotype Fine Art Co., Ltd. By R. M. MCGREGOR
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Edouglas

149, SHEEP IN SNOW

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150. THE GLEANERS

By JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET



151. THE REAPERS

By JULIEN DUPRÉ



152. ON THE TOWING-PATH Permission of The Autotype Fine Art Co., Ltd. By ROWLAND WHEELWRIGHT
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153. THE AGE OF BRONZE

By AUGUSTE RODIN



154. INDUSTRY

By CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



155. THE POTTER

By F. W. POMEROY, A.R.A.



156. EDUCATION

By ALBERT TOFT





158. AN ISLAND FERRY

By W. H. BARTLETT



159. THE HUNS OF OLD

By U. CHECA



160. THE UHLANS IN 1870

By LADY BUTLER



161. GENEVIEVE AND THE PEOPLE OF PARIS





163. ON THE ROAD TO THE HORSE FAIR

By L. CHEVIOT



164. A POT-BOILER

By YATES CARRINGTON



165. HOPE

By Sir E. BURNE-JONE



166. FAITH

By Sir E. BURNE-JONES

GOOD-MORNING, WORLD—GOOD-MORNING, CHILD



The clambering vines hung low and green
Round the sunniest curls that ever were seen
As she stood with beauty and light imperled
And bade 'Good-morning' to all the world.
'Good-morning, world!' and the great
world heard ;
Each rustling tree and each singing bird.

The dancing flowers and the fields of grass
Nodded and waved at the little lass ;
And the far-off hills and the sky overhead
Listened and beamed as the word was
said.
And the old sun lifted his head and smiled :
Good-morning, world ; Good-morning, child !

GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN, ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD



The year's at the spring,
And day's at the dawn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled,

The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.

These lines are, of course, from Robert Browning; the lovely pictures of happy children are from the paintings by Mr. E. A. Hornel, one of them, "The Earth's Awakening," hanging in the beautiful Art Gallery of Dundee.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

Mrs. Browning, the writer of these smooth and tuneful verses, ranks first among Englishwomen as a poet. She introduces us to the romantic mind of a fanciful little maid who has found a swan's nest, and makes for herself a tale of how she will show the nest only to a knightly lover.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
 'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
 By a stream-side, on the grass:
 And the trees are showering down
 Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
 On her shining hair and face.
 She has thrown her bonnet by:
 And her feet she has been dipping
 In the shallow water's flow—
 Now she holds them nakedly
 In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
 While she rocketh to and fro.
 Little Ellie sits alone—
 And the smile she softly useth
 Fills the silence like a speech;
 While she thinks what shall be done—
 And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
 For her future within reach.
 Little Ellie in her smile
 Chooseth . . . "I will have a lover,
 Riding on a steed of steeds!
 He shall love me without guile;
 And to *him* I will discover
 That swan's nest among the reeds.
 "And the steed shall be red-roan,
 And the lover shall be noble,
 With an eye that takes the breath—
 And the lute he plays upon
 Shall strike ladies into trouble,
 As his sword strikes men to death.
 "And the steed, it shall be shod
 All in silver, housed in azure,
 And the mane shall swim the wind;
 And the hoofs, along the sod,
 Shall flash onward and keep measure,
 Till the shepherds look behind.
 "But my lover will not prize
 All the glory that he rides in,
 When he gazes in my face.
 He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
 Build the shrine my soul abides in;
 And I kneel here for thy grace.'
 "Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low—
 With the red-roan steed anear him,
 Which shall seem to understand—
 Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
 For the world must love and fear him
 Whom I gift with heart and hand.'
 "Then he will arise so pale,
 I shall feel my own lips tremble

With a *yes* I must not say—
 Nathless, maiden-brave, 'Farewell,
 I will utter, and dissemble—
 'Light to-morrow with to-day.'
 "Then he will ride through the hills
 To the wide world past the river,
 There to put away all wrong;
 To make straight distorted wills,
 And to empty the broad quiver
 Which the wicked bear along.
 "Three times shall a young foot-page
 Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
 And kneel down beside my feet—
 'Lo! my master sends this gage,
 Lady, for thy pity's counting!
 What wilt thou exchange for it?'
 "And the first time I will send
 A white rosebud for a guerdon—
 And the second time a glove;
 But the third time—I may bend
 From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—
 If he comes to take my love.'
 "Then the young foot-page will run—
 Then my lover will ride faster,
 Till he kneeleth at my knee:
 'I am a duke's eldest son!
 Thousand serfs do call me master—
 But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'
 "He will kiss me on the mouth
 Then, and lead me as a lover,
 Through the crowds that praise his
 deeds:
 And when soul-tied by one troth,
 Unto *him* I will discover
 That swan's nest among the reeds."
 Little Ellie, with her smile
 Not yet ended, rose up gaily—
 Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe—
 And went homeward, round a mile,
 Just to see, as she did daily,
 What more eggs were with the two.
 Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
 Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
 Where the osier pathway leads—
 Past the boughs she stoops—and stops:
 Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
 And a rat had gnawed the reeds.
 Ellie went home sad and slow;
 If she found the lover ever,
 With his red-roan steed of steeds,
 Sooth I know not! but I know
 She could never show him—never,
 That swan's nest among the reeds!

THE DAYLIGHT IS DYING

Sooner or later every land produces poets who echo its life truly. Here is an instance from Australia. The writer, Andrew Burton Paterson, contributes to a Sydney newspaper verses that are recognised by Australians as faithfully and flowingly preserving and interpreting the sights, sounds, and feeling of their land.

THE daylight is dying
Away in the west,
The wild birds are flying
In silence to rest ;
In leafage and frondage
Where shadows are deep,
They pass to their bondage—
The kingdom of sleep.
And watched in their sleeping
By stars in the height,
They rest in your keeping,
O wonderful night.

When night doth her glories
Of starshine unfold,
'Tis then that the stories
Of bushland are told.
Unnumbered I hold them
In memories bright,
But who could unfold them,
Or read them aright ?

Beyond all denials,
The stars in their glories,
The breeze in the myalls,
Are part of these stories.
The waving of grasses,
The song of the river,
That sings as it passes,
For ever and ever,
The hobble-chain's rattle,
The calling of birds,
The lowing of cattle,
Must blend with the words.

POLLIWOG SEA

These clever nonsense verses were written by Mrs. Lilla T. Elder to amuse her own children. They are meant to add to the gaiety of a merry hour.

“ O COME with me to Polliwog Sea,”
Said the Bee to the Lady Bug,
“ On my back you can sit and together
we'll flit,
You're sure to be cosy and snug.
I'll carry you far and we'll hail an old tar,
And wonderful sights you will see,
When we both do embark for a jolly good
lark,
And a sail on Polliwog Sea.”

“ With thanks I'd accept ”—here the Lady
Bug wept—
“ And gladly I'd borrow your wings,
But wherever I go, you surely must know,
In my ears this sad tale sings :
Your house is on fire, your children's need
dire,
For they one and all do burn ;
So not for me sails on Polliwog Sea,
To my house I must return.”

But the wise old Bee cried: “ Polliwog
Sea
Is the very place to go!
We'll carry a pail when we take on sail,
And we'll fill it full you know,
And for love, not hire, we will quench that
fire,
And your little bug-ies save ;
So hurry with me to Polliwog Sea
And a sail on its ocean wave.”

So off the Bee flew, for the way he knew,
With the Lady Bug on his back,
And they hailed a tar who sailed them
afar
In a maple leaf fishing smack ;
(They soon filled a pail ('twas a tadpole's
tail)
As full as it well could be,
Then they both did land on the clean
white sand
Of the shore of Polliwog Sea.

“ Now balance that pail on the tip of my
tail,”
To the Lady Bug said the Bee,
“ For it's all I can do to just carry you,
That fact you must certainly see.”
But though long she tried, the poor Lady
cried:
“ This pail is too heavy for me,
And I must return to my children who
burn
With no water from Polliwog Sea.”

Then bowing her head, she suddenly fled
And speechless was left the kind Bee,
'And the heartless old tar called out from
afar,
These words across Polliwog Sea:
“ Your house is on fire—your children's
need dire,
They burn! O, Lady Bug, flee!”
Now o'er her lost home she thinks with a
groan
Of the waters of Polliwog Sea.

THE CHAMELEON

James Merrick, who was born in 1720 and died in 1769, and who wrote this popular poem, was a learned, pious, Oxford man, who qualified as a clergyman, but rarely preached. He spent his life studying Greek, and writing religious poems, some of which are still sung from our hymn-books. He is chiefly known now by this flowing description of the changeful chameleon—an excellent example of the easy narrative-writing of eighteenth-century poets.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times penter than before;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
 "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know."
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
 "A stranger animal," cries one,
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun;
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 It's foot with triple claw disjoined;
 And what a length of tail behind!
 How slow its pace! and then its hue—
 Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
 "Hold there," the other quick replies,
 "'Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray;
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food."
 "I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue;
 At leisure I the beast surveyed
 Extended in the cooling shade."
 "'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
 "Green!" cries the other in a fury:
 "Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
 "'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
 "For if they always serve you thus,
 You'll find them but of little use."
 So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows:
 When luckily came by a third;
 To him the question they referred;
 And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
 "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother;
 The creature's neither one nor t'other.
 I caught the animal last night,

And viewed it o'er by candle-light;
 I marked it well, 'twas black as jet—
 You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet.
 And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do;
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
 "And I'll be sworn that, when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 "Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him,"
 He said; and full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo! 'twas white.
 Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise.
 "My children," the Chameleon cries
 (Then first the creature found a tongue),
 "You all are right, and all are wrong;
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you:
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own."

O, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

A song that sings itself softly while it appeals vaguely to feeling will always be a favourite with the sentimental hearer. These verses, by an unknown author, are an instance. We do not know why Nanny should renounce everything and follow her lover into the country, where he anticipates nothing but calamities, but the plaintive ring of the lines causes us to overlook a great deal.

O, NANNY, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town:
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink before the winter wind?
 O, can that soft and gentle mien
 Severest hardships learn to bear,
 Now, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
 Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of wae?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

The night before the beginning of the battle which ended at Waterloo in the final overthrow of the great Napoleon a ball was given at Brussels, where the English army was gathering. The object was partly to quiet the fears of the people, who dreaded, but expected, the coming of the French. Wellington ordered his officers to leave quietly at the close of the ball, and join their regiments. But while the dancing still went on the sounds of the opening battle at Quatre Bras reached the ball-room, as told in this breathlessly vivid description by Lord Byron in his poem "Childe Harold." Wellington and Napoleon, the greatest generals of the age, had never met in battle before, and, riding over the battlefield after the victory, Wellington repeated again and again, "Thank God I have met him!"

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men.

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes
like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and
Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in
once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's
opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and trembling of
distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveli-
ness.
And there were sudden partings, such as
press
The life from out young hearts, and
choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could
guess
If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful
morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the
steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clatter-
ing car
Went pouring forward with impetuous
speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror
dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe!
They come! They come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they
pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which, now beneath them, but above
shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall
moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of
strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the
day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which,
when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other
clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped
and pent,
Rider, and horse—friend, foe—in one red
burial blent!

CONTENT

These verses are the wisest left us in the works of Robert Greene, who was born about four years before Shakespeare. He was one of the University wits who were displeased by the country youth Shakespeare writing plays. Greene did not practise the quietness and contentment he praised, but lived wildly and died young.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of
content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber
spent;
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry
frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,
such bliss,
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.
The lonely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean that 'grees with country music
best,
The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

FORTUNE

In these dozen lines the great poet Tennyson tells us, with picturesqueness and charm, that the life we live within ourselves is far more important than anything that can come to us from without, through either good or bad fortune. If we quietly keep our own hearts unshaken, changing circumstances, though unfavourable, lose all their power over us.

TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and
lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine,
storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile
or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or
down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are
great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many
lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own
hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring
crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the
cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
hate.

THE SUN AND THE SHOWER

We have here, from the pen of Edward Leschemacher, a pretty panorama of the changing sights of spring, when all outdoor life is in sympathy, and the world is bright and happy.

THE sun and a show'r
Fell in love with a flow'r,
The first sweet flow'r of the May;
And the sun look'd down,
And a golden crown
He placed on her brow one day.

The sun and the show'r
Fell in love with a flow'r,
But it faded with the May;
And rough winds blew
Till its petals flew
With the springtime far away.

Then with tender love
From the clouds above,
When the sun had gone to rest,
Bright dewdrops fell
With magic spell
Upon that young flow'r's breast.

But the sun and the show'r
That fair summer hour
Kissed each other, and grief was gone;

And the world grew bright
With a diamond light,
For, behold, a rainbow shone.

A CHILD BALLAD

We have seen that poetry can express many very different thoughts and aspirations. In this little poem by Charles Kingsley we see how it can express the spirit of prayer.

JESUS, He loves one and all,
Jesus, He loves children small,
Their souls are waiting round His feet
On high, before His mercy-seat.

While He wandered here below
Children small to Him did go:
At His feet they knelt and prayed,
On their heads His hands He laid.

Came a Spirit on them then,
Better than of mighty men;
A Spirit faithful, pure, and mild,
A Spirit fit for king and child.

Oh, that Spirit give to me,
Jesu Lord, where'er I be!

THE PALE OPERATOR

These sad, and indeed gruesome, verses tell how long and dreary is some of the most necessary work of the world. They describe the dull, unhealthy life of a Jewish tailor in the East End of London, where some of the poorest people from Continental cities crowd in, and everyone knows that someone else is waiting to take his place. The writer, Morris Rosenfeld, is himself a Jew, living in America.

IF but with my pen I could draw him,
With terror you'd look in his face;
For he, since the first day I saw him,
Has sat there and sewed in his place.

Years pass in procession unending,
And ever the pale one is seen,
As over his work he sits bending,
And fights with the soulless machine.

I feel, as I gaze at each feature,
Perspiring, and grimy, and wan,
It is not the strength of the creature—
The will only urges him on.

'And ever the sweat-drops are flowing,
They fall o'er his thin cheeks in streams,
They water the stuff he is sewing,
And soak themselves into the seams.

How long shall the wheel yet, I pray you,
Be chased by the pale artisan?
And what shall the ending be, say you?
Resolve the dark riddle who can!

I know that it cannot be reckoned,
But one thing the future will show:
When this man has vanished, a second
Will sit in his place there and sew.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

A few poets are known because of a single song. That is the case of Richard Lovelace, and this is the song. The delicate fancy of the verses and their natural melody preserve them. Lovelace was a Cavalier who ruined himself in support of Charles I. in the days of the Commonwealth, and died, at the age of forty, in 1658, just before Charles II. became king.

WHEN love with unconfinèd wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates ;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fettered to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.
 When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses crowned,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free—
 Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty.
 When, linnet-like, confinèd, I
 With shriller note shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king ;
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.
 Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

THE HYMN OF THE RAIN

BROOK Harte wrote most of his verses while he was living in California or the neighbouring Western States, which the tearful Civil War did not reach. His reference to " Eastern graves " is to the effects of that terrible war, and the poem shows how much it had impressed the poet's mind. He cannot even hear the rain on the roof without thinking of the blood shed by his countrymen ; and all the images in the poem—fusillade, tattoo, trumpet, banners, pickets, bayonets—are warlike, though the poem is of peace.

LAST night, above the whistling wind,
 I heard the welcome rain—
 A fusillade upon the roof,
 A tattoo on the pane.
 The keyhole piped, the chimney-top
 A warlike trumpet blew ;
 Yet, mingling with these sounds of strife,
 A softer voice stole through.
 " Give thanks, O brothers ! " said the voice,
 " That He who sent the rains
 Hath spared your fields the scarlet dew
 That drips from patriot veins :

I've seen the grass on Eastern graves
 In brighter verdure rise ;
 But, oh, the rain that gave it life
 Sprang first from human eyes !
 " I come to wash away no stain
 Upon your wasted lea,
 I raise no banners, save the ones
 The forest wave to me.
 Upon the mountain-side, where Spring
 Her farthest picket sets,
 My reveille awakes a host
 Of grassy bayonets.
 " I visit every humble roof,
 I mingle with the low ;
 Only upon the highest peaks
 My blessings fall in snow ;
 Until in tricklings of the stream,
 And drainings of the lea,
 My unspent bounty comes at last
 To mingle with the sea."
 And thus all night, above the wind,
 I hear the welcome rain—
 A fusillade upon the roof,
 A tattoo on the pane.
 The keyhole piped, the chimney-top
 A warlike trumpet blew ;
 But, mingling with these sounds of strife,
 This hymn of peace stole through.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

This old Scottish song is sometimes attributed to Robert Burns, but he only revised and expanded it. It expresses the love of their country which is such a deep-seated passion with Gaelic Scotsmen. Men of Highland regiments, when long abroad, have been known to die of their longing for home.

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
 not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
 deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
 North,
 The birthplace of valour, the country of
 worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
 Farewell to the mountains high covered
 with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valley
 below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
 woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents, and loud-pouring
 floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
 not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
 deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE PORTER

The American verse-writer J. G. Saxe loved to tell a story in rhyme, and told it with a vigorous relish. The sequins given by the handfoul to the honest fisherman were Turkish gold coins that were worth about two dollars.

THERE was a famous nobleman
Who flourished in the East,
And once, upon a holiday,
He made a goodly feast,
And summoned in of kith and kin
A hundred at the least.

Now while they sat in social chat,
Discoursing frank and free,
In came the steward, with a bow—
“A man below,” said he,
“Has got, my lord, the finest fish
That ever swam the sea!”

“Indeed!” exclaimed the nobleman,
“Then buy it in a trice;
The finest fish that ever swam
Must needs be very nice;
Go, buy it of the fisherman,
And never mind the price.”

“And so I would,” the steward said,
“But, faith, he wouldn’t hear
A word of money for his fish—
Was ever man so queer?
But said he thought a hundred stripes
Could not be counted dear!”

“Go, bring him here,” my lord replied;
“The man I fain would see:
A merry wag, by your report,
That fisherman must be!”
“Go, bring him here! Go, bring him
here!”
Cried all the company.

The steward did as he was bid,
When thus my lord began:
“For this fine fish what may you wish?
I’ll buy it if I can.”
“One hundred lashes on my back!”
Exclaimed the fisherman.

“Now, by the rood! but this is good,”
The laughing lord replied;
“Well, let the fellow have his way;
Go, call a groom!” he cried;
“But let the payment he demands
Be modestly applied.”

He bared his back and took the lash
As it were merry play;
But at the fiftieth stroke he said,
“Good master groom, I pray
Desist a moment, if you please;
I have a word to say.

“I have a partner in the case,
The fellow standing there;
Pray take the jacket off his back,
And let him have his share;
That one of us should take the whole
Were surely hardly fair!”

“A partner?” cried the nobleman,
“What can the fellow mean?”
“I mean,” replied the fisherman,
With countenance serene,
“Your porter there! the biggest knave
That ever yet was seen!

“The rogue who stopped me at the gate,
And wouldn’t let me in
Until I swore to give him half
Of all my fish should win.
I’ve got my share! Pray let, my lord,
His payment now begin!”

“What you propose,” my lord replied,
“Is nothing more than fair;
Here, groom, lay on a hundred stripes,
And mind you do not spare;
The scurvy dog shall never say
He didn’t get his share!”

Then all that goodly company,
They laughed with might and main,
The while beneath the stinging lash
The porter writhed in pain.
“So fare all villains,” quoth my lord,
“Who seek dishonest gain!”

Then turning to the fisherman,
Who still was standing near,
He filled his hand with golden coins,
Some twenty sequins clear,
And bade him come and take the like
On each succeeding year.

DAWN, GENTLE FLOWER

Bryan W. Procter, or “Barry Cornwall,” was the writer of this simple little poetical story of the day’s life of a beautiful flower.

DAWN, gentle flower,
From the morning earth!
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wondrous birth.

Bloom, gentle flower!
Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night.

Fade, gentle flower!
All thy white leaves close,
Having shown thy beauty,
Time ’tis for repose.

AE FOND KISS

This is a song of parting written by Robert Burns, the immortal Scottish poet. Burns had a wonderful power of putting deep feeling into a few simple words. Perhaps it was because he felt intensely for a short time. Then his mood changed. The lady to whom he gave this poem—a lament that sobs with anguish—was going across the Atlantic, and he never saw her again. Ae is Scottish for one; sae for so; nae for no; and ilka for every. The other words are easily understood.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
And to see her was to love her—
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure;
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

THE VICTORS

. . . . WE came not in with proud,
Firm, martial footsteps in a measured
tread,
Slow pacing to the crash of music loud.
No gorgeous trophies went before, no
crowd
Of captives followed us with drooping
head;
No shining laurel sceptred us, nor
crowned,
Nor with its leaf our glittering lances
bound.
"This looks not like a triumph," then
they said.
With faces darkened in the battle flame,
With banners faded from their earthly
pride,
Through wind, and sun, and showers of
bleaching rain,
Yet red in all our garments deeply dyed,
With many a wound upon us, many a
stain,
We came with steps that faltered—yet we
came!

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Thomas Campbell, the Scottish author of these sad but melodious verses, descriptive of the thoughts of men engaged in war far from home, lived when wars were frequent everywhere, and people felt the reality of the soldier's dream. Campbell was himself a spectator of some of the wars on the Continent. The singular appropriateness of the martial imagery in the line "the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky" has often been admired.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-
cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in
the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground
overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of
straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the
slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision
I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
Methought from the battlefield's dreadful
array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the
way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed
me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom
was young; [aloft,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly
I swore
From my home and my weeping friends
never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times
o'er, [heart
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of
Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary
and worn!
And fain was their war-broken soldier to
stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of
morn, [away.
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted

EUGENE FIELD

This simple tribute to one of the children's poets should clearly find a corner in these pages. Eugene Field died on Nov. 4, 1895.

BUT yesterday he was, and lo! today
Upon his lips there is not any breath
To tell me how he fared along the way.
And yet, methinks, beside his pulseless clay
I kneel and listen till I hear him say,
"I'll sing more sweetly for the sleep of death."

THE CAPTAIN OF THE NORTHFLEET

The hero of this poem was a captain who stood by his ship and parted from his young wife. He died; she lived. Duty triumphed, even over love. The verses are by Gerald Massey, a poet who was working for ninepence a week when he was eight years old. Born in 1828, he lived till 1907. He was the hero of George Eliot's story, "Felix Holt."

So often is the proud deed done
By men like this at duty's call;
So many are the honours won
For us, we cannot wear them all!

They make the heroic commonplace,
And dying thus the natural way;
And yet our world-wide English race
Feels nobler, for that death, today!

It stirs us with a sense of wings
That strive to lift the earthiest soul;
It brings the thoughts that fathom things
To anchor fast where billows roll.

Love was so new, and life so sweet,
But at the call he left the wine,
And sprang full-statured to his feet,
Responsive to the touch divine.

*"Nay, dear, I cannot see you die.
For me, I have my work to do
Up here. Down to the boat! Good-bye!
God bless you! I shall see it through."*

We read until the vision dims
And drowns; but, ere the pang be past,
A tide of triumph overbrims
And breaks with light from heaven at last.

Through all the blackness of that night
A glory streams from out the gloom;
His steadfast spirit lifts the light
That shines till night is overcome.

The sea will do its worst, and life
Be sobbed out in a bubbling breath;
But firmly in the coward strife
There stands a man who has conquered
Death:

A soul that masters wind and wave,
And towers above a sinking deck;
A bridge across the gaping grave;
A rainbow rising o'er the wreck.

Others he saved; he saved the name
Un sullied that he gave his wife;
And, dying with so pure an aim,
He had no need to save his life!

Lord, how they shame the life we live,
These sailors of our sea-girt isle,
Who cheerily take what Thou mayst give,
And go down with a heavenward smile.

The men who sow their lives to yield
A glorious crop in lives to be,
Who turn to England's harvest field
The unfruitful furrows of the sea—

With such a breed of men so brave,
The Old Land has not had her day;
But long her strength, with crested wave,
Shall ride the seas, the proud old way.

GOOD-NIGHT

George Gascoigne, who gave this good advice respecting self-examination each night on the actions of that day, was a very busy writer who died when Shakespeare was a lad of thirteen. Gascoigne made many experiments in writing before the English tongue had become adaptable for the uses to which he put it. The spelling is in the old-fashioned style.

WHEN thou hast spent the lingering day
In pleasure and delight,
Or, after toyle and wearie waye, dost seeke
to rest at nighte,
Unto thy paynes or pleasures past adde this
one labour yet—
Ere sleepe close up thyne eye too fast, do
not thy God forget,
But searche within thy secret thoughts
what deeds did thee befall
And if thou find amisse in aught, to God
for mercy call.
Yea, though thou find nothing amisse
which thou canst call to mind,
Yet evermore remember this—there is the
more behind,
And thinke how well so ever it be that
thou hast spent the daye
It came of God, and not of thee, so to
direct thy waye.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE?

These lovely verses were written by William Collins, an English poet, whose life was very sad. He was born Dec. 25, 1721, educated at Oxford, and afterwards lived and wrote in poverty in London. Later an uncle left him sufficient money, but his health and mind failed, and he died at the age of 38 (June 12, 1759), without knowing that his "Odes" had won a lasting place in literature. The treatment of abstract ideas, like Fancy, Honour, and Freedom, as if they were living beings is called, in poetry, personification.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest?
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod!

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes—a pilgrim grey—
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell—a weeping hermit—there!

IN A GARDEN

Algernon Charles Swinburne, one of the greatest poets of the last half of the nineteenth century, was born in London, April 5, 1837, and died there April 10, 1909. Not only was he a true poet, with a fine command of all the forms of verse, but he was also a remarkable writer of prose—always enthusiastic and sometimes fierce. He loved children, especially when they were small, and no poet has written of them more beautifully. For a union of simplicity with poetic thought and sweetest music in words, nothing more perfect than these lines has ever been written. They are published here, with those below, by courtesy of Mr. Watts-Dunton, the life-long friend and executor of Mr. Swinburne.

BABY, see the flowers !

—Baby sees

Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours !

Baby, hear the birds !

—Baby knows

Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

Baby, see the moon !

—Baby's eyes

Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

Baby, hear the sea !

—Baby's face

Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star !

—Baby's hand

Opens, warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells !

—Baby's head

Bows, as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,

Sleep and see

Brighter dreams than we,
Till good-day shall smile away good-night.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER

Here is Swinburne's description of the pure laughter of a child of seven—the sweetest sound ever heard. The poet says that only the wren's song made as loud as the nightingale's could be half as sweet. The wren's song is a pure twitter, like the falling of drops of water, but hardly loud enough to be heard. "None know not well" is what we call a double negative, and means "Everyone knows well" that a child's laughter is the sweetest thing.

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together ;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather.

One thing yet there is, that none,
Hearing ere its chime be done;
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter ;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blythe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

A GLITTERING STAR IS FALLING

These lovely verses almost sing themselves without music. Notice the exquisite word pictures that the poet paints to show us his meaning. The lines were written by Heinrich Heine, the great German song writer.

A GLITTERING star is falling
From its shining home in the air ;
The star of love 'tis surely
That I see falling there.

The blossoms and leaves in plenty
From the apple-tree fall each day ;
The merry breezes approach them
And with them merrily play.

The swan in the pool is singing,
And up and down doth he steer,
And singing gently ever,
Dips under the water clear.

All now is silent and darksome,
The leaves and blossoms decay,
The star has crumbled and vanish'd,
The song of the swan died away.

THREE GREAT POETS

These lines were written by John Dryden under a portrait of John Milton. Homer was the poet of Greece who had "loftiness of thought," and Virgil the poet of Italy who surpassed in "majesty."

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
The next in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

GOOD-MORNING

*What says the Sun when first he pours
His light thro' yielding eastern doors ?*

He says, says he : " Good-morning, all !
Good-morning, flocks and herds,
Good-morning, too, my dears, to you,
Delightful little birds ;
Good-morning, meadow, wood, and hill,
Good-morning, stream and flower,
Good-morning, earth, for all you're
worth,
Good-morning, roof and tower."

*What says the Sun when up he climbs
And hears the cock-crow and the chimes ?*

He says : " All hail, dear Brother Man,
Good-morning, sir and madam ;
My love to all, good luck befall ;
The babes of Eve and Adam ;
Good-morning, friend, good-morning,
foe,
Good-morning, rich and poor ;
Take up your load and seek the road
To heaven's shining door."

*What says, at eventide, the Sun ?
Either " Alas ! " or else " Well done ! "*

HAROLD BEGBIE

GOOD-NIGHT

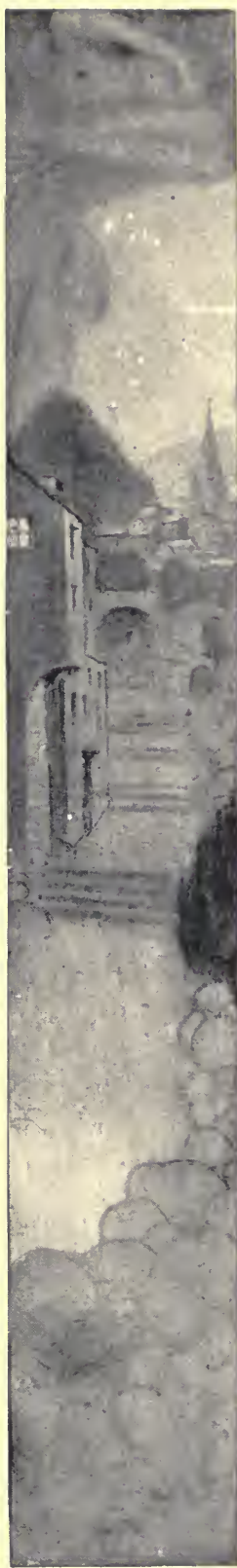
*Half the world, with its hills, its trees,
its streets, and its houses,
Turns away to the dark, to the dark
where the sleep god drownses ;
Half the world, with its toil, its hope, its
fear, and its cumber,
Turns from life with a sigh, and kisses
the lips of slumber.*

Good-night, flower, good-night, bird,
Good-night, beast and neighbour,
Good-night, thought, and good-night,
word,
Good-night, love and labour.

Good-night, lesson, good-night, toy,
Good-night, little brother,
Good-night, sorrow, good-night, joy,
Good-night, God and mother.

*Half the world in the dark that shifts
like a moving billow,
Half the world like a babe asleep on a
restless pillow ;
Stars in the heavens watching, light in
the sick-room burning,
Half the world in the dark, with dawn
and its toil returning.*

HAROLD BEGBIE



The English language does not contain a finer tribute than this to the beloved and helpful wife of a poor man, and it was written genuinely by a poor man. The author, Gerald Massey (born in 1820; died in 1907), was a working boy at the age of eight, and had to pick up his education by reading. Until he became known as a writer he was a working man.

HER dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white,

And timid as trembling dove;
And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,
As she garnished our feast of love;
'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land,
And she was a poor man's wife!
Oh! little ye'd think how that wee, white
hand
Could dare in the battle of life.

Her heart it was lowly as maiden's might be,
But hath climbed to heroic height,
And burned like a shield in defence of me,
On the sorest field of fight!
And startling as fire, it has often flashed up
In her eyes, the good heart and rare!
As she drank down her half of our bitterest
cup,
And taught me how to bear.

Her sweet eyes that seemed, with their smile
sublime,
Made to look me and light me to heaven,
They have triumphed through bitter tears
many a time,
Since their love to my life was given;
And the maiden-meeek voice of the womanly
wife
Still bringeth the heavens nigher;
For it rings like the voice of God over my
life,
Aye bidding me climb up higher.

I hardly dared think it was human, when
I first looked in her yearning face;
For it shone as the heavens had opened
then,
And clad it with glory and grace!
But dearer its light of healing grew
In our dark and desolate day,
As the rainbow, when heaven hath no break
of blue,
Smileth the storm away.

Oh! her shape was the lithest loveliness—
Just an armful of heaven to enfold!
But the form that bends flowerlike in love's
caress,
With the victor's strength is souled!
In her worshipful presence transfigured I
stand,
And the poor man's English home
She lights with the beauty of Greece the
grand,
And the glory of regallest Rome.

These striking lines were written by Charles Harpur, the first Australian who wrote genuine poetry. When he was born, at Windsor, New South Wales, in 1817, the continent was as yet scarcely inhabited by white men. The influences of voice and pen have rarely been more picturesquely condensed into a few sentences. Thermopylae was a famous battle in Greece, and Inkerman a battle in the Crimea, and in each great heroism was displayed.

WORDS are deeds. The words we hear
May revolutionise or rear
A mighty State. The words we read
May be a spiritual deed
Excelling any fleshly one,
As much as the celestial sun
Transcends a bonfire made to throw
A light upon some rance-show.
A simple proverb tagged with rhyme
May colour half the course of time;
The pregnant saying of a sage
May influence every coming age;
A song in its effects may be
More glorious than Thermopylae,
And many a lay that schoolboys scan
A nobler feat than Inkerman.

SIMPLE NATURE

George John Romanes, the writer of this poem, was a very learned man—a professor at Oxford, and a great friend of Charles Darwin. Romanes was wise as well as learned—for he knew how happiness comes most easily to those who have simple wants, and aspirations. Contentment is the rose without a thorn. Born in Canada, in 1848, the writer died at Oxford, in 1894.

BE it not mine to steal the cultured flower
From any garden of the rich and
great,
Nor seek with care, through many a weary
hour,
Some novel form of wonder to create.

Enough for me the leafy woods to rove,
And gather simple cups of morning
dew;
Or, in the fields and meadows that I love,
Find beauty in their bells of every hue.
Thus round my cottage floats a fragrant
air,
And though the rustic plot be humbly
laid,
Yet, like the lilies gladly growing there,
I have not toil'd, but take what God has
made.
My Lord Ambition passed, and smiled in
scorn;
I plucked a rose, and, lo! it had no thorn.

JACK AND JOAN

The story of Thomas Campion, who wrote this delightful description of the simple happiness of country life, is one of the romances of literature. Campion, who was a doctor, was also a poet and musician. He was born a few years after Shakespeare and died four years after him. He wrote songs in what he called "Books of Airs," and set them to charming music. After his death the serious Puritans objected to both songs and music, and so Campion's writings, which had been popular in his own day, were entirely forgotten, and were only rediscovered late in the nineteenth century. "Tutties," in the third verse, is an old word for nosegays. The word "silly" has changed its meaning since Campion's time. Then it meant merely simple but not foolish.

JACK and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-days' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day.
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is Content,
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,
And deck her windows with
green boughs;
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss;
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights,
Though you scorn the homespun grey,
And revel in your rich array;
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep;
Yet for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

VENICE

In these beautiful lines, Byron tells of his feelings on seeing the fading beauty of Venice. He thinks of the time when the towers were rising on her wave washed islands, and muses on the vanished glory of the days of her power when her fleets brought to her the products of all the then known world.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of
Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures
rise

As from the stroke of the enchanter's
wand:

A thousand years their cloudy wings ex-
pand

Around me, and the dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject
land

Looked to the Wingéd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on
her hundred isles!



BYRON AND HIS DOG

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was; her daughters had
their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaust-
less East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling
showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dig-
nity increased.

UNIVERSAL PEACE

These beautiful lines are from Tennyson's "Golden Year."

BUT we grow old. Ah! when shall all
men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?

LIFE AND LOVE

James Thomson, the writer of this poem, like the earlier poet of the same name who wrote "The Seasons," was a Scotsman. He was born in 1834, and died at the age of 47, after a doleful and disappointing life. Now his poems are read because they express darkness of spirit worse than any other poems. Yet in these verses Thomson rises above his melancholy into an exultant strain, and shows how fine a poet happiness might have made him.

LET my voice ring out and over the earth,
Through all the grief and strife,
With a golden joy in a silver mirth :
Thank God for Life.

Let my voice swell out through the great
abyss,
To the azure dome above,
With a chord of faith in the harp of bliss :
Thank God for Love.

Let my voice thrill out beneath and above,
The whole world through :
O my Love and Life, O my Life and Love,
Thank God for you !

AT THE END OF A CHRISTMAS PLAY

The title tells the story of these verses. They were written by Thackeray as a finish for a Christmas play, and they show a tender commingling of the thoughts of youth and age that is appropriate for Christmastide, when the young and the old rejoice together, but when jollity and merrymaking are mixed with serious remembrance of what is greatest and noblest in the world's story.

THE play is done ; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell ;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task ;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes his mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play,
Good-night ! With honest, gentle hearts,
A kindly greeting go away.

Good-night ! I'd say, the griefs, the joys
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain than those of men ;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys ;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys ;
And if, in times of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,

Pray Heaven that early love of truth
May never wholly pass away.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful Will
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can ;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman !

A gentleman, or old or young
(Bear kindly with my humble lays) ;
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days ;
The shepherds heard it overhead,
The joyful angels raised it then :
"Glory to Heaven on high," it said,
"And peace on earth to gentle men."

My song, save this, is little worth ;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

THE FATHERLAND

The spirit of man, bound by the narrow thoughts of the past, readily offers devotion to any land that gave it birth, but it does not rise so easily to a conception of the whole earth as its Fatherland, and mankind as its brethren. James Russell Lowell, in striving for freedom for America, reached this broader idea of a humanity that embraces every race, and makes the whole planet its natural home.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland ?
Is it where he by chance is born ?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned ?
Oh, yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man ?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this ?
Oh, yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine !
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

THE ROSE OF MAY

Mary Howitt, wishing to place the Rose of May where we can best admire it, imagines it will only grow near deserted houses that remind us of former grandeur; so she pictures it keeping alive the faded splendour of a fine old house sinking into decay.

Altho', there's the lily, marble pale;
The bonny broom, the cistus frail;
The rich sweet-pear, the iris blue,
The larkspur with its peacock hue—
Each one is fair, yet hold I will
That the Rose of May is fairer still.

'Tis grand 'neath palace walls to grow,
To blaze where lords and ladies go;
To hang o'er marble founts, and shine
In modern gardens trim and fine;
But the Rose of May is only seen
Where the great of other days have been.

The house is mouldering stone by stone,
The garden-walks are overgrown;
The flowers are low, the weeds are high,
The fountain-stream is choked and dry;
The dial-stone with moss is green
Where'er the Rose of May is seen.

The Rose of May its pride displayed
Along the old stone balustrade;
And ancient ladies, quaintly dight,
In its pink blossoms took delight,
And on the steps would make a stand
To scent its sweetness, fan in hand.

Long have been dead those ladies gay;
Their very heirs have passed away;
And their old portraits, prim and tall,
Are mouldering in the mouldering hall;
The terrace and the balustrade
Lie broken, weedy, and decayed.

But, lithe and tall, the Rose of May
Shoots upward through the ruin grey,
With scented flower, and leaf pale green,
Such rose as it hath ever been;
Left, like a noble deed, to grace
The memory of an ancient race.

THE BROOM-FLOWER

Mary Howitt, who wrote this hearty poem, had a great love of things that reach their perfection in the British Isles, and the broom is one of them. It has not quite the richness of colour of the gorse at the moment when the gorse is at its best, but it takes up the work of the gorse in beautifying many landscapes, and, by the end of May, outshines the dying glories of its rival.

Oh, the Broom, the yellow Broom!
The ancient poet sung it;
And sweet it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it

I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow;
I know where they shine out like suns,
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers, as bright as glittering gems,
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this
In modern days or olden;
It groweth on its nodding stem
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes,
And down the glen, where clear as light
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest, but leave me this,
And the bird that nestles in it;
I love it, for it loves the Broom,—
The green and yellow linnct.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,
And boast of that of Sharon;
Of lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron;

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man and woman;
The Broom it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

Oh! the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it;
And sweet it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it!

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ROSE

How Christina Rossetti, the sister of Dante Rossetti, the poet and artist, succeeded in the delicate art of putting together right words simply, may be seen in this praise of the English rose.

The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet-pea a way,
And the heart's-case a face—
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

THE WATER-LILY

The grace of the water-lily leads the writer, John Banister Tabb—a Maryland priest—to frame poetic fancies as to the origin of the flower. The texture of the poem is as delicate as the lily.

Whence, O fragrant form of light,
Hast thou drifted through the night
Swanlike, to a leafy nest,
On the restless waves, at rest?

Art thou from the snowy zone
Of a mountain-summit blown,
Or the blossom of a dream,
Fashioned in the foamy stream?

Nay; methinks the maiden moon,
When the daylight came too soon,
Fleeting from her bath to hide,
Left her garment in the tide.

A MESSAGE FROM ITALY

Margaret Widdemer, writing in the "Century Magazine," pictures how an Italian girl, working in a dull city factory, is brightened for a whole day by a white dove resting on the window-sill, and reminding her of the gaiety and freedom of her childhood in the pleasant spaces of sunny Italy.

*THERE was a white bird lighted on the sill
That sang of Italy.*

All day the great bands whirled along the mill

And pale girls languidly
Wound the long skeins that do not ever
erd,

And nothing saw or heard,
Only one heart flew back to sun and friend
And freedom with the bird.

*Doves by the broken fountain in the square
Cooed at her small brown feet.*

*There was wide sky and love and laughter
there*

*And the soft wind was sweet ;
The long days ran, like little children, free
In that blue, sunny air,
Life did not labour hushed and measuredly,
There was not gold or care.*

The close heat pulsed, unsweetened by the sun,

And the blind walls again
Penned her to tasks unending, unbegun,
Monotony and pain ;
But all the day her feet paced with gay will,
Her child-heart circled free.

*There was a white dove lighted on the sill
That cooed of Italy.*

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

In this poem William Wordsworth tried to describe not only the perfect soldier but the perfect man. It was written in 1806, about the time when Wordsworth was ceasing to write his best, and was becoming a little heavy and argumentative. He himself explained that in writing the description of the man who has a perfectly balanced nature he was thinking of his own brother John, who was drowned at sea.

WHO is the happy warrior? Who is he
Who every man in arms should wish to
be?

It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish
thought :

Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always
bright :

Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent
to learn ;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care :
Who, doom'd to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train !

Turns his necessity to glorious gain :
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes,
bereaves

Of their bad influence, and their good
receives :

By objects, which might force the soul to
abate

Her feeling, rendered more compassionate :
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice ;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more
pure,

As tempted more : more able to endure
As more exposed to suffering and distress :
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he whose law is reason, who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends !
Whence, in a state where men are tempted
still

To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire :
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state :
Whom they must follow, on whose head
must fall,

Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the
common strife,

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has
joined

Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man in-
spired ;

And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the
law

In calmness made, and sees what he
foresaw ;

Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle
scenes ;

Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart — and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve:
More brave for this, that he hath much
to love.

'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity:
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be
won:

Whom neither shape of danger can dis-
may,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray:
Who, not content that former worth
stand fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass:
Who, whether praise of him must walk
the earth

For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering,
draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's
applause:

That is the happy warrior — this is he
Who every man in arms should wish to be.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE OF NATIONS

This song, graceful and true—and not quite complete here—was Béranger's part in celebrating the retirement of the Allies from France after the peace was made which followed the battle of Waterloo. The poet saw each nation giving its hand to the rest when the sinister influence of Napoleon was suppressed. Pierre Jean de Béranger, born in 1790, was the most popular song-writer France has ever produced. His bright lyrics expressed the spirit of the French race with singular exactness. Though his writing was light and airy, it was brave and outspoken, and several times he was imprisoned for his criticism of the Government. He died in 1857.

I HAVE seen Peace descend upon the earth,
Scattering her breast with flowers, and
corn, and gold;

The air was calm, and of the god of wrath
The lurid bolts she stifled and controlled.

"Ah!" said she, "men, in courage equal
all,

English, Russ, Belgian, German, Gallic
land;

Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!

"Poor mortals, wearied by such endless
hate,

Ye never taste a sleep that's free from
care;

Each from this globe can carve a just
estate;

Each of you may the genial sunshine
share;

Each of you, to the car of power a thrall,
Ye quit the path where happy dreams
expand;

Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!

"Unto your neighbour's doors ye carry
flames;

The North wind blows, in flames your
roof-trees glow,
And when her coolness the scorched earth
reclaims,

Your maimed and weary arms forsake
the plough.

Within the line where each State's bound-
aries fall,

No harvest's pure from blood that soaks
the land;

Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!

"Those rulers in your cities wrapped in
flame,

At end of their disdainful sceptres dare
Those souls to mark, to count, and to pro-
claim,

Whom bloody triumphs portioned to
their care;

Ye weak ones sink, ye pass, defenceless
fall,

From heavy yoke, 'neath cruel yoke
trepanned;

Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!

"That Mars may not in vain arrest his
course,

To aid your stricken land wise statutes
bring;

Drain ye no more your life-blood from its
source,

For mighty conqueror, for ungrateful
king;

Ban the false stars and make their influ-
ence pall;

Frightful to-day, they pale to-morrow
stand;

Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!

"Then Peace on Plenty's breast shall smil-
ing fall,

And cull the sweet fruits of this mar-
riage band.

Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!"

A POET'S EPITAPH

Ebenezer Elliott, an English rhymist, sketches in these lines the purpose and spirit of his own writings. What he says about himself is what anyone who reads his poems would say about him. Born in 1781, at Rotherham, he lived all his life in the Sheffield district, and died in 1849, a fairly prosperous manufacturer.

STOP, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the Poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor.
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
The meanest thing, earth's feeble worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
And honoured in a peasant's form
The equal of the great.

But if he loved the rich who make
The poor man's little more;
Ill could he praise the rich who take
From plundered labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies a man
Who drew them as they are.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

In everything that Charles Mackay wrote there was a ring of noble humanity, and also of sound sense. A splendid hope runs through all his writing. This poem, which some would sneer at as picturing the impossible, is, of course, simply true.

WHAT might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering
brother!
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease the scorn of one another?
Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.
All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.
The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world tomorrow.
What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

THE CAPTAIN STOOD ON THE CARRONADE

Captain Marryat, the novelist of the sea, was the writer of this humorously vigorous sketch of a captain of the old school, a fighting sea-dog of the days when ships were recruited by press gangs, and discipline was maintained by the use of the cat-o'-nine-tails. The poem is hardly an exaggeration, for bluff manners were regarded as quite suitable for the sea. The spirit of the seamen of that time, rollicking and reckless, is cleverly suggested by the lilt of the lines.

THE captain stood on the carronade—
"First lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they
must list to me:
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—
because I'm bred to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means
to fight with we.
Odds blood, hammer and tongs, long as
I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've
gained the victory.

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if
we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one that she
will capture we;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys;
so each man to his gun;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog
each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as
I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've
gained the victory."

We fought for twenty minutes, when the
Frenchmen had enough;
"I little thought," said he, "that your
men were of such stuff;"
The captain took the Frenchman's sword,
a low bow made to he;
"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur,
but polite I wish to be.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as
I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've
gained the victory."

Our captain sent for all of us; "My merry
men," said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads,
but yet I thankful be;
You've done your duty handsomely, each
man stood to his gun;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day,
I'd have flogged each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as
I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll
gain the victory."

A FINE DAY

Is this not a delightful bit of description? Michael Drayton, who lived at the same time as Shakespeare, wrote a great deal of poetry, for he described all England in verse, much of which was "made up" like an exercise, but here and there were flashes of beauty in his descriptive chronicle. Of course, "heaven's most glorious eye" is the poet's name for the sun. "Lawn" is another word for "lace."

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss
That closely by it grew.

THE WIDOW BIRD

In these verses, written by the great poet Shelley, the reader should notice the skill in selecting the things mentioned, so that every image brought before our minds harmonises sadly with the desolation of the sorrowing bird. The bare tree, bitter wind, chilled stream, stripped woodland, colourless earth, all heighten the sense of sadness, and the mill-wheel suggests the dull sameness of life when something is long missed. Poetry can reflect all our moods.

A WIDOW bird sat mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough,
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air,
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

POCAHONTAS

William Makepiece Thackeray, one of the cleverest of English prose tale-tellers, here puts into vigorous verse the story of Pocahontas, the daughter of an Indian chief, who saved the life of an Englishman her tribe had captured. Most of Thackeray's verse was written lightly for the purpose of amusing himself and others.

WEARIED arm and broken sorrow
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'tis hard to die of fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry

Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his heart is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
See! there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring;
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife,
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life.
In the woods of Powhattan,
Still is told by Indian fires
How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

KING RICHARD

In this short poem, Heine enters with much sympathy into the feelings of a captive, just released from his prison. The captive was Richard I of England, who was imprisoned, by the emperor, when on his way back from the crusades.

THROUGH the silent glades of the forest
there springs
An eager horseman proudly;
He blows his horn, he laughs, and he sings
Exultingly and loudly.

His armour is made of the brass most
strong,
But stronger still is his bosom;
'Tis Cœur de Lion is riding along,
That Christian chivalry's blossom.

"Thou'rt welcome to England!" each
verdant bough
Exclaims with joyous assurance;
"We're heartily glad, O monarch, that
thou
Hast escaped from thine Austrian
durance."

The king snuffs up the free air the while,
Like a new born creature lives he;
He thinks of his Austrian dungeon vile,—
And his spurs to his proud horse gives
he.

CARCASSONNE

This translation of Gustave Nadaud's well-known poem is by John Reuben Thompson, a Virginia poet and journalist. The translation gives the feeling of the original as translations seldom do.

"I'm growing old, I'm sixty years;
I've laboured all my life in vain.
In all that time of hopes and fears,
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none,
My prayer would else fulfilment know—
Never have I seen Carcassonne!
Never have I seen Carcassonne!

You spy the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountain blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And, to return, as many more.
Had but the vintage plenteous grown—
But, ah! the grape withheld its store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne!
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
What joy to be in Carcassonne!
Ah! might I but see Carcassonne!

The vicar's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I these two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend;
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have travelled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan;
And I—have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!"

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left, next morning, his abode,

But (Heaven forgive him!) halfway on
The old man died upon the road.
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

LILACS IN THE WOOD

This poem by Lilla T. Elder tells of finding, in a wood, a clump of lilacs, all that was left to show that a human habitation had stood there. The writer then goes on to speak tenderly of the family life that must once have been lived on this now lonely spot.

CLOSE-EDGED by sombre trees of forest-
build,
A mass of lilac gleams within the wood—
Strewing with bits of purple loveliness
A grassy hollow where a house once stood.
And in this sheltered well a pine now
grows
With sweet wild things—fern, violet and
rose.

Tread softly here, for here was once a
home.
Here man and woman lived and loved and
died,
Here suffered pain and tasted simple joys,
And here, to mark the coming of the bride,
Planted fair lilacs that alone now last
To tell the story of the distant past!

Here the young mother crooned her babes
to rest,
The while the stars came singly to the sky,
And here, at end of weary plodding days
The father sat, while cool winds passing
by
Brought soothing odours from the sea and
soil
And breathed a benediction on his toil.

Here rippled children's laughter. Little
feet
Pressed the warm earth with happy fleet-
ing touch,
Ran in and out among the lilac trees
In eager play. To them life seemed of
such
Unending joy! To them all days were
fair—

Enough to live, to breathe the golden air!
And here with whispers from the forest-
world,
With song of birds and sweet and fra-
grant things,
The prayers of lisping lips went up to God
As night spread round the home her ten-
der wings.

Then, folded close against her quiet breast,
'Twas—trusting—hushed to sleep and
dreamless rest.

THE MINNESINGERS

This is a description, written by Heinrich Heine, the German poet, of a contest by minnesingers. The minnesingers were German poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. As a rule they belonged to the lower orders of the nobility. They sang their own songs to the music of a harp or lyre, and often engaged in contests such as the one here described. They must be distinguished from the meistersingers, who came later.

In the minstrels' strife engaging
Pass the Minnesingers by;
Strange the war that they are waging,
Strange the tourney where they vie.

Fancy, that for battle nerves him,
Is the Minnesinger's steed;
Art as trusty buckler serves him,
And his word's a sword indeed.

Beauteous dames with glances pleasant,
From the balcony look down;
But the right one is not present
With the proper laurel crown.

Other combatants when springing
To the lists at least are sound;
Minnesingers must be bringing
To the fray a deadly wound.

He from whom the most there draineth
Song's blood from the inmost breast,
He is victor, and obtaineth
From fair lips the praise most blest.

MOONRISE

This exquisite description of the rising of the moon, and the changes made by her magical beams in all things they light on, was written by a Welsh poet, Ernest Jones, who died in 1869. His best-known poems were fierce accounts of the sufferings of the poor in the middle of the last century, but this poem shows that the daintiness of his poetic feeling was not impaired by the strength of his sense of human wrong.

WHAT stands upon the highland?
What walks across the rise,
As though a starry island
Were sinking down the skies?

What makes the trees so golden?
What decks the mountain side,
Like a veil of silver folden
Round the white brow of a bride?

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the east,
The waiting world awaking
To a golden fairy feast.

She works, with touch ethereal,
By changes strange to see,
The cypress, so funereal,
To a lightsome fairy tree;
Black rocks to marble turning,
Like palaces of kings;
On ruin windows burning,
A festal glory flings;
The desert halls uplighting,
While falling shadows glance,
Like courtly crowds uniting
For the banquet or the dance;

With ivory wand she numbers
The stars along the sky;
And breaks the billows' slumbers
With a love-glance of her eye;

Along the cornfields dances,
Brings bloom upon the sheaf;
From tree to tree she glances,
And touches leaf by leaf;

Wakes birds that sleep in shadows;
Through their half-closed eyelids gleams;
With her white torch through the meadows,
Lights the shy deer to the streams.

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the east,
And the joyous world partaking
Of her golden fairy feast.

SEVEN YEARS

The writer of these exquisite lines is the Marquis of Crewe, His father, Lord Houghton, also was a poet. The speaker in the poem is a husband whose wife is dead. How poetically the happiness of the seven years is suggested in the line, "Scant the shadow and high the sun," in the second verse!

To join the ages they have gone,
Those seven years—
Receding as the months roll on;
Yet very oft my fancy hears
Your voice. 'Twas music to my ears,
Those seven years.

Scant the shadow and high the sun,
Those seven years.
Can hearts be one? Then ours were one—
One for laughter and one for tears,
Knit together in hopes and fears,
Those seven years.

How, perchance, do they seem to you,
Those seven years,
Spirit-free in the wider blue?
When Time in Eternity disappears,
What if all you have learned but the
more endears
Those seven years?

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOUR

We do not know who wrote this delightful poem, but if we read it carefully we shall judge that it was written in America. The word "fix" is used in an American way, and the word "pies," and then there is the burning of wood instead of coal. But wherever it was written, its appreciation, so tender and true, of a mother's work and care makes it wholly charming.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and
more

Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There were meals to get for the men in the
field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and
churned,
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as wet could be ;
There were puddings and pies to make,
besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbled wearily as she said,
"If maidens knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben
Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well ;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
As his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said ; and coming near,
He smiled—and stooping down
Kissed her cheek—"it was this : that you
were the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day ;
And the pain in her head was gone, and the
clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea,
Her bread was light and her butter was
sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a
breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife
smiled ;
To herself she softly said,
"'Tis so sweet to labour for those we love :
'Tisn't strange that maidens will wed!"

A DOG'S GRAVE

Mrs. Marriott Watson is a living lady who has written some delightful poems, gracious and tender. Here is one that tells us of the poet's feelings beside the grave of a favourite dog, on a day when her faithful little friend would have loved to go for a walk.

THEY'VE all gone out a-walking
This day of blue and gold ;
But you stay here behind with me
Just as of old.

Just as of old—and yet not so—
I wander as I will
About the grassy garden plot,
But you lie still.

You with the little eager feet,
The eyes of tender brown,
The eyes and feet that followed me
Aye up and down.

The sward lies smooth above you,
Your gentle heart is cold,
And mine seems like to break for you,
Dear Heart of Gold.

THE BOY AND HIS TOP

The writer of this rhyme with a hidden meaning—John H. Frere—has been good enough to tell us quite plainly, in his Explanation, what the meaning of the poem really is. We only learn by being active, he says, in mind, or body, or both ; and whatever keeps us active should be welcomed and not resented.

A LITTLE Boy had bought a Top,
The best in all the toyman's shop ;
He made a whip with good eel's-skin,
He lashed the Top, and made it spin.
All the children within call
And the servants, one and all,
Stood round to see it and admire.
At last the Top began to tire,
He cried out, "Pray don't whip me, master ;
You whip too hard—I can't spin faster ;
I can spin quite as well without it."
The little Boy replied, "I doubt it.
I only whip you for your good.
You were a foolish lump of wood ;
By dint of whipping you were raised
To see yourself admired and praised,
And if I left you, you'd remain
A foolish lump of wood again."

EXPLANATION

Whipping sounds a little odd—
It is not whipping with a rod :
It means to teach a boy incessantly,
Whether by lessons, or more pleasantly,
Every hour and every day,
By every means, in every way,
By reading, writing, rhyming, talking,
By riding to see sights, and walking ;
If you leave off, he drops at once,
A lumpish, wooden-headed dunce.

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

No lines written on a tomb have been quoted oftener than these. In them Ben Jonson, a fine, scholarly poet who knew Shakespeare, tells us that while Time lasts there will never be a more perfect woman than this Countess of Pembroke, who was the sister of Sir Philip Sidney. It was for her that Sidney wrote his romance "Arcadia." Jonson himself has a remarkable epitaph, saying much in little, in Westminster Abbey—"O rare Ben Jonson!"

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse :
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learned and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.



DOG DAYS

Animals play such a softening part in most of our lives that it is always pleasant to see their attractive, if wayward, doings brought into a poem. Into these verses, which are taken from the "Spectator," and were written by Dorothea Sumner, the errant dog Timothy, who is carried away by the joy of scampering after wild things, is very tenderly introduced by his forgiving mistress.

TIMOTHY, Timothy, where have you been ?
"Over the sloping meadows green ;
The river called, but I could not stay,
Into the copse I ran away."

Timothy, Timothy, what did you see ?
"A bunny scampering up a tree,
A squirrel saying such wicked words,
And ever so many different birds."

Timothy, Timothy, what did you smell ?
"That is a secret I cannot tell ;
I followed the ground, I followed the air,
And there were messages everywhere."

Timothy, Timothy, what did you hear ?
"I heard you calling, mistress dear ;
But there were calls of another kind,
Irresistible, to my mind."

Timothy, Timothy, why did you go ?
"I couldn't help it ; I love it so.
Hunting things that flutter and run
Is such eternally perfect fun."

Timothy, Timothy, what must I do ?
"Oh, don't be cross, for that isn't you ;
And I'm so hungry and tired and sore—
Feed me and love me as before !"

ONCE, BUT NO MATTER WHEN

For centuries we keep uneffaced the records of the great, and of the less great for generations, but how brief and elusive is the story of the ordinary average life ! That is the moral of these verses, which the anonymous poet pretends has escaped him.

ONCE—but no matter when—
There lived—no matter where—
A man, whose name—but then
I need not that declare.

He—well, he had been born,
And so he was alive ;
His age—I details scorn—
Was somethingty and five.

He lived—how many years
I truly can't decide ;
But this one fact appears,
He lived—until he died.

"He died," I have averred,
But cannot prove 'twas so,
But that he was interred,
At any rate, I know.

I fancy he'd a son,
I hear he had a wife :
Perhaps he'd more than one,
I know not, on my life !

But whether he was rich,
Or whether he was poor,
Or neither—both—or which,
I cannot say, I'm sure.

I can't recall his name,
Or what he used to do :
But then—well, such is fame !
'Twill so serve me and you.

And that is why I thus,
About this unknown man,
Would fain create a fuss,
To rescue, if I can,

From dark oblivion's blow,
Some record of his lot :
But, ah ! I do not know
Who—where—when—why—or what

In this brief pedigree
A moral we should find—
But what it ought to be
Has quite escaped my mind !

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

The poem which made Lord Byron suddenly famous as a poet was a description of his travels under the title "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and one part of it closed with this magnificent Address to the Ocean. In it Byron approached nearer sublimity than in any of his writings. It should be noted that the word "lay" at the end of the third verse is ungrammatical. The name "Trafalgar" must here be pronounced with the stress strongly on the last syllable, or the rhythm is broken.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean—
roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in
vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery
plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling
groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and
unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy
fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength
he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful
spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth—there let
him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the
walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which
mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of
Trafalgar.

SAY NO

These verses are an excellent example of the writings of Eliza Cook, a maiden lady whose sensible and useful rhymes were very popular in the middle of the last century. This is not poetry in the finest literary manner, but it is flowing in style and supremely true in its teaching. The first four lines of the second verse refer to the ancient fable that syrens, a kind of attractive mermaid, make sweet music on the seashore to lure mariners into danger. The "hollow reed" spoken of was supposed to be the first musical instrument.

WOULD you learn the bravest thing
That men can ever do ?
Would you be an uncrowned king,
Absolute and true ?
Would you seek to emulate
All we learn in story
Of the noble, just, and great,
Rich in real glory ?
Would you lose much bitter care
In your lot below ?
Bravely speak out when and where
'Tis right to utter No.

When temptation's form would lead
To some pleasant wrong—
When she tunes the hollow reed
To the syren's song,
When she offers bribe and smile,
And our conscience fails,
There is naught but shining guile
In the gifts she deals ;
Then, O then, let courage rise
To its strongest flow ;
Show that you are brave and wise
And firmly answer No.

Ah, how many thorns we wreathe
To twine our brows around,
By not knowing when to breathe
This important sound.
Many a breast has rued the day
When it reckoned less
Of fruits upon the moral "Nay"
Than flowers upon the "Yes."
Many a sad repentant thought
Turns to long ago,
When a luckless fate was wrought
By want of saying No.

Few have learned to speak this word
When it should be spoken ;
Resolution is deferred,
Vows to virtue broken.
More of courage is required
This one word to say,
Than to stand where shots are fired
In the battle fray.
Use it fitly and you'll see
That a lot below
May be schooled and nobly ruled
By power to utter No.

THE KING

These lines by Mary E. Coleridge tell how small acts may have enormous influences. The smile of a king may make a hero.

IT was but the lightest word of the King,
When he was neither merry nor sad ;
It was but a very little thing,
Yet it made his servant glad.
He gave a look as it befell,
Between a smile and a smothered sigh.
Whether he meant it, who can tell ?
But the man went out to die.

EPILOGUE

An epilogue is a short, final address spoken at the end of a play. This epilogue was the last word of the profound poet, Robert Browning, ending the last poem of his last book. He asks how the world will think of him when he is dead, and in the two closing verses he tells how he would like to be thought of—as one who never lost faith in the strife for right, and who believes that, after death, he would live and strive again. No poet ever ended his song on a nobler note.

AT the midnight, in the silence of the
sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools
think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom
you loved so,
—Pity me ?

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken !
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the
unmanly ?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I
drivel,
—Being—who ?

One who never turned his back, but marched
breast-forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No ; at noonday in the bustle of man's
work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer !
Bid him forward, breast and back as either
should be,
' Strive and thrive ! ' cry, " Speed—fight
on, fare ever,
There as here ! "

A MEMORY

A pretty picture of memory's caprice, by a charming Irish poet, William Allingham, who died a quarter of a century ago.

FOUR ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond ;
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing :
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears !

MY SHARE OF THE WORLD

Both men and women are liable to shape, out of their own minds, round the character of someone of the opposite sex, an image of all that is lovely, and then to worship it. It is so in these unrestrained lines. The writer, Miss Alice Furlong, concentrates into her pleasant fancy her share of the whole world

I AM jealous—I am true ;
Sick at heart for love of you,
O my share of the world !
I am cold, O, cold as stone,
To all men save you alone.

Seven times slower creeps the day
When your face is far away,
O my share of the world !
Seven times darker falls the night
When you gladden not my sight.

Measureless my joy and pride,
Would you choose me for your bride,
O my share of the world !
For your face is my delight,
Morn and even, noon and night.

To the dance and to the wake
Still I go, but for your sake,
O my share of the world !
Just to see your face awhile,
Meet your eyes and win your smile.

And the gay word on my lip
Never lets my secret slip
To my share of the world.
Light my feet trip over the green,
But my heart cries in the keen.

My poor mother sighs anew
When my looks go after you,
O my share of the world !
And my father's brow grows black
When you smile and turn your back.

I would part with wealth and ease,
I would go beyond the seas,
For my share of the world.
I would leave my hearth and home
If he only whispered, " Come ! "

Houseless, under sun and dew,
I would beg my bread with you,
O my share of the world !
Houseless, in the snow and storm,
Your heart's love would keep me warm.

I would pray and I would crave
To be with you in the grave,
O my share of the world !
I would go through fire and flood,
I would give up all but God,
For my share of the world.

GOING TO BED

These little verses, inspired by a child's quaint question, pitying the sun that it should never see the stars, are by Nelson Rich Tyerman, a popular teacher of the last generation, in the Grammar School at Bedford, England.

WATCHING ere bedtime once the star-ranks bright,
Quick-trooping o'er the shadowy eastern hill,
My little blue-eyed lad for joy did thrill
Of such a wonderful and dear delight.
"But why," cried he, "do they only come at night,
When the poor sun's asleep?" And with that ill
Soul-smitten, suddenly the kind eyes fill
With tears—poor sun being robbed of such a sight!
Ah, little one, heaven's stars from earliest ages
Calm ministering angels to tired earth have been;
The loveliest rhymes in holy poets' pages
Haply record what in the stars they've seen;
But sure no thoughts of poet or of sages
Are sweet as those which from the stars you glean.

THE GOLDEN CROWN SPARROW OF ALASKA

John Burroughs, an American naturalist, has written about open-air life, and particularly about birds, with such sympathy and skill that Nature-lovers everywhere own him as one of their best observers. Far away north, amid the Alaskan snows, he finds a bird he never knew as a boy, and in these tender verses he gives us a picture of it that brings it, and its surroundings, before us, and helps us to hear its plaintive voice.

OH, minstrel of these borean hills,
Where twilight hours are long,
I would my boyhood's fragrant days
Had known thy plaintive song;
Had known thy vest of ashen grey,
Thy coat of drab and brown,
The bands of jet upon thy head
That clasp thy golden crown.
We heard thee in the cold White Pass,
Where cloud and mountain meet,
Again where Muir's great glacier shone
Far spread beneath our feet.
I bask me now on emerald heights
To catch thy faintest strain,
But cannot tell if in thy lay
Be more of joy or pain.
Far off behold the snow-white peaks
Athwart the sea's blue shade;
Anear there rise green Kadiak hills,
Wherein thy nest is made.

I hear the wild bee's mellow chord,
In airs that swim above;
The lesser hermit tunes his flute
To solitude and love.
But thou, sweet singer of the wild,
I give more heed to thee;
Thy wistful note of fond regret
Strikes deeper chords in me.
Farewell, dear bird! I turn my face
To other skies than thine—
A thousand leagues of land and sea
Between thy home and mine.

CLEON AND I

The robustness of Charles Mackay's mind is represented happily in these verses. He saw great, plain, wholesome truths very clearly, such truths as that the true riches of life come from our own natures, and cannot be put on us from without. The poet draws from his fancy a dull, unhealthy man of fortune, to whom he gives the common Greek name of Cleon, and he contrasts him with one who, knowing how to look for natural enjoyment, finds health, beauty, and content.

CLEON hath a million acres—
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
In a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
Not a penny, I;
But the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.
Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape, I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbours sloth and dulness,
Freshening vigour, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian—
Richer man am I.
Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—
Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.
Cleon sees no charm in Nature—
In a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthem ringing
In the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me for ever—
Earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—Not I.

THE TURK'S FAREWELL TO EUROPE

This poem is by a poet of last century, who was born as Richard Monckton Milnes in 1800, and died as Lord Houghton in 1885. Its proper title is "The Turk at Constantinople to the Frank," meaning that it is supposed to have been spoken to a Frank by a Turk who realised that his Eastern race was destined not to hold its new-won power in the West. The dome referred to in the seventh verse is St. Sophia; the sword in the last verse but one is the conquering sword of Mohammed II., dropped accidentally by his son into the sea. Harun al Rashid was the caliph who figures in the Arabian Nights; Charlemagne was the great emperor of Western Europe, who reigned during the last half of the eighth and the beginning of the ninth century. These rulers were contemporaries.

WHEN first the Prophet's standard rested on
The land that once was Greece and
still was Rome,
We deemed that his and our dominion
Was there as sure as in our Eastern home :
We never thought a single hour to pause
Till the wide West had owned Mohammed's
laws.
How could we doubt it ? To one desert tribe
The truth revealed by one plain-seeming
man
Cut off the cavil, thundered down the gibe,
And formed a nation to its lofty plan :
What barrier could its wave of victory stem ?
Not thy religious walls, Jerusalem !

The impious wars that stained the faithful
host
[delay ;
Might for some years the ripe success
But when we once stood firm on Europe's
coast,
'Twas as the dawning of that final day,
That could not close till Islam's flag was furled
O'er the last ruins of the Roman world.
For History is not silent what we did,
Long ere we crushed to dust the Grecian
name :
It was no Western to whom Bajazid
Surrendered his long heritage of fame ;
The shame of Hungary was not less sure,
Because your victor crouched before Timour.
Nor was the mission of our Master stayed,
When seated safe on this imperial throne ;
Witness the wonders wrought before Bel-
grade,
The fields whose very loss none blushed
to own ;
Witness St. John's proud island-chevaliers,
Thrust from their lordship of two hundred
years.



A GROUP OF TURKS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Thus did we justify the Faith by works :
 And the bright Crescent haunted Europe's
 eye,
 Till many a Pope believed the demon Turks
 Would scour the Vatican, ere he could die :
 Why was our arm of conquest shortened ?
 Why ?
 Ask Him whose will is o'er us, like the sky.

The dome to heavenly wisdom consecrate
 Still echoes with the Moslem's fervent
 prayers ;
 The just successor of the Khalifate
 Still on his brow the sign of empire wears ;
 We hold our wealth without reserve or fear ;
 And yet we know we are but tented here.

Millions of Christians bend beneath our rule,
 And yet these realms are neither theirs
 nor ours,
 Sultan and subject are alike the tool
 Of Europe's steady guile or banded powers ;
 Against the lords of continent and sea
 What can one nation do, one people be ?

Therefore, regardless of the moment's shame,
 Of wives' disdain, and children's thought-
 less woe,
 Of Christian triumph o'er the Prophet's
 name,
 Of Russia's smile beneath her mask of
 snow :
 Let us return to Asia's fair domain,
 Let us in truth possess the East again !

Men of the West ! Ye understand us not,
 We you no more : ye take our good for ill ;
 Ye scorn what we esteem man's happiest
 lot—
 Perfect submission to creative will ;
 Ye would rejoice to watch from us depart
 Our ancient temperance—our peace of heart.

Let us return ! If long we linger here
 Ye will destroy us, not with open swords,
 Not with such arms as brave men must not
 fear,
 But with the poisoned shafts of subtle
 words :
 Your blank indifference for our living creed
 Would make us paltry Infidels indeed.

What can ye give us for a Faith so lost ?
 For love of Duty, and delight in Prayer ?
 How are we wiser that our minds are tost
 By winds of knowledge on a sea of care ?
 How are we better that we hardly fear
 To break the laws our fathers held most
 dear ?

Aping your customs we have changed e'en
 now
 The noble garb in Nature's wisdom given,
 And turban that, on every Moslem's brow,
 Was as a crown at once for earth and
 heaven :
 The sword with which the sire Byzantium won
 Sleeps in yon deep unwielded by the son.

Let us return ! across the fatal strait
 Our fathers' shadows welcome us once
 more ;
 Back to the glories of the Khalifate,
 Back to the faith we loved, the dress we
 wore,
 When in one age the world could well contain
 Harun al Rashid and your Charlemagne !

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

No poem ever written has been more popular in America than this, and none has more deeply moved the hearts of men everywhere, for it is like a purifying fire clearing men's souls of selfishness. It was written by Lowell at the time when timid Americans were afraid to take a firm stand against slavery, lest war should be provoked with the slave-owning States and the country be split in twain. Such timidity was called political wisdom, and was popular. But Lowell and others swept it away, and roused and shamed their neighbours into a proud and mighty love of freedom.

MEN! whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave ?
 If ye do not feel the chain,
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,
 Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

Women ! who shall one day bear
 Sons to breathe New England air,
 If ye hear, without a blush,
 Deeds to make the roused blood rush
 Like red lava through your veins,
 For your sisters now in chains—
 Answer ! are ye fit to be
 Mothers of the brave and free ?

Is true Freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And, with leathern hearts, forget
 That we owe mankind a debt ?
 No ! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And, with heart and hand, to be
 Earnest to make others free !

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak ;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think ;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

MONSIEUR ET MADEMOISELLE

We have here a lesson for English children in admiration of the French. Mrs. Craik—a lady who, under her maiden name of Miss Dinah Mulock, wrote a very popular tale, "John Halifax, Gentleman"—is wise enough to see and tell us how charming, in children, is French gaiety of heart and politeness, points in which we might follow their example to our own advantage.

DEUX petits enfants Français:
Monsieur et Mademoiselle.
Of what can they be talking, child?
Indeed I cannot tell.

But of this I am very certain,
You would find naught to blame
In that sweet French politeness—
I wish we had the same!

Monsieur has got a melon,
And scoops it with his knife,
While Mademoiselle sits watching him:
No rudeness here—or strife:
Though, could you only listen,
They're chattering like two pies—
French magpies, understand me—
So merry and so wise.

Their floor is bare of carpet,
Their curtains are so thin;
They dine off meagre pottage, and
Put many an onion in!
Her snow-white caps she irons;
He blacks his shoes, he can;
Yet she's a little lady,
And he a gentleman.

O busy, happy children!
That light French heart of yours,
Would it might sometimes enter at
Our solemn English doors!
Would that we worked as gaily,
And played, yes, played as well,
And lived our lives as simply
As Monsieur and Mademoiselle!

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

Songs have a great effect upon the people who sing them, and it would be hard to say how much influence these stirring lines have had in moulding German sentiment during the last half century. We can feel in them the shout of armies and the tramp of marching men.

A VOICE resounds like thunder peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clash of steel:—
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German
Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

CHORUS

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their
gaze;
They swear with dauntless heart, "O
Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

THOU ART LIKE UNTO A FLOWER

In this lovely little song, Heinrich Heine gives expression to a wistful longing that a beautiful child might always keep its innocence and purity. The words have been set to music many times.

THOU art like unto a flower,
So fair and pure from sin;
I gaze on thee, and longing
Strikes to my heart within.

I feel as though my hands I'd lay
Upon thy head in prayer,
Asking that God should keep thee,
Thus always pure and fair.

GLYCINE'S SONG

Glycine is a character in Coleridge's Christmas tale "Zapolya." Of this song Mr. Swinburne, another poet, said it is "one of the brightest bits of music ever done into words." A brief vision of passing beauty from the poet's eye and heart, it pictures his poetic method. He saw beautiful things in sudden gleams, scintillating fragments, and, except in his "Ancient Mariner," pieced nothing together into a complete harmonious whole.

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted;
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!
He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: "Adieu, adieu,
Love's dreams prove solemn true.
The blossoms they make no delay;
The sparkling dewdrops will not stay.
Sweet month of May, we must away;
Far, far away, to-day, to-day!"

THE BRIDGE

It is almost impossible to believe that the writer of this lovely sketch of human brightness and happiness was sad at heart. His name was James Thomson, who lived from 1834 to 1882; and he had a sorrowful life, chiefly because he lost quite early the maiden who was his sunshine. With what life-like vivacity this picture of her is drawn!

“O, WHAT are you waiting for here, young man?

What are you looking for over the bridge?”

“A little straw hat with the streaming blue ribbons

Is soon to come dancing over the bridge.

“Her heart beats the measure that keeps her feet dancing,

Dancing along like a wave o’ the sea;

Her heart pours the sunshine with which her eyes, glancing,

Light up strange faces in looking for me.

“The strange faces brighten in meeting her glances,

The strangers all bless her, pure, lovely, and free:

She fancies she walks, but her walk skips and dances,

Her heart makes such music in coming to me.

“O, thousands and thousands of happy young maidens

Are tripping this morning their sweet-hearts to see;

But none whose heart beats to a sweeter love-cadence

Than hers who will brighten the sunshine for me.”

“O, what are you waiting for here, young man?

What are you looking for over the bridge?”

“A little straw hat with the streaming blue ribbons—

And here it comes dancing over the bridge!”

THE PEOPLE’S PETITION

In these verses the bitter want of the poor seems to be rather overstated, but they were once terribly true. In the earlier years of the nineteenth century the factory system brought long toil and low wages for old and young. Other poets, such as Mrs. Browning and Ebenezer Elliott, told the same sad and almost hopeless story. The writer of these verses was a clergyman with the curiously ugly name of Wathen Mark Wilks Call.

O LORDS! O rulers of the nation!

O softly clothed! O richly fed!

O men of wealth and noble station!

Give us our daily bread.

For you we are content to toil,

For you our blood like rain is shed;

Then, lords and rulers of the soil,

Give us our daily bread.

Your silken robes, with endless care,
Still weave we; still unclothed, unfed,
We make the raiment that ye wear;
Give us our daily bread.

In the red forge-light do we stand,
We early leave—late seek our bed,
Tempering the steel for your right hand:
Give us our daily bread.

We sow your fields, ye reap the fruit,
We live in misery and in dread:
Hear but our prayer, and we are mute:
Give us our daily bread.

Throughout old England’s pleasant fields
There is no spot where we may tread,
No house to us sweet shelter yields:
Give us our daily bread.

Fathers are we; we see our sons,
We see our fair young daughters, dead:
Then hear us, O ye mighty ones!
Give us our daily bread.

’Tis vain—with cold, unfeeling eye
Ye gaze on us, unclothed, unfed;
’Tis vain—ye will not hear our cry,
Nor give us daily bread.

We turn from you, our lords by birth,
To Him who is our Lord above;
We all are made of the same earth,
Are children of one Love.

Then, Father of this world of wonders,
Judge of the living and the dead,
Lord of the lightnings and the thunders,
Give us our daily bread!

REINFORCEMENTS

This poem about children was written by the Rev. T. T. Lynch, a London minister, who died in 1871, and is remembered chiefly because of his hymns. Children are not seen here as they see themselves, but as older people see them; for the longer we live the more we feel that the future of the world depends on how the children, buoyed up by happiness and hope, grow up to carry on the strife for all that is good.

WHEN little boys with merry noise
In the meadows shout and run;
And little girls, sweet woman-buds,
Brightly open in the sun,
I may not of the world despair,
Our God despaireth not, I see;
For blithesomer in Eden’s air
These lads and maidens could not be.

Why were they born, if Hope must die?
Wherefore this health, if Truth should fail?

And why such Joy, if Misery
Be conquering us and must prevail?
Arouse! our spirit may not droop!
These young ones fresh from heaven are;
Our God hath sent another troop,
And means to carry on the war.

DADDY'S EYES

Charming, original, and tender, with a pretty but sad fancy faithfully followed up, these verses are written by quite a young English writer, Miss Almey St. John Adcock, whose father also writes stories and poems. The verses have not been printed before.

WHEN Mother tucks me up in bed
She sometimes stops and nearly cries ;
And then she gives me "one more kiss,"
"Because," she says, "you've Daddy's eyes."

When Uncle Thomas came to tea
He stood and watched me in surprise ;
Then, slipping sixpence in my hand,
Said, "That's because you've Daddy's eyes."

And Grandma draws me near her chair.
And wipes away a tear, and sighs ;
And then she softly strokes my head,
And says, "You *have* got Daddy's eyes."

For Daddy lives in Heaven now,
Where angels are. I'd like to see
If angels make a fuss of him,
And say that he has eyes like me.

TELL ME

This thoughtful and haunting little allegory of life, which we are able to give here by the courtesy of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, was written by the Scottish poet and tale-teller George Macdonald. Of course, the hill we cannot see over is Time ahead of us, and the dangerous streams are our passions. Indeed, we may attach meanings to all the waiting dangers we must pass, till we come "round to home again," in daily duty, or reach at last, in the west, the steep but glorious ascending stair. Poets' meanings are well worth thinking over, especially when the poets are good men.

TRAVELLER, what lies over the hill ?
Traveller, tell to me :
Tiptoe-high on the window-sill,
Over I cannot see."

"My child, a valley green lies there,
Lovely with trees, and sky ;
And a tiny brook that says—'Take care,
Or I'll drown you by and by.'"

"And what comes next ?"—"A little town,
And a towering hill again ;
More hills and valleys, up and down,
And a river now and then."

"And what comes next ?"—"A lonely moor,
Without one beaten way ;
And slow clouds drifting dull before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then ?"—"Dark rocks and yellow sand,
Blue sea and a moaning tide."

"And then ?"—"More sea, more sea, more land,
With rivers deep and wide."

"And then ?"—"Oh—rock and mountain
and vale,
Ocean and shores and men,
Over and over—a weary tale—
And round to your home again !"

"And is that all ? From day to day—
As with a long chain bound—
Oh ! never to get right away,
But go round and round and round ?"

"No, no ; I have not told the best—
Neither the best nor the end :
On summer eves, away in the west,
You may see a stair ascend,

"Built of all colours of lovely stones—
A stair up into the sky,
Where no one is weary, and no one moans,
Or wants to be laid by."

"Is it far away ?"—"I do not know ;
You must fix your eyes thereon,
And travel, travel through thunder and snow,
Till the weary way is gone.

"All day, though you never see it shine,
You must travel, nor turn aside,
Through blinding sunlight and moonbeams
fine,
And mist and darkness wide."

"When I am older." "Nay, not so."
"I have hardly opened my eyes !"
"He who to the old sunset would go
Starts best with the young sunrise."

"But the stair—is it very, very steep ?"
"Too steep for you to climb ;
You must lie at the foot of the glorious heap,
And patiently wait your time."

"How long ?" "Nay, that I cannot tell."
"In wind and rain and frost ?"
"It may be." "Ah !—Ah !" "It is well
That you should count the cost."

"Yea, travellers many on you will stand."
"That will be hard to bear."
"But One with wounded feet and hand
Will carry you up the stair."

A VISION

Henry Vaughan, who had this vision, was a Welsh poet who died in 1695. He is often called "the Silurist," because the Silures were a Welsh tribe living where he lived. His poetry was purely English, polished and imaginative. In this verse he tries to simplify in a picture such great ideas as Time and Eternity.

I SAW Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright :
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days,
years,
Driven by spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved ; in which the
World
And all her train were hurled.

THE KING'S RIDE

A pretty picture is this, drawn by Lucy H. Hooper, of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, who trusted his people and was understood by their children.

ABOVE the city of Berlin shines soft the summer day,
And near the royal palace shout the schoolboys at their play,
When suddenly the palace gates unclasp their portals wide,
And forth into the sunshine see a single horseman ride.

A bent old man in plain attire! on him no courtiers wait,
No armed guard attends the steps of Frederick the Great!
But boys have spied him, and with shouts the summer breezes ring;
The merry urchins haste to greet their well-beloved king.

The frowning look, the angry tone, are feigned, full well they know;
They do not fear his stick—that hand ne'er struck a coward blow.

“Be off to school, you boys!” he cries.
“Ho! ho!” the laughers say;
“A pretty king, *you*, not to know we've holiday to-day!”

And so upon that summer day, those children at his side,
The symbol of his nation's love, did royal Frederick ride.

O kings! your thrones are tottering now!
dark frowns the brow of Fate!
When did you ride as rode that day King Frederick the Great?

TO A BUTTERFLY

This little poem was composed by William Wordsworth at Grasmere on March 14, 1802, and it referred to the poet's childhood days spent in the town of Cocker-mouth with his beloved sister Dorothy, “Emmeline” being a fanciful name used by the poet instead of his sister's real name. It was true that Dorothy used to chase the butterflies with her brother, and it was because she told him in later years that she had been afraid of brushing the dust off their wings that he wrote these verses.

STAY near me—do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!

Oh, pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time when, in our childish plays,

My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush

Upon the prey—with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush,
But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

WE ARE FREE

This vigorous song of ransom by battle from a tyrannous foe, swift like the onslaught it describes, was written by Robert Nicoll, a Scottish poet who died in 1837, at the age of twenty-three.

LIKE lightning's flash
Upon the foe
We burst, and laid
Their glories low!
Like mountain floods
We on them came—
Like withering blast
Of scorching flame,
Like hurricane
Upon the sea—
Shout, shout again,
Shout, *We are Free!*

We struck for God—
We struck for life—
We struck for sire—
We struck for wife—
We struck for home—
We struck for all
That man doth lose
By bearing thrall!
We struck 'gainst chains,
For liberty!
Now, for our pains,
Shout, *We are free!*

Give to the slain
A sigh—a tear;
A curse to those
Who spoke of fear!
Then eat your bread
In peace; for now
The tyrant's pride
Is lying low!
His strength is broken—
His minions flee—
The Voice hath spoken—
Shout, *We are Free!*

ALL'S WELL

By Harriet McEwen Kimball.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine.
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

IF I HAD BUT TWO LITTLE WINGS

A sweet little song this, but sad ; much sadder than anyone might think who did not know the story of the writer, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. A man of great powers, he lived in a land of dreams instead of performances, and here in these verses he seems to give us a peep into the inner recesses of his regretful heart.

IF I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear !
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly :
I'm always with you in my sleep !
The world is all one's own ;
But then one wakes, and where am I ?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids ;
So I love to wake ere break of day ;
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

AH! BLEAK AND BARREN WAS THE MOOR

A poet should have the power of sketching a scene in such a way that while we read we have the same feelings we should have if we looked on the scene. Observe how Thackeray does this in a two-verse winter piece. It reminds us of Longfellow's "Excelsior." Can you not feel the cold as you read and listen to the wind ?

AH ! bleak and barren was the moor,
Ah ! loud and piercing was the storm,
The cottage roof was sheltered sure,
The cottage hearth was bright and warm.
An orphan boy the lattice passed,
And as he marked its cheerful glow,
Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,
And doubly cold the fallen snow.

They marked him as he onward pressed,
With fainting heart and weary limb,
Kind voices bade him turn and rest,
And gentle faces welcomed him.
The dawn is up, the guest is gone,
The cottage hearth is blazing still.
Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone,
Hark to the wind upon the hill !

THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL

Such rhymes as these, though they are not poetry in the true sense, are useful, for they put necessary warnings in a way we can all easily remember. They describe quite truly how careless and cruel scandal grows among people who are fond of gossip.

SAID Mrs. A. to Mrs. J.
In quite a confidential way—
" It seems to me that Mrs. B.
Takes too much—something—in her tea."

And Mrs. J. to Mrs. K.
That night was overheard to say—
She grieved to touch upon it much—
" But Mrs. B. took such-and-such."

Then Mrs. K. went straight away
And told a friend the self-same day,
" 'Twas sad to think"—here came the wink—
" That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."

The friend's disgust was such she must
Inform a lady " which she nussed,"
" That Mrs. B. at half-past three
Was that far gone she couldn't see !"

This lady we have mentioned, she
Gave needlework to Mrs. B.,
And at such news could scarcely choose
But further needlework refuse.

Then Mrs. B., as you'll agree,
Quite properly—she said, said she,
That she would track the scandal back
To those who painted her so black.

Through Mrs. K. and Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.,
And asked her why, with cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye.

Said Mrs. A., in sore dismay,
" I no such thing could ever say ;
I said that you had stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do !"

ANNIE LAURIE

When William Douglas wrote this song, he reached at once the pinnacle of fame and of merit as a song-writer. It has every quality of the perfect love-song—simplicity, poetical imagery, and a delicate passion of tenderness unsurpassed. The light of romance is shed for ever on Maxwellton braes by this burst of pure feeling.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true—
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on ;
And dark blue is her ee ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
Like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet ;
And she's a' the world to me ;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

MERRY THINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE

A nimble thought can jump both land and sea,
As soon as think the place where he would be.

Sonnet

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff—you may seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Merchant of Venice

Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold.

The Passionate Pilgrim

A little snow tumbled about anon becomes a mountain.

King John

I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; all plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard of the land who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Pericles

MARULLUS: You, sir, what trade are you?

CITIZEN: Truly, sir, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. All that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handywork.

MARULLUS: But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

CITIZEN: Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes to get myself into more work.

Julius Caesar

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

A Winter's Tale

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:

Tu-who;

Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,



A WISE MAN IN A JOVIAL MOOD

And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Love's Labour Lost

A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white: a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun and not the moon—for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly.

Henry V

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.

Merchant of Venice

I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners'
legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery
beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of
film;
Her wagger, a small grey-coated gnat.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they
dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies
straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream
on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses
dream.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-
pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose.

Romeo and Juliet



QUEEN MAB

PASSING PLEASURES

The writer of these manly, wise, and gracefully simple little verses was Walter Savage Landor. He wrote a great deal, with massive ability, but will be best remembered as a poet by his haunting snatches of song. These lines carry a fine faith that, though our pleasures may fade, "all's right with the world."

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.
With folded arms I linger not
To call them back—'twere vain;
In this, or in some other spot
I know they'll shine again.

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS

This lovely setting of the truth that nearly everybody is kind at heart is by Gerald Massey, who was born in 1828 and died in 1907, and has been called "the poet of liberty, labour, and the people." He had a great love for Nature and mankind, and we see in these verses, with their gentle warning, how right his heart was towards everybody.

THERE'S no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spurning,
Trampling one another;
While we are inly yearning
At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneliness
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

As the wild-rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart for ever.
But if men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kingliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.
There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Oh, cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above;
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for Love.

BOBBY'S PROTEST

Mrs. Lilla T. Elder, who wrote these verses, had children of her own, and understood and sympathised with them thoroughly. How many boys and girls break forth into complaining every day because they get "washed a lot" and resolve that when they grow big, they will not wash at all.

I WISH Nurse didn't have to wash
My face so very hard;
She rubs and scrubs as though my face
Were flat—just like a card.
She means all right, but doesn't know
My nose gets in the way,
And that she jerks it so about
It hurts me 'most all day.

And then my eyes she pokes 'most out
And, O, she hurts my chin!
And how my ears do ache when she
Squeezes the wash-rag in;
And when she's finished with my neck
It really looks red-hot
And burns and burns. This, every day,
'Cause I get washed a lot.

I don't see why Nurse minds the dirt,
It's just nice mud and sand;
That's what the lovely world's made of—
That is, of course, the land.
When I'm a man, and that'll be soon,
I won't wash me at all,
And some fine day I'll take a walk
And make my nurse a call.
She'll never dare to wash me then,
I'll be so very big,
And she won't dare to say that I'm
"As dirty as a pig."
I like the dirt—it doesn't hurt,
And wash-rags do you know.
O dear, I wish in growing up
I wasn't quite so slow.

A DEWDROP FALLING

The writer of these lines, Richard Chenevix Trench, who was born in 1807 and died in 1886, was a notable clergyman and author, once Dean of Westminster and afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. He studied closely the wording of English, and wrote several useful books on it. He also wrote pleasing verse. The idea of beautiful transformations in this poem is wonderfully true, but perhaps too fancifully illustrated, for dew-drops do not fall into the sea and become pearls.

A DEWDROP falling on the wild sea wave
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this
grave!"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared to
die;
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed;
O unbelieving!—so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH

These simple, great thoughts, translated from the German poet Schiller, are specially interesting to readers who know how the poet lived. He learned well, and faithfully practised, the lessons which he writes. Born in Württemberg, November, 1759, he only reached middle age through many troubles, and died May, 1805, without any beclouding of his hope, faith, or love. As a writer of ballads he remains the most popular German poet in Germany, and as a dramatist has no superior in that country.

THREE are three lessons I would write—
Three words, as with a burning
pen,

In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her faith in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but has its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is
driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's
mirth—

Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, faith, and love; and, thou shalt
find

Strength where life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

ABOUT THE FAIRIES

There are people in the world, dull and not very kind, who would steal from us, and destroy, all our pretty fancies about fairies; but the unknown writer of these charming verses gives us many more fancies, all tinted with grace and poetry.

PRAY, where are the little bluebells gone,
That lately bloomed in the wood?
Why, the little fairies have each taken one,
And put it on for a hood.

And where are the pretty grass-stalks
gone,

That waved in the summer breeze?
Oh, the fairies have taken them every one,
To plant in their gardens like trees.

And where are the great big bluebottles
gone,

That buzzed in their busy pride?
Oh, the fairies have caught them, every
one,
And have broken them in, to ride.

And they've taken the glow-worms to
light their halls,

And the cricket to sing them a song;

And the great red rose-leaves to paper
their walls,

And they're feasting the whole night
long.

And when spring comes back with its
soft, mild ray,

And the ripple of gentle rain,
The fairies bring back what they've taken
away,

And give it us all again.

BABY MAY

There are not as many descriptions in verse as we might expect of babies and their varying moods, but of the few this is one of the very best. It is written by Dr. W. C. Bennett, who worked hard to popularise poetry, but only reached a satisfactory standard now and then with his own verse. With "Baby May" he made his greatest success, and we can see why. It was love that wrote the poem. Dr. Bennett, who lived at Greenwich, died in 1895.

CHIEKS as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise,
Minutes fill'd with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows swifter born
Than on windswept Autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table,
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing.
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears



Laud the first spring daisies, chant aloud their praises ;
Gather the primroses, make handfuls into posies ;
Take them to the children in the mills.

Pluck the violets blue, ah, pluck not a few !
Know you what good thoughts from heaven
a little flower instills ?

THE LOOKING-GLASSES

Thomas Moore, the popular Irish poet, is best remembered for his sentimental songs, but he was also a tale-teller in verse, and a clever writer of good-humoured satires on the follies of mankind. Here he makes fun of the pretensions by which a select class-government was so long upheld.

THERE was a land—to *name* the place
Is neither now my wish nor duty—
Where reigned a certain royal race
By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they ruled the State,
No history I have seen discloses.

But so it was—a settled case—
Some Act of Parliament, passed snugly,
Had voted *them* a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs ;
Your Peers were decent—Knights so-so—
But all your *common* people gorgons !

Of course, if any knave but hinted
That the King's nose was turned awry,
Or that the Queen (God bless her !) squinted,
The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occurred ;
The people to their King were duteous,
And took it, on his Royal word,
That they were frights and he was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this—these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And therefore did not *know themselves*.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
Might strike them as more full of reason,
More fresh than those in certain places—
But, Lord ! the very thought was treason.

Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,
And take his face's part, 'tis known
We ne'er so much in earnest labour
As when the face attacked's our own.

So on they went—the crowd believing
(As crowds, well governed always do)—
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—
So old the joke, they thought 'twas true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end—and so, one day,
Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said, some Radicals somewhere,
Had laid their wicked heads together,
And forced the ship to founder there—
While some believed it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight
Was landed without fees or duties ;
And from that hour historians date
The downfall of the Race of Beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land
That scarce a tinker could walk out
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation—
By dint of looking-glasses, soon
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old-established mazzards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all hazards.

In vain—their laws might just as well
Have been waste-paper on the shelves ;
That fatal freight had broke the spell ;
People had looked, and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presumed upon his ancient race,
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time),
They popped a mirror to his Grace—

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true
That what is called an ancient line
Must be a line of beauty too.

At length—but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations ;
Besides, what followed is the tale
Of all such late-enlightened nations ;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known—
That kings have neither rights nor noses
A whit diviner than their own.

TIME OF ROSES

Tom Hood is known partly as a humorous poet and partly as a very serious writer, but he could also write a dainty song.

IT was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast ;
It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed.

That churlish season never frowned
On early lovers yet.
O, no—the world was newly crowned
With flowers when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast ;
It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed.

THE STORY OF THE PALACE ASLEEP—By TENNYSON

THE SILENT PALACE

THE varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;
Here rests the sap within the leaf,

Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curled,
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
Like hints and echoes of the world,
To spirits folded in the womb.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
On every slanting terrace-lawn.
The fountain to his place returns
Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.
Here droops the banner on the tower,
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,
The peacock in his laurel bower,
The parrot in his gilded wives.

Here sits the butler with a flask
Between his knees, half drained; and there
The wrinkled steward at his task,
The maid-of-honour blooming fair:
The page has caught her hand in his:
Her lips are severed as to speak:
His own are pouted to a kiss:
The blush is fixed upon her cheek.

When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
Here all things in their place remain,
As all were ordered, ages since.
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated fairy prince.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

YEAR after year unto her feet,
She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purpled coverlet,
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl:
The slumbrous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart,
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps: on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE ARRIVAL

HE comes, scarce knowing what he seeks:
He breaks the hedge: he enters there:
The colour flies into his cheeks:
He trusts to light on something fair;

For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whispered voices at his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind;
The Magic Music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find
The quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark,
He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee.
“Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be!”

THE REVIVAL

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze through all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward scrawled,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled,
The maid and page renewed their strife,
The palace banged, and buzzed and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last with these the king awoke,
And in his chair himself upreared,
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke,
“By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? We have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap.”
The barons swore, with many words,
’Twas but an after-dinner’s nap.

“Pardy,” returned the king, “but still
My joints are somewhat stiff or so,
My lord, and shall we pass the Bill
I mentioned half an hour ago?”
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words returned reply:
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE

AND on her lover’s arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.
And o’er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

THE GOLDEN KEY

This is a very sweet and simple poem that all can understand. It shows the grace and charm of the kindness that is felt towards everybody. The poem is all imagery—that is, it is built up of pictured comparisons.

I KNOW a jewelled casket
Where is hidden a golden key
That opens the door of a castle fair,
Called the Castle of Courtesy.
Its owner, a bright-eyed maiden,
When she wakes in the morning light
Takes the treasure out from its hiding-
place
And bears it round till night.
She opens the door of the castle
With the beautiful golden key,
And smiles a welcome to all who come—
Even strangers, like you and me.
And to every door in the castle
The maiden fits her key;
Wide open it flies at her magic touch,
That all may its treasures see.
The heart is the jewelled casket,
And kindness the golden key
That opens the doors of the numberless
rooms
In the Castle of Courtesy.

THE HAPPY MAN

This is a translation into English from King Alfred's Saxon translation of some "metres" by the great Roman statesman and philosopher Boethius. A wise and just man, Boethius was one of the best Ministers under the Roman emperors. In trying to be honest he made enemies, who at last brought about his downfall and execution. In prison he wrote his "Consolations of Philosophy," which the English King Alfred translated towards the end of his own life.

L O! now on earth is he
In every thing
A happy man,
If he may see
The clearest
Heaven-shining stream,
The noble fountain
Of all good;
And of himself
The swarthy mist—
The darkness of the mind—
Can dispel!
We will as yet,
With God's help,
With old and fabulous
Stories instruct
Thy mind;
That thou the better mayest
Discover to the skies
The right path
To the eternal region
Of our souls.

"BALLAD OF A BOAT

The Ballad of a Boat is, of course, a moving picture of human life, though the ending of that voyage does not often come in tumult and agitation as depicted in the poem, but quietly. The writer, Dr. Richard Garnett, towards the end of his life, was the keeper of the printed books at the British Museum. He knew a great deal about books, and wrote several, including volumes of verse. He died in 1906.

THE stream was smooth as glass, we said:
"Arise and let's away;"
The siren sang beside the boat that in the
rushes lay,
And spread the sail, and strong the oar, we
gaily took our way.
When shall the sandy bar be crossed?
When shall we find the bay?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o'er
cattle-dotted plains;
The stream is strong and turbulent, and
dark with heavy rains;
The labourer looks up to see our shallop
speed away.
When shall the sandy bar be crossed?
When shall we find the bay?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds; the
sun, superbly large,
Slow as an oak to the woodman's stroke,
sinks, flaming at their marge;
The waves are bright with mirrored light
as jacinths on our way.
When shall the sandy bar be crossed?
When shall we cross the bay?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now
no more we see
The spreading river's either bank, and
surging distantly
There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers
far away.
Now shall the sandy bar be crossed, now
shall we find the bay.

The sea-gulls shriek high overhead; and
dimly to our sight
The moonlight crests of foaming waves
gleam towering through the night.
We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and
start her from her lay,
When once the sandy bar is crossed, and
we are in the bay.

What rises white and awful, as a shroud-
enfolded ghost?
What roar of rampant thunder tumult
bursts in clangour on the coast?
Pull back! pull back! The raging flood
sweeps every oar away.
O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O boat,
is this the bay?

THE SCHOOLMASTER

William Wordsworth, the great and pure-minded poet, once wrote a lament for the scholars of a beloved schoolmaster to sing by his grave; and then, years afterwards, he penned this picture of how the influence of the schoolmaster's life still remained a blessing to the whole valley where he had lived, his memory growing even sweeter as the years passed.

LONG time his pulse hath ceased to beat,
But benefits, his gift, we trace;
Expressed in every eye we meet
Round this dear vale, his native place.

To stately hall and cottage rude
Flowed from his life what still they hold;
Light pleasures every day renewed,
And blessings half a century old.

Oh, true of heart, of spirit gay,
Thy faults, where not already gone
From memory, prolong their stay
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss;
And what beyond this thought we crave
Comes in the promise from the Cross,
Shining upon thy happy grave.

TO A LITTLE LADY WITH HER FIRST BONNET

These simple lines about a child's first bonnet, and its demand on good fairies for protection, were written by Caroline Anne Bowles, a rather popular poet, who died in 1854. She carried on for many years an interesting correspondence with the poet Southey, and, late in his life, married him.

FAIRIES! guard the baby's bonnet—
Set a special watch upon it;
Elfin people! to your care
I commit it, fresh and fair;
Neat as neatness, white as snow—
See ye keep it ever so.

Watch and ward set all about—
Some within, and some without:
Over it, with dainty hand,
One her kirtle green expand;
Two or three about the bow
Vigilant concern bestow.

A score, at least, on either side,
'Gainst evil accidents provide—
Fall, or jar, or overlay;
And so the precious charge convey
Through all the dangers of the way.
But when *those* are battled through,
Fairies! more remains to do;
Ye must gift, before ye go,
The bonnet and the babe also.

Gift it to protect her well,
Fays! from all malignant spell;
Charms and seasons to defy,
Blighting wind and evil eye.

And the bonny babe! on her
All your choicest gifts confer.
Just as much of wit and sense
As may be hers, without pretence;
Just as much of grace and beauty
As shall not interfere with duty;
Just as much of sprightliness
As shall companion gentleness;
Just as much light-hearted cheer
As may be melted to a tear,
By a word—a tone—a look—
Pity's touch, or Love's rebuke.

As much of frankness, bland and free,
As may consort with modesty;
As much of feeling as will bear
Of after life the wear and tear;
As much of life—but Fairies! there
Ye vanish into thinnest air!
And with ye parts the playful vein
That loved a light and trivial strain.

Befits me better, babe! for thee
To invoke Almighty agency;
Almighty love—Almighty power,
To nurture up the human flower;
To cherish it with heavenly dew,
Sustain with earthly blessings, too;
And when the ripe, full time shall be,
Engraft it on Eternity.

THE WORLD'S MUSIC

"Gabriel Setoun" is the pen-name of a distinguished Edinburgh schoolmaster, whose real name is Thomas Nicoll Hepburn. This little poem gives a picture of the world as it appeals to the mind of a happy child.

THE world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and
sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-peek, and chirp and sing;
While, flashing to and from the caves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

The twigs that shake, and boughs that
sway;
And tall old trees you could not climb;
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are gaily singing all the time.

The world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

BRING BACK THE CHAIN!

This poem, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, a clever Society lady, who lived between 1808 and 1877, is an example of the kind of poetical sentiment that was much admired in the 'thirties and 'forties of the last century, a legacy from the weaker romantic writings of Byron. A released man would not "hug his chains" as reminders of his past, or discourse with such fluency to his liberators. The attitude is theatrical.

It was an aged man who stood
Beside the blue Atlantic sea ;
They cast his fetters by the flood,
And hailed the time-worn Captive free !
From his indignant eye there flashed
A gleam his better nature gave,
And while his tyrants shrunk abashed,
Thus spoke the spirit-stricken slave :

"Bring back the chain, whose weight so long
These tortured limbs have vainly borne ;
The word of Freedom from *your* tongue,
My weary ear rejects with scorn !
'Tis true, there was—there was a time,
I sighed, I panted to be free ;
And, pining for my sunny clime,
Bowed down my stubborn knee.

"Then I have stretched my yearning arms,
And shook in wrath my bitter chain ;
Then, when the magic word had charms,
I groaned for liberty in vain !
That freedom ye, at length, bestow,
And bid me bless my envied fate :
Ye tell me I am free to go—
Where ?—I am desolate !

"The boundless hope—the spring of joy,
Felt when the spirit's strength is young,
Which slavery only can alloy,
The mockeries to which I clung,
The eyes, whose fond and sunny ray
Made life's dull lamp less dimly burn,
The tones I pined for, day by day,
Can ye bid them return ?

"Bring back the chain ! its clanking sound
Hath then a power beyond your own ;
It brings young visions smiling round,
Too fondly loved—too early flown !
It brings me days when these dim eyes
Gazed o'er the wild and swelling sea,
Counting how many suns must rise
Ere one might hail me free !

"Bring back the chain ! that I may think
'Tis *that* which weighs my spirit so ;
And, gazing on each galling link,
Dream as I dreamt—of bitter woe !
My days are gone—of hope of youth,
These traces now alone remain ;
(Hoarded with sorrow's sacred truth)
Tears—and my iron chain !

"Freedom ! though doomed in pain to live,
The freedom of the soul is mine ;
But all of slavery you could give
Around my steps must ever twine.
Raise up the head which age hath bent ;
Renew the hopes that childhood gave ;
Bid all return kind Heaven once lent—
Till then—I am a Slave !"

HOFER

This poem is a translation from a poem by the German patriot poet Körner, describing the death of the Tyrolese patriot, Andreas Hofer, a brave innkeeper, who defended his country against the French when Napoleon was overrunning Europe. He was captured, and was shot in cold blood, at Mantua, in Italy. This cruel deed helped to rouse Europe against Napoleon. Hofer is now buried in Innsbruck, and is the national hero of Tyrol. Death in his case, as an inscription in the Innsbruck church says, "is absorbed in victory."

STILL to his own wild country true,
Its hills and valleys, waters blue,
And virtue's path to fame ;
The hero burning in his breast,
He kindled every mountain crest,
With Freedom's deathless flame !

Small was his band, but true and brave ;
Nought feared they but the name of slave,
And their bold leader's frown :
From crag, and precipice, and glen,
Till then untrod by breathing men,
They poured a torrent down.

Like the pale lightning's shafts they fell ;
How well they fought who well can tell
As they who felt their ire !
Who heard their shots unerring fly,
Scared by the sons of Liberty,
Scathed by their mountain-fire.

Where are they now, and where is he ?
Gone to the land where all are free ;
For him all bonds are past ;
His name is in his country's songs,
His fame is on a thousand tongues,
He wears his crown at last.

God's will be done ! His arms they bind,
They cannot chain his chainless mind ;
He has a triumph yet
Nobler than arms have ever won ;
Adversity but sees his son
In noonday splendours set.

No shade of fear is on his brow,
His step is as a warrior's now
To whom new deeds are given.
His dark eye's on the helmed line,
His smile upon the blaze whose shine
Flashes his life to heaven !

AGNES

Here we have four scenes in a life pictured by Henry Francis Lyte, a poet who is best known as a hymn-writer. One of his hymns, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," is probably printed in every hymn-book in the English language. Mr. Lyte was born in 1793, and died in 1847. He was a clergyman. In these fair pictures he tells the story of a life tenderly and sweetly.

I SAW her in childhood—
A bright, gentle thing,
Like the dawn of the morn,
Or the dews of the spring ;
The daisies and harebells
Her playmates all day ;
Herself as lighthearted
And artless as they.

I saw her again—
A fair girl of eighteen,
Fresh glittering with graces
Of mind and of mien.
Her speech was all music ;
Like moonlight she shone ;
The envy of many
The glory of one.

Years, years fled over—
I stood at her foot :
The bud had grown blossom,
The blossom was fruit.
A dignified mother,
Her infant she bore ;
And looked, I thought, fairer
Than ever before.

I saw her once more—
'Twas the day that she died ;
Heaven's light was around her,
And God at her side ;
No wants to distress her,
No fears to appal—
O then, I felt, then
She was fairest of all !

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Miss Florence Nightingale, whose work as a nurse of soldiers is commemorated in this poem by Longfellow, the sweet and gracious American poet, was the founder of kind attention to soldiers suffering from wounds or disease through war. She went out during the Crimean War, in the year 1854, and nursed the soldiers, who often, in former wars, had been almost wholly neglected. And now, wherever there is a war, kind women hurry to help the wounded and sick, and this tender feeling will grow till cruel wars become impossible. It was Florence Nightingale, "the Lady with the Lamp" going from bed to bed, who first lighted this lamp of love which at last will shine into all hearts.

WHEN'E'R a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle-plain
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

FOR A FOUNTAIN

These lines are suggested, by the poet who wrote as "Barry Cornwall," as an inscription for a fountain that is never dry. The Sirian heat means the greatest heat of summer. The ancients believed this heat came with the star Sirius, which appears in summer. Another name for it is the dog-star. Hence the hottest part of summer is sometimes called the "dog days." The Naiades were the Greek spirits of springs and fountains, and the flow of water was named from them, so "bade the Naiad fall" means "made the water flow." "Pan" was the ancient deity of the outdoor life of woods, streams, and rocky places used by shepherds.

REST ! This little fountain runs
Thus for aye. It never stays
For the look of summer suns,
Nor the cold of winter days.
Whosoe'er shall wander near,
When the Sirian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear
Lest he may not slake his thirst ;
He will find this little river
Running still as bright as ever.
Let him drink and onwards hie,
Bearing but in thought that I,
EROTAS, bade the Naiad fall,
And thank the great god Pan for all !

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

William Wordsworth, the great poet of Nature, thought that the simplest scenes described in the simplest language could be made poetical. Here is an example of his art, which sometimes succeeded with simplicity, and sometimes did not. He pictures a country girl in the very heart of London, entranced by a sudden vision of her distant mountain home through the singing of a caged thrush in the early morning. The last line is tragically full.

AT the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung
for three years :
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ?
She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade :
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes !

PLANTING A TREE

Few simple human acts are so impressive as the planting of a tree, which thus gives life its chance to help and beautify the future. Miss Lucy Larcom, an American poet, has developed this fine thought in these lines with varied and graceful truth.

HE who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope ;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be ?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy ;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality.

Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee !

He who plants a tree
He plants peace ;
Under its green curtains jargons cease ;
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly ;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
He plants youth ;
Vigour won for centuries in sooth ;
Life of time, that hints eternity !
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
He plants love ;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best ;
Hands that bless are blest ;
Plant ; life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

THE OAK

The oak is the most characteristic tree of the north temperate part of the world, and, like the people of that region, sturdy, strong, enduring, living for use, not for show. The writer of this description, George Hill, has put this feeling happily into verse.

A GLORIOUS tree is the old grey oak ;
He has stood for a thousand years—
Has stood and frowned
On the trees around,
Like a king among his peers ;
As around their king they stand, so now,
When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
The tall trees round him stand, arrayed
In their robes of purple and gold.
He has stood like a tower
Through sun and shower,
And dared the winds to battle ;
He has heard the hail,
As from plates of mail,
From his own limbs shaken, rattle ;
He has tossed them about, and shorn the tops.
(When the storm has roused his might)
Of the forest trees, as a strong man doth
The heads of his foes in fight.

A MOTHER'S LAST SONG TO HER CHILD—By WORDSWORTH

We have here a picture by Wordsworth, terrible in its simplicity, showing us a scene that must have taken place some time in the cold wilds of the North. An Eskimo mother, with a babe, falls ill on the march, and cannot drag her sledge any further. She asks her companions to save her child and leave her to die. They make her a fire, leave her some food and water, and go on. She lives through the night in which it was thought she would die, and, coming to herself next day, regrets that she did not try to keep up with the tribe longer. Her fire is out, the water frozen, a wolf has eaten her: food, and she is alone. Sad, is it not? But it is wonderfully described by the poet through the eyes of the mind

BEFORE I see another day,
Oh let my body die away !
In sleep I heard the Northern gleams ;
The stars, they were among my dreams ;
In rustling conflict through the skies,
I heard, I saw the flashes drive ;
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive ;
Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away !

My fire is dead : it knew no pain ;
Yet is it dead, and I remain :
All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;
And they are dead, and I will die.
When I was well, I wished to live,
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire ;
But they to me no joy can give,
No pleasure now, and no desire.
Then here contented will I lie !
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on
Another day, a single one !
Too soon I yielded to despair ;
Why did ye listen to my prayer ?
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger ;
And oh, how grievously I rue,
That, afterwards, a little longer,
My friends, I did not follow you !
For strong and without pain I lay,
Dear friends, when ye were gone away.

My Child ! they gave thee to another,
A woman who was not thy mother.
When from my arms my babe they took,
On me how strangely did he look !
Through his whole body something ran :
A most strange working did I see ;
As if he strove to be a man,
That he might pull the sledge for me.
And then he stretched his arms, how wild !
Oh, mercy ! like a helpless child.

My little joy ! my little pride !
In two days more I must have died.
Then do not weep and grieve for me ;
I feel I must have died with thee.
O wind, that o'er my head art flying
The way my friends their course did bend,
I should not feel the pain of dying.
Could I with thee a message send ;
Too soon, my friends, ye went away ;
For I had many things to say.

I'll follow you across the snow ;
Ye travel heavily and slow ;
In spite of all my weary pain
I'll look upon your tents again.
My fire is dead, and snowy white
The water which beside it stood ;
The wolf has come to me to-night,
And he has stolen away my food.
For ever left alone am I ;
Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

Young as I am, my course is run,
I shall not see another sun ;
I cannot lift my limbs to know
If they have any life or no.
My poor forsaken Child, if I
For once could have thee close to me,
With happy heart I then would die,
And my last thought would happy be ;
But thou, dear Babe, art far away,
Nor shall I see another day.



NASEBY

To appreciate this vigorous battle poem, we must put ourselves in the place of the soldier who is supposed, by the writer of the poem, Lord Macaulay, to be describing the battle of Naseby, where Oliver Cromwell finally defeated Charles I. It is a sergeant of the Parliamentary Army, one Obadiah-bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-fetters-of-iron, who is speaking, and is telling how the Royalist cavalry leader, Prince Rupert, broke the left front of the Roundhead formation and shook the centre, but also how these temporary reverses were retrieved and the battle won by a charge of Cromwell's irresistible "Ironsides." No more breathless description of a battle from the inside has ever been written than that contained in verses five to nine—the charge, the shock, the confusion, the stern resistance, the overwhelming counter-charge. We here see the battle and its effects as they appeared to a passionate partisan of the fiercest Puritan type. We can feel these verses were written with a relish, and, indeed, Lord Macaulay was a very pronounced sympathiser with the Parliamentary side.

OH, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph
from the North,

With your hands, and your feet, and
your raiment all red ?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a
joyous shout ?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-
press which ye tread ?

Oh, evil was the root and bitter was the
fruit,

And crimson was the juice of the vintage
that we trod ;

For we trampled on the throng of the
haughty and the strong,

Who sate in the high places and slew
the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of
June

That we saw their banners dance, and
their cuirasses shine ;

And the Man of Blood was there, with his
long essenced hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and
Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible
and his sword,

The General rode along us to form us
to the fight,

When a murmuring sound broke out, and
swell'd into a shout,

Among the godless horsemen upon the
tyrant's right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on
the shore,

The cry of battle rises along their
charging line.

For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church !
for the Laws !

For Charles, King of England, and
Rupert of the Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his
clarions and his drums,

His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of
Whitehall ;

They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp
your pikes, close your ranks ;

For Rupert never comes but to conquer
or to fall.

They are here ! They rush on ! We are
broken ! We are gone !

Our left is borne before them like stubble
on the blast.

O Lord, put forth Thy might ! O Lord,
defend the right !

Stand back to back, in God's name,
and fight it to the last !

Stout Skippon hath a wound ; the centre
hath given ground.

Hark ! Hark ! What means the trampling
of horsemen on our rear ?

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he,
thank God, 'tis he, boys !

Bear up another minute ; brave Oliver
is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points
all in a row,

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a
deluge on the dykes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of
the Accurst,

And at a shock have scattered the forest
of his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe
nook to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot
on Temple Bar ;

And he—he turns, he flies ! Shame on
those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare
not look on war !

Ho, comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere
ye strip the slain,

First give another stab to make your
search secure ;

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their
broad-pieces and lockets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder
of the poor.

Where be your tongues that late mocked
at heaven and hell and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy
with your blades,

Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches
and your oaths,

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your
diamonds and your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre
 and the crown,
 With the Belial of the Court and the
 Mammon of the Pope!
 There is woe in Oxford Halls; there is wail
 in Durham's Stalls—
 The Jesuit smites his bosom, the Bishop
 rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her
 children's ills,
 And tremble when she thinks on the
 edge of England's sword;
 And the kings of earth, in fear, shall
 shudder when they hear
 What the hand of God hath wrought for
 the Houses and the Word.

DISARMAMENT

The time when Whittier, the American Quaker poet, wrote this appeal for peace was in 1871. France and Germany were the nations at war, and about half a million men had been killed or wounded. Can any nation afford to put away its weapons, trusting that it will remain unmolested? The poet thinks that is the Christian course which should be followed, that love will conquer hate; but few have such faith.

“**P**ut up the sword!” The voice of Christ
 once more

Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
 O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
 And left dry ashes; over trenches reaped
 With nameless dead; o'er cities starving
 slow

Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
 Down which a groaning diapason runs
 From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers,
 sons

Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
 Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
 O men and brothers, let that voice be heard.
 War fails, try peace; put up the useless
 sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told
 In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow
 cold,

And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
 With grave responses listening unto it:
 Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
 Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
 Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
 Whose awful voice the hills and forests
 shook.

“O son of peace,” the giant cried, “thy
 fate

Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to
 hate!”

The unarmed Buddha, looking, with no
 trace

Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
 In pity said, “Poor fiend, even thee I
 love!”

Lo! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank
 To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence
 shrank

Into the form and fashion of a dove;
 And where the thunder of its rage was
 heard,

Circling above him, sweetly sang the bird:
 “Hate hath no harm for love,” so ran the
 song;

“And peace unweaponed conquers every
 wrong!”

THE GREENWOOD

William Howitt, a pleasant and copious writer in the middle of the nineteenth century, who penned these verses in praise of the forest, was more of a bookman than a Nature-lover, as we may see by his wish that he could have a volume to pore over in the heart of the woods on a sunny day. Born in 1792, William Howitt died in the year 1879 after a busy life.

The greenwood! the greenwood! what
 bosom but allows

The gladness of the charm that dwells in
 thy pleasant, whispering boughs!

How often in this weary world I pine and
 long to flee,

And lay me down, as I was wont, under the
 greenwood tree!

The greenwood! the greenwood! to the
 bold and happy boy,

Thy realm of shades is a faëry-land of
 wonder and of joy.

Oh, for that flushness of the heart, that
 pure and vivid thrill,

As he listens to the woodland cries, and
 wanders at his will!

The youth delights through thy leafy gloom
 and thy winding walks to rove,

When his simple thought is snared and
 caught in the subtle webs of love:

Manhood, with high and restless hope, a
 spirit winged with flame,

Plans in thy bower his path to power, to
 affluence, or to fame.

The old man loves thee, when his soul
 dreams of the world no more,

But his heart is full of its gathered wealth,
 and he counts it o'er and o'er:

When his race is run, his prize is won, or
 lost, until the bound

Of the world unknown is overthrown, and
 his master-hope is crowned.

The greenwood! the greenwood! oh, be
 it mine to lie

In the depth of thy mossy solitude, when
 summer fills the sky!

With pleasant sounds and scents around, a
 tome of ancient lore,

And a pleasant friend with me to bend,
 and turn its pages o'er.

SOLDIER, REST!

This sweetly cadenced song was sung on Ellen's Isle in Loch Katrine, by the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," to charm to sleep a tired soldier. The reference is to deep slumber, and not to death. The bittern is a marsh-haunting bird that makes a drumming sound.

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! the warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping,
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near;
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadron's stamping.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

The writer of this breathlessly swift description of the ride of a Danish king to the bedside of his dying daughter was the Hon. Mrs. Norton, a lady who was very popular in society in the reign of George IV. and the early days of Queen Victoria. She was one of the writers who helped to rouse the country against the cruelty of causing children to work long hours in factories. The novelist George Meredith made her the heroine of his story "Diana of the Crossways."

WORD was brought to the Danish King
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would
bring;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!
Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were
burst;
But ride as they would, the King rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten one by one;

(Hurry!)

They have fainted, and faltered, and home-
ward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The King looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering
din,
Then he dropped, and only the King rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The King blew a blast on his bugle horn.
(Silence!)

No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold grey morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the King from that weary
ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while
dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.

The King returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to
check;

He bowed his head on his charger's neck.
"O, steed—that every nerve did strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT

This vigorous appeal to soldiers to fight bravely was written sixty years ago, but applies to the warfare of the present day—though it is doubtful if it is needed! Sailors fought in the olden times stripped to the waist. Grenville was one of the bravest of Queen Elizabeth's captains.

HURRAH! we grip the tyrant now,
And there's no heart so lowly,
But burns to strike a battle blow,
And win a cause so holy!
The brave look fearless in the eyes
Of Death, nor cry him quarter;
And grand promotion waits them, boys,
Who fall by land or water.

Now, sailors, fight your ships today,
As Grenville fought the Spaniard!
If battle's bloodiest game they play,
Have at them grip and poniard;
One thrilling shout for England, ho!
Then naked for the fight, men,
Dash in like fire upon the foe,
And God defend the right, men!

I AM THE ROCK

These vivid and powerful descriptions of the rock and the sea are written by an American lady, Charlotte Perkins Stetson. In this beautiful little poem she treats them as if they were persons. Each in turn speaks in comparative pride; but of course the sea holds the mastery, and the rock must surrender little by little to the air as well as to the sea. By comparison the transient race of man is spoken of lightly; but man is slowly conquering rock and sea.

I AM the Rock, presumptuous Sea!
I am set to encounter thee.
Angry and loud or gentle and still,
I am set here to limit thy power, and I will!

I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. From age to age
I scorn thy fury and dare thy rage.
Scarred by frost and worn by time,
Brown with weed and green with slime,
Thou may'st drench and defile me and
spit in my face,
But while I am here thou keep'st thy
place!

I am the Rock!

I am the Rock, beguiling Sea!
I know thou art fair as fair can be,
With golden glitter and silver sheen,
And bosom of blue and garments of
green.
Thou may'st pat my cheek with baby
hands,
And lap my feet in diamond sands,
And play before me as children play;
But plead as thou wilt, I bar the way!

I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. Black midnight falls;
The terrible breakers rise like walls;
With curling lips and gleaming teeth
They plunge and tear at my bones
beneath.

Year upon year they grind and beat
In storms of thunder and storms of
sleet—

Grind and beat and wrestle and tear,
But the rock they beat on is always there!

I am the Rock!



I AM THE SEA

I AM the Sea. I hold the land
As one holds an apple in his hand,
Hold it fast with sleepless eyes,
Watching the continents sink and rise.
Out of my bosom the mountains grow,
Back to its depths they crumble slow ;
The earth is a helpless child to me.
I am the Sea !

I am the Sea. When I draw back
Blossom and verdure follow my track,
And the land I leave grows proud and fair,
For the wonderful race of man is there ;
And the winds of heaven wail and cry
While the nations rise and reign and die,
Living and dying in folly and pain,
While the laws of the universe thunder
in vain.
What is the folly of man to me ?
I am the Sea !

I am the Sea. The earth I sway ;
Granite to me is potter's clay ;
Under the touch of my careless waves
It rises in turrets and sinks in caves ;
The iron cliffs that edge the land
I grind to pebbles and sift to sand,
And beach-grass bloweth and children
play
In what were the rocks of yesterday.
It is but a moment of sport to me.
I am the Sea !

I am the Sea. In my bosom deep
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty sleep ;
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty rise
In changing splendour of sunset skies,
And comfort the earth with rains and
snows
Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose.
Flower and forest and child of breath
With me have life—without me, death.
What if the ships go down in me ?
I am the Sea !



I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP DISTRESSED

These lines, tender and true, by Charles Mackay, tell their story plainly—to give of ourselves to others, our time, thought, care, and love, is a far greater gift than money, which may cost little.

I LAY in sorrow, deep distressed:
My grief a proud man heard;
His looks were cold, he gave me gold,
But not a kindly word,
My sorrow passed—I paid him back
The gold he gave to me;
Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,
And blessed his Charity.

I lay in want, in grief and pain:
A poor man passed my way;
He bound my head, he gave me bread,
He watched me night and day.
How shall I pay him back again,
For all he did to me?
Oh, gold is great, but greater far
Is heavenly Sympathy!

CLEAR THE WAY

A fine example of the manly, straightforward, marching style of that breezy song-maker, Charles Mackay! This inspiring faith in a bettered world has been felt by the finer spirits of every age. And it comes true. Rarely, however, does it come true exactly when and how it is expected. Progress does not sweep straight in like a flood, but laps round like a creeping tide. Charles Mackay sees it coming, and shouts an honest welcome.

MEN of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day;
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As we may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into grey;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!
Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer;
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

MY LITTLE DOLL

The poet can put himself in the place of anyone, even in the place of a little girl who has lost her doll. Does not the famous Charles Kingsley, in this tiny poem, tell us what this little girl would feel if she found her doll that had been lost?

ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world:
Her cheeks were so red and so white,
dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled,
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows,
dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL!

Some of the sacred songs of the Hebrews, contained in the Bible, are wonderful examples of pure, simple praise, gushing forth like the over-brimming of the heart. Besides their exalted piety, they are filled with a beauty and a majesty which give them rank with the world's choicest poetry. The quotation below is taken from a psalm called "A Psalm of David," but it is unlikely that he wrote it himself.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul!
And let all that is within me
Bless His holy name!
Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all His benefits;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness
And tender mercies.
Like as a father pitieth his children
So the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;
For He knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.

THE KING OF BEASTS AND A LITTLE CHILD

THE LITTLE GIRL LOST

IN the Southern clime,
Where the summer's prime
Never fades away
Lovely Lyca lay

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told ;
She had wandered long,
Hearing wild birds' song.

" Sweet sleep, come to me
Underneath this tree !
Do father, mother, weep ?
Where can Lyca sleep ?

" Lost in desert wild
Is your little child !
How can Lyca sleep
If her mother weep ?

" If her heart does ache
Then let Lyca wake.
If my mother sleep,
Lyca shall not weep.

" Frowning, frowning night,
O'er this desert bright,
Let thy moon arise
While I close my eyes ! "

Sleeping Lyca lay :
While the beasts of prey,
Come from caverns deep,
Viewed the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood,
And the virgin viewed :
Then he gambolled round,
O'er the hallowed ground.

Leopards, tigers, play
Round her as she lay ;
While the lion old
Bowed his mane of gold,

And did her bosom lick ;
And upon her neck
From his eyes of flame
Ruby tears there came.

While the lioness
Loosed her slender dress ;
And naked they conveyed
To caves the sleeping maid.

THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND

ALL the night in woe
Lyca's parents go
Over valleys deep
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,
Hoarse with making moan,
Arm-in-arm seven days
They traced the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep
Among the shadows deep,
And dream they see their
child
Starved in desert wild.

Pale through pathless ways
The fancied image strays,
Famished, weeping, weak,
With hollow, piteous shriek.

Rising from unrest
The trembling woman pressed
With feet of weary woe :
She could no further go.

In his arms he bore
Her, armed with sorrow sore ;
Till before their way
A couching lion lay.

Turning back was vain :
Soon his heavy mane
Bore them to the ground ;
Then he stalked around,

Smelling to his prey ;
But their fears allay,
When he licks their hands,
And silent by them stands.

They look upon his eyes,
Filled with deep surprise ;
And, wondering, behold
A spirit armed in gold.

On his head a crown :
On his shoulders down
Flowed his golden hair !
Gone was all their care.

" Follow me," he said ;
" Weep not for the maid ;
In my palace deep
Lyca lies asleep."

Then they followed
Where the vision led,
And saw their sleeping child
Among the tigers wild.

To this day they dwell
In a lonely dell ;
Nor fear the wolfish howl,
Nor the lion's growl.

WILLIAM BLAKE



"THEY SAW THEIR SLEEPING CHILD AMONG THE TIGERS WILD"

THE LITTLE VOICE IN THE CROWD

This poem, translated from the French of Victor Hugo, gives us the picture of one of the terrible scenes that occurred during the days of the Commune in Paris, after the Germans had captured the city. The poem tells the thrilling story of how a little boy saved his father from a furious mob.

The mob was fierce and furious. They cried :
" Kill him ! " the while they pressed
from every side

Around a man, haughty, unmoved, and brave,
Too pitiless himself to pity crave.

" Down with the wretch ! " on all sides rose
the cry.

The captive found it natural to die :
The game is lost—he's on the weaker side,
Life too is lost, and so must fate decide.

From out his home they drag him to the
street,
With fiercely clenching hands and hurrying
feet,

The captive answered. And with fiercest
breath,
Leading their guns, his captors still cried,
" Death ! "

" We'll shoot him like a wolf ! " " A wolf
am I ?
Then you're the dogs," he calmly made reply

" Hark, he insults us ! " And from every
side
Clenched fists were shaken, angry voices
cried,
Ferocious threats were muttered, deep and
low.

With gall upon his lips, gloom on his brow,
And in his eyes a gleam of baffled hate,
He went, pursued by howlings, to his fate,
Treading with wearied and supreme disdain
'Midst forms of dead men he perchance had
slain.
Dread is that human storm, an angry crowd ;



And shouts of " Death to him ! " The
crimson stain
Of recent carnage on his garb showed plain.

This man was one of those who blindly slay
At a king's bidding. He'd shot men all the
day,
Killing he knew not whom, he scarce knew
why ;
Now marching forth impassible to die,
Incapable of mercy or of fear,
Letting his powder-blackened hands appear.

A woman clutched his collar, with a frown :
" He's a policeman—he has shot us down ! "

" That's true," the man said. " Kill him ! "
" Shoot ! " " Kill ! "
" No ; at the Arsenal "—" The Bastille ! "
" Where you will,"

He braved its wrath with head erect and
proud ;

He was not taken, but walled in with foes ;
He hated them with hate the vanquished
knows ;

He would have shot them all had he the
power.

" Kill him—he's fired upon us for an hour ! "
" Down with the murderer—down with the
spy ! "

And suddenly a small voice made reply,
" No—no, he is my father ! " And a ray
Like to a sunbeam seemed to light the day.
A child appeared, a boy with golden hair,
His arms upraised in menace or in prayer.

All shouted, " Shoot the bandit, fell the spy ! "
The little fellow clasped him with a cry
Of " Papa, papa, they'll not hurt you now ! "
The light baptismal shone upon his brow.

From out the captive's home had come the child.

Meanwhile the shrieks of "Kill him—Death!" rose wild.

The cannon to the tocsin's voice replied,
Sinister men thronged close on every side,
And, in the street, ferocious shouts increased
Of "Slay each spy—each minister—each priest—
We'll kill them all!" The little boy replied:
"I tell you this is papa." One girl cried,
"A pretty fellow—see his curly head!"
"How old are you, my boy?" another said.

"Do not kill papa!" only he replies.
A soulful lustre lights his streaming eyes.

Some glances from his gaze are turned away,
And the rude hands less fiercely grasp their prey.

Then one of the most pitiless says, "Go—
Get you home, boy." "Where—why?"
"Don't you know?"

Go to your mother." Then the father said,
"He has no mother." "What—his mother's
dead?"

Then you are all he has?" "That matters
not,"

The captive answers, losing not a jot
Of his composure as he closely pressed
The little hands to warm them in his breast,
And says, "Our neighbour Catherine, you
know,
Go to her." "You'll come, too?" "Not
yet." "No, no.
Then I'll not leave you." "Why?" "These
men, I fear,
Will hurt you, papa, when I am not here."

The father to the chieftain of the band
Says softly, "Loose your grasp and take my
hand.

I'll tell the child to-morrow we shall meet,
Then you shall shoot me in the nearest
street,

Or farther off, just as you like." "'Tis
well!"

The words from those rough lips reluctant
fell.

And, half unclasped, the hands less fierce
appear.

The father says, "You see, we're all friends
here.

I'm going with these gentlemen to walk.
Go home. Be good. I have no time to talk."
The little fellow, reassured and gay,
Kisses his father, and then runs away.

"Now he is gone, and we are at our ease,
And you can kill me where and how you
please,"

The father says. "Where is it I must go?"
Then through the crowd a long thrill seems
to flow.

The lips, so late with cruel wrath afoam,
Relentingly and roughly cry, "Go home!"

THE FARMER'S BOY

This is one of the genuine poems of the people. It is regularly sung as the most popular of songs at country festivities in England. No ploughing-match dinner, for example, would be complete unless someone, generally an old farmer, sang this poem of work and love to a tune as simple as the words. It is a poem, with the essence of romance in it, that lives not in books but in the hearts and memories of the people. No one knows who wrote it.

THE sun went down behind yon hill, across
yon dreary moor;
Weary and lame, a boy there came up to the
farmer's door;
"Can you tell me if any there be that will give me
employ,
For to plough and sow, for to reap and mow, and
be a farmer's boy?"

"My father's dead and mother's left with her five
children small;
And what is worse for my mother still, I'm the
oldest of them all;

Though little I am, I fear no work, if you'll give
me employ,
For to plough and sow, for to reap and mow, and
be a farmer's boy.

"And if that you won't me employ, one favour
I've to ask,
Will you shelter me till the break of day from this
cold winter's blast?"

At the break of day I'll trudge away, elsewhere to
seek employ,
For to plough and sow, for to reap and mow, and
be a farmer's boy."

The farmer said: "I'll try the lad, no farther let
him seek,"

"Oh, yes! dear father," the daughter said, while
tears ran down her cheek;

"For them that will work it's hard to want, and
wander for employ,
For to plough and sow, for to reap and mow, and
be a farmer's boy."

At length the boy became a man, the good old
farmer died;

He left the lad the farm he had, and his daughter
to be his bride;

And now the lad a farmer is, and he smiles and
thinks with joy,

Of the lucky day, when he came that way, to be a
farmer's boy.

NIGHT AND DEATH

Coleridge said of this poem that it is "the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language." The writer of it did not write anything else that will endure, but these fourteen lines will always keep the name of Blanco White in men's memories. He was born in Spain in 1775; went to England to preach and to write in 1810, and died in 1841. The comparisons in the poem between Day and our present Life, between limitless Night and the wider Life beyond death, are as striking as they are poetical.

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed

Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG

In this song Joanna Baillie, a Scottish author, makes us feel as we should if we were in a fisherman's boat on a dark, wild night; but fishermen themselves take "the lashing waves" as a matter of course.

No fish stir in our heaving net,
And the sky is dark and the night is wet;

And we must ply the lusty oar,
For the tide is ebbing from the shore;
And sad are they whose faggots burn,
So kindly stored for our return.

Our boat is small, and the tempest raves,
And naught is heard but the lashing waves
And the sullen roar of the angry sea
And the wild winds piping drearily;
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
We'll bless our blazing hearths again.

Push bravely, mates! Our guiding star
Now from its towerlet streameth far,
And now along the nearing strand,
See, swiftly moves yon flaming brand;
Before the midnight watch be past
We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

HOPE

All man's future is built on hope. This great fact of life, often unrealised, is expanded and illustrated in this useful verse.

In hope a king doth go to war;
In hope a lover lives full long;
In hope a merchant sails full far;
In hope just men do suffer wrong.
In hope the ploughman sows his seed:
Thus hope helps thousands at their need.
Then faint not, heart, among the rest;
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

THE DEATH OF FOX

This poem gives us the thoughts of William Wordsworth, the great "Lake" poet, on the night when Charles James Fox, a popular statesman of that generation, was dying. Wordsworth was walking in the Vale of Grasmere, usually so peaceful, but now resounding with the down-rush of many streams after a heavy storm. "The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steeps" was his description at another time. It seemed to him that the whole scene suited the passing from earth of the spirit of a great man.

Loud is the Vale: the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms
are gone;
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, One!

Loud is the Vale; this inland depth
In peace is roaring like the sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load!
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the mighty pass away
What is it more than this,

That man who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH

This is a hearty Christmas call, by Charles Mackay, to a renewal of friendship and a revival of family feeling. Christmas is pictured as a time for the forgiveness of past differences and a beginning of new hopes; and it is this spirit that has made that season dear.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed.
Come gather here.

Let sinned against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;

And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old love and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'erburthened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow;
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly bough.

VIRTUE

George Herbert, who wrote these lines, was, like his contemporary Herrick, a clergyman of the Church of England in the early seventeenth century. He died at the age of 40, in 1633. He was as serious as Herrick was bright, and his thoughtful verses are often given a humorous quaintness because of their artificial character. He was fond of making up what are called "conceits"—that is, comparisons of a forced or overdone kind, such as calling spring a "box" of sweets. But his poems contain much good sense and sincere piety, often powerfully expressed even when they are odd.

SWEET day, so cool, so bright, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives,
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE CLIFF-TOP

Dr. Robert Bridges, the writer of this charming poem and many others equally delightful, lives near Oxford, his old university. He was born in 1844, and has varied life as a successful doctor by some of the sweetest and most scholarly writings of our day. The poet here, we see, lies on a cliff-top watching earth and sea and sky, while the ocean and a cloud talk of one who is loved. Says the ocean, "If I were a cloud I would find my love and lavish my gifts on her;" and the cloud replies, "If I were the ocean I would tempt her by my quiet beauty to spend a summer on my waters." But neither cloud nor ocean could have its wish, for a rough wind blew the cloud away and made the ocean fling itself hoarsely against the cliff. Why not make the best of what we are?

THE cliff-top has a carpet
Of lilac, gold, and green :
The blue sky bounds the ocean,
The white clouds scud between.

A flock of gulls are wheeling
And wailing round my seat ;
Above my head the heaven,
The sea beneath my feet.

THE OCEAN

WERE I a cloud I'd gather
My skirts up in the air
And fly I well know whither
And rest I well know where.

As pointed the star surely,
The legend tells of old,
Where the wise kings might offer
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold.

Above the house I'd hover
Where dwells my love, and wait
Till haply I might spy her
Throw back the garden gate.

There in the summer evening
I would bedeck the moon,
I would float down and screen her
From the sun's rays at noon.

And if her flowers should languish,
Or wither in the drought,
Upon her tall white lilies
I'd pour my heart's blood out :

So if she wore one only,
And shook not out the rain,
Were I a cloud, O cloudlet,
I had not lived in vain.

THE CLOUD

BUT were I thou, O ocean,
I would not chafe and fret
As thou, because a limit
To thy desires is set.

I would be blue, and gentle,
Patient, and calm, and see
If my smiles might not tempt her,
My love, to come to me.

I'd make my depths transparent
And still, that she should lean
O'er the boat's edge, to ponder
The sights that swam between.

I would command strange creatures,
Of bright hue and quick fin,
To stir the water near her,
And tempt her bare arm in.

I'd teach her spend the summer
With me : and I can tell
That, were I thou, O ocean,
My love should love me well.

But on the mad cloud scudded,
The breeze it blew so stiff ;
And the sad ocean bellowed,
And pounded at the cliff.

RHYMED MAXIMS

George Herbert, the Puritan poet, followed a fashion of his day and built up carefully short moralisings in rhyme. They were sensible and quaint, though sometimes far-fetched. Here are examples about reading the Bible in the morning, being generous, praying at night, refraining from fault-finding, and cultivating humility. Our forefathers greatly admired such pithy sayings.

WHO read a chapter when they rise
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

Who shuts his hand has lost his gold :
Who opens it hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise,

BLOSSOMS

Robert Herrick, the town-loving poet of country scenes, wrote of flowers as they gladdened his eye, and not as science shows them to us. We know now that the blossoms, fair in themselves, gain their truest beauty from being a stage in a continuous life.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

This famous poem was written by an American author named George Pope Morris, who was famous in his day as America's most popular song-writer. Morris was born in 1802, and although he was a brigadier-general, most of his life was devoted to the peaceful arts of poetry and editing magazines and books. He died in 1864, but his name will be long remembered for this touching and sympathetic poem.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.
That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down!
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!
When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.
My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot,
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

OVER THE HILLS

We have, in these American verses, three pictures of stages in life—first, the boy's brave dreaming of noble deeds; then the strong man's stern ambition while he is striving eagerly, too busy to think; and afterwards the old man's regret if he has not been faithful to what was best in his early dreams. Unless we learn the lesson of this little poem and act up to it, our lives, too, may end in sadness.

OVER the hills and far away
A little boy steals from his morn-
ing's play,
And under the blossoming apple-tree
He lies and he dreams of the things to be;
Of battles fought and of victories won,
Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds
done,
Of the valour that he shall prove some day,
Over the hills and far away—
Over the hills and far away!
Over the hills and far away
It's, oh, for the toil the livelong day!
But it mattered not to the soul aflame
With a love for riches and power and
fame.
On, oh, man! while the sun is high—
On to the certain joys that lie
Yonder where blazeth the noon of day.
Over the hills and far away—
Over the hills and far away!
Over the hills and far away
An old man lingers at close of day;
Now that his journey is almost done,
His battles fought and his victories won—
The old time honesty and truth,
The truthfulness and the friends of youth,
Home and mother—where are they?
Over the hills and far away—
Over the hills and far away!

THE GOLDEN HEADS

In these few lines Miriam S. Clark, an American lady, tells us, with true poetic feeling, how flowers, like men and women, pass from golden youth to silvered age, with changes in their beauty.

I KNOW not how it happened—
But when I looked out at dawn,
A merry troop of golden heads
Were playing on the lawn;
And, laughing with the summer breeze
Who chanced to linger there,
Were begging him for strings of dew
To bind upon their hair.
I know not how it happens—
But youth must surely pass,
As certainly and silently
As wind across the grass;
And now, where golden locks were seen
Beyond the garden beds,
A gentle group of grandmas sit
With placid, silver heads.

WHAT GRANDMA SAYS

An American writer named George Cooper has composed some very pretty poems for children, and we give this example. The lines that follow tell in the tenderest way how the thoughts of old people travel back to their childhood, and they sympathise with children of the present day through recollection of their own childish joys. Young people and old together make a charming picture.

THOSE were wonderful days of long ago,
Grandmother says, and she must
know.

There was quilting to do the whole year
round—

The length and the breadth of those quilts
astound;

Then summers were nicer far than these,
Apples were larger, so were trees—
Grandma says.

The manners of folks were more polite,
Winters less cold, and flowers more bright,
And churning and work went on all day—
Nobody could have stopped to play.
Now, where were the little children then?
For girls were all women, boys all men—
Grandma says.

Do you think they had then discovered
toys,

Or ever had games and other joys?
And as for a shout or a romp, I'm sure
That would not have suited folks demure.
They never had any time for fun;
Everyone knitted, darned, or spun—
Grandma says.

Now, it puzzled me once all this to hear,
Till one day I brought to Grandma dear
A doll that I'd found, so queer and old,
Its body its limbs could scarcely hold.
She took it up tenderly, and smiled—
"It's Betsy Maria Matilda, child!"
Grandma said.

Then she smoothed down its ragged frock,
and told

Of playtimes in those good days of old;
A far-away look came in her eyes,
That beamed with the mildness of twilight
skies.

But why did she weep if she was glad?
"The prettiest doll I ever had!"
Grandma said.

HARK, HARK, THE LARK

This beautiful song is taken from *Cymbeline*, one of Shakespeare's plays. Phœbus is the sun.

HARK, Hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise.

THE OBSTACLE

The familiar style of these verses must not cause us to overlook their sound sense. If we go right on and do not take any notice of people's prejudices, they will often disappear as if they were not there, though they can never be argued out of the way. The writer is Mrs. Gilman, an American author and lecturer, better known as Charlotte Perkins Stetson. She is a niece of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and these verses are from a book called "In This Our World."

I WAS climbing up a mountain path,
With many things to do—
Important business of my own,
And other people's, too;
When I ran against a prejudice
That quite shut out the view.

My work was such as couldn't wait,
My path quite clearly showed;
My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load—
And there that hulking prejudice
Sat, all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high;
I begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by.
He smiled—but as for moving,
He didn't even try.

So then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule;
My time was short, no other path,
The mountain winds were cool.
I argued like a Solomon—
He sat there like a fool.

And then I begged him on my knees—
I might be kneeling still
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obstinate ill-will.
As well implore the Monument
To vacate Bunker Hill.

So I sat before him helpless
In an ecstasy of woe;
The mountain mists were rising fast.
The sun was sinking low . . .
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair—
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air—
And I walked directly through him
As if he wasn't there.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY

Quite a number of the world's best-known poems have been written by authors who only wrote one or two fine pieces. This poem is an instance. Its author, Horace Smith (1779—1849), was a very active writer, but he produced nothing else that is as impressive as these fine resounding verses. An Italian excavator named Belzoni had brought mummies from Egypt to show in a museum of antiquities, and here we get the inquiring thoughts of Horace Smith as he looked at one of the embalmed figures. The poem rises at its close to a stately eloquence. A feature of it is the skill with which romantic, high-sounding names are woven into the lines, an art in which great poets of olden times excelled.

AND thou has walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's street three thousand years ago;
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy—

Thou hast a tongue; come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground,
Mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh and limbs and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played?

Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass:

Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled or knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that History's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still, silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? Then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house!
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror,
Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold;
A heart has throbbled beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled.
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !

Imperishable type of evanescence !

Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow
bed,

And standest undecayed within our
presence,

Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment-
morning,

When the great Trump shall thrill thee with
its warning !

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?

Oh, let us keep the *soul* embalmed and pure
In living virtue ; that, when both must
sever,

Although corruption may our frame con-
sume,

The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

READY

These verses describe an incident which occurred dur-
ing the Civil War. It shows that the black man is as
capable of heroism as the white man. The writer,
Phoebe Cary, died in 1871. She wrote several books
of poems, and one of her hymns, "One sweetly sol-
emn thought," is known in all lands.

LOADED with gallant soldiers,
A boat shot into the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point,
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gaily, they came to shore,
And never a man afraid ;
When the enemy suddenly opened fire
From his deadly ambushade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
Of the boat ; and the captain said :
" If we lie here, we all are captured,
And the first who moves is dead ! "

Then out spoke a negro sailor,
No slavish soul had he ;
" Somebody's got to die, boys,
And it might as well be me ! "

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
Stepped out into the tide ;
He pushed the vessel safely off,
Then fell across her side.

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
As the boat swung clear and free—
But there was not a man of them that day
Who was fitter to die than he.

OLD IRONSIDES

The romance of an old warship sets every heart vibrating. In these verses Oliver Wendell Holmes describes his feelings when it was proposed to sell the famous Constitution, which had so often been victorious that she was called "Old Ironsides." He tells us that rather than see her sold and broken up, he would like to nail her flag to the mast and set her afloat, to find her grave in the mighty deep. His protest saved her from destruction.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O, better that her shattered hulk,
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

TO THE ADVENTUROUS

This sonnet was written by John Keats when he first read Chapman's translation of Homer's poems. It is perhaps best remembered—though all of it is beautiful—by the striking tableau with which it closes. The "realms of gold" held in fealty to Apollo, the god of poetry, are the books of verse that Keats had read before he read Homer. But Homer seemed so illimitably more spacious than the other poets that the poet likens his feeling on reading him to that of an astronomer discovering a new planet, or to the Spanish adventurers struck dumb with astonishment when, like Drake, they first saw the vast Pacific Ocean from the Isthmus of Panama.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of
gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his
demesne :
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

LITTLE BELL

This poem, beautiful in its tenderness, tells how a loving heart can give us such kinship with wild, free things that the birds themselves return it. It is so. There are people like this girl, "Little Bell," who have so much sympathy with birds that the birds will let them stroke them on their nests. True love extends to all God's creatures; and the poem says that towards people who are full of kindness God's angels are particularly kind. The writer of the verses was Thomas Westwood, who was born about 1818 and died in 1888.

PIPED the Blackbird, on the beechwood
spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
"What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name? Oh, stop and straight
unfold,
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold!"
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks.
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the Gaybird piped—you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird;
Full of quips and wiles.
Now so round and rich, now so soft and
slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out, freely, o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the
glade
Peeped the Squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree,
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of
fear,
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might
hear—
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
"Squirrel, Squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes.
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drops, one by one—
Hark! how Blackbird pipes to see the
fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny Blackbird, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
Ah, the merry three!

And the while those frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough
again,

'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice, to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, oh, very low and soft,
Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel
fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels'
care;

Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love deep and kind
Shall watch round and leave good gifts
behind,

Little Bell, for thee."

STAY AT HOME, MY HEART

Often the poets try to express one mood or flush of feeling in a few verses. That indeed is a true lyric. Here Longfellow gives us the stay-at-home feeling which everyone must have known at times if his home has been happy. Of course, this is only the picture of a mood of the mind that will pass away, for much of life must lie outside the home, and the mind must have free range.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON

In very few poems is a comparison carried through so consistently and completely as in this likening of the course of our lives to the knitting of a stocking—a simple, homely theme, but touched throughout, in these verses, with a lovely tenderness and unrelenting truth. The writer is Ellen A. Jewett.

THE supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time, so long ago,
When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been
sweeter then
Than now in its rich content.
The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the golden hair is grey ; [eyes
But the light that shone in the young girl's
Never has gone away.
And her needles catch the firelight,
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves,
Shaping the stocking toe.
And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they shall have ere long.
But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart tonight ;
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.
" Life is a stocking," grandma says,
" And yours is just begun .
And I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.
" With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play ;
Some are gay-coloured, and some are white,
And some are ashen grey.
" But most are made of many hues,
With many a stitch set wrong ;
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.
" There are long, plain spaces, without a
That in life are hard to bear ; [break,
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.
" But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."
The children came to say good-night,
With tears in their bright young eyes,
But in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.

THE PET DOG AT THE DOOR

In these sweet and simple lines, the poet, E. D. Farrar, has very tenderly suggested the feeling that stirs in the heart of a faithful house-dog doing its duty in loving obedience.

THE younger brethren of your house,
We guard the door ;
And serve our elder god-like kin
With hard-won lore.
Your human speech we cannot frame—
You call us dumb—
Yet eloquent the eye and ear
That know you come.



For love can bridge the gulf that yawns
'Twixt us today,
And bid us share each other's joy
Each in his way.

TO A NINE-INCH GUN

This poem came one morning to a New York newspaper office on a crumpled piece of soiled paper. It was signed "P. F. McCarthy," and the author's address was given as "Fourth Bench, City Hall Park." It is terribly true.

WHETHER your shell hits the target or not,
Your cost is five hundred dollars a shot.
You thing of noise and flame and power,
We feed you a hundred barrels of flour
Each time you roar. Your flame is fed
With twenty thousand loaves of bread.
Silence ! A million hungry men
Seek bread to fill their mouths again.

HOW THE KING WENT TO WAR

These verses are from a Russian poem. They are sung by Mr. Robert Radford, an English singer, who has a love of poetry, too, for he himself made this translation, which tells with sad truth how the supposed glories of war are won by the sufferings of men to whom no glory comes, but only death.

WHEN the king went forth to war,
To a foreign land afar,
The clarion trumpets bravely sang—
While helmets flashed and weapons rang.

When the serf went forth to war,
To a foreign land afar,
His unreaped corn with rustling breath
Seemed whispering to him of death.

Now the battle rages near,
Death is stalking everywhere.
'Mid the fire and smoke are groaning men
Beaten to earth, never to rise again.

The battle o'er—the trumpets sound;
Lies the serf with mortal wound.

But the king returns in pomp and pride,
With his banners waving far and wide.
Shout the folk with joyous lay,
As the victor wends his way;
And the bells crash out from every tower
Their welcome in this glorious hour.

But the serf lies cold in death,
Moans the wind with trembling breath;
O'er his lonely grave the sweet bluebell
Bows its head and rings his funeral knell.

I WOULD LIKE YOU FOR A COMRADE

Judge Parry, judge of Lambeth County Court in London, is the clever author of rhymes for children, as well as books and plays for their elders. These pretty lines show how hard it is for quite dissimilar creatures to make their kindness for each other understood.

I WOULD like you for a comrade, for I
love you, that I do,
I never met a little girl as amiable as you;
I would teach you how to dance and sing,
and how to talk and laugh,
If I were not a little girl and you were
not a calf.

I would like you for a comrade; you
should share my barley meal,
And butt me with your little horns just
hard enough to feel;
We would lie beneath the chestnut-trees,
and watch the leaves uncurl,
If I were not a clumsy calf and you a little
girl.

OLD GRIMES

Here Albert Gordon Greene gives a description in rhyme of a very old-fashioned gentleman of days now forgotten. That the verses are American can be seen by the use of three characteristic words—"some" in the second verse, "pantaloons" for breeches in the third verse, and "town-meeting" in the sixth. It would, perhaps, be a good exercise to try to draw a portrait of this old gentleman.

OLD Grimes is dead; that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long, black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to grey,
He wore it in a queue.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbours he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

THE RAINBOW

This pretty fancy, so gracefully expressed, is by Thomas Campbell, the Scottish poet who never wrote in the Scottish tongue.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fills the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

FAREWELL

It would be possible to make quite a considerable selection of the poetry of farewell. In this case it is Sir Walter Scott who is telling how a man-of-war's officer is tenderly bidding good-bye to his lady-love, and the poet dramatically contrasts the softness of that scene with the boisterousness that will follow when the ship is far away, encountering the dangers of tempest and battle.

FAREWELL! Farewell! The voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you;
Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling check
Must give the word, above the storm,
To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,
The hand that shook when pressed to thine
Must point the guns upon the chase,
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,
Honour or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

The writing of poetry for music is a special art sometimes attained by those who do not write poetry seriously in any other form. The popular song "Kathleen Mavourneen" is a charming example of poetical sentiment so expressed as to lend itself to a musical setting. It is a poem of parting, with an unmistakable Irish glamour—vague, sad, and wistful. Anna Crawford was the writer. The word "mavourneen" means, in the Irish language, "darling."

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN, the gray dawn
is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the
hill;
The lark from her bright wing the light dew
is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen, what, slumbering
still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must
sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we
must part?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever;
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my
heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy
slumbers!
The blue mountains glow with the sun's
golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on
thy numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my
night.

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are
falling,

To think that from Erin and thee I
must part;
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of
my heart?

WINTER

In the bleak North the coming of winter is a sore trial to all except the most hardy. This feeling is reflected strongly in Sir Walter Scott's description of the approach of winter. Notice how wisely the colours are chosen for the picture. Earth and air, plant and animal life, and even the merry, mischievous children are called upon to contribute to the sense of desolation that comes with the gathering cold, and is relieved only by the promise of spring.

NO longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed;
No more beneath the evening beam
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam.

Away hath passed the heather-bell
That bloomed so rich on Needpath Fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare,
Are now the sister heights of Yair.

The sheep before the pinching heaven
To sheltered dale and down are driven;
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines.

In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky;
The shepherd shifts his mantle fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold.

His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower.

Their summer gambols tell and mourn,
And anxious ask—"Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn
spray?"

Yes, prattlers, yes—the daisy's flower
Again will paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie.

The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round;
And while you frolic, light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

HOAR-FROST

William Howitt, who was a great lover of natural beauty, thus sketched the vision of loveliness that comes out of the air with the early morning frost and vanishes before the sun.

WHAT dream of beauty ever equalled this !
What bands from Faëryland have
sallied forth,
With snowy foliage from the abundant
North,
With imagery from the realms of bliss !
What visions of my boyhood do I miss
That here are not restored ! All splendours
pure,
All loveliness, all graces that allure ;
Shapes that amaze ; a paradise that is—
Yet was not—will not in few moments be :
Glory from nakedness, that playfully
Mimics with passing life each summer boon ;
Clothing the ground—replenishing the tree ;
Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon ;
Still as a dream—and like a dream to flee !

THE REVIEW OF THE VICTIMS

This vision of a ghostly review by Napoleon of the men who died in many lands because of his passion for war was pictured by Alaric A. Watts, a poet and journalist of the middle of the nineteenth century. Napoleon standing with *toideu* arms, while his Guards dash past, is a familiar picture to all of us. A dark and stormy midnight, with the moon showing at intervals through rifts in the clouds, is just the time when one could imagine a gathering of the soldiers, who had died in the wars, for review by their old-time commander.

IT was the dead midnight ;
No star was in the sky ;
The struggling moon shed a troubled light,
As she won her way on high ;
And deepest silence hung,
Like a garment, o'er the land ;
When a loud and shrill revêille rung
From a grisly drummer's hand !
It rolled through the startled space—
That wild, unearthly sound ;
Till the martyred dead of a doomed race
Uprose, and crowded round.
From the sleeping city near ;
From the warm and genial South ;
From the sands of Egypt's deserts drear ;
From the Danube's stormy mouth ;
From the ice-realms of the North ;
From devoted Moscow's plain ;
Trooped the might of armed thousands
forth
To that stirring call again !
From the depths of Indian seas ;
From the Tyrol's hills of blue ;
From the base of the snowy Pyrenees ;
From the " deadly Waterloo."
For many a far-off land,
And many a wandering wave,
Had heard that stern and loud command,
And had yielded up its brave !

The trumpet's peal is blown ;
Those scattered hosts combine ;
And the soldier-slaves of the iron crown
Arise and make their sign !

On shadowy chargers mounted,
With swords uplifted high,
From battlefields uncounted,
The Imperial Guards draw nigh !

With folded arms he stands,
As they pass him in review ;
And sadly he looks on those gallant bands,
As he thinks on Waterloo !

They shout no *vivas* now
For the chieftain once so dear ;
But curses deep, though murmured low,
Alone salute his ear.

He strains his glance to look
Beyond that grisly train ;
What doth he see but a barren rock,
A vulture, and a chain !

The drum hath ceased to roll,
That despot's dreams are o'er :
And the conflicts of his stormy soul,
Are stilled for evermore !

His empires all are gone ;
His trappings, once so proud ;
A rock-bound grave is his only throne ;
His kingly robe a shroud !

And he, whose dread commands
To millions once were doom,
Hath claimed, at length, from alien hands,
A lone, unhonoured tomb !

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

This song is an adaptation by Robert Burns from an old song that was not half so sweet. We can feel the poet's admiration and love pulsing in every line. "For fear my jewel tine" means for fear it be lost. "Warstle" means "wrestle."

SHE is a handsome wee thing,
She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't,
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

TO THE LESSER CELANDINE

William Wordsworth, the great poet, knew and delighted in the flowers, and here he tells us with great simplicity of one of his favourites—the lesser celandine. He loves it because of its modesty, and because its cheering presence penetrates everywhere without intrusion. The poet pretends to be jealous of more pushing and obtrusive plants, but that is only the poet's pleasant humour. Really, Wordsworth loved them all.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star ;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout !
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower !—I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf,
Bold and lavish of thyself ;
Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know ;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !
Travel with the multitude :
Never heed them ; I aver
That they all are wanton woors ;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home ;
Spring is coming, thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane ; there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours !
Buttercups that will be seen,

Whether we will see or no ;
Others, too, of lofty mien ;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill requited upon earth ;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love !

A CHILD'S FANCY

The genuine lover of Nature feels just such a spirit of companionship with the flowers, birds, and streams as is expressed in these verses, which are supposed to be by a child, who attributes to the things about her the feeling she has for them. So far as animals are concerned, the fancy, no doubt, is sometimes true, but we can hardly believe that flowers share our feelings.

O LITTLE flowers, you love me so,
You could not do without me ;
O little birds that come and go,
You sing sweet songs about me ;
O little moss, observed by few,
That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you,
When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river side,
You bow when I come near you ;
O fish, you leap about with pride,
Because you think I hear you ;
O river, you shine clear and bright,
To tempt me to look in you ;
O water-lilies, pure and white,
You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things, you love me so,
I see I must not leave you ;
You'd find it very dull, I know,
I should not like to grieve you.
Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss ;
My flowers, you need not shiver ;
My little buds, don't look so cross ;
Don't talk so loud, my river.

And I will make a promise, dears,
That will content you, maybe ;
I'll love you through the happy years,
Till I'm a nice old lady.
True love (like yours and mine), they say,
Can never think of ceasing,
But year by year, and day by day,
Keeps steadily increasing.

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR

Robert Burns, the poet, was ruined and in despair, partly through his own wild conduct, and he determined to leave Scotland for Jamaica. On his way to Greenock, where the ship was to start, he wrote this farewell song. To get money for his voyage he had published a book of poems. Finding they were a great success, he changed his mind, and did not leave the country. Notice how he makes all the aspects of Nature which he describes express the tumult of grief raging within him. The name Coila means a district in Ayrshire, where, according to tradition, a Pictish king, Coilus, once reigned.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast ;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;



ROBERT BURNS

The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure ;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn,
By early winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear !

But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound ;
Those bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her healthy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare ;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr !

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

Robert Burns wrote this song to set the chorus, which is much older than his time. He tries to give the winter feeling of bitter rawness more clearly than it is felt in the chorus.

CAULD blows the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairy ;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chattering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

A NIGHT-RAIN IN SUMMER

This scrap of the poetry of the open window was written by Leigh Hunt in days when people did not know the greatness of the gift of fresh air. The old word "coil" meant noise or tumult, but the line in which it occurs here is obscure. Leigh Hunt was a graceful writer, living in the nineteenth century.

OPEN the window, and let the air
Freshly blow upon face and hair,
And fill the room, as it fills the night,
With the breath of the rain's sweet might.
Hark ! the burthen, swift and prone !
And how the odorous limes are blown !
Stormy Love's abroad, and keeps
Hopeful coil for gentle sleeps.

Not a blink shall burn tonight
In my chamber, of sordid light ;
Nought will I have, not a window-pane,
'Twixt me and the air and the great good
rain,
Which ever shall sing me sharp lullabies ;
And God's own darkness shall close mine
eyes ;
And I will sleep, with all things blest,
In the pure earth-shadows of natural rest.

REGRET

"Go forward boldly, wasting no time on vain regrets," is the lesson of this delicate poem. The writer is Christina Rossetti, sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Here she writes like a painter, for we see the picture she draws as we read.

THERE is a haunting phantom called Regret,
A shadowy creature robed somewhat like woe,
But fairer in the face, whom all men know
By her sad mien, and eyes for ever wet.

No heart would seek her, but, once having met,
All take her hand, and to and fro
They wander through those paths of long ago,
Those shadowed ways 'twere wiser to forget.

One day she led me to that lost land's gate,
And bade me enter, but I answered "No;
I will pass on with my bold comrade, Fate,
I have no tears to waste on thee; no time.
My strength I hoard for heights to climb;
No friend art thou for souls who would
be great."

TAKE THY BALANCE

These stanzas from Edmund Spenser, the first great serious English poet, are an echo from the Bible. The greatness of God contrasted with the littleness of man was a favourite theme of prophet and psalmist. Here Spenser gives Hebrew thoughts an English dress. Listen to the long roll of the last line of each verse—the distinctive note of the Spenser stanza.

WHATEVER thing is done, by Him is done,
Nor any may His mighty will withstand;
Nor any may His sovran power shun,
Nor loose that He hath bound with steadfast band:
In vain, therefore, dost thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh His works anew,
Whose counsel's depth thou canst not understand,
Since of things subject to thy daily view
Thou dost not know the causes nor their courses due.
For take thy balance, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow;
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,

Weigh but one word that from thy lips
doth fall:
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That dost not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach
the small.

SPEAK LOW, SPEAK LITTLE

Ought we to be cheerful while war rages, or to be silent and subdued? That is the question asked and answered in these lines. The reply is that Nature's song of life goes on in the very midst of death, and tears should not quench our hopes.

SPEAK low, speak little, who may sing
While yonder cannon-thunders boom?
Watch, shuddering, what each day may bring;
Nor "pipe amid the crack of doom."

And yet—the pines sing overhead,
The robins by the alder-pool,
The bees about the garden bed,
The children dancing home from school.

And ever at the loom of Birth
The mighty Mother weaves and sings:
She weaves—fresh robes for mangled earth;
She sings—fresh hopes for desperate things.

And thou, too: if through Nature's calm
Some strain of music touch thine ears,
Accept and share that soothing balm,
And sing, though choked with pitying tears.

GIFTS THREE

These verses contain a little lesson in the right way of judging people. Three ways are mentioned—one bad, one indifferent, one good. The bad method is to see only faults and to exaggerate them. The indifferent method is to see good and bad alike in a cold way, making no allowances. The wise way is to judge others by the light of our own shortcomings.

THREE men took joy in finding fault,
And thus it came to pass,
That Fate upon each one of them
Bestowed a piece of glass.
The fool contrived of his a lens
Wherein, to gloating eyes,
The smallest blot that could be found
Was magnified in size.
The just man made of his a pane,
All clear without a flaw,
Nor summer sun nor winter rain
Affected what he saw.
The wise man pondered long and well
How best the search to aid,
Then, taking up the crystal gift,
Of it a mirror made.

THE CHILD WITH THE BIRD

Two years before he died—that is, in 1686—John Bunyan published a "Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children," and from it these lines are taken. The wish of children to understand and pet wild creatures that love freedom most of all is expressed with a tenderness and sweetness that increases our admiration of Bunyan's powers as a writer.

MY little bird, how canst thou sit
And sing amidst so many thorns?
Let me but hold upon thee get;
My love with honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth;
Five farthings none will give for thee.
But, prithee, little bird, come forth,
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true, it is sunshine to-day,
To-morrow birds will have a storm;
My pretty one, come thou away,
My bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
When darkness is thy covering;
At day's thy dangers great by kites,
How canst thou, then, sit there and sing?

Thy food is scarce and scanty, too,
'Tis worms and trash which thou dost eat;
Thy present state I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll feed thee with white bread and milk,
And sugar-plums, if thou them crave;
I'll cover thee with finest silk,
That from the cold I may thee save.

My father's palace shall be thine,
Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing;
My little bird, if thou'lt be mine,
The whole year round shall be thy spring.

I'll teach thee all the notes at Court!
Unthought-of musick thou shalt play;
And all that thither do resort,
Shall praise thee for it ev'ry day.

I'll keep thee safe from cat and cur,
No manner o' harm shall come to thee;
Yea, I will be thy succourer,
My bosom shall thy cabin be.

But lo! behold, the bird is gone;
These charmings would not make her yield.

The child's left at the bush alone,
The bird flies yonder o'er the field.

THE PERFECT STATE

Robert Buchanan, who, in his "Drama of Kings," sketched this simple, well-drawn picture of a perfect State, was a Scottish poet, novelist, and dramatist, born in 1841. He died in 1901. Because he was sometimes severe in his criticisms of other writers, he was himself judged harshly and became embittered; but he wrote much verse that will not be wholly neglected by future generations. In these verses we see him in a gentle mood.

WHERE is the perfect State
Early most blest and late,
Perfect and bright?
'Tis where no palace stands
Trembling on shifting sands
Morning and night.
'Tis where the soil is free,
Where, far as eye may see,
Scattered o'er hill and lea,
Homesteads abound;
Where clean and broad and sweet
(Market, square, lane, and street,
Belted by leagues of wheat),
Cities are found.

Where is the perfect State
Early most blest and late,
Gentle and good?
'Tis where no lives are seen
Huddling in lanes unclean,
Crying for food;
'Tis where the home is pure,
'Tis where the bread is sure,
'Tis where the wants are fewer,
And each want fed;
Where plenty and peace abide,
Where health dwells heavenly-eyed,
Where in nooks beautified
Slumber the dead.

Where is the perfect State,
Unvexed by Wrath and Hate,
Quiet and just?
Where to no form of creed
Fettered are thought and deed,
Reason and trust?
'Tis where the great free mart
Broadens, while from its heart
Forth the great ships depart
Blown by the wind;
'Tis where the wise men's eyes,
Fixed on the earth and skies,
Seeking for signs, devise
Good for mankind.

CHILDREN, THANK GOD

This little hymn of thanks for all the good things of life which the Creator has spread with so generous a hand all around and about us for the enjoyment of His children is taken from an American work called "The Rhyming Story-book."

CHILDREN, thank God for these great trees,

That fan the land with every breeze;
Whose drooping branches form cool bow-
ers,

Where you can spend the summer hours,
For these, thank God.

For fragrant sweets of blossoms bright,
Whose beauty gives you such delight;
For the soft grass beneath your feet,
For new-mown hay, and clover sweet,
For all, thank God.

The very cows, that lie and doze
Beneath the trees in glad repose;
The birds, that in their branches sing,
And make the air with music ring,
All these thank God.

Oh, thank God for the radiant sky,
Whose varying beauty charms the eye,
Now grey and dark, now blue and bright,
Unfailing source of pure delight,
For this, thank God.

He gives the life to everything,
To beasts that roar, and birds that sing.
But thought and speech he gave to men,
While beasts are dumb: O children, then,
For this, thank God.

SONG

This plaintive song, set to even sadder music, is the best known writing of Allan Ramsay, an Edinburgh wigmaker and bookseller, who, living between 1686 and 1758, became a popular poet. We hear in it the wail of home-loving people, who must send their sons into far-off lands if they are to have a chance of making their way. The Scot has attained to high places in many lands, but he set out to do it in deep sadness.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my
Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have mony a
day been.

To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more;
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind:
Though loudest of thunders on louder
waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the
shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair
pained,
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be
gained;

And beauty and love's the reward of the
brave,

And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my
excuse,

Since honour commands me, how can I
refuse?

Without it I ne'er can have merit for
thee,

And losing thy favour I'd better not be.

I gae then, my lass, to win honour and
fame;

And, if I should chance to come glorious
hame,

I'll bring a heart to thee with love running
o'er,

And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no
more.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

The pure, sweet smoothness of this song shows with what beauty Lord Byron might have written if he had only been good enough to write at his best. But he was wayward.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent:
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

THOSE EVENING BELLS

Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, had the gift of expressing tender sentiment as if in tuneful chimes. This song and "The Last Rose of Summer" are examples. He sang his own songs.

THOSE evening bells, those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT

This plain, vigorous appeal to us all for faith and honest action, without any littleness, was written by Dr. Norman Macleod, a preacher much admired by Queen Victoria.

COURAGE, brother! Do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble —
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely — strong or weary —
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leader in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no forms of guilty passion —
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion —
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee —
Trust in God and do the right.

Firmer rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding —
Trust in God and do the right.

ONE BY ONE

The lady who gave the wise advice in this poem was Adelaide A. Procter, a daughter of the poet who called himself, when writing, Barry Cornwall. He was a friend of Charles Dickens. Miss Procter sent her verses to Dickens for his publications, and when he accepted them and asked for more he was unaware that they were composed by his friend's daughter. It was a delightful surprise when he found out. There is an old rhyme which teaches the lesson that is taught practically in these verses—

One thing at a time, And that done well,
Is a very good rule, As many can tell.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what those can teach.

One by one (bright gifts of Heaven),
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task, to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
When each gem is kept with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

AT THE CHURCH GATE

It is said that Thackeray wrote these charming verses to fit a picture. It showed a sweet girl walking quickly and modestly to church while a passer-by glanced after her admiringly. The poet has put himself in the place of that passer-by. Notice the breathless eagerness of the second and third verses. They throb with feeling. Few verses have expressed so much movement in simple words. The poem, too, is full of pretty fancies that make us think well of the tender-hearted poet who thought of them.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout
And noise and humming:
They've hushed the minster bell:
The organ 'gins to swell:
She's coming! she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast
She comes—she's here—she's past—
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,
Pour out your praise and plaint
Meekly and duly.
I will not enter there
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute.
Like outcast saints who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it

WHICH SHALL IT BE ?

This lovely story of the love of fathers and mothers, told with such tender grace, was written by an American lady named Ethelinda Beers. Her maiden name was Eliot, and she was descended from John Eliot, the "Apostle of the Indians," who first preached Christianity to the Indians, and first translated the Bible into their tongue. Indeed, this Bible in the Indian language was the first Bible ever printed in America. That was in 1663. Mrs. Beers lived from 1827 to 1879. The poem shows that John Eliot's loving spirit was animating his descendants after two hundred years.

"WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me;

(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet)
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said."
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter: 'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep"; so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where the new nameless baby slept.
"Shall it be Baby?" whispered John.
I took his hand and hurried on
To Lily's crib. Her sleeping grasp
Held her old doll within its clasp;
Her dark curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
Then huskily said John, "Not her, not her!"
We stopped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
We whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay; He who gave
Bids us befriend him to his grave;

"Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl astray
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love; not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

PESSIMISM

A pessimist is one who feels that nothing is right, or likely to be for the best, and, seeing only the worst side of things, grumbles continually and makes every one who comes near him unhappy. The writer of these quaint verses, Ben King, grumbles to make grumbling ridiculous, and then, in the last two lines, healthily sweeps away his pretended discontent.

NOTHING to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from going nude.
Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.
Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.
Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.
Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got—
Thus through life we are cursed.
Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

LONGING FOR HOME

One of the most tender of the women-poets of England was Jean Ingelow, who lived from 1820 to 1897, and wrote both stories and verse, but best in verse. Never has the feeling of a mother who has lost both husband and children been expressed with a more musical sadness than in this poem.

A song of a boat :

There was once a boat on a billow,
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like
snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze
would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home ;
And my thoughts all day were about the
boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.

Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open, desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—

Ah me !

A song of a nest :

There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed
Soft and warm, and full to the brim,
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long :
You shall never light, in a summer's quest,
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I !
Right dearly I loved them, but when they
were grown,
They spread out their wings to fly.
Oh, one after one they flew away,
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest ?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west ?

Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed ?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed ?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be—
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—

Ah me !

THE SCHOLAR

Written by Robert Southey, in his library, among his books, as he was growing old, this touching poem shows the humility of the writer. His name will not perish, but will be preserved because he wrote two or three simple poems like this.

MY days among the Dead are passed ;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.
With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.
My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.
My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

SEVERED FRIENDSHIP

It is lines like these, so simple, so touching, nay, even agonising, that make us regret, with a sense of pain, that the poet who wrote them, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, wrote so little.

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Ronald and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain,
And insult to his heart's best brother ;
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I wean,
The marks of that which once hath been.

A VISTA

The loveliness of this heart-stirring vision of peace can perhaps be appreciated best in the days of war and horror, when the realisation of the dream seems farther off than ever. But how clear is the poet's faith in the triumph of reason and love over selfishness and hate! The vision will come true when sufficient people wish to have it true. The writer, John Addington Symonds, was born in 1840 and died in 1893. Much of his life was spent in search of health. By his writings he helped to make Switzerland popular in winter. He wrote a great deal about Italian history and literature, and his grave is in Rome.

SAD heart, what will the future bring
To happier men when we are gone?
What golden days shall dawn for them,
Transcending all we gaze upon?

Will our long strife be laid at rest,
The warfare of our blind desires
Be merged in a perpetual peace
And love illumine but harmless fires?

Shall faith, released from forms that chain
And freeze the spirit while we pray,
Expect with calm and ardent eyes
The morning of death's brighter day?—

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be pure from fraud, and know
The names of priest and king no more;
For them no placeman's hand shall hold
The balances of peace and war.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

They shall be simple in their homes
And splendid in their public ways,
Filling the mansions of the State
With music and with hymns of praise.

In aisles majestic, halls of pride,
Groves, gardens, baths, and galleries,
Manhood and youth and age shall meet
To grow by converse inly wise.

Women shall be man's mate and peer,
In all things strong and fair and good,
Still wearing on her brows the crown
Of sinless sacred motherhood.

High friendship, hitherto unknown,
Or by great poets half divined,
Shall burn, a steadfast star, within
The calm clear ether of the mind.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chaunt their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, no shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

These things—they are no dream—shall be
For happier men when we are gone:
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

Toussaint was an educated negro slave of St. Domingo, who rose to be a general in the island under the French Republic. When Napoleon announced the re-establishment of slavery, Toussaint rebelled and tried to keep the land free and independent. He was treacherously seized and taken to France, where he died in prison in 1803. His name will ever be preserved in this sonnet by Wordsworth. The last lines are immortal.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of
men!

Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's careless den;
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do
thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left
behind

Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,
and skies;

There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

THE OLD STOIC

The "stoics" of ancient Greece were men who taught themselves to bear painful evils without shrinking and to keep a stout heart. Here we see Emily Brontë, one of the three brilliant writing sisters, schooling herself in the true stoic spirit, when she realised that she was doomed to die young.

RICHES I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn.

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty."

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.



MAZEPPA. A POLISH NOBLEMAN, IN 1660 WAS WOUNDED, CAPTURED BY ENEMIES, AND THEN TIED ON THE BACK OF AN UNTRAINED HORSE, WHICH WAS DRIVEN INTO THE FOREST, WHERE IT GALLIOPED UNTIL IT FELL DEAD. MAZEPPA WAS FOUND BY COSSACKS, WHO NURSED HIM BACK TO HEALTH; HE BECAME THEIR LEADER.
By R. WHEELWRIGHT

THE RIDE ON THE WILD HORSE—BY LORD BYRON

BRING forth the horse!

The horse was brought :
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled.
'Twas but a day he had been caught ;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led.
They *bound* me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back, with many a thong ;
They loosed him, with a sudden lash :
Away ! away ! and on we dash !
Torrents less rapid and less rash !

Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind !
All human dwellings left behind,
We sped, like meteors through the sky.
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs ; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind !

By night I heard them at my back ;
The troop came hard upon our track,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire ;
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun.
Oh, how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish, if it must be so,
At bay, destroying many a foe !
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed a while, then beat no more ;
The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel ;
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther : he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'er-tortured by that ghastly ride.

But see ! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop !—I see them come !
In one vast squadron they advance !
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The sight unnerved my courser's feet—
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment with a faint, low neigh
He answered, and then fell !
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay
And reeking limbs immovable :
His first and last career is done.

On came the troop !—
They saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a crimsoned thong ;
They stop—they start—they sniff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound ;
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve
aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there
To my despair,
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch—
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me ; and there we lay
The dying on the dead.

I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star.
I woke—where was I ?—Do I see
A human face look down on me ?
And doth a roof above me close ?
Do these limbs on a couch repose ?
A slender girl, long-haired and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall.
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smoothed the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tip-toe tread . . .
She came with mother and with sire—
What need of more ? I will not tire
With long recital of the rest,
Since I became the Cossack's guest.
They found me senseless on the plain—
They bore me to the nearest hut—
They brought me into life again—
Me—one day o'er their realm to reign !

A picture of Maseppa's Ride appears on the opposite page.

HIE AWAY!

You can hear that the poet who gives this cheery invitation to come out in the early morning is a lover of the outdoor world. It was Sir Walter Scott, who rose early, and who spent so much time in the open air that his neighbours wondered when he wrote his books.

HIE away ! hie away !
Over bank and over brae—
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it ;
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green :
Over bank and over brae—
Hie away ! hie away !

BONNET O' BLUE

We give here an example of a homely ballad of love and war—the kind of poem which was made up by people who knew little of style or metre to tell a story to listeners in the street. In this way much popular verse was created in distant days. A limner was an artist who painted portraits.

AT Kingston-upon-Waldy, a town in Yorkshire,

I lived in great splendour and free from all care,

I rolled quite in riches, had sweethearts not a few,

I was wounded by a bonny lad and his bonnet o' blue.

There came a troop of soldiers as you now shall hear,

From Scotland to Waldy abroad for to steer ;

There is one among them I wish I ne'er knew ;

He's a bonny Scotch laddiewi' bonnet o' blue.

I cannot find rest, contentment has fled,

The form of my true love will run in my head,

The form of my true love still keeps in my view,

He's a bonny Scotch lad in his bonnet o' blue.

Early in the morning, arising from bed,

I called upon Sally, my own waiting maid,

To dress me as fine as her two hands could do,

To seek out the lad and his bonnet o' blue. So quickly she dressed me and quickly I came

To mingle with persons to hear my love's name,

Charles Stewart they called him, I felt it was true ;

Once a prince of that name wore a bonnet o' blue.

My love he marched by with a gun in his hand,

I strove to speak to him but all was in vain,

I strove to speak to him, away then he flew—

My heart it was with him and his bonnet o' blue.

She says, " My dear laddie, I'll buy your d'scharge,

I'll free you from soldiers, I'll let you at large,

I'll free you from soldiers, if your heart will prove true,

And I'll ne'er cast a stain on your bonnet o' blue."

He says, " My dear lassie, you'll buy my discharge,

You'll free me from soldiers, and let me at large ?

For your very kind offe I bow, ma'am, to you,
But I'll ne'er wear a stain in my bonnet o' blue.

" I have a sweet girl in my own country town,

Whom I ne'er would forsake though poverty frown,

I ne'er will forsake the girl that proves true,
And I'll ne'er wear a stain in my bonnet o' blue."

I will send for a limner from London to Hull,

To draw my love's picture out in the full,
I'll set it in my chamber all close in my view,

And I'll think on the lad whose heart proved so true.

REVEILLE

The reveille is the trumpet sound that wakes soldiers in the morning. This call to a soldier to rise and arm himself is from Scott's tale " The Betrothed," where it is supposed to be sung outside an officer's tent by a wandering minstrel. A jack was a soldier's leather coat, often lined with metal.

SOLDIER, wake—the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping ;

Never when the sunbeams still

Lay unreflected on the hill ;

'Tis when they are glinted back

From axe and armour, spear and jack,

That they promise future story,

Many a page of deathless glory ;

Shields that are the foeman's terror

Ever are the morning's mirror.

Arm and up—the morning beam

Hath called the rustic to his team,

Hath called the falc'ner to the lake,

Hath called the huntsman to the brake ;

The early student ponders o'er

His dusty tomes of ancient lore.

Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame,

Thy study, conquest—war thy game ;

Shield that should be a foeman's terror

Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain,

More paltry still the sportsman's gain ;

Vainest of all the student's theme

Ends in some metaphysic dream ;

Yet each is up, and each has toiled

Since first the peep of dawn has smiled,

And each is eagerer in his aim

Than he who barters life for fame :

Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror,

Be thy bright shield the morning mirror.

TREES

THE Oak is called the King of Trees,

The Aspen quivers in the breeze,

The Poplar grows up straight and tall

The Pear-tree spreads along the wall,

The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,

The Willow droops in watery glade,

The Fir-tree useful timber gives,

The Beech amid the forest lives.

THE LAD AND LASS

The thought to which this poem leads is a lovely one. It is not only lovely, but true and very practical. Do not let us allow one drop of joy to be wasted, but see it wherever it appears, preserve it, and pass it on. The writer, William B. Rands, was a true poet. He was born in 1823, and died in 1882. He wrote a great deal besides poetry, often using other names than his own, his favourite pen-name being Henry Holbeach. He used that name because long ago a monk named Rands was also called Henry of Holbeach.

THE lad and lass were forced to part,
They kissed and went along ;
The sight went into the poet's heart,
And it came out a song.
The sun, down-sloping in the west,
Made gold the evening air ;
The sight went into the painter's breast,
And grew to a picture fair.
The mother murmured to her child,
And hushed it yet again ;
The sound, as the musician smiled,
Grew music in his brain.
The damsel turned her hair to bind,
A flower was in her zone ;
There grew from out the sculptor's mind
A damsel carved in stone.
The song was said, the tune was played,
The girl in marble stood,
The sunset in the picture stayed,
And all was sweet and good.
And God, who made these things to be,
The damsel and the sun,
Colour and sound, and you and me,
Was pleased to see it done ;
And all the angels would be glad
If, in the world He built,
Although there must be some things sad,
No drop of joy were spilt.
But all the beauty in the earth,
And skies, and hearts of men,
Were gently gathered at its birth,
And loved, and born again.

MARIAN LEE

Mary Howitt, who wrote this description of a child happy without a thought of care, wrote a great deal for children during a very long and busy life. Mrs. Howitt's writing came from her own experience, for she had a happy family. Her husband, William Howitt, was a chemist in Nottingham, but at a later period husband and wife wrote books together.

NOT a care hath Marian Lee,
Dwelling by the sounding sea ;
Her young life's a flowing way,
Without toil from day to day ;
Without bodings for the morrow—
Marian was not made for sorrow !
Like the summer billows wild,
Leaps the happy-hearted child !
Sees her father's fishing-boat
O'er the ocean gaily float ;

Lists her brother's evening song,
By the light gale borne along ;
Half a league she hears the lay,
Ere they turn into the bay ;
And with glee, o'er cliff and main,
Sings an answer back again,
Which by man and boy is heard,
Like the carol of a bird !

Look ! she sitteth laughing there,
Wreathing seaweeds in her hair !
Saw you e'er a thing so fair ?
Marian ! some are rich in gold—
Heaped-up treasure—hoards untold ;
Some are rich in thoughts refined,
And the glorious wealth of mind :
Thou, sweet child ! life's rose unblown,
Hast a treasure of thine own—
Youth's most unalloyed delights,
Happy days and tranquil nights ;
And a brain with thought unvexed,
And a light heart, unperplexed !
Go, thou sweet one ! all day long,
Like a glad bird, pour thy song,
And let thy young, graceful head
Be with sea-flowers garlanded ;
For all outward signs of glee
Well become thee, Marian Lee !

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER

A favourable example of the sentimental strain of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's poems. Mrs. Norton lived at a time when songs of friendship like this delighted the public. And, indeed, these verses are a good instance of song-poetry in which one simple, familiar thought is plaintively expressed.

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade ;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart—
A cloud is on thy brow ;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now ?
We have been gay together ;
We have laughed at little jests ;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow ;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now ?
We have been sad together—
We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow ;
We have been sad together—
O ! what shall part us now ?

THE SKYLARK

The writer of this comparison between a poet scaling the skies in song and a skylark warbling its joy and praise was Frederick Tennyson, one of three sons of a Lincolnshire clergyman who all wrote poetry. Frederick was the eldest; the next was Charles, a year younger; and the third was Alfred, a year younger still, and one of the greatest poets of our race. Frederick Tennyson died in 1893, about five and a half years after his distinguished brother.

How the blithe lark runs up the golden stair

That leans through cloudy gates from heaven to earth,
And all alone in the empyreal air,
Fills it with jubilant sweet songs of mirth;
How far he seems, how far
With the light upon his wings!
Is it a bird, or star
That shines and sings?

What matter if the days be dark and frore,

That sunbeam tells of other days to be,
And singing in the light that floods him o'er,
In joy he overtakes Futurity;
Under cloud-arches vast
He peeps, and sees behind
Great Summer coming fast
Adown the wind!

And now he dives into a rainbow's rivers,
In streams of gold and purple he is drowned;

Shrilly the arrows of his song he shivers,
As though the stormy drops were turned to sound;

And now he issues through,
He scales a cloudy tower,
Faintly, like falling dew,
His fast notes shower.

Let every wind be hushed, that I may hear
The wondrous things he tells the world below,

Things that we dream of he is watching near,

Hopes that we never dreamed he would bestow;

Alas! the storm hath rolled
Back the gold gates again,
Or surely he had told
All heaven to men!

So the victorious poet sings alone,
And fills with light his solitary home,
And through that glory sees new worlds fore-shown,

And hears high songs and triumphs yet to come;

He waves the air of Time
With thrills of golden chords,
And makes the world to climb
On linked words.

What if his hair be gray, his eyes be dim,
If wealth forsake him, and if friends be cold?

Wonder unbars her thousand gates to him,

Truth never fails, nor Beauty waxes old;
More than he tells his eyes
Behold, his spirit hears,
Of grief, and joy, and sighs
'Twixt joy and tears.

Blest is the man who with the sound of song

Can charm away the heartache, and forget
The frost of Penury, and the stings of Wrong,

And drown the fatal whisper of Regret!
Darker are the abodes
Of kings, though his be poor,
While Fancies, like the gods,
Pass through his door.

Singing, thou scalest heaven upon thy wings,

Thou liftest a glad heart into the skies;
He maketh his own sunrise, while he sings,

And turns the dusty earth to paradise;
I see thee sail along,
Far up the sunny streams,
Unseen, I hear his song,
I see his dreams.

TO A HUMMING-BIRD IN A GARDEN

Evidently this poem, written by George Murray, was shaped in his mind while he was watching a humming-bird in an aviary. The descriptions of the appearance and the movements of the bird are very faithful, and will be appreciated by all observers.

BLITHE playmate of the Summer time,
Admiringly I greet thee;
Born in old England's misty clime,
I scarcely hoped to meet thee.

Com'st thou from forests of Peru,
Or from Brazil's savannahs,
Where flowers of every dazzling hue
Flaunt, gorgeous as Sultanas?

Now here, now there, thy flash is seen,
Like some stray sunbeam darting,
With scarce a second's space between
Its coming and departing.

What though thy throatlet never rings
With music, soft or stirring;
Still, like a spinning-wheel, thy wings
Incessantly are whirring.

Farewell, bright bird! I envy thee,
Gay rainbow-tinted rover;
Would that my life, like thine, were free
From care till all is over!

ANTIQUITY

This poem is a satire on those who make a claim to antiquity. Many do, like the tomtit, and the jackdaw, and the raven, but the eagle knows that true age is so far off that going back to the very making of the birds may still leave one young compared with the oldest things. The writer, Mer-timer Collins, was a novelist and poet who died in 1876, before he was fifty. He was greater as a lover of birds than as a poet, and the birds knew him so well that they would let him stroke them as they sat on their nests.

THE eagle said, "I am old";
Said the tomtit, "I'm older than you"—
A ball of green and gold
That had counted summers two.

And the jackdaw said, from his perch,
A pulpit of grey old stone,
" 'Twas I first founded the Church :
Leave questions of age alone."

And the raven came with a croak,
A mixture of humour and woe,
And claimed the Druid's oak
And the magical mistletoe.

But the eagle, far withdrawn,
Remembered old royal words,
When on Eden's sun-touched lawn
God said, "Let us make the birds."

And away into ether rare,
And close to the sun's fierce gold,
Rose the king of the kings of the air,
Crying, "Ay, I am young ! I am old !"

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

According to the Greek mythology, the god Pan, the goat-shaped shepherd's god, invented the pan-pipes on which shepherds used to play as they watched their flocks; and here Elizabeth Barrett Browning imaginatively tells us how he did it. Pan is also the fabled inspirer of the poetry of an open-air life, and so there runs through this poem an under-current of meaning, the pipe Pan plays on being intended as a figure of the poets who bring their sweet music to the world.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river ?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep, cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river !)

Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor, dry, empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan
(Laughed while he sate by the river !),
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the
reed,

He blew in power by the river,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE!

In this tender and graceful lullaby Sir Walter Scott touched perfection as a master of romance in verse. The nurse is crooning to a small boy-child on his father's embattled tower, and every word of the poem tells of the sights and feelings of the moment. A loyal, yet tremulous, love irradiates the whole song and brings out a deeper tone at the close.

O HUSH thee, my babie !
Thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady,
Both gentle and bright ;
The woods and the glens
From the towers which we see,
They all are belonging,
Dear babie, to thee.

O fear not the bugle,
Though loudly it blows ;
It calls but the warders
That guard thy repose ;
Their bows would be bended,
Their swords would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman
Drew near to thy bed.

O hush thee, my babie !
The time soon will come
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling,
Take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood,
And waking with day.

THANKSGIVING

The lady who wrote this call to thanksgiving was Ellen Isabelle Tupper, a daughter of Martin Farquhar Tupper, a poet who wrote a very popular book entitled "Proverbial Philosophy." The verses are a more minute expression of the Psalmist's feeling, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

FOR all that God in mercy sends :
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything give thanks.

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of bird, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
For everything give thanks.

For the sweet sleep that comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun which shines on high,
For stars that glitter in the sky—
For these and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to Thee,
And give Thee thanks.

SLAVERY AND WAR

This fine example of blank verse is taken from William Cowper's poem "The Task." Cowper, who lived between the years 1731 and 1800, was one of the kindest of men, and was grieved at the thought of war and slavery. The poem was written about 1784, when wars had been rife everywhere, and when slavery, though forbidden in England, was permitted in English possessions. In the fifteenth line, the word "devotes" is not used in its present meaning. It meant "disposes of" in Cowper's day. A noble spirit animates this poem, and the style is balanced with a delightful ease.

FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart ;
It does not feel for man ; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own ; and having power
T'enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith

Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat

With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is Man ? And what man, seeing this,

And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.

No ; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

We have no slaves at home ; then why abroad ?

And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave

That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs

Receive our air, that moment they are free.
They touch our country and their shackles fall.

That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's power

Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

FAREWELL, BRIEF DAY

Here, in the form of a poetical farewell to the dying day, so swiftly passing, we have a tender little lament on the brevity of human life—a consciousness that grows clearer the longer we live. The writer's name is Harry Fowler.

SO little done, so little done,
And soon comes setting of the sun.
So little said, so little said,
And blue skies deepening to red.
So short a time to backward gaze—
The sky is filled with purple haze.
So short a time to look afar—
The veil has fallen from a star.
Farewell, brief day, adown the dark
Float dewy memories, and hark !
To you and me fair angels call
Beyond the moonlit, dreamland wall ;
And thou with Time and I with sleep
A happy, holy tryst shall keep.

POLAND

Less than a century ago, Austria, Prussia, and Russia divided Poland between themselves, and have since held it in subjection. In this little poem, written in the middle of the last century, Mrs. Caroline Norton bids the people take heart, live for their country, and hope for brighter days to come.

AFTER the Night—the Day !
 After the Darkness—Dawn !
 Trust to thy Star's bright ray,
 Though its light be awhile withdrawn.

Though Ruin and Death are round,
 And the best of the brave lie slain ;
 Again shall the war-cry sound,
 And the standard be reared again.

Not all the red current is dry,
 Though blood hath been freely shed ;
 Not all of the lineage high
 Lie heaped with the slaughtered Dead.

The dyke of the river is cut,
 The branches are lopped from the tree,
 But the gap shall be mended and shut,
 The green bough wave freshly and free !

Slain Fathers have left to their Sons
 No store but the blood in their veins :
 Proud, brave, and indignant it runs,
 And it may not be fettered by chains.

Then smile, little orphans, and sleep !
 Though the Mother that rocks thee to rest
 Through the long nights does nothing
 but weep,
 As she lulls thee, in pain, on her breast.

Oh ! smile, till thine arm is grown strong
 For the sword, with its gleaming stroke ;
 Till thy heart comprehends the wrong
 Of the mighty oppressor's yoke.

Like the gale that is set afar,
 For the swift in the race to win ;
 Like the beacon-light's changeless star,
 Which guides the worn mariner in :

Let the love of thy country gleam,
 Sole aim and sole end of all ;
 Thy very existence seem
 But a chance to break her thrall.

Though like one whom a shipwreck hath
 cast
 On a restless, wandering lot,
 In exile thy life be past,
 In a land where thy Dead are not :

Thy Poland for aye untrod,
 And the hymns of her worship sung,
 To thy God, and thy Father's God,
 In an alien and foreign tongue :

Forget not the land of thy birth !
 Abjure not those memories dear :
 The blood that was soaked in her earth,
 Do thou in thy heart revere.

“ In patience possess thou thy soul,”
 Though thy hope may seem faint and far !
 How near is the unseen goal !
 How near is the beacon star !

Yet both may be reached at last
 By the steady in heart and eye :
 Time enough, when all hope is past,
 For the sake of the cause, to *die*.

But after the Night—the Day !
 After the Darkness—Dawn !
 Trust to thy Star's bright ray,
 Though its light be awhile withdrawn.

AWAY TO THE WAR

For many generations Scottish youths went forth as fighters. These verses tell how a shepherd lad followed the fashion of his race in seeking adventures abroad. The writer, Joseph Train, was a tax officer in south-western Scotland, who spent much time in collecting legends and local stories for use by Sir Walter Scott. He lived between 1779 and 1852. “ My hazel rung and haslock plaid ” means his hazel cudgel and shawl for his neck. A “ birkie ” is a gallant fellow.

WI' drums and pipes the clachan rang,
 I left my goats to wander wide ;
 And e'en as fast as I could bang,
 I bickered down the mountain side.
 My hazel rung and haslock plaid
 Awa' I flang wi' cauld disdain,
 Resolved I would nae langer bide
 To do the auld thing o'er again.

Ye barons bold, whose turrets rise
 Aboon the wild woods white wi' snaw,
 I trow the laddies ye may prize,
 Wha fight your battles far awa' .
 Wi' them to stan', wi' them to fa',
 Courageously I crossed the main ;
 To see, for Caledonia,
 The auld thing weel done o'er again.

Right far a-fiel' I freely fought,
 'Gainst mony an outlandish loon ;
 An' wi' my good claymore I've brought
 Mony a beardy birkie down :
 While I had pith to wield it roun',
 In battle I ne'er met wi' ane
 Could danton me, for Britain's crown,
 To do the same thing o'er again.

Although I'm marching life's last stage,
 Wi' sorrow crowded roun' my brow ;
 An' though the knapsack o' auld age
 Hangs heavy on my shoulders now ;
 Yet recollection, ever new,
 Discharges a' my toil and pain,
 When fancy figures in my view
 The pleasant auld thing o'er again,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The writer of this description of a visit to the poet Wordsworth in his old age, Francis Turner Palgrave, made the finest of all collections of short English poems. It is called the Golden Treasury. There is a volume for grown-up people and one for children. Palgrave was himself a poet. He was also Professor of Poetry at Oxford. The poem is not only interesting as a picture of the great poet of Nature in his seventy-fifth year, but it is also a criticism of him, wise, tender, and true. The reference in the last verse but one to "our Homer of the war in heaven" is, of course, to Milton, who pictured Satan's rebellion in heaven, as the great Homer pictured the warlike doings of the early Greeks.

GENTLE and grave, in simple dress,
And features by keen mountain air
Moulded to solemn ruggedness,
The man we came to see sat there :
Not apt for speech, nor quickly stirred,
Unless when heart to heart replied ;
A bearing equally removed
From vain display or sullen pride.

The sinewy frame yet spoke of one
Known to the hillside : on his head
Some five-and-seventy winters gone
Their crown of perfect white had shed :
As snow-tipped summits toward the sun
In calm of lonely radiance press,
Touched by the broadening light of death
With a serener pensiveness.

O crown of venerable age !
O brighter crown of well-spent years !
The bard, the patriot, and the sage,
The heart that never bowed to fears !
That was an age of soaring souls ;
Yet none with a more liberal scope
Surveyed the sphere of human things ;
None with such manliness of hope.

Others, perchance, as keenly felt,
As musically sang as he ;
To Nature as devoutly knelt,
Or toiled to serve humanity :
But none with those ethereal notes,
That starlike sweep of self-control ;
The insight into world unseen,
The lucid sanity of soul.

The fever of our fretful life,
The autumn poison of the air,
The soul with its own self at strife,
He saw and felt, but could not share :
With eye made clear by pureness, pierced
The life of Man and Nature through ;
And read the heart of common things,
Till new seemed old, and old was new.

To his own self not always just,
Bound in the bonds that all men share—
Confess the failings as we must,
The lion's mark is always there !
Nor any song so pure, so great,
Since his, who closed the sightless eyes,

Our Homer of the war in heaven,
To wake in his own Paradise.

O blaring trumpets of the world !
O glories, in their budding sere !
O flaunting roll of Fame unfurl'd !
Here was the king—the hero here !
It was a strength and joy for life
In that great presence once to be ;
That on the boy he gently smiled,
That those white hands were laid on me

A LITTLE LIFE

This tenderly touched miniature picture of human life came from the pen of the clever author-artist, George du Maurier.

A LITTLE work, a little play—
To keep us going—and so—
Good-day.

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so—
Good-night.

A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so—
Good-morrow.

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing—and so—
Good-bye !

THE TWO STREAMS

The poet stands on the "divide," or watershed, where the slightest obstacle may turn the rain-made rivulet either eastward, where the Athabasca flows, first towards the morning sun, but at last into the Arctic Sea, or westward, where the Columbia River, or Oregon, seeks the calm Pacific. And so, says the poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, are lives sundered that began together. Turned by small circumstances, they drift far apart, not only in locality, but in thought and aim.

BEHOLD the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as
they fall,
In rushing river-tides !

Yon stream, whose sources run,
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends—
From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea !

A REMONSTRANCE

A stray leaf of verse drifted to us from the age of carefully worked-up sentiment. A friend having complained to the poet—Alaric A. Watts—that he was all alone in the world, the poet replies that books will give him company, Nature soothe and charm him, while the Divine care surrounds him. The writer, a musical poet, was the editor of "The Literary Souvenir," a popular annual to which some of the best poets and writers of the day contributed. He died in 1864. He was one of the founders of the "Standard" newspaper.

OH, say not thou art all alone,
Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth ;
Sigh not o'er joys for ever flown,
The vacant chair, the silent hearth ;
Why should the world's unholy mirth
Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth
That people oft thy solitude !

Though many a fervent hope of youth
Hath passed, and scarcely left a trace ;
Though earth-born love, its tears and truth,
No longer in thy heart have place ;
Nor time, nor grief, can e'er efface
The brighter hopes that now are thine,
The fadeless love, all-pitying grace,
That makes thy darkest hours divine !

Not all alone ; for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage,
And gather gems, of price untold,
From many a pure, untravelled page :
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
The poet's lore, are still thine own ;
Then, while such themes thy thoughts
engage,

Oh, how canst thou be all alone !

Not all alone ; the lark's rich note,
As, mounting up to heaven, she sings ;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above—below—on morning's wings ;
The softer murmurs twilight brings,
The cricket's chirp, cicala's glee ;
All earth—that lyre of myriad strings—
Is jubilant with life for thee !

Not all alone ; the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies,
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify :
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
To say—thou art not all alone !

Not all alone ; a watchful eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall ;
A saving hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call :
When sadness holds thy heart in thrall,
Is oft His tenderest mercy shown ;
Seek then the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone !

ADDRESS TO CERTAIN GOLDFISHES

An example of pleasing fancy woven in the mind of Hartley Coleridge—a playful description fitting the slightness of the subject. The writer was the son of the great Coleridge. Sallee was a port of Morocco, once noted as a haunt of pirates.

RESTLESS forms of living light,
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings ;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams,
In fitting, flashing, billowy gleams !

Harmless warriors, clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale,
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing,
Fleet are ye as fleetest galley
Of pirate rover sent from Sallee,
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire ?
Were ye born of vital fire ?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours ?

Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance ;
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures ! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in far Cathay.

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart,
It may be that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings,
rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour, dull and vain ;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining !

Nay, but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem ;
For what is Oriental pride,
To an English warm fireside ?
And what are Oriental skies,
To a British maiden's eyes ?

PARENTAL RECOLLECTIONS

The pathos of this loving little poem is that it was written by a tender-hearted bachelor—Charles Lamb—about somebody else's child.

A CHILD'S a plaything for an hour ;
Its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space ;
Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself
All seasons could control ;
That would have mocked the sense of pain
Out of a grieved soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways
Then life and all shall cease.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

Christina Rossetti, the writer of this poem, was a sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the famous painter and poet. Notice how happy is the choice of the flowers and growths to illustrate pretty fancies and thoughtful lessons—the rose, poppy, lily, and violet, grass, lichen, moss. The juice of the poppy is, of course, opium ; and the word "virtue," as used here, means power, not goodness.

FLOWERS preach to us if we will hear :
The rose saith in the dewy morn :
" I am most fair ;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn."
The poppy saith amid the corn :
" Let but my scarlet head appear
And I am held in scorn ;
Yet juice of subtle virtue lies
Within my cup of curious dyes."
The lilies say : " Behold how we
Preach without words of purity."
The violets whisper from the shade
Which their own leaves have made :
" Men scent our fragrance on the air,
Yet take no heed
Of humble lessons we would read."
But not alone the fairest flowers :
The merest grass
Along the roadside where we pass,
Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,
Tell of His love Who sends the dew,
The rain and sunshine too,
To nourish one small seed.

HUNTING SONG

Outdoor sports were one of the delights of Sir Walter Scott's busy life. He would be out in the morning showing the spirit that rings so buoyantly through these verses, till people wondered when he did his work. He did it by waking earlier than the rest and writing before they were up. What a strength and healthy bustle there is in the song ! One feels that it expresses the vigorous enjoyment of a man who loved the sports of the open air ; and how naturally the deeper tones of life are heard in the last verse !

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear !

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
" Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
" Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
You shall see him brought to bay,
" Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay ;
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman, who can baulk
Staunch a hound, and fleet as hawk ?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE GIFTS OF GOD

We have here one of the best examples of Puritan George Herbert's quaint method of verse-making—the deliberate building up of a formal but homely illustration of some thought. We should now feel that we were irreverent if we supposed that God, in making man, amended his plans on second thoughts, as pictured by George Herbert, but such fancies were allowed in his day. And it is true that man is a restless seeker ; that is why he has improved so much.

WHEN God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour,
pleasure :

When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.
For if I should (said He)

Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

It does not seem certain who wrote these jolly verses—the most cheerful, surely, of all songs of the sea. Sometimes they are attributed to Charles Dibdin, the seamen's laureate, and sometimes to W. Pitt. Probably they are by Dibdin, for they have his rollicking spirit as well as the sailor's way of making the best of things.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slewed his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline:
"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in!
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in!



ONE NIGHT CAME ON A HURRICANE

Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them that's out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"Both you and I have oft-times heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks these landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER

It is easy to criticise verses like Ebenezer Elliott's on the Bramble Flower, and to say that he admits echoes from other poets, such as from Milton's "gadding" vine and Wordsworth's "violet by a mossy stone," or to suggest that a lady's fear that the bramble will tear her satin dress is out of place in the country scene imagined by the poet; but such criticisms are outweighed by the sheer love of wild things that thrills through the poem.

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt, and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-dreaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble, back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake, once more
Thou bidst me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er
In freedom and in joy.

GOOD COUNSEL

This pretty picture of a country scene that may be observed almost anywhere in England was written by John Davidson, a poet who died within the present century. "The milky low of cows," of course, is a reference to the lowing of cows asking to be milked.

AT early dawn through London you must go
Until you come where long, black hedge-rows grow,
With pink buds pearled, and here and there a tree,
And gates and stiles; and watch good country folk;
And scent the spicy smoke
Of withered weeds that burn where gar-dens be;
And in a ditch perhaps a primrose see.
The rooks shall stalk the plough, larks mount the skies,
Blackbirds and speckled thrushes sing aloud,
Hid in a warm white cloud,
Mantling the thorn, and far away shall rise
The milky low of cows and farmyard cries.

CONTENTED JOHN

This wise rhyme, with its simplicity, feeling of true goodness, and sound common-sense, is an excellent example of the writing of Jane Taylor, who lived from 1783 to 1824, and, with her sister Ann, wrote much for children.

ONE honest John Tompkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes to him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.
Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare—
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.
"For why should I grumble or murmur?" he said.
"If I cannot get meat I can surely get bread.
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."
If anyone wronged him or treated him ill,
Poor John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues when there need be but one.
If John were afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain,

Or lie down to fret in despondence or sorrow.
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;
And 'twere well if some folk who are greater and richer
Would copy from John, the hedger and ditcher.

THE GIANT TORTOISE

The Giant Tortoise, which lives in southern lands is, in some ways, the most interesting thing that crawls upon our earth, for he, with a few whales in the sea and a few eagles in the air, has seen the centuries come and go. Here Miss Margaret Ashworth imagines the tortoise reflecting upon his ancient destiny, which bids him live while men and things pass.

I AM a pilgrim of the earth and sky.
For twice one hundred years have I,
Unmindful of my heavy load,
With slow and measured footsteps trod
The grasses of the meadow side,
And smiled to see the summer's pride,
And smiled to hear the people singing
And wedding bells so gaily ringing,
For all things pass away,
And I
Here stay.

I see the slow years come and go,
Each springtide into summer grow,
Till autumn brings the soft grey rain,
And then I sleep until again
The early primroses come peeping,
And early nesting birds are cheeping.
But happier I than they,
For they with years will pass away,
And I
Shall stay.

The flowers, nodding in the green,
Curtsey to me like a queen.
So many countless blossoms here
I see with every circling year.
And as I pass at quiet pace
I look into each happy face,
And wiser am than they,
For they will quickly fade away,
And I
Shall stay.

For I was old when mothers fair,
Asleep within the churchyard there,
Did play upon the summer grass
And smile on me when I did pass.
But I no proud conceit do show,
But humble am, and glad, to know
That 'tis but by God's grace
I tread my stately, measured pace,
And underneath His happy sky
See generations pass away.

While I
Here stay.

THE DONKEY'S HOUR—By G. K. CHESTERTON

It is a great pleasure to give to the children of the world this lovely little poem by G. K. Chesterton, one of the most perfect gems in the whole treasury of English Literature. 't is from Mr. Chesterton's book "The Wild Knight."



WHEN fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood,
Then surely I was born.
With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will,
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.
Fools, for I also had my hour,
One far fierce hour and sweet,
There was a shout about my ears
And palms before my feet.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE

The writer of this charming description of things to be seen in a country lane near the Pennine moorlands was Ebenezer Elliott. He is best known as the author of political poems that helped towards the repeal of the Corn Laws in England to reduce the cost of living. It was love of Nature that first made Elliott write poetry. It is said he was attracted into the fields by seeing a picture of a primrose in a book on botany. How great his love of the sights and sounds of country life became can be judged by these verses, which are the best of the kind he ever wrote. The "gloaming clock" is the beetle that "wheels its droning flight" in the twilight, and, of course, Sol is the sun.

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is rolled ;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam ;
And here the sunflower of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famish'd fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake ;
And here the fire-tuft hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.

Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane !
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee !
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure,
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature !
A world not scorned by Him who made
Even weakness by His might ;
But solemn in His depth of shade,
And splendid in His light.
Light ! not alone on clouds afar
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read ;
Oh, no ! thou art a wondrous book,
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand !
And here, O Light, minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.

Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood ;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heaven in madness flings
The blind foam of its might ?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still ?
'Tis mute as death !—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.

What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone !
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone !
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high.
O God of marvels, who can tell
What myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell ;
What nations, with their kings ?
I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruined realms !
Lo ! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impelled by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atoms, cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him !
Lo ! while he pauses, and admires
The works of Nature's might,
Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night !

O God of terrors ! what are we ?—
Poor insects, sparked with thought !
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from Thee,
Could smite us into nought !
But shouldst Thou wreck our fatherland,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of Thine hand
Thy little ones would sleep.

THOUGHTS

These lines by Shelley variously illustrate one thought—the permanence of beautiful things. This is illustrated in many of his verses, for his thoughts remain with us, and will always remain, like lingering perfumes and remembered melodies.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

TOM DUNSTAN

From Robert Buchanan's "London Poems" we take this fine, sad lay of the tailor's shop. It breathes the unquenchable love of liberty which has been the life-force of the world's progress. This is the faith which always nerves millions of men to fight and die where Freedom and Tyranny grapple in war. Robert Buchanan, a Scottish poet, who died in 1901, was himself always a lover of human freedom.

Now poor Tom Dunstan's cold,
All life grows duller;
There's a blight on young and old,
And our talk has lost its bold
Red-republican colour!
Poor Tom was crippled and thin,
But, Lord, if you'd seen his face,
When, sick of the country's sin,
With bang of the fist, and chin
Stuck out, he argued the case!
He prophesied men should be free,
And the money-bags be bled!
"She's coming, she's coming," said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

Cross-legged on the board we sat,
Like spiders spinning,
Stitching and sweating, while fat
Old Moses, with eyes like a cat,
Sat greasily grinning;
And here Tom said his say,
And prophesied Tyranny's death;
And the tallow burned all day,
And we stitched and stitched away
In the thick smoke of our breath
Poor worn-out slops were we,
With hearts as heavy as lead;
But "Patience! she's coming!" said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

But Tom was little and weak,
The hard hours shook him;
Hollower grew his cheek,
And when he began to speak
The coughing took him.
And at last the cheery sound
Of his voice among us ceased,
And we made a purse, all round,
That he mightn't starve, at least.
His pain was awful to see,
Yet there, on his poor sick-bed,
"She's coming, in spite of me!
Courage and wait!" cried he;
"*Freedom's ahead!*"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan's cold,
All life seems duller;
There's a blight on young and old,
And our talk has lost the bold
Red-republican colour.
But we see a figure grey,
And we hear a voice of death,

And the tallow burns all day,
And we stitch and stitch away
In the thick smoke of our breath;
Ay, while in the dark sit we,
Tom seems to call from the dead—
"She's coming! she's coming!" says he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

THE BOYS

We do not know who wrote these companion pictures of boys and girls, but they are very beautiful and nobly true.

GOD wants the boys, the merry,
Merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys.
God wants the boys, with all their joys,
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

THE GIRLS

GOD wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls.
God wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His holy face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace;
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY MR. LEIGH HUNT LEFT PRISON

Leigh Hunt was sent to prison in 1812 for writing in a newspaper the truth about the Prince Regent, who afterwards was George the Fourth. He said George had lived fifty years "without a single claim on the gratitude of his country." During Hunt's imprisonment all the poets of his time—Byron, Shelley, Keats, Charles Lamb—visited him, and John Keats wrote this sonnet when he was released.

WHAT though, for showing truth to flattered state,
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
In his immortal spirit, been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?
Think you he nought but prison walls did see,
Till, so unwilling, thou unturnedst the key?
Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his fate!
In Spenser's halls he strayed, and bowers fair,
Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew
With daring Milton through the fields of air:
To regions of his own his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame
impair
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched
crew?

GAULS AND FRANKS

These verses are from a song in which Béranger attempted to rally all Frenchmen, whether of Celtic or Frankish descent, to resist the invasion of France in 1814, after Napoleon's Moscow campaign, when Russians, Prussians, and British poured into the country from north and south.

GAILY, gaily close our ranks!
Arm—advance!
Hope of France!
Gaily, gaily close our ranks!
Onward, onward, Gauls and Franks!
Blindly following Attila's call,
The barbarous horde
Onward poured—
Comes a second time to fall,
Conquered on the fields of Gaul!
Gaily, gaily close our ranks!
Arm—advance!
Hope of France!
Gaily, gaily close our ranks!
Onward, onward, Gauls and Franks!
What! Those trophies fair to see
Which emblaze
Our glory's praise,
Stretched in ruin shall they be!
What! The Prussians in *Paris*!
Gaily, gaily close our ranks!
Arm—advance!
Hope of France!
Gaily, gaily close our ranks!
Onward, onward, Gauls and Franks!
Noble Franks and honest Gauls,
Soon descend,
Peace your friend!
And repay within your halls
Your high deeds with festivals!
Gaily, gaily close our ranks!
Arm—advance!
Hope of France!
Gaily, gaily close our ranks!
Onward, onward, Gauls and Franks!

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE ?

The writer of these strong, true lines—Sir William Jones—was the greatest linguist of his day. He knew twenty-eight languages, though he was only in his forty-eighth year when he died, in 1794, a judge in India. Alcæus, whose style is here imitated, was a Greek poet who invented poetical rhythms. The thought in Sir William Jones's ode lies at the foundation of all politics.

WHAT constitutes a state ?
Not high-raised battlement or
laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets
crowned ;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume
to pride.

No : men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare
maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the
chain :
These constitute a state.

ENGLAND

The writer of this pleasant general description of England, sketched not from one spot, but ranging over the country—hill and plain, town and village—was Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, a fine-spirited clergyman, who when young was a friend of Tennyson, at Cambridge. He was born in 1810, and died in 1871.

WE have been dwellers in a lovely land ;
A land of lavish lights and floating
shades,
And broad green flats, bordered by woody
capes
That lessen ever as they stretch away
Into the distant blue. A land of hills ;
Cloud-gathering ranges, on whose ancient
breast
The morning mists repose ; each autumn
tide
Deep purple with the heath-bloom ; from
whose brow
We might behold the crimson sun go down
Behind the barrier of the western sea ;
A land of beautiful and stately fanes,
Aerial temples most magnificent,
Rising with clusters of rich pinnacles
And fretted battlements ; a land of towers,
Where sleeps the music of deep-voiced bells,
Save when in holyday time the joyous air
Ebbs to the welling sound ; and Sabbath
morn,
When from a choir of hill-side villages
The peaceful invitation churchward chimes.
So were our souls brought up to love this
earth,
And feed on natural beauty ; and the light
Of our own sunsets, and the mountains blue
That girt around our home, were very parts
Of our young being ; linked with all we
knew ;
Centres of interest for undying thoughts,
And themes of mindful converse. Happy they
Who in the fresh and dawning time of youth
Have dwelt in such a land, turning their
souls
To the deep melodies of Nature's laws,
Heard in the after-time of riper thought,
Reflective on past seasons of delight.

GOOD-NIGHT!

This farewell song of a soldier who is leaving Scotland for the wars was written by Robert Tannahill, the weaver-poet of Paisley. Tannahill was born in 1774, and died at the age of 36. During the last years of his life he wrote many popular songs in imitation of Robert Burns. In the days when this song was written Scotland sent many of her sons into the army, for the land was very poor.

THE weary sun's gaen down the west,
The birds sit nodding on the tree ;
All Nature now prepares for rest,
But rest prepared there's none for me.
The trumpet sounds to war's alarms,
The drums they beat, the fifes they play,
Come, Mary, cheer me wi' thy charms,
For the morn I will be far away.
Good-night, and joy—good-night, and
joy,
Good-night, and joy be wi' you a' ;
For since it's so that I must go,
Good-night, and joy be wi' you a' !

I grieve to leave my comrades dear,
I mourn to leave my native shore ;
To leave my aged parents here,
And the bonnie lass whom I adore.
But tender thoughts maun now be hushed,
When danger calls I must obey,
The transport waits us on the coast,
And the morn I will be far away.

Adieu, dear Scotia's sea-beat coast !
Though bleak and drear thy mountains be,
When on the heaving ocean tost
I'll cast a wistful look to thee !
And now, dear Mary, fare thee well.
May Providence thy guardian be !
Or in the camp, or on the field,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee !

MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN

Robert Tannahill was losing his health working as a weaver while he was writing songs like this about the delights of country life. The "pairtick" is the partridge; the "mavis" the thrush; the "yeldrin" the yellow-hammer; and a "shaw" is a wood. Some of the words used are very expressive, as all must feel who have watched the "jinking" flight of the cheerful but retiring wren.

THE midges dance aboon the burn ;
The dews begin to fa' ;
The pairtricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ning ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While, flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloaming sky
The mavis mends her lay ;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day ;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell ;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

THE OAK-TREE

We may tell the time when Mary Howitt wrote this poem, because it speaks of the oak-made ship; and now nearly all ships are made of iron or steel to carry the machinery that drives them. But though ships are no longer made from "hearts of oak" the tree will be admired by poets and thoughtful people for its long life, both as tree and timber. It is the favourite English tree.

SING for the oak-tree, the monarch of the
wood !
Sing for the oak-tree, that groweth green and
good !
That groweth broad and branching within
the forest shade ;
That groweth now, and still shall grow when
we are lowly laid !

The oak-tree was an acorn once, and fell
upon the earth ;
And sun and shower nourished it, and gave
the oak-tree birth ;
The little sprouting oak-tree, two leaves
it had at first,
Till sun and shower nourished it, then out
the branches burst.

The winds came and the rain fell ; the gusty
tempest blew ;
All, all were friends to the oak-tree, and
stronger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble
grew and grey ;
But the oak was still a thriving tree, and
strengthened every day.

Four centuries grows the oak-tree, nor does
its verdure fail ;
Its heart is like the iron-wood, its bark like
plaited mail.
Now cut us down the oak-tree, the monarch
of the wood ;
And of its timber stout and strong we'll
build a vessel good.

The oak-tree of the forest both east and
west shall fly ;
And the blessings of a thousand lands upon
our ship shall lie.
She shall not be a man-of-war, nor a pirate
shall she be ;
But a noble Christian merchant ship, to
sail upon the sea.

THE TWO ANGELS

This is a poem of faith, even though the lives of our children be risked. The poet pictures how God sends his angels of Life and Death hither and thither where He wills, and whichever of them visits us comes for the best. The poet's faith led him to open the door to the angel he feared was Death, but it proved to be Life. Nothing can hurt us if we have that deep trust in God.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the
morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes
of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes
of white ;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as
with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of
light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt
oppressed,
" Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou
betray
The place where thy beloved are at
rest ! "

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's
shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength
again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's
voice ;
And, knowing whatso'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then, with a smile that filled the house with
light,
" My errand is not Death, but Life," he
said ;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at
mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like
Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened
room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.
All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and
loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back from the departing
cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
Without His leave they pass no threshold
o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing
this,
Against His messengers to shut the door.

THE APPLE-TREE

This jolly rhyme should help us to appreciate the familiar things of beauty that might be unobserved because of their familiarity. Who will not admit that the golden-fruited apple-tree, one of the most neighbourly of all trees, merits a cheerful song ?

LET them sing of bright red gold,
Let them sing of silver fair ;
Sing of all things on the earth,
All things in the air ;
All things in the sunny air,
All things in the sea ;
And I'll sing a song as rare,
Of the apple-tree.

Learned men have learned books,
Which they ponder day and night ;
Easier leaves than theirs I read—
Blossoms pink and white,
Blossom leaves all pink and white,
Wherein I can see
Charactered, as clear as light,
Every apple-tree.

Autumn comes, and our good man,
Soon as harvest toil is o'er,
Speculates on apple crops—
Be they less or more.
I could tell him : less or more
Is well known to me ;
I have eyes that see the core
Of the apple-tree.

Winter comes, as winter will,
Bringing dark days, frost, and rime ;
But the apple is in vogue
At the Christmas-time.
At the merry Christmas-time
Folks are full of glee ;
Then they bring out apples prime,
Of the primest tree ;
Then you roast the apple, see,
While they toast the apple-tree,
Singing rhyme in jolly chime
To the brave old apple-tree.

THE DAISY'S SONG

This was one of the pretty fragments of writing left by the young English poet John Keats. The daisy has been the favourite flower of the poets since the time of Chaucer—of poets and of children, too.

THE sun, with his great eye,
Sees not so much as I ;
And the moon, all silver-proud,
Might as well be in a cloud.

And O the spring—the spring !
I lead the life of a king !
Couched in the teeming grass,
I spy each pretty lass.

I look where no one dares,
And I stare where no one stares,
And when the night is nigh
Lambs bleat my lullaby.

THE FLAX FLOWER

When Mary Howitt wrote these verses in praise of the usefulness of the flax flower, people were far less able to manage without the plant than they are now. Then it was necessary in weaving. To-day, through improved machinery, the warp may be made of other material. But the beauty of the homely little flax flower remains as enchanting though its usefulness has decreased.

OH, the little flax flower !
It groweth on the hill,
And, be the breeze awake or 'sleep,
It never standeth still.
It groweth, and it groweth fast ;
One day it is a seed,
And then a little grassy blade
Scarce better than a weed.
But then out comes the flax flower
As blue as is the sky ;
And " 'Tis a dainty little thing,"
We say as we go by.

Ah ! 'tis a goodly little thing,
It groweth for the poor,
And many a peasant blesseth it
Beside his cottage door.
He thinketh how those slender stems
That shimmer in the sun
Are rich for him in web and woof,
And shortly shall be spun.
He thinketh how those tender flowers
Of seed will yield him store,
And sees in thought his next year's crop
Blue shining round his door.

Oh, the little flax flower !
The mother then says she,
" Go pull the thyme, the heath, the fern,
But let the flax flower be !
It groweth for the children's sake,
It groweth for our own ;
There are flowers enough upon the hill,
But leave the flax alone !

The farmer hath his fields of wheat,
Much cometh to his share ;
We have this little plot of flax
That we have tilled with care."

Oh, the goodly flax flower !
It groweth on the hill,
And, be the breeze awake or 'sleep,
It never standeth still.
It seemeth all astriv with life
As if it loved to thrive,
As if it had a merry heart
Within its stem alive.
Then fair befell the flax-field,
And may the kindly showers
Give strength unto its shining stem,
Give seed unto its flowers !

* DANDELIONS

The suddenness of the spring arrival of the dandelion is cleverly suggested in the first of these two verses ; while the second verse tells of the swift ageing of the flowers. The author, Helen Gray Cone, is a writer and teacher living in New York.

UPON a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle-notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot ;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of veterans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and grey
With pride and noiseless laughter ;
When, well-a-day ! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after !

I KNOW A BANK

Shakespeare was not only the greatest but the sweetest of all writers. When he writes of the country, as in these lines, his words are like the breath of flowers and the song of birds.

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme
blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows :
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine.

VIOLETS

A child's fancy accounting for the flowers, but it is more beautiful to realise that all their delicacy comes from the plain, dull earth.

I KNOW, blue modest violets,
Gleaming with dew at morn—
I know the place you come from,
And the way that you are born !

When God cuts holes in heaven—
The holes the stars look through—
He lets the scraps fall down to earth—
The little scraps are you !

* Copyright, 1885, by Helen Gray Cone.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST?

This exquisitely tender song, which has been set to music by Mendelssohn, was written in a few minutes by Robert Burns. He asked a lady at whose house he had called to play him a favourite Scottish air, and wrote these words to it.

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

A WELCOME

Charles Kingsley, the generous-hearted clergyman who wrote this swiftly rushing welcome to the bitter, snow-bearing wind, was as manly as his verse. He loved the open-air world, the mountains, and the sea, and such verses as these breathe his inmost spirit. It has been said that he sang to the wind that slew him—this north-easter—but that is not quite a fact, for he had been ailing long before his death in 1875. He was born in 1819. As a writer of stories, such as "Westward Ho!" Charles Kingsley was even more popular than as a poet.

WELCOME, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, bleak North-easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and streaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe
Through the black fir-forest,
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.

Hark! the brave North-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest tomorrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South Wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard, grey weather
Breeds hard Englishmen.
What's the soft South-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas:
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and, strong within us,
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew:
Blow, thou wind of God!

EVENING

THE sun is set; the swallows are asleep,
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;
The soft, slow toads out of damp corners
creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here
and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.
There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees,
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the
breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and
down,
And whirled about the pavement of the
town.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

This hymn of faith, best known as a song, was written by Emma Willard, who, for many years in the middle of the nineteenth century, was the most popular school-teacher in the United States. She continued her work till she was over seventy, and wrote school books of which over a million copies were circulated. Perhaps no one who ever heard this song has crossed the ocean without thinking of it.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep ;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall ;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

In ocean's caves still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality ;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

THE REWARD

Here John Greenleaf Whittier gives a picture of a sensitive man looking backward over his own life—the bad of it and the good of it—with sorrow for what was wrong and gratitude for whatever has made him helpful, and feeling that from whatever was good he will gain a growing strength.

WHO, looking backward from his man-
hood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time ?
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead ?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force ?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse ?
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times, a sad and half-reluctant look,
Regretful of the Past ?

Alas ! the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished-for good un-
done :
Our strength today
Is but tomorrow's weakness, prone to fall ;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his
years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been

Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-men ?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in the hour of
need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent—

He hath not lived in vain, and while he gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and
lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

THE TOILING CHILDREN

The terrible state of overworked children, as described in these verses by W. W. Whitlock in the "New York Times," is still true in some places, though the trouble grows less as men see that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

WE never see the blue, big sky
From out some country lane,
We never watch the clouds sail by
Above the waving grain,
We never hear at close of day
The birds grow quiet in sleep,
We never run, we never play—
We only toil and weep.

The dark, cold night has hardly fled
Ere we are set to work,
With weary fingers, aching head—
But, ah, we dare not shirk !
"Work fast ! Work fast !" our parents
cry,
And though our tears flow free,
We choke them back, for if we cry
Our task we cannot see.

We are so young, the day's so long,
Yet there's no time to smile,
Or make believe, or sing a song—
And oh, to sleep a while !
But no, we do not dare to pause,
They beat us if we do—
Oh, tell us, are there, then, no laws
For little children, too ?

We only ask a little play,
A little youth and zest,
A little time for fun each day,
A little sleep and rest.
We're always hungry, often cold,
Oh, let us stop, we pray !
It cannot be that God's been told
How long we work each day.

A LAY TO THE COMET OF 1811

Addresses to people whom the poets wished to please, and even to inanimate objects, were once a fashion in poetry. The poet talked not only to his lady-love, but to the ocean, the moon, the rainbow, the hills, the skylark—anything that interested him. Here we see James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, talking earnestly with a comet. But our present knowledge of comets makes the address seem absurd. When Hogg wrote, comets were mysterious and dreadful things. We now think of them as extraordinarily thin mists, of no great importance, that grow as they travel, vast things which, instead of ploughing stars aside, scraping cinders from the sun and icicles from the Pole, are so thin that planets can pass through them without being aware of their presence. The poet shows how vigorously a poet's imagination could work.

How lovely is this wildered scene,
As twilight, from her vaults so blue,
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew.

All hail, ye hills whose towering height
Like shadows scoops the yielding sky!
And thou mysterious guest of night,
Dread traveller of immensity.

Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail,
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven.

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of his wrath,
Waved o'er a sordid, sinful world?

No; from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
No latent evil can we deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne.

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale,
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand
years?
Why sought those Polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou scal'st the Milky Way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue.

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea.

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the Pole;

Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll.

Stranger of heaven, O let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream,
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam.

FLOWER CHORUS

What a charming view these happy verses give of the flower-life that rises into beauty in the spring! They are bright in spirit and sweet like the flowers, and tell truly of Nature's great awakening. They are by Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American writer.

O SUCH a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there!
ho!"

Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whisperings to and fro!
"Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,
" 'Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear!" the Scilla replied,
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "Ha, ha, ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter, sweet and low,
Of millions of flowers under the ground,
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus
said,
"When I hear the blackbird sing."
And straight thereafter Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring;"
But the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then "Ha, ha, ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter, sweet and low,
From millions of flowers under the
ground,
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

O the pretty brave things, through the
coldest days
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast
shrieked loud
And the sleet and the hail came down;
But patiently each wrought her wonderful
dress
Or fashioned her beautiful crown,
And now they are coming to lighten the
world
Still shadowed by winter's frown.
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha,
ha!"
In laughter, sweet and low,
The millions of flowers under the ground,
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE

This poem was written by John S. Gibbons at the time of the Civil War, when the President called for more men. It reveals so clearly the hearts of the people, and the steadfastness with which they set themselves to the task before them, that it moves the reader deeply. While the imagery is simple, it is intensely vivid, so that we can see the long lines and hear the trampling of the "three hundred thousand men."

WE are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream, and from New England's shore.
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before ;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

If you look across the hilltops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry.
And now the wind an instant tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride.
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour ;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line ;
And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs.
And farewell groups stand weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake our brother's bones beside ;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

HEAVENLY WISDOM

Some of the Psalms from the Bible have been turned into beautiful English verse—that is, they have been paraphrased, yet kept in verse form. Psalms so treated in well-known poems are the twenty-third, the ninetyeth, and the hundredth. This is a poetical version of the first Psalm. The writer, John Logan, was a Scottish writer, who lived from 1748 to 1788, and, beginning life as a minister, ended by being a contributor to reviews in London. There is a good deal of doubt whether certain poems were written by Logan or by a college friend named Michael Bruce.

O, happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than East or West unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.

She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

WAITING LOVE

These lovely thoughts, so simply expressed, are by H. D. Thoreau, the American writer. He is better known as a prose writer than as a poet, but that he could write true poetry, too, these verses show clearly.

THERE'S nothing in the world, I know,
That can escape from love,
For every depth it goes below,
And every height above.

It waits, as waits the sky,
Until the clouds go by,
Yet shines serenely on
With an eternal day,
Alike when they are gone,
And when they stay.

Implacable is love,
Foes may be bought or teased
From their hostile intent,
But he goes unappeased
Who is on kindness bent.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

This is one of Mr. George Cooper's happy rhymes, telling us most truly how joyousness of spirit seems to have the effect of making the whole world to shine, and calls forth friendship everywhere.

I KNOW a funny fellow,
With locks of golden yellow,
Who never yet could cross or angry be.
Although he often tumbles,
He never cries or grumbles,
But he laughs "Ha-ha!" and "Ho-ho-ho!
He-he!"

The very blossoms knew him;
The brooks came running to him,
And sang, "We love to join in your
glee!"
Glad birds came flying after,
To listen to his laughter,
With its "Ha-ha-ha!" and "Ho-ho-ho!
He-he!"

"We're comrades," smiled the daisies.
In pleasant woodland mazes
The squirrels chirped, "He's quite as gay
as we!"
What merry sunshine made he,
In places lone and shady,
With his "Ha-ha-ha!" and "Ho-ho-ho!
He-he!"

When rain began to patter,
And timid birds to scatter,
He laughed, "That makes no difference
to me!
The sun will soon be shining,
My cure for all repining
Is a Ha-ha-ha! and a Ho-ho-ho!
He-he!"

THE MUSICIAN

This sonnet, translated from the French of Theodore de Banville, sketches a saddening sight of the callousness of the world towards some of the unsuccessful. An old violinist, rapt and lost in his music, is rudely driven away by servants.

A WORN old man with flowing locks and
white,
With brow as pallid as the April flowers,
With eyes so deep, so blue, it seemed
the hours
Aging all else had left undimmed their
light—
Held an old violin close-clasped and tight,
And improvised with all his master-
powers,
Defying grief, while from his bow in
showers,
Fell notes that sang both sorrow and de-
light.

He, hungry, cold, and clad but scantily,
Played all his timid tongue dare not re-
veal,
His youth's vain efforts, manhood's strife,
the sore
And bitter sorrows only death can heal—
Lo! swift awakens from his ecstasy,
A servant struck him trembling from the
door.

ALONG THE ROAD

These lines, written by Robert Hamilton, in the "Century Magazine," tell a deep truth. Pleasure is but a thin soil, and strong character will not grow from it. The soil of Sorrow is far richer.

I WALKED a mile with Pleasure.
She chatted all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh, the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me!

THE PEDLAR'S CARAVAN

A charming example of the poems written by William Brightly Rands for children. The word "delf" in the third verse means pottery. The word comes from the town of Delft, in Holland, which is celebrated for its earthenware.

I WISH I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a pedlar-
man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke
comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend and delf to sell!
He clashes the basin like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets, ranged in order,
Plates, with the alphabet round the border.

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is just like a bathing-ma-
chine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble, and splash to the other side!

With the pedlar-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

THE FISHER'S BOY

The idea that where the sea meets the land it is more romantic and fuller of meaning than mid-ocean is worked out very skilfully in these sixteen lines by Thoreau, the American writer, who is only known to many of us as a prose essayist.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach ;
As near the ocean's edge as I can go ;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'er-
reach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.
My sole employment is, and scrupulous
care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of
tides,
Each smoother pebble, and each shell
more rare,
Which Ocean kindly to my hand con-
fides.
I have but few companions on the shore ;
They scorn the strand who sail upon
the sea ;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed
o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.
The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to
view ;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a ship-
wrecked crew.

GOLD AND GREY

The poet's "mist of gold" is the brightness that surrounds youth, as it is described in the second verse. The "mist of grey" is the sober colouring that surrounds approaching age. Both are good in their due time. These wise verses are taken from "The Open Air," and are by the Rev. G. M. A. Hewett.

AND so farewell, days of my youth, fare-
well,
For all I've said or done, that was amiss,
For all I've hurt, for all I've used not well,
I pray Thee, Lord, to pardon me for
this.
And for my youth, for hearing, health,
and sight,
For nights of wonderment and joyous
days,
For sea and streams, for down's and
wood's delight,
I give to Thee, Lord of all these, the
praise.
And if to any words of mine 'tis given
To lead young spirits where 'tis safe to
tread,
That they may strive to love where I have
striven,
Lay Thou Thy hands in blessing on
their head.

Born in a mist of gold, a mist of grey
Enfolds our footsteps as we creep to
rest ;
And well for all who at the close of day
Can wonder whether gold or grey were
best.

TO MEADOWS

This picture of the meadows in winter compared with the meadows as scenes of beauty and life and gaiety in spring and summer is by Robert Herrick. He was one of the first English poets who wrote largely about Nature and country life.

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been filled with flowers ;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.
Ye have beheld how they
With wicked arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.
You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round ;
Each virgin, like a spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.
But now we see none here,
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevelled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.
Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

ORDER

This stern picture of changeless order under inflexible natural laws is drawn by Charles Kingsley, the novelist. A contrary picture of universal changeableness might well be drawn. Indeed, Tennyson drew it in two lines: "There, where the long street roars, hath been the stillness of the central sea."

FAR among the lonely hills
As I lay beside my sheep,
Rest came down upon my soul,
From the everlasting deep.
Changeless march the stars above,
Changeless morn succeeds to even ;
And the everlasting hills
Changeless watch the changeless heaven.
See the rivers, how they run,
Changeless to the changeless sea ;
All around is forethought sure,
Fixed will and stern decree.
Can the sailor move the main ?
Will the potter heed the clay ?
Mortal ! where the Spirit drives,
Thither must the wheels obey.
Neither ask, nor fret, nor strive ;
Where thy path is thou shalt go.
He who made the streams of time
Wafts thee down to weal or woe.

SOWING THE SEED

Men work out the will of God in ways they cannot see,
That is the truth illustrated here by Edward Everett Hale,
an American writer who was born in 1822 and died in 1909.

THE ploughing of the Lord is deep,
On ocean or on land ;
His furrows cross the mountain-steep,
They cross the sea-washed sand.

Wise men and prophets know not how,
But work their Master's will ;
The kings and nations drag the plough
His purpose to fulfil.

They work His will because they must,
On hillside or on plain,
Till clods are broken into dust,
And ready for the grain.

Where prophets lone the deserts trod,
Where monarchs dragged the plough,
Behold the seed-time of His Word,
The Sower comes to sow !

A HORRIBLE TALE

The sketcher of this cleverly worked-up picture of an awesome tale-teller was Arthur Locker, who penned many merry verses in his younger days. Born in 1828, he was a well-known journalist, once a writer for the London "Times," and for many years the editor of the "Graphic." He died in 1893.

WITHOUT—the wind against the pane
Sighed like a ghost that strives to gain
Admittance to its old domain.

Within—the fire burnt brimstone-blue,
So that each face, to neighbours' view,
Seemed of a ghastly corpse-like hue.

Close by the fire sat Mr. Jones,
Who told, in earnest, awe-struck tones,
A thrilling tale of blood and bones !

A tale of mystery and crime,
Beginning, "Once upon a time,"
And echoing like funeral chime.

We listened with a solemn dread,
As to a message from the dead,
For Jones believed each word he said.

And as he spoke he waxed in vigour,
His hair rose up, his eyes grew bigger ;
He seemed a supernatural figure !

Entranced, we marked his stony glare,
His hollow voice, his bristling hair ;
Our eyeballs gave back stare for stare !

And then we saw upon the wall
A something that was worse than all—
Something that held us fast in thrall.

A gruesome shape, with peaked jaw,
With horned head, with outstretched paw,
And at each finger's end a claw !

Our blood was chilled, we could not speak,
We could not even raise a shriek.
Each moment seemed a tedious week.

But fear was soon laid on the shelf,
When we perceived this monstrous elf
Was but the shade of Jones himself.

Reaction made us laugh—and that
Made Jones's tale seem rather flat,
So presently he sought his hat.

THE LAST WORD

Men who spend their lives in trying to make the world better sometimes grow discouraged because they cannot see the success they wish for. This almost despairing mood is expressed by Matthew Arnold, the fine nineteenth-century poet ; but, though he is saddened by what seems like failure, he is resolved to go on to the last with the good warfare, and he knows victory will eventually come, if not for him.

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said !
Vain thy onset ! all stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease !
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will !
Thou art tired ; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee ?
Better men fared thus before thee :
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb !
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall !

CUPID

William Blake, who asks why Cupid, the cherub that symbolises young love, should not be pictured as a girl rather than as a boy, seeing that his tricks are much more girl-like than boy-like, was a man of genius, whether we judge him as a poet or as an artist. No man of the modern world has shown imagination in such rare forms as Blake.

WHY was Cupid a boy
And why a boy was he ?
He should have been a girl,
For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,
And the girl shoots with her eye ;
And they both are merry and glad,
And laugh when we do cry.

Then to make Cupid a boy
Was surely a woman's plan,
For a boy never learns so much
Till he has become a man :

And then he's so pierced with cares,
And wounded with arrowy smarts,
That the whole business of his life
Is to pick out the heads of the darts

AT EVENING TIME

James Montgomery, the Sheffield hymn-writer, here expands a Scriptural expression, and applies it to his own approach towards old age. The poem is a personal experience, for James Montgomery had a placid and almost radiant ending.

AT evening time let there be light :
Life's little day draws near its close ;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose :
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light :
Stormy and dark hath been my day ;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright,
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the
way :

O for one sweet, one parting ray !
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there *shall* be light ;
For God hath spoken—it must be :
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me ;
Mine eyes shall His salvation see :
—'Tis evening time, and there *is* light !

THE RIDE TO THE TOURNAMENT

The poet who wrote these gay, descriptive verses was named Walter Thornbury. He was born in 1828 and lived till 1876. He wrote many tales, and was fond of picturing olden times. Here he gives us a procession of the people who went to tournaments, and tells us how they looked, behaved, and felt. The chalumeau means a musical pipe. The clarinet is an improvement on it. The shawm of the jester was the same instrument.

OVER meadows purple-flowered,
Through the dark lanes oak-embowered,
Over commons dry and brown,
Through the silent red-roofed town,
Past the reapers and the sheaves,
Over white roads strewn with leaves,
By the gipsy's ragged tent,
Rode we to the tournament.

Over clover wet with dew,
Whence the skylark, startled, flew,
Through brown fallows, where the hare
Leapt up from its subtle lair,
Past the mill-stream and the reeds,
Where the stately heron feeds,
By the warren's sunny wall,
Where the dry leaves shake and fall,
By the hall's ancestral trees,
Bent and writhing in the breeze,
Rode we all with one intent
Gaily to the tournament.

Golden sparkles, flashing gem,
Lit the robes of each of them,
Cloak of velvet, robe of silk,
Mantle snowy-white as milk,
Rings upon our bridle hand,
Jewels on our belt and band,

Bells upon our golden reins,
Tinkling spurs and shining chains,
In such merry mob we went
Riding to the tournament.

Charger with the massy chest,
Foam-spots flecking mane and breast,
Pacing stately, pawing ground,
Fretting for the trumpet's sound,
White and sorrel, roan and bay,
Dappled, spotted, black, and grey,
Palfreys snowy as the dawn,
Ponies sallow as the fawn,
All together neighing went
Trampling to the tournament.

Long hair scattered in the wind,
Curls that flew a yard behind,
Flags that struggled like a bird,
Chained and restive—not a word,
But half buried in a laugh ;
And the lance's gilded staff,
Shaking when the bearer shook
At the jester's merry look,
As he grins upon his mule,
Like an urchin leaving school,
Shaking bauble, tossing bells,
At the merry jest he tells ;
So in happy mood we went
Laughing to the tournament.

Pilgrims with their hood and cowl,
Pursy burghers cheek by jowl,
Archers with their peacock's wing
Fitting to the waxen string,
Pedlars with their pack and bags,
Beggars with their coloured rags,
Silent monks whose stony eyes
Rest in trance upon the skies,
Children sleeping at the breast,
Merchants from the distant West,
All in gay confusion went
To the royal tournament.

Blackbirds from the hedges broke,
Black crows from the beeches croak,
Glossy swallows in dismay
From the mill-stream fled away,
The angry swan, with ruffled breast,
Frowned upon her osier nest,
The wren hopped restless on the brake,
The otter makes the sedges shake,
The butterfly before our rout
Flew like a blossom blown about,
The lark in terror from the sod
Flew up and straight appealed to God,
As a noisy band we went
Trotting to the tournament.

But when we saw the holy town,
With its rivers and its down,

Then the drums began to beat,
 And the flutes piped mellow sweet ;
 Then the deep and full bassoon
 Murmured like a wood in June,
 And the fifes, so sharp and bleak,
 All at once began to speak.
 Hear the trumpet clear and loud,
 Full-tongued, eloquent, and proud,
 And the dulcimer that ranges
 Through such wild and plaintive changes ;
 Merry sound the jester's shawm,
 To our gladness giving form ;
 And the shepherd's chalumeau,
 Rich, and soft, and sad, and low ;
 Hark ! The bagpipes squeak and groan—
 Every herdsman has his own,
 So in measured step we went
 Pacing to the tournament.

All at once the chimes break out,
 Then we hear the townsmen shout,
 And the morris-dancers' bells
 Tinkling in the grassy dells ;
 The bell thunder from the tower
 Adds its sound of doom and power,
 As the cannon's loud salute
 For a moment made us mute ;
 Then again the laugh and joke
 On the startled silence broke ;
 Thus in merry mood we went
 Laughing to the tournament.

I SAW A NEW WORLD

There are conceited people, generally very thoughtless, who fancy if they had made the world they would have made it better than it is made now. In this poem, W. B. Rands, who was wise as well as playful, shows what a mess might be made of the world if it were to be fixed without change, and how interesting it is with all its surprises and strife and hope.

I SAW a new world in my dream,
 Where all the folks alike did seem :
 There was no Child, there was no Mother,
 There was no Change, there was no Other.

For everything was Same, the Same ;
 There was no Praise, there was no Blame ;
 There was neither Need nor Help for it ;
 There was nothing fitting, or unfit.

Nobody laughed, nobody wept ;
 None grew weary, so none slept ;
 There was nobody born, and nobody wed ;
 This world was a world of the living dead.

I longed to hear the Time-Clock strike
 In the world where the people were all alike ;
 I hated Same, I hated For-ever,
 I longed to say Neither, or even Never.

I longed to mend, I longed to make,
 I longed to give, I longed to take,
 I longed for a change, whatever came after,
 I longed for crying, I longed for laughter.

At last I heard the Time-Clock boom,
 And woke from my dream in my little
 room ;
 With a smile on her lips my mother was nigh,
 And I heard the baby crow and cry.

And I thought to myself, How nice it is
 For me to live in a world like this,
 Where things can happen, and clocks can
 strike,
 And none of the people are made alike ;

Where Love wants this, and Pain wants
 that,
 Where all our hearts want Tit for Tat
 In the jumbles we make with our heads and
 our hands,
 In a world that nobody understands,
 But with work, and hope, and the right to
 call
 Upon Him who sees it and knows us all.

SUN AND SHADOW

The meaning of this wise poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes is that we must not govern our actions by what we imagine lookers-on are thinking of us, but must bend our thoughts on the duty before us, and not stand posing to be looked at.

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of
 green,
 To the billows of foam-crested blue,
 Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
 Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue :
 Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the
 spray
 As the chaff in the stroke of the flail ;
 Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her
 way,
 The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,
 Of breakers that whiten and roar ;
 How little he cares if, in shadow or sun,
 They see him that gaze from the shore !
 He looks to the beacon that looms from the
 reef,
 To the rock that is under his lee,
 As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-
 wafted leaf,
 O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim vaulted caves
 Where life and its ventures are laid,
 The dreamers who gaze while we battle the
 waves
 May see us in sunshine or shade ;
 Yet true to our course, though our shadow
 grow dark,
 We'll trim our broad sail as before,
 And stand by the rudder that governs the
 bark,
 Nor ask how we look from the shore !

WAITING

This beautiful little poem by John Burroughs, an American naturalist, teaches the lesson of patience. If we have worked faithfully and done our duty then we can fold our hands and wait for the good that will surely come to us.

SERENE I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder
heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

Yon floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

OCTOBER

THERE comes a month in the weary
year,—

A month of leisure and healthful rest;
When the ripe leaves fall and the air is
clear,
October, the brown, the crisp, the blest.

HYMN OF THE POLISH EXILES

This prayer of the Polish exiles, written by Harriet Martineau, seems to be about to receive an answer in the liberation of Poland once more, and its establishment as a nation within the Russian Empire. Poland was once the defender of Europe against the Turks. Harriet Martineau (born 1802, died 1876) was born a lover of liberty, for she came of Huguenot stock.

GOD, scorched by battle-fires, we stand
Before Thee on Thy throne of snows;
But, Father, in this silent land
We seek no refuge nor repose;
We ask, and shall not ask in vain—
“Give us our heritage again!”

Thy winds are ice-bound in the sea;
Thine eagle cowers till storms are past;
Lord, when those moaning winds are free,
When eagles mount upon the blast,
Oh, breathe upon our icy chain,
And float our Poland's flag again!

'Twas for Thy cause we once were strong;
Thou wilt not doom that cause to death!
O God, our struggle has been long;
Thou wilt not quench our glimmering
faith!
Thou hear'st the murmurs of our pain—
“Give us our heritage again!”

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON AT MIDNIGHT

This account of an eclipse of the moon, and the thought it brought to the writer, is by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, a West of England clergyman, who was born in 1762 and died in 1850. He will always hold a place in English literary history, because he was a friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, and influenced their early writings by his sonnets, which were written with charm in a simple style.

UP—up—into the vast expanded space,
Thou art ascending in thy majesty,
Beautiful Moon, the queen of the pale sky!
But what is that which gathers on thy face,
A dark, mysterious shade, eclipsing—slow—
The splendour of thy calm and steadfast
light?

It is the shadow of this world of woe,
Of this vast moving world—portentous
sight,

As if we almost stood and saw more near
Its very action—almost heard it roll
On, in the swiftness of its dread career,
As it hath rolled for ages! Hush, my soul!—
Listen!—there is no sound—but could we
hear

The murmur of its multitudes, who toil
Through their brief hour—the heart might
well recoil.

But this is ever sounding in His ear
Who made it, and who said “Let there be
light”—

And we, the creatures of a mortal hour,
'Mid hosts of worlds, are ever in His sight,
Catching, as now, dim glimpses of His power.

The time shall come when all this mighty
scene

Darkness shall wrap, as it had never been.
Oh, Father of all worlds, be Thou our guide,
And lead us gently on, from youth to age,
Thro' the dark valley of our pilgrimage!
Enough, if thus—bending to Thy high will—
We hold our Christian course, through good
or ill,

And to the end, with hope and faith, abide.

WHO SHALL BE FAIREST ?

Here is one of Charles Mackay's breezy, rushing songs. He asks who shall be placed first among women and men ; and he answers his quest on himself—that the steadfast woman, faithful in adversity, shall be first, with the brave and truthful man.

Who shall be fairest ?

Who shall be rarest ?

Who shall be first in the songs that we sing ?

She who is kindest,

When Fortune is blindest, [spring.

Bearing through winter the blooms of the

Charm of our gladness,

Friend of our sadness,

Angel of Life, when its pleasures take wing !

She shall be fairest,

She shall be rarest,

She shall be first in the songs that we sing !

Who shall be nearest,

Noblest and dearest,

Named but with honour and pride evermore ?

He the undaunted,

Whose banner is planted [hoar ;

On Glory's high ramparts and battlements

Fearless of danger,

To falsehood a stranger,

Looking not back while there's Duty before !

He shall be nearest,

He shall be dearest,

He shall be first in our hearts evermore !

CARACTACUS

Bernard Barton, a poet of the early half of the nineteenth century, tells through these verses the story of the bold British chieftain Caractacus, who, when taken to Rome as a prisoner to grace the triumph of his conqueror, walked proudly as if he were the conqueror, and when asked by the Emperor to speak replied that as he could be no longer a British chief he did not want anything else. This daring and dignity so impressed Claudius that he gave the prisoner his liberty. Nothing shows the change of feeling since Christianity has prevailed more than this, that formerly the most civilised people gloated over the men they had defeated, and now we honour all men who have bravely lost.

BEFORE proud Rome's imperial throne,

In mind's unconquered mood,

As if the triumph were his own,

The dauntless captive stood.

None, to have seen his free-born air,

Had fancied him a captive there.

Though, through the crowded streets of

With slow and stately tread, [Rome,

Far from his own loved island home,

That day in triumph led,

Unbowed his head, unbent his knee,

Undimmed his eye, his aspect free.

A free and fearless glance he cast

On temple, arch, and tower,

By which the long procession passed

Of Rome's victorious power ;

And somewhat of a scornful smile

Upcurled his haughty lip the while.

And now he stood, with brow serene,

Where slaves might prostrate fall,

Bearing a Briton's manly mien

In Cæsar's palace hall ;

Claiming, with kindled brow and cheek,

The liberty e'en there to speak.

Nor could Rome's haughty lord withstand

The claim that look preferred,

But motioned, with uplifted hand,

The suppliant should be heard—

If he indeed a suppliant were

Whose glance demanded audience there.

Deep stillness fell on all the crowd,

From Claudius on his throne

Down to the meanest slave that bowed

At his imperial throne ;

Silent his fellow-captive's grief,

As fearless spoke the island chief :

“ Think not, thou eagle lord of Rome

And master of the world,

Though victory's banner o'er thy dome

In triumph be unfurled,

I would address thee as thy slave,

But as the bold should greet the brave.

“ I might, perchance, could I have deigned

To hold a vassal's throne,

E'en now in Britain's isle have reigned

A king in name alone,

Yet holding, as thy meek ally,

A monarch's mimic pageantry.

“ Then through Rome's crowded streets
today

I might have passed with thee,

Not in a captive's base array,

But fetterless and free—

If freedom he could hope to find

Whose bondage is of heart and mind.

“ But canst thou marvel that, free-born,

With heart and soul unquelled,

Throne, crown, and sceptre I should scorn

By thy permission held ;

Or that I should retain my right

Till wrested by a conqueror's might ?

“ Now I have spoken, do thy will ;

Be life or death my lot,

Since Britain's throne no more I fill,

To me it matters not.

My fame is clear ; but on my fate

Thy glory or thy shame must wait.”

He ceased ; from all around upsprung

A murmur of applause ;

For well had truth and freedom's tongue

Maintained their holy cause.

The conqueror was the captive then :

He bade the slave be free again.

THE DIVER

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, who wrote this poem, was born in the year 1769, and lived until the year 1805. He was a very clever and learned man, and wrote history and plays as well as poetry. This beautiful poem is in lyric form, that is, it is song-like, and might be one of the long ballads sung by the minstrels in the Middle Ages. You will see that it tells a story in very beautiful words.

“OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow ;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king.”

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge,
“And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?”

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes ;
They looked on the dismal and savage
Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—“The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?”

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle ;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit,
and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,

Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,

Casts roarily up the charybdis again,
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending ;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending ;
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
As the whirlpool sucks into black smoothness the swell
Of the white-foaming breakers—and cleaves thro' the ocean
A path that seems winding in darkness to hell.
Round and round whirled the waves—deeper and deeper still driven,
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker!
Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark :
but the crowd
Heard the wail from the deep murmur hollow and fell ;
They hearken and shudder, lamenting aloud—
“Gallant youth,—noble heart—fare thee well, fare thee well!”
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou should'st in those waters thy diadem fling,

And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear:"

God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—

A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.

For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,

Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;

Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,

To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave.—

Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,

Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,

As when fire is with water commixed and contending;

And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,

And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;

And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,

Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,

What gleams on the darkness so swan-like and white?

Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—

They battle—the Man's with the Element's might.

It is he—it is he! in his left hand behold,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold.

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,

And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.

They gaze on each other—they shout, as they throng—

"He lives—lo the ocean has rendered its prey!

And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,

Comes back to the daylight the soul of the grave!"

And he comes with the crowd in their clamour and glee,

And the goblet his daring has won from the water,

He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;—

And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.

She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,

And thus spake the Diver—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose hues of daylight rejoice,

The air and the sky that to mortals are given."

May the horror below nevermore find a voice—

Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!

Nevermore—nevermore may he lift from the sight

The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

"Quick-brightening, like lightning—it tore me along,

Down, down, till the rush of a torrent at play

In the rocks of its wilderness, caught me—and strong

As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.

Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,

Round and round in its dance, the wild element spun me.

"And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer

In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—

And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,

And I clung to it, nimbly—and baffled the death!

And, safe in the perils around me, behold!
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

“Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
 Spread the gloomy, and purple and pathless Obscure!
 A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
 That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure!
 Salamander — snake — dragon — vast reptiles that dwell
 In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

“Dark-crawled,—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
 Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;—
 Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms;—
 Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer Fish passed;
 And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
 Went the terrible shark—the Hyena of Ocean.

“There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o’er me,
 So far from the earth, where man’s help there was none!
 The One Human Thing with the Goblins before me—
 Alone—in a liveness so ghastly—
 ALONE
 Fathom deep from man’s eye in the speechless profound,
 With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

“Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
 IT saw—the dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!
 And darted—O God! from the far-flaming bough
 Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
 And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
 It seized me to save—King, the danger is o’er!”

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled; quoth he,
 “Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
 And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee.—

Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine,—
 If thou’lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
 To say what lies hid in the innermost main.”

Then outspoke the daughter in tender emotion:

“Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?

Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—

He has served thee as none would, thyself has confessed.

If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,

Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!”

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,

And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:

“But bring back that goblet again to my eye

And I’ll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;

And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,

The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

In his heart, as he listened, there leaped the wild joy—

And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,

On that bloom, on that blush gazed delighted the boy:

The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire!

Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;

He resolves! To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,

Their coming the thunder sound herald—along!

Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell:

They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,

Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back, as before,

But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

TO MY SON AGED THREE

The child as he is written about by poets, and the child as he really is, has never been sketched so funnily as by Tom Hood. Poor Hood was himself as contradictory as this poem of his, for he was at times the most humorous and at other times the saddest of men. His little boy, pictured so quaintly in these verses, was only three years and five months old.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that
tear)

Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin
(Good heavens! The child is swallowing
a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air
(The door! The door! He'll tumble down
the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a
link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human honey-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows;
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-
rope!)

With pure heart newly stamped from
Nature's mint
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymenial nest
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man

(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawn-
ing life
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky fore-
seeing;
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball, bestride the stick
(I knew so many cakes would make him
sick!)

With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic
brisk,

With many a lamblike frisk
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your
gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your
nose!)

Balmy, and breathing music like the south
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove
(I'll tell you what, my love:
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

WAS LINCOLN A KING?

These lines, by Ella Matthews Bangs, are in honour of the greatest man after George Washington that the public life of America has ever produced. There have been few kings so worthy to rule a great country as Abraham Lincoln proved himself.

WE talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and
stern,
His armies to victory led,
Then, after a pause, "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When "No" came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then, with a start,
"He wasn't a king—*outside*," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."

TRUTH

Arthur Henry Clough, the writer of these noble lines, was a poet who died comparatively young, after he had written a few pieces with fine insight and beauty, but before he had had time to fulfil completely the expectations of clever friends. He died in his forty-second year, and Matthew Arnold wrote a lovely poem in his memory.

IT fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truth is so;
That howso'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall,

MY KINGDOM—By Robert Louis Stevenson



Down by the shining water well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea ;
The little hills were big to me ;
For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows, too.
This was the world, and I was king ;
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
And leave my heather blooms.
Alas ! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms !

SONG

Thomas Campbell was drawn to war for his most life-like poems, perhaps because his youth was at a time when the British were desperately at war. This simple song is a characteristic example.

WHEN Napoleon was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier dying
To his brother bade adieu.

"And take," he said, "this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection's latest breath."

Sore mourned the brother's heart
When the youth beside him fell;
But the trumpet warned to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him
For that gallant soldier sighed;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

THE SEA

These verses, taken from the poems of Heine, the German poet, describe the sea in many moods. Even in the translation, they give us an idea of the poet's power of description.

THE sea appears all golden
Beneath the sunlit sky,
O let me there be buried,
My brethren, when I die.

The sea I have always loved so,
It oft hath cooled my breast
With its refreshing billows,
Each in the other's love blest.

On the clouds doth rest the moon,
Like a giant-orange gleaming;
Broad her streaks with golden rays
O'er the dusky ocean beaming.

Lonely roam I by the strand
While the billows white are breaking;
Many sweet words hear I there,
From the water's depths awaking.

In their grey-hued clouds envelop'd,
Now the mighty gods are sleeping;
And I listen to their snoring,
Stormy weather o'er us creeping.

Stormy weather! Raging tempests
On the poor ship bring disaster;
On these winds who'll place a bridle,—
On these waves that own no master?

The storm strikes up for dancing,
It blusters, pipes, roars with delight;

Hurrah, how the bark is springing!
How merry and wild is the night.

A living, watery mountain
The raging sea builds tow'rd the sky;
A gloomy abyss here is gaping,
There, mounts a white tower on high.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARROW

The mystery of the life of man has been expressed by many of the poets. Whence? Where? Why?—they ask. And we do not know. But we have faith, as this poet has, that God knows. The lines are written by Richard Henry Stoddard, an American poet who published a large collection of verses. He died in 1903.

THE life of man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness
Into light,
And out of light
Into darkness again;
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain!
There must be Something,
Above, or below;
Somewhere unseen
A mighty Bow,
A Hand that tires not,
A sleepless Eye
That sees the arrows
Fly and fly;
One who knows
Why we live—and die.

ADELGITHA

One of the features of true poetry is that it condenses a story into the fewest words. Here is a whole tale, told by Thomas Campbell, in sixteen lines, with moving feeling, vigour, and completeness.

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad, pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger;
But when he knelt to claim her glove—
"Seek not," she cried, "O gallant
stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

"For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arms should now have set me
free;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"
He raised his vizer—at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted;
It was indeed her own true knight!

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY

Francis Quarles, who was born in 1592 and died in 1644, was in his day a very popular religious poet; but his thoughts were often so far-fetched and formal that they have not interested people of later times. This poem is one of the most easily understood of Quarles's writings, but its thought is over-stated, as when he makes natural friendship seem treason and mirth seem madness.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth;

She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;

She is my tender nurse—she gives me food;
But what's a creature, Lord, compared
with Thee?

Or what's my mother or my nurse to
me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite
me;

Her shrill-mouthed quire sustains me with
their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight
me;

But what's the air, or all the sweets
that she

Can bless my soul withal, compared to
thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet
greater;

She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore;
But, Lord of oceans, when compared
with Thee,

What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

Without Thy presence earth gives no
refection;

Without Thy presence sea affords no
treasure;

Without Thy presence air's a rank infection,
Without Thy presence heaven itself no
pleasure;

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven
to me?

Without Thy presence wealth is bags of
cares;

Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet—sadness;
Friendship is treason and delights are
snares;

Pleasures but pain and mirth but pleasing
madness;

Without Thee, Lord, things be not
what they be,

Nor have they being when compared
with Thee.

In having all things and not Thee, what
have I?

Not having Thee, what have my labours got?

Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?

And having Thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea nor land, nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven un-
possessed of Thee.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

In these descriptive lines, John Greenleaf Whittier tells of his own free boyhood. He teaches us that the best time to learn to love Nature is in the happy days of youth. If we do not learn to love the simple beauty of the country when we are young, we shall miss something for which nothing else in our lives will make up. The Hesperides were fabled gardens, where golden apples grew; and one of the labours of the Greek Hercules was to get some of these apples, which were guarded by a dragon.

BLESSINGS on the little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!

With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;

With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;

With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;

From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!

Let the million-dollared ride!

Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy

In the reach of ear and eye—

Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,

Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,

Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wildflower's time and place,

Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;

How the tortoise bears his shell,

How the woodchuck digs his cell,

And the ground-mole sinks his well;

How the robin feeds her young,

How the oriole's nest is hung;

Where the whitest lilies blow,

Where the freshest berries grow,

Where the groundnut trails its vine,

Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,

Mason of his walls of clay,

And the architectural plans

Of grey hornet artisans!—

For, eschewing books and tasks,

Nature answers all he asks;

Hand in hand with her he walks,

Face to face with her he talks,

Part and parcel of her joy—

Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone ;
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day and through the night,
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall ;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides !
 Still as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too,
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread—
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone, grey and rude !
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch : pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-spread the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground ;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE

This Ode was thought for generations to be Shakespeare's, because it was published in a volume bearing his initials. Now we know it was written by a young admirer of Shakespeare, Richard Barnfield, who evidently was closely associated with the poet he imitated. Barnfield, who was born in 1574 and died in 1627, gave up writing while still a young man, and lived as a country gentleman. Notice his imitation in words of part of the nightingale's song. All the poets have heard sadness in that song

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone.
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Leaned her breast up against a thorn ;
 And there sung the dolefullest ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity.
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
 Teru, teru, by and by ;
 That, to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
 For her griefs, so lively shown,
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain ;
 None takes pity on thy pain :
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing !
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
 Thou and I were both beguiled.
 Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy, like the wind ;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
 But, if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.

He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need ;
 If thou sorrow he will weep,
 If thou wake he cannot sleep :
 Thus, of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

TWILIGHT AT SEA

This beautiful little descriptive poem was written by Amelia Coppuck Welby, an American writer.

THE twilight hours like birds flew by,
 As lightly and as free ;
 Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
 Ten thousand on the sea ;
 For every wave with dimpled face,
 That leaped into the air,
 Had caught a star in its embrace,
 And held it trembling there.

MY NATIVE VALE

Poets often delight in imagining how other people must feel, and in describing, for them, experiences that have never been their own. In this poem, Samuel Rogers, who was a Londoner by birth and life-long residence, but travelled in Italy and wrote about it, tells us how he thinks an Italian must feel about the valley in which he was born. The scenes brought before us are all Italian.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs
there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

PAULINUS AND EDWIN

The conversion here recorded by Francis Turner Palgrave, is said to have taken place at Doncaster, when Edwin, the Northumbrian king, met Paulinus, a monk sent by Pope Gregory, with Augustine, to convert the English. The "stern old warrior" who advised Edwin to accept the new religion, which told men whence they were come and whither they were going, is usually referred to as a priest named Cofi. It was this king who built Edinburgh Castle.

THE black-haired, gaunt Paulinus
By ruddy Edwin stood:
"Bow down, O King of Deira,
Before the holy rood!
Cast forth thy demon idols,
And worship Christ our Lord!"
But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answered not a word.

Again the gaunt Paulinus
To ruddy Edwin spake:
"God offers life immortal
For His dear Son's own sake.
Wilt thou not hear His message,
Who bears the keys and sword?"
But Edwin looked and pondered,
And answered not a word.

Rose then a sage old warrior—
Was five score winters old—
Whose beard from chin to girdle
Like one long snow-wreath rolled:

"At Yuletide in our chamber
We sit in warmth and light,
While cavern-black around us
Lies the grim mouth of Night.

"Athwart the room a sparrow
Darts from the open door;
Within the happy hearth-light
One red flash, and no more!
We see it born from darkness,
And into darkness go—
So is our life, King Edwin!
Ah, that it should be so!

"But if this pale Paulinus
Have somewhat more to tell,
Some news of whence and whither,
And where the soul may dwell—
If on that outer darkness
The sun of Hope may shine,
He makes life worth the living—
I take his God for mine."

So spake the wise old warrior,
And all about him cried:
"Paulinus, God hath conquered,
And He shall be our Guide;
For He makes life worth living
Who brings this message plain—
When our brief days are over,
That we shall live again."

THE SHIP OF STATE

A hundred years after the formation of the American Republic, the poet Longfellow wrote a poem which he called "The Building of the Ship." It described how a captain set the lover of his daughter the task of building a ship, to be called "The Union," staunch and strong, on the condition that the young people should be married on the day the ship was launched. Having told this simple story, the poet nobly applies the simile of a ship to his country—the Ship of State—

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to-breach the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

PRAISE YE THE LORD

This wonderful hymn of adoration is from the 148th Psalm. The great Eastern poet who conceived it, whoever he was, rose to the sublime height of seeing all things, with or without life, acclaiming the Creator, and finding joy in fulfilling the Divine will. That is a spiritual mood which only visits common-place souls in moments of rare exaltation, but some men have lived in it constantly.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise Him in the heights.

Praise ye Him, all His angels: praise ye Him, all His hosts.

Praise ye Him, sun and moon: praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Praise Him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for He commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: He hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps:

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling His word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for His name alone is excellent; His glory is above the earth and heaven.

Praise ye the Lord.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

This little poem is a parable, that is, it has a meaning which gives us some thought before we find it out. It is not difficult to find here, however, because it is given in the text, and we have only to apply it to ourselves, instead of to Jack's congregation. The poem was written by Mrs. Lilla T. Elder to give pleasure to her own children.

BRAVE little Jack the Preacher
Woke up one glad spring day,

And after counting up his flock,
Began to preach straightway

"My text, beloved people,

My text is: Freely give!

Existing just for one's own good

Is not the way to live.

"Give what's been given! Pass it on,

Brooks from the mountain side,

Carry your cooling waters where

The thirsty ones abide.

Ye winds blow freely! Scatter wide

Scent of the pines and sea,
To distant cities, where'er dwells
Suffering humanity.

"O Skies, shine brightly! Let your sun
Gladden this sad old earth,

And Rains, fall freely! lest of good
At harvest there be dearth.

And O ye little Flowers that bloom
In fragile loveliness,

Give of your beauty—if in love,
It will not count for less!

"And O ye birds upon the wing,
Sing cheerily, sing well!

What may be done by song alone,
No preacher yet can tell.

Give freely, each as he doth have!
You see—I give advice:

Take it to heart else ye may hear
This little sermon—twice!"

Then Jack the Preacher them dismissed,
Blessing them one and all,

And straightway on his pulpit-desk
His tired head did fall.

"For Preaching's weary work," said he,
"When one small head must hold

Quite all the wisdom of the flock
Within the pastor's fold."

TO AN ORIOLE

Seeing a beautifully coloured tropical bird in a Northern garden—no doubt in an aviary—the poet makes fanciful suggestions to account for its lovely colours. The writer, Edgar Fawcett, was an American who lived between the years 1847 and 1904.

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to
fly

In tropic splendour through our Northern
sky?

At some glad moment was it Nature's
choice

To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with
black,

In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning towards heaven until its wish
was heard,

Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

ARISTOCRACY

The meaning of this simple little verse—written by Emily Dickinson, an American lady—is that we should always judge things by their uses and not merely by their appearances.

THE pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover any time to him
Is aristocracy.

MY LOST YOUTH

The "dear old town" which was the birthplace of Longfellow, who wrote this poem, was the seaport of Portland, in Maine. The sea-fight he remembered was between an English ship and an American ship during the last war waged between the two countries, now over a hundred years ago. As mentioned in the fifth verse, both the captains were killed, and they were buried ashore. There are many haunting, poetical refrains to which an exact meaning cannot be put, but they appeal to us like the sound of evening bells, and one of them is this elusive poem about the boy's will and the "long, long" thoughts of youth.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch in sudden gleams
The sheen of the far surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song
It murmurs and whispers still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still,
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide,
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill :

" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain ;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on and is never still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak,
There are dreams that cannot die,
There are thoughts that make the strong
heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town ;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-
known street,

As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were
I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

MEG MERRILIES

Meg Merrilies is a picturesque old gipsy-wife described by Scott in his fine tale "Guy Mannering," and in these lines John Keats, the London-reared English poet, who died when he was still hardly more than a youth, put into verse his idea of the romantic Meg, as any reader of the tale might do. An Amazon is a female soldier. There have been such, and they were supposed to have been tall

OLD Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors ;
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom ;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen-trees ;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wore ; and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited mats of rushes.
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon ;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A ship-hat had she on ;
God rest her aged bones somewhere !
She died full long ago !

THE TWO ANGELS

The tenderest hearts of men that God has made have often cheered themselves by picturing a time when of the souls said to be lost even the very worst will be saved. Terrible descriptions have been imagined of the dreadful state in which God's rebel angel and all bad men exist—as, for instance, by Milton in "Paradise Lost" ; but here J. G. Whittier, the loving-hearted Quaker poet of America, imagines how, under the ministrations of Pity and Love, all may at last be rescued. The good poets cannot be kinder than God.

GOD called the nearest angels who dwell
with Him above ;
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one
was Love.

" Arise," He said, " My angels ! a wail of woe
and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and
saddens all within.

" My harps take up the mournful strain
that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and
blights the asphodels.

" Fly downward to that underworld, and
on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and
Pity tears like rain !"

Two faces bowed before the Throne veiled
in their golden hair ;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down
the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long ;
at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world,
red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept ; but Love,
with faith too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and
smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo ! that tear of Pity quenched the
flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile, hope
entered into hell !

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked up-
ward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of
Him who sat thereon !

And deeper than the sound of seas, more
soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the
Voice Eternal spake :

" Welcome, my angels ! ye have brought
a holier joy to heaven ;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the
song of sin forgiven !"

THE LITTLE FLOWER

This very simple poem, as it seems, really has a deep meaning, for it says that the impulse that makes life everywhere is love. The writer is Tom Hood.

THERE grew a little flower once,
That blossomed in a day,
And some said it would ever bloom,
And some said 'twould fade away ;
And some said it was Happiness,
And some said it was Spring,
And some said it was Grief and Tears,
And many such a thing ;
But still the little flower bloomed,
And still it lived and throve.
And men do it call " Summer Growth,"
But angels call it " Love !"

HE CONQUERS WHO ENDURES

The writer of this poem, Charles J. Dunphie, was a magazine poet of the end of the last century. In this poem he praises endurance and determination, when beset by difficulty and danger, never to give in. Often this is the true secret of great deeds. It is hard to beat a man who endures.

HOPELESS the task to baffle care,
Or break through sorrow's thrall!
To shake thy yoke thou may'st not dare;
It would more keenly gall.
Through life's dark maze a sunnier way
This tranquil thought insures—
To know, let Fate do what she may,
He conquers who endures!

Vengeance for any cruel wrong
Bringeth a dark renown;
But fadeless wreaths to him belong
Who calmly lives it down;
Who, scorning every mean redress,
Each recreant art abjures,
Safe in the noble consciousness,
He conquers who endures!

Who quells a nation's wayward will
May lord it on a throne;
But he's a mightier monarch still
Who vanquisheth his own.
No frown of Fortune lays him low,
No treacherous smile allures;
King of himself, through weal or woe,
He conquers who endures!

Mark the lone rock that grandly studs
The melancholy main—
The raving winds, the foaming floods,
Burst over it in vain.
In age majestic as in youth,
It stands unchanged, secure;
Symbol immortal of the truth—
They conquer who endure!

GOING INTO BREECHES

This delightful picture of what happens in the mind of a little lad when he is first put into trousers was sketched by Mary Lamb, the sister of the entrancing essayist, Charles Lamb. Though she was a sad-hearted woman she could enter with tender humour into the thoughts of a child.

Joy to Philip!—he this day
Has his long coats cast away
And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Redcoat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little Manikin;

Never was there pride or bliss
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em—
Philip's limbs have got their freedom:
He can run or he can ride
And do twenty things beside
Which his petticoats forbad.
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners,
He must leave his former manners,
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names—
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!
Baste-the-bear he may now play at,
Leap-frog, football, sport away at;
Show his skill and strength at cricket—
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;
Climb a tree or scale a wall
Without any fear to fall;
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart;
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady,
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear must never come;
And his grief must only speak
From the colour in his cheek.
This, and more, he must endure—
Hero he in miniature!
This, and more, must now be done
Now the breeches are put on.

JUDGE ETERNAL THRONED IN SPLENDOUR

This hymn is by Canon Scott Holland, formerly of St. Paul's Cathedral, a popular English preacher of the present day

JUDGE eternal throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With Thy living fire of judgment
Purge this land of bitter things,
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of Thy wings.

Still the weary folks are pining
For the hour that brings release,
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, Thine own endeavour;
Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
Feed Thy faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of Thy Word;
Cleanse the body of this nation
Through the glory of the Lord.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

"Jack-in-the-pulpit" is an American herb with a flower springing up as if from a pulpit of greenery. Attracted by the name, Jonn Greenleaf Whittier in these verses groups the flowers, birds, and insects around this quaintly named flower.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

Preaches today,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.
Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say,
In his low, painted pulpit,
This calm Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Pencilled, by Nature's hand,
Black, brown, and green;
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.
In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes, with his bass voice,
The chorister bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres;
Low singing-bird voices;
These are his choirs.
The violets are deacons;
I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine.
And the columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the look-out, with all their
Red trumpets in hand.
Meek-faced anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers, with bonnets—
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair.
Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wild-wood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed;



from 1836 till 1907. Mr. Aldrich does not suggest that each season is as pleasant as the rest. He truthfully misses the chilly end of winter in February and March.

All are assembled,
This sweet Sabbath day,
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

OUR ALMANAC

This lovely little journey round the seasons is written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a tuneful poet who lived from 1836 till 1907. Mr. Aldrich does not suggest that each season is as pleasant as the rest. He truthfully misses the chilly end of winter in February and March.

ROBINS in the tree-tops;
Blossoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes;
Showers of silver dew;
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm and larch—
Don't you think that
May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses, faint with sweetness;
Lilies, fair of face;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine;
Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch,
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side,
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes,
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother doing peaches
All the afternoon—
Don't you think that
autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes,
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight;
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh-bells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy has the ball!)—
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

ETERNAL RULER OF THE CEASELESS ROUND

Some of the finest poetry is found in hymns. This noble prayer was written by an American minister, John White Chadwick, who was born in 1840 and died in 1904. He published several books of verse, and was a very just critic.

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their
way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day,
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld
by Thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet
and fair ;
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into
prayer ;
One in the power that makes Thy children
free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour,
Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love
divine ;

Our inspiration be Thy constant word ;
We ask no victories that are not Thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

ON A HEADLAND IN PANAMA

One of the first navigators in the Bay of Panama discovered a headland where there were many bones, as if in remote days a great battle had been fought there. The verses which follow show how the incident appealed to "Barry Cornwall," the early Victorian poet. Agamemnon was the commander of the Greeks who besieged Troy, as told by Homer. The tomb of Cheops is one of the pyramids of Egypt. One of the family, Metellus, built a fine colonnade in ancient Rome.

VAGUE mystery hangs on all these desert
places !

The Fear which hath no name hath
wrought a spell !
Strength, courage, wrath—have been, and
left no traces !
They came—and fled—but whither ?—
who can tell !

We know but that they *were*—that once (in
days

When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and
man),
Stout spirits wandered o'er these capes and
bays,
And perished where these river-waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some
mighty tomb,
Whose granite might endure the cen-
tury's rain,
White winter, and the sharp night winds,
that boom
Like spirits in their purgatorial pain.

They left, 'tis *said*, their proud unburied
bones

To whiten on this unacknowledged shore,
Yet nought besides the rocks and worn sea
stones
Now answer to the great Pacific's roar !

A mountain stands where Agamemnon
died :

And Cheops hath derived eternal fame,
Because he made his tomb a place of pride ;
And thus the dead Metella earned a name.

But *these*—they vanished as the lightnings
die

(Their mischiefs over) in the surging deep ;
And no one knoweth, underneath the sky,
What heroes perished here, nor where they
sleep !

I SAW THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

How can we know about God ? Some people think such knowledge comes from reading the Bible or other good books, or hearing good people talk of God. They are right to some extent ; but there are other ways of knowing Him. He is not far from any one of us. In these thoughtful verses the poet, William Brightly Rands, tells us of ways but dimly understood, yet very real, in which God speaks to our hearts and writes His name through the beauty of the world.

I SAW the beauty of the world
Before me like a flag unfurled,
The splendour of the morning sky,
And all the stars in company ;
I thought, how beautiful it is !
My soul said : There is more than this.

I saw the pomps of death and birth,
The generations of the earth ;
I looked on saints and heroes crowned,
And love as wide as heaven is round ;
I thought : How wonderful it is !
My soul said : There is more than this.

Sometimes I have an awful thought
That bids me do the thing I ought ;
It comes like wind, it burns like flame ;
How shall I give that thought a name ?
It draws me like a loving kiss ;
My soul says : There is more than this.

I dreamed an angel of the Lord,
With purple wings and golden sword,
And such a splendour in his face
As made a glory in the place ;
I thought : How beautiful he is !
My soul said : There is more than this.

That angel's Lord I cannot see
Or hear, but He is Lord to me ;
And in the heavens, and earth, and skies—
The good which lives till evil dies—
The love I cannot understand—
God writes His name with His own hand.

THE PARADISE OF GOD

Charles Kingsley, the writer of this hymn, was Canon of Westminster when he died, in 1875. It is a hymn to be sung on "Hospital" Sunday. Kingsley misses the great fact that all life would be very much poorer without death.

FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope,
O pour them from above!

And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace;

When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The paradise of God.

TEARS

Many people are ashamed of tears, but this poem gives them a new dignity and meaning. The poet, with fine insight, presents them to us in a number of beautiful little pictures, or similes. His name was Robert Leighton. He was born in 1822, went round the world as a sailor lad, and afterwards came home and succeeded in business. He died in 1869.

WHENCE are these tears that come with sudden start,

In spite of nerve that struggles to restrain,

From overflowing cisterns of the heart,
Or wells within the brain?

That heart-beats have to do with them I know—

Quick beats of joy, slow beats of weary dole;

And, whether out of heart or brain they flow,

Close kin are they with soul.

Fine mists of thought condensed to dewy speech,

Pearls of emotion from their shells set free,

Wavelets that come with treasure to the beach

Of life's mysterious sea.

Naked affections from their Eden driven,
To seek another through this world's unrest;

Embodied spirit from the little heaven
Each keeps in his own breast.

Akin to all that we most sacred hold,
Twin-born with thought, affection, joy,
and care;

Twin-born, but how we never may unfold,
Nor Heaven itself declare.

They are not what they seem. If we despise

The weak creations of our childish years,
A higher wisdom comes to recognise
The sacredness of tears.

THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE

This solemn dirge, which is said to have made even Oliver Cromwell shudder, appeared as a song in a masque, written in 1659. James Shirley, the author, born in 1596, was the last of the playwrights who preserved the great spirit of the age of Elizabeth. He died in 1666. The stately power with which the unreality of earthly greatness is exposed gives the poem a lasting place in literature. It was a favourite poem of Charles the Second.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:

Early or late,

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;

Then boast no more your mighty deeds;

Upon Death's purple altar now

See where the victor-victim bleeds:

Your hands must come

To the cold tomb;

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

OH, FOR A BOOKE

The love of a booke has never been more sweetly put than in these quaint words by some unknown writer. The lines are not so old as they seem, having been written in imitation of verse of long ago, but they are beautiful enough to be really old.

OH, for a booke and a shadie nooke,

Eyther in-a-dorre or out;

With the grene leaves whisp'ring over-
hede,

Or the streete cryes all about.

Where I maie reade all at my ease,

Both of the newe and olde;

For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde.

THE ONSET

The incitement to bravery by stirring sounds has seldom been flung forth with more effect than in this battle-cry by Barry Cornwall. Today "the trumpet speaks not to the arméd throng," and courage has to be more quietly sustained.

SOUND an alarum ! The foe is come !
I hear the tramp—the neigh—the hum,
The cry, and the blow of his daring drum :
Huzzah !

Sound ! The blast of our trumpet blown
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone :
What ! Shall we shake at a foe unknown ?
Huzzah !—Huzzah !

Have we not sinews as strong as they ?
Have we not hearts that ne'er give way ?
Have we not God on our side today ?
Huzzah !

Look ! They are staggered on yon black
heath !
Steady awhile, and hold your breath !
Now is your time, men—Down like Death !
Huzzah !—Huzzah !

Stand by each other, and front your foes !
Fight, whilst a drop of the red blood flows !
Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose !
Huzzah !

Sound ! Bid your terrible trumpets bray !
Blow, till their brazen throats give way !
Sound to the battle ! Sound, I say !
Huzzah !—Huzzah !

THE UPRIGHT LIFE

This is the idea of a perfect life, according to Thomas Campion, the Elizabethan song-writer, and the writing has a grace which suits the balanced wisdom of the man who is pictured.

THE man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds
Or thought of vanity ;
The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent :
That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence :
He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.
Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;
Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Set to a tune that all know well, this simple song expresses in the most direct way the longings of a woman's heart when one she loves is offering his life on the battlefield.

OH where, and oh where, is your Highland
laddie gone ?

He's gone to fight the foe for King
George upon the throne ;
And it's oh, in my heart, how I wish him
safe at home !

Oh where, and oh where, does your Highland
laddie dwell ?

He dwells in merry Scotland, at the sign of
the Blue Bell ;
And it's oh, in my heart, that I love my
laddie well.

In what clothes, in what clothes, is your
Highland laddie clad ?

His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waist-
coat's of the plaid ;
And it's oh, in my heart, that I love my
Highland lad.

Suppose, oh, suppose that your Highland
lad should die ?

The bagpipes shall play over him, and I'll
lay me down and cry ;
And it's oh, in my heart, I wish he may not
die.

WILL THERE BE TIME?

The sad thought that man's triumphs in science and industry, amazing in their range and power, have no made the mass of mankind happier and better is thrust on our notice in these lines by Belle Fliegelman, which appeared in a newspaper. Modern cleverness is behindhand in helping all to live well.

WHEN man has harnessed lightning to his
will,
And spanned the ocean's breadth with
bows of steel ;
When he has made the universe his mill,
And set the winds to work to drive his
wheel ;
When he has scaled the skies with ghostly
mirth
To rob the stars of their stupendous
powers ;
When he has probed the bowels of the earth
And gathered up the breath of all the
flowers ;
Will he then pause awhile to count the dead
Whom poverty and steel have ground to
dust ?
Will he then heed the children's cry for
bread ?
Or hear the mother's wail for what is just ?
Will he then square himself with God and
man ?
Will he repudiate the vice and crime
That have endured since being first began ?
God ! Can he do all this ? Will there
be time ?

THE SHOEMAKERS

In the Middle Ages each workman's craft had its patron saint, and St. Crispin, who made his living by shoemaking, was the shoemaker's saint. This poem, by John Greenleaf Whittier, honours the shoemaker's craft and tells of notable men who were shoemakers.

Ho! workers of the old time styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather;
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together!
Call out again your long array,
In the olden merry manne!
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's Day,
Fling out your blazoned banner!
Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer!
Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamour.
Now shape the sole, now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it!
For you, along the Spanish Main
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;
For you, upon the oak's grey bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.
For you, from Carolina's pine
The rosin-gum is stealing;
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
Her silken skein is reeling;
For you, the dizzy goatherd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges;
For you, round all her shepherd homes,
Bloom England's thorny hedges.
The foremost still, by day or night,
On moated mound or heather,
Where'er the need of trampled right
Brought toiling men together;
Where the free burghers from the wall
Defied the mail-clad master,
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,
No craftsman rallied faster.
Let foplings sneer, let fools deride—
Ye heed no idle scorne;
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,
And duty done, your honour.
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
The jury Time empanels,
And leave to truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.
Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman;
Still from his book a mystic sneer
The soul of Behmen teaches,

And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The red brick to the mason's hand,
The brown earth to the tiller's,
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
Like fairy Cinderella's!
As they who shunned the household maid
Beheld the crown upon her,
So all shall see your toil repaid
With health and home and honour.
Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
In water cool and brimming,
"All honour to the good old Craft,
Its merry men and women!"
Call out again your long array,
In the old time's pleasant manner;
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's Day,
Fling out his blazoned banner!

THE SOLDIER'S PART

Philip Massinger, who wrote this summary of a soldier's duties, was an Elizabethan dramatist who followed Shakespeare. He has grace and wit as a writer, but lacked the strength of the great Elizabethans. Born in 1583, he died in 1639.

If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly followed—
To dare boldly
In a fair cause, and for the country's safety,
To run upon the cannon's mouth un-
daunted;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies.
To bear with patience the winter's cold
And summer's scorching heat—
Are the essential parts make up a soldier.

NIGHT

This beautiful description of night is taken from *Paradise Lost*, the great poem written by John Milton, the blind poet.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight
gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their
nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightin-
gale.
She all night long her amorous descant
sung.
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the
firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the
Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless
light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM

Ebenezer Elliott, the Sheffield "Corn Law Rhymet," wrote much verse that moved the hearts of the people of his day—he died in 1849—but this one poem, which thrills with a love of the great mass of men, was written for all ages and countries.

WHEN wilt thou save the people ?

O God of mercy ! when ?

Not kings and lords, but nations !

Not thrones and crowns, but men !

Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they !

Let them not pass, like weeds, away !

Their heritage a sunless day !

God save the people !

Shall crime bring crime for ever,

Strength aiding still the strong ?

Is it thy will, O Father !

That man shall toil for wrong ?

"No !" say thy mountains ; "No !" thy
skies ;

"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,

And songs be heard instead of sighs."

God save the people !

When wilt thou save the people ?

O God of mercy ! when ?

The people, Lord ! the people !

Not thrones and crowns, but men !

God save the people ! thine they are ;

Thy children, as thy angels fair :

Save them from bondage and despair !

God save the people !

THE BRAVE AT HOME

It is right that we should be reminded of the truth that these lines teach us. The full tale of courage is not told on the battlefield, and there are heroes who have never fired a gun. This poem is by an American, Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dis-
sembles,

The while beneath her drooping lash,

One, starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the tear,

And Fame shall never know her story,

Her heart has shed a drop as dear

As e'er bedewed the field of glory !

The wife who girds her husband's sword,

'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,

And bravely speaks the cheering word,

What though her heart be rent asunder,

Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear

The bolts of death around him rattle,

Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er

Was poured upon the field of battle !

The mother who conceals her grief,

While to her breast her son she presses,

Then breathes a few brave words and brief,

Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,

With no one but her secret God

To know the pain that weighs upon her,

Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod

Received on Freedom's field of honour !

THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD

These lines, by James Montgomery, tell of the legendary deed of Arnold von Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, in 1386, when the Swiss defeated the Austrians. According to the story, Winkelried seized an armful of the enemy's spears, and thrust them into his body to make a breach in the Austrian ranks.

"MAKE way for liberty !" he cried ;

Made way for liberty, and died.

And now the work of life and death

Hung on the passing of a breath ;

The fire of conflict burned within,

The battle trembled to begin ;

Yet while the Austrians held their ground

Point for assault was nowhere found ;

Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed

The unbroken line of lances blazed ;

That line 'twere suicide to meet,

And perish at their tyrants' feet :

How could they rest within their graves,

To leave their home the haunt of slaves ?

Would they not feel their children tread,

With clanking chains, above their head ?

KOSSUTH

Kossuth was a noble Hungarian patriot who tried to free his country from Austrian rule. Much of his life was lived in exile, but after his death, in 1894, his countrymen fetched his body home with great honour. In this poem James Russell Lowell, the well-known author, expresses what all lovers of liberty felt about Kossuth, the noble-minded hero who regarded himself as fulfilling a mission from God.

A RACE of nobles may die out,

A royal line may leave no heir ;

Wise Nature sets no guards about

Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed,

Who starry diadems attain ;

To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed

Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,

Nor is she thwarted of her ends ;

When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,

Then she a saint and prophet spends.

Land of the Magyars, though it be

The tyrant may relink his chain,

Already thine the victory,

As the just Future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won

The deathly travail's amplest worth ;

A nation's duty thou hast done,

Giving a hero to our earth.

And he, let come what will of woe,

Has saved the land he strove to save ;

No Cossack hordes, no traitor's blow,

Can quench the voice shall haunt his grave.

"I Kossuth am : O Future, thou

That clear'st the just and blott'st the vile,

O'er this small dust in reverence bow,

Remembering what I was erewhile.

"I was the chosen trump wherethrough

Our God sent forth awakening breath ;

Came chains ? Came death ? The strain

He blew

Sounds on, outliving chains and death."

THE OLD APPLE-TREE

We might very well guess that the singer of this bold and hearty strain in praise of the sturdy apple-tree was born in the country. In youth he was a New England farm lad, but afterwards became known as a poet and scholar. His name was George Shepard Burleigh. He died in 1903 at the age of eighty-two. That he loved the trees and knew them this poem proves abundantly. The lines ending "the genesis of nepenthe dreams" mean that the scent of the apple blossom and the hum of the bees together lulls us almost to sleep. Nepenthe was an Egyptian drug which was often used in olden days to lull people into forgetful slumber.

A SONG for the brave old apple-tree,
Sturdy and hardy, a strong athlete,
Giving a challenge to hail and sleet,
His grey-green coat flung off at his feet,
And his stiff limbs set defiantly !

When frost would nip him, and west wind
whip him,
And rain, conspiring with these, would strip
him,

In the sturdy pride of his stubborn hide
Their wrath he has utterly defied ;
The more they raged the more he hissed ;
Each knot laid bare was a doubled fist ;
And his naked limbs could better resist
The wrestling blasts sent down to trip him !

A strain for my gallant in garments made
By vernal sprites for his dress parade !

Plumed with the lithest greening spray,
The love gift of his lady May,
And wearing for this gala day
Over all his breast a bonny bouquet
In the glory of pink and pearl displayed ;
Ah, now it is he is wholly gay ;
His knot and gnarls are hidden away

In a scented cloud of blooms that crowd
All over his tangled head, between
The fluttering plumes of tenderest green ;
And every bloom has a bee that swings
In that dainty cradle rocked by wings
Of invisible fairies hovering there ;

And every bee to the blossom hums
A murmuring monody that comes
To the listening ear from everywhere,
Mixed with the odour that fills the air—
Two dizzying sweets whose mingling
seems

The genesis of nepenthe dreams ;
You would think the sun had warmed the
sap

In the icy veins of my grey old chap
Fill his head was awlirl with the bee in his
cap !

A stave for the brave in his autumn suit ;
Dusty and dull from the burning sun,
And wafts from the withered fields that
run

Yet out of the dusk of its foldings dun
How gleam the globes of his peerless fruit !

A priceless boon, a beautiful boon,
The jewels of autumn's golden moon ;
Only the dream of it makes him laugh
Into flowers, that are winnowed off like
chaff,

In the warmer air of the mid-May noon ;
Aye, while the flocks of the feathered
snow

On white wings hovering, silent, slow,
Came down to alight on his naked breast,
In his old heart quivered a sweet unrest,
The prescience of his own bloom shower,
And this crowning wealth of his leafy
bower.

Then a song for the brave old apple-tree,
For his lavish bounty, and gallant show,
And his tough old fibres that tougher
grow

In the storm's insult and the smothering
snow !

Ah, well for our hearts were they brave
as he !

THE DAWN OF PEACE

This tender and lovely poem by John Ruskin, on the coming of peace, is a kind of free paraphrase of the words of the Hebrew prophet Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace !" The last exquisite verse is a rendering of "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain."

PUT off, put off your mail, O kings,
And beat your brands to dust !
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

O, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar ;
A noise is in the morning wind,
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths,
The glittering hosts increase :
They come ! They come ! How fair their
feet !

They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies are ours !
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
And all the earth with flowers.

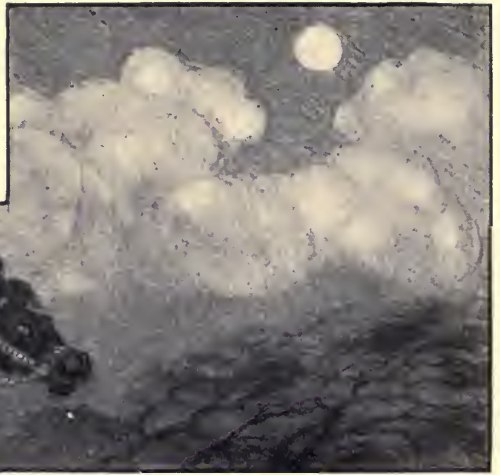
Aye, still depressed and dim with dew ;
But wait a little while,
And with the radiant, deathless rose,
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing
Shall feed by streams of rock ;
Nor lambs shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nestling from the nest.

THE FLYING HORSEMAN

By M. Perry Mills

IN the dead of night, in the windy night,
Who rides by in galloping flight?
Who rides by at topmost speed,
All night long on a coal-black steed,
Loud and low till the streak of dawn,
Fast and furious on and on?



When the trees are tossing their branches
high,
And the clouds are blowing about the sky,
Near and nearer the galloping feet —
Far and farther they seem to beat,
Through the dead of night to the streak of
The flying horseman still rides on. [dawn,

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW ?—By Dorothy Wordsworth

WHAT way does the wind come? What
way does he go?

He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood and through vale; and o'er
rocky height

Which the goat cannot climb, takes his
sounding flight.

He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp 'larum—but if you should
look,

There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
Yet, seek him—and what shall you find
in the place?

Nothing but silence and empty space,
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left for a bed for beggars or
thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow, with me,
You shall go to the orchard and then you
will see

That he has been there, and made a great
rout, [about;
And cracked the branches, and strewn them

WHEN THE TREES ARE TOSSING THEIR BRANCHES HIGH, AND THE CLOUDS ARE BLOWING ABOUT THE SKY, NEAR AND NEARER THE GALLOPING FEET—

Far and farther they seem to beat,
Through the dead of night to the streak of
The flying horseman still rides on. [dawn,

Hark! Over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:
But let him range round, he does us no
harm,

We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouch'd by his breath see the candle
shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light;
Books have we to read—hush! that half-
stifled knell; [bell.
Methinks 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock

Come, now we'll to bed, and when we are
there

He may work his own will, and what shall
we care?

He may knock at the door—we'll not let
him in,

May drive at the windows—we'll laugh at
his din;

Let him seek his own home, wherever it be;
Here's a cosy warm house for Edward and
me.

THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP

Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, is often thought of only as a musical writer of sentimental songs, but in reality he was an interpreter of the inmost feelings of his countrymen when they remember Ireland's story. He gave a fresh voice to Irish verse, as he claims here, a voice pensive even when happiest.

DEAR harp of my country, in darkness I
found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er
thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, I un-
bound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, free-
dom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note
of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest
thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh
of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from
thee still.

Dear harp of my country, farewell to thy
numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last
we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on
thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less un-
worthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or
lover,
Have throbb'd at thy lay, 'tis thy glory
alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly
over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was
thy own.

THE HAPPIEST HEART

The lesson, lovely as true, of contentment with things humble and good is here taught. It was Phœbus who was supposed to drive the horses of the sun in a flaming chariot across the sky, the course ending with the dying day. Better, says this poem, keep a humbler way with happiness and contentment as companions. The writer, John Vance Cheney, a librarian in Chicago, has published several books of verse.

WHO drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed was done
And kept the humble way.
The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to Heaven the rest.

GUILD'S SIGNAL

Bret Harte, the American poet and tale-teller, knew well the life of the working people. No one has written better than he about the miners of the West. In these lines he tells a homely tale of an engine-driver who whistled at night a little greeting to his wife as he passed their home on the express. One night the signal was not heard, and the neighbours thought that Guild, the driver, had been forgetful; but his wife knew that the silence meant he had died at his duty. Heroism and love, qualities of character that are the best the world offers, are united in this simple story.

TWO low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence,
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song, or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my trust true,
So love to you!
Working or waiting, good-night!" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence:
"Nothing amiss—
Nothing!—it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain;
Pierced through the budding boughs
o'erhead;
Flew down the track when the red leaves
burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
Sang, as it flew,
"To our trust be true;
First of all, duty—good-night," it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore;
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds: "The
engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew,
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine, dead!

LITTLE BROTHER

The longing here expressed to know and help children going contentedly and pluckily about their play or work is felt by all kind people. The lines are taken from the "Independent," and the writer who so well and so tenderly interprets the Big Brother Movement is M. P. Slosson.

PLAYING in the city street,
Little Brother ;
Running errands with swift feet ;
Passing me with footsteps fleet ;
Ought we not to know each other—
Little Brother ?

Care comes early at our call—
Little Brother ;
Far too heavy burdens fall
On your shoulders slight and small.
Would that I could lift them all,
Little Brother !

In the world's relentless mart,
Little Brother,
Each must bear his manly part,
Earn his bread with toil and smart—
But *your* courage breaks my heart,
Little Brother !

Surely there are, unconfest,
Little Brother,
Longings in your boyish breast ?
Teach me how to help you best—
How we each may help the other—
Little Brother !

LOVE AND AGE

These verses, showing how the sentiments of childhood and youth may be continued, as mild and kind remembrances, right on into old age, were written by Thomas Love Peacock, who lived between the years 1785 and 1866. He was a chief clerk in the British East India Company. In his leisure he wrote a number of tales, but they were too clever to be easily understood, and now he is known better by the occasional verses he scattered through his books. These tender lines show him in a favourable mood. Often his humour had a bitter taste, and was not so pleasing.

I PLAYED with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four ;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throw-
ing,

Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and
heather,

With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together—
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong ;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along ;
And did I love you very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show ;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly—
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,

And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow ;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another :
No cause she gave me to repine ;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row ;
My joy in them was past expression—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze ;
My earthly lot was far more homely,
But I, too, had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearthstone's wintry glow
Than when my youngest child was
christened—
But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire grey ;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure—
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling, silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

REST

These thoughts in verse are from the great German poet Goethe—the greatest of all German poets and writers, and one of the giants of European literature. He lived between 1749 and 1832. These twelve lines are worth careful study as an instance of compression of thought. Nine thoughts are expressed in less than fifty words in this fine little poem.

REST is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife ;
Fleeting to ocean,
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best ;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

A LEGEND FROM THE EAST

Lammas night here means the time of the harvest festival. The story is told, with a beautiful simplicity, by Charles Tennyson Turner, who was a brother of Lord Tennyson. Three Tennyson boys wrote poems. All were true poets. The house of Allah, in the last line, means the house of God.

It was upon a Lammas night
Two brothers woke and said,
As each upon the other's weal
Bethought him on his bed:

The elder spake unto his wife:
"Our brother dwells alone;
No little babes to cheer his life,
And helpmate hath he none.

"Up will I get, and of my heap
A sheaf bestow or twain,
And while our Ahmed lies asleep,
And wots not of his gain."

So up he got and did address
Himself with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day,
To do that gracious deed.

Now to the younger, all unsought,
The same kind fancy came!
Nor wist they of each other's thought,
Though movèd to the same.

"Abdallah, he hath wife," quoth he,
"And little babes also;
What would be slender boot to me
Would make his heart o'erflow.

"Up will I get, and of my heap
A sheaf bestow or twain,
The while he sweetly lies asleep,
And wots not of his gain."

So up he got, and did address
Himself with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day,
To mate his brother's deed!

Thus played they oft their gracious parts,
And marvelled oft to view
Their sheaves still equal, for their hearts
In love were equal too.

One morn they met, and wondering stood,
To see by clear daylight,
How each upon the other's good
Bethought him in the night.

So, when this tale to him was brought,
The Caliph did decree,
Where twain had thought the same good
thought,
There Allah's house should be.

I WANDERED BY THE BROOK-SIDE

This song, by Richard Monckton Milnes—afterwards Lord Houghton—is one of the loveliest in the English tongue, for it has all the chief qualities of a good song. It is very simple, with each phrase and word clearly understood; it describes a scene that everyone can picture in sympathy; and it is brimming over with feeling, expressed by a haunting refrain.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
Nor chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade.
And as it grew still longer
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not — no, he came not;
The night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek.
The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When someone stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer, nearer;
We did not speak a word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

THERE IS NO DEATH

For many years this comforting poem, illustrating in many ways the idea that what is called death is only a change of being, was supposed to be written by Lord Lytton, but the author was an American newspaper editor in Iowa, Mr. J. L. McCreery, who wrote a volume of "Songs of Trial and Triumph." The thought of the poem has been expressed by other poets, as by Longfellow: "There is no death; what seems so is transition"; and by the Welsh poet, Lewis Morris: "Death! There is not any death, only infinite change."

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganise to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer
showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! The choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

And all the things that for growth of joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life becomes a dreary waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into Paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of bird-like melody
That we have missed and mourned so long
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! Although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms.

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead."

They are not dead! They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away—
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

THE QUIP

George Herbert, the pious writer of this poem—born 1593, died 1633—was a man of lovely character. Of gentle birth he became first a courtier and then a country clergyman near Salisbury, beloved by all around him. This poem expresses his true spirit. Though beauty, money, glory, and wit might tempt him, he sought only to serve God. As part of that service he wrote a large number of poems and hymns, which were found among his papers and published after his death.

THE merry World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I plucked not, "Sir," said
she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
"What tune is this, poor man?" said he.
"I heard in music you had skill."
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled—who but he?
He scarce allowed me half an eye—
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would need a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration—
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large, say I am Thine,
And then they have their answer home.

GOLDEN-TRESSÉD ADELAIDE

The little maid—Adelaide Ann Procter—about whom this song was written by her father—whose pen-name was Barry Cornwall—became a poet herself. We can tell that her father knew she was very tender and sensitive as a child, and that can also be seen in her own graceful and melodious poems, some of which are in all the hymn-books.

SING, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear!
Neither sad nor very long:
It is for a little maid,
Golden-tresséd Adelaide!
Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
Mother dear!
Let it be a merry strain,
Mother dear!
Shunning e'en the thought of pain,
For our gentle child will weep
If the theme be dark and deep;
And we will not draw a single, single tear,
Mother dear!
Childhood should be all divine,
Mother dear!
And like an endless summer shine;
Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
Bright as Agnes' azure eyes:
Therefore bid thy song be merry. Dost
thou hear,
Mother dear?

THE REVEILLE

This poem was written by Bret Harte to help to rouse the city of San Francisco to action at the time of the Civil War. It is a stirring call to a country to arm, and, casting doubt aside, to present a united front in the face of danger. At the time it was written he was a young man of four-and-twenty, who had lately arrived in the city to be secretary to the Government Mint. Afterwards he became one of the most famous of American writers. The reveille is the morning call that rouses an army to prepare for the duties of the day.

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the
quick alarming drum.
"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of Life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said
the solemn-sounding drum.
"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What of conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!

You must do the sum to prove it," said the
Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united, than in life a
recreant—come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice, proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing,
answered, "Lord, we come!"

RELIEVING GUARD

T. S. K., died March 4, 1864

The initials T. S. K. are those of the Rev. Thomas Starr King, of San Francisco, a popular preacher who helped to rally California to the side of the North in the war which was raging when he died on the date named above. He was a great friend of the poet Bret Harte, and these are the fine verses in which the poet told of God's recall of his friend from his post of duty in this world.

CAME the relief. "What, sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy
long waking?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark—as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."
"No sight, no sound?" "No, nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling,
And in yon western sky, about
An hour ago, a star was falling."
"A star? There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

COMPENSATIONS

The painter of this little word-picture, imagining the fateful play of light and shade over human life, is Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie, whose picturesque pen has often been busy helping to make these pages enjoyable to their readers.

LIFE laughs and sighs,
Life gives and takes;
A pleasure dies,
A memory wakes.
When daylight fades,
The stars are born;
And from the shades
Arises morn.
Life takes a part
To give the whole;
And breaks the heart
To heal the soul.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

The man who sketched this picture of the time when Christ was born—so romantic and stately, yet simple—became a Prime Minister. His name was Alfred Domett. He was born at Camberwell, London, in 1811; became a lawyer; went to New Zealand in 1842, and twenty years later was the Premier of that colony. He returned to England, where he died in 1887. This poem, published in Blackwood's Magazine in 1837, made him famous, and gave him the friendship of Tennyson, Browning, and Longfellow, who all admired it greatly.

IT was the calm and silent night—
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea!
 No sound was heard of clashing wars;
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
 The senator of haughty Rome
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home!
 Triumphal arches gleaming swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless
 sway;

What recked the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago!

Within the province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor:
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
 Across his path. He passed—for nought
 Told what was going on within;
 How keen the stars! his only thought;
 The air how calm and cold and thin,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago!

O strange indifference!—low and high
 Drowned over common joys and cares:
 The earth was still—but knew not why;
 The world was listening—unawares!
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world for ever!
 To that still moment none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness, charmed and holy now!
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
 For in that stable lay new-born
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago!

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

The American writer of this poem, Sam Walter Foss, died a few years ago. He was a well-known librarian as well as an author. The aspiration in these verses to be a man among men, with a heart that feels for all, will keep his memory green. When he says that he does not wish to "hurl the cynic's ban," he means that he will not fling unbelieving sneers at people. The earliest meaning of the word "cynic" was a snarling dog, and it is still largely true.

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn
 In the peace of their self-content;
 There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
 In a fellowless firmament;
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
 Where highways never ran;
 But let me live by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the
 road
 Where the race of men go by—
 The men who are good and the men who are
 bad,
 As good and as bad as I.
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban,
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
 By the side of the highway of life,
 The men who press with the ardour of hope,
 The men who are faint with the strife.
 But I turn not away from their smiles nor
 their tears—
 Both parts of an infinite plan—
 Let me live in my house by the side of the
 road
 And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows
 ahead,
 And mountains of wearisome height;
 That the road passes on through the long
 afternoon,
 And stretches away to the night.
 But still I rejoice when the travellers
 rejoice,
 And weep with the strangers that moan,
 Nor live in my house by the side of the road
 Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in a house by the side of the
 road
 Where the race of men go by—
 They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
 they are strong,
 Wise, foolish—so am I.
 Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban?
 Let me live in my house by the side of the
 road
 And be a friend to man.

From "Dreams in Homespun." Copyright, 1897, Lee & Shepard, used by special permission.

THE INDEX OF POETRY

All men are poets at heart; next to being a great poet
is the power of understanding one.

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