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TYPES of ENGLISH POETRY

PART I

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BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION

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INTRODUCTION.

This book has been carefully prepared by a colleague of mine who has had much experience of Indian education, and I believe his selection will prove acceptable to the youth of India for whom it has been made. It is sometimes held that English poetry has little value in the early stages of an Indian education in English, and that teachers should confine themselves to prose, because it is easier for the young to understand. Now we may admit at once that much of English poetry is quite unsuitable for young Indians, because it appeals to local and traditional feelings which can only be understood by those whose homes are in the British Isles ; there is much, too, which is sometimes set in our courses which would not appeal even to young English boys, —the ideas are such that only older people who have had experience of life and “ kept watch o’er man’s mortality ” can fully appreciate them. We may go further and say that there is much of English poetry which fails to move the average adult ; all men do not respond to the sweet singing of the poets ; other language must be used to rouse their spirits.

We may admit all this and still maintain that many English poems may be found which do appeal

to young Indians and which do have a real educational value for them. All poets, said the Roman critic, Horace, aim at giving either pleasure or instruction, and though the modern fashion is to think only of the first as the true function of poetry, yet the poets have in all ages regarded themselves as teachers, and, if they are, their work must, surely, find a place in the education of the young. We may briefly sum up under three heads the good which one may expect to result from the use of a selection such as this.

(1). An acquaintance with poetry, even so simple as this, opens the mind to the wonder and joy of living ; one is influenced insensibly to observe and enjoy the beautiful, the unusual and the interesting ; the idea arises that there is a pleasant as well as an unpleasant aspect of the world and that it is in our power to look at the one habitually rather than the other. This we may call the aesthetic value of poetry to the young.

(2). A poet has necessarily to be far more careful in his choice of words than the writer of prose ; he is always trying to produce a picture in the mind of his reader, or to express some emotion exactly as he feels it himself ; he must, accordingly, pay great attention to the accuracy of his language. If we are studying English as a language and attempting to learn how to express in it our own

thoughts accurately, it will help us much to examine its poetry. This is the reason why poetry is read in English schools; it teaches the importance of form and descriptive expression, and this we may call its linguistic value.

(3). Every poet worthy of the name is a thinker; he has tried to see deeper into the meaning of life than other men; he has studied human nature, and thought much about the actions of men and the various ways in which they are affected by the things about them, or by the great forces of the universe. He endeavours in his poetry to point out a way of life by following which we shall find happiness for ourselves and confer it upon others; he interprets for us, in language that we can understand and enjoy, the teaching of the philosophers and the saints. Poetry, therefore, has a moral value especially for the young, to whom more formal instruction upon conduct often seems tedious.

For these three reasons, the aesthetic, the linguistic and the moral, we believe that poetry has its place in education if it be suitably selected, and in this belief the present volume is presented to the public.

S. G. DUNN.

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I.—GOD AND THE UNIVERSE.

I.—HYMN TO GOD.

1

Great God ! how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, 5
Great guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3

I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days ; 10
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

—*Isaac Watts.*

2

But thou wilt heal the broken heart, 5
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3

Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray, 10
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We could not see by day.

—*Thomas Moore.*

II.—NATURE & NATURAL OBJECTS.

I.—LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

1

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

2

To her fair works did Nature link 5
The human soul that through me ran :
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

3

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ; 10
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

4

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made 15
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

5

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there. 20

6

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man ?

—*Wordsworth.*

2.—HYMN TO THE SUN.

1

Once again thou flamest heavenward, once again
we see thee rise.
Every morning is thy birthday gladdening human
hearts and eyes.
Every morning here we greet it, bowing lowly down
before thee,
Thee the Godlike, thee the changeless in thine ever-
changing skies.

2

Shadow-maker, shadow-slayer, arrowing light from
 clime to clime, 5

Hear thy myriad laureates hail thee monarch in
 their woodland rhyme.

Warble bird, and open flower, and, men, below the
 dome of azure

Kneel adoring Him the Timeless in the flame that
 measures Time

—*Tennyson.*

 3.—THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky ;

So was it when my life began ;

So is it now I am a man ;

So be it when I shall grow old, 5

Or let me die !

The child is father of the man ;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.—

—*Wordsworth.*

III.—THE WORLD AND HUMAN LIFE.

I.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

1

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2

Life is real! Life is earnest! 5
And the grave is not its goal ;
“ Dust thou art to dust returnest ”
Was not spoken of the soul.

3

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ; 10
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

4

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave, 15
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

5

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife ! 20

6

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act— act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

7

Lives of great men all remind us 25
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;

8

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother 30
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

9

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing, 35
 Learn to labour and to wait.

—Longfellow.

2.—LIFE. }

It seems that life is all a void,
 On selfish thoughts alone employed :
 That length of days is not a good,
 Unless their use be understood ;
 While if good deeds *one* year engage, 5
That may be longer than an age :
 But if a year in trifles go,
 Perhaps you'd spend a thousand so.
 Time cannot stay to make us wise—
 We must improve it as it flies. 10

— *J. Taylor.*

 3.—THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

Suns that set and moons that wane
 Rise and are restored again ;
 Stars that orient day subdues,
 Night at her return renews.
 Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth 5
 Of the genial womb of earth,
 Suffer but a transient death
 From the winter's cruel breath.
 Zephyr speaks ; serener skies
 Warm the glebe, and they arise. 10

We, alas ! earth's haughty kings,
We, that promise mighty things,
Losing soon life's happy prime.
Droop and fade in little time.
Spring returns, but not our bloom : 15
Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

—*Cowper.*

IV.—DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

I.—DEATH THE LEVELLER.

1

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 5
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

2

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
But their strong nerves at last must yield ; 10
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. 15

3

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 : 20
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb ;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

—*J. Shirley.*

2.—THERE IS NO DEATH.

1

There is no death ! The stars go down
 To rise upon some fairer shore ;
 And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
 They shine for evermore.

2

There is no death ! The dust we tread 5
 Shall change beneath the summer showers
 To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

3

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
 And flowers may fade and pass away ; 10
 They only wait, through wintry hours,
 The coming of the May.

4

There is no death ! An angel form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread :
 He bears our best loved things away ; 15
 And then we call them " dead."

5

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread :
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life—there are no dead. 20

—*McCreery*

 3.—DEATH'S SEASONS

1

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

2

Day is for mortal care, 5
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
 Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

3

We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer birds from far shall cross the sea, 10
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

4

Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?— 15
 They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die !

5

Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth--and thou art there. 20

6

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

7

Leaves have their time to fall, 25
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all—
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

— *Mrs. Hemans.*

V.—TIME AND ETERNITY.

I.—THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

1

Faintly flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away :
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way :
Time with such a silent motion, 5
Floats along, on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

2

Roses bloom, and then they wither :
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die : 10
Shapes of light are wafted hither—
Then, like visions, hurry by :
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-coloured west,
Years are bearing us to heaven, 15
Home and happiness and rest.

—*Percival.*

2.—THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY HIS BIRTH-DAY.

When first our scanty years are told,
 It seems like pastime to grow old ;
 And as youth counts the shining links,
 That time around him binds so fast,
 Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks 5
 How hard that chain will press at last.

—*Thomas Moore.*

3.—THE RIVER OF TIME.

1

The lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;
 The silent pace with which they steal away
 No wealth can bribe, nor prayers persuade to stay.

2

Alike irrevocable both when past, 5
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last ;
 Though each resembles each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart

3

Streams never flow in vain: where streams
abound,
How laughs the land with various plenty
crown'd; 10
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves a weary waste behind.

—*Cowper.*

3

Thy choicest gifts in store, 15
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign.
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 With heart and voice to sing, 20
 God save the King.

4

Oh grant him long to see
 Friendship and amity
 Always increase !
 May he his sceptre sway, 25
 All loyal souls obey,
 Join heart and voice, Hurrah !
 God save the King !

—*Dr. J. Bull* (?)

 2.—PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 “ This is my own, my native land ! ”
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd, 5
 From wandering on a foreign strand !

If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim : 10
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, cōcentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, 15
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

—*Scott.*

3.—ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

1

She stands, a thousand wintered tree,
 By countless morns impearled ;
 Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
 Her branches sweep the world ;
 Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed, 5
 Clothe the remotest strand
 With forests from her scatterings made,
 New nations fostered in her shade,
 And linking land with land.

2

O ye by wandering tempest sown 10
' Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
 That wafted you afar !
For ye are still her ancient seed
 On younger soil let fall— 15
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
 Perchance may one day call.

—*William Watson.*

VII.—LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

I.—FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

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 5
While thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want,
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call ; 10
And with such like flattering—
“ Pity but he were a King ”

—*Shakespeare.*

2.—TRUE LOVE.

They sin who tell us Love can die !
With life all other passions fly ;
All others are but vanity.

In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ; 5
 Earthly, these passions are of earth,
 They perish where they have their birth,
 But Love is indestructible ;
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth : 10
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
 And hath in heaven its perfect rest.
 It soweth here with toil and care, 15
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.

—*Southey.*

3.—ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

1

One word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdain'd
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair 5
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

VIII.—HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT.

I.—THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

Upon a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fired the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concerned the state 5
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whose eyeballs flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stepp'd forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address'd :— 10
“ Good gods ! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace !
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain ?
Consider, friends, your strength and might, 15
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach !
The pride of man is our reproach

Were we design'd for daily toil,
 To drag the ploughshare through the soil, 20
 To sweat in harness through the road.
 To groan beneath the carter's load ?
 How feeble are the two-legged kind !
 What force is in our nerves combin'd !
 Shall then our nobler jaws submit, 25
 To foam and champ the galling bit ?
 Shall haughty man my back bestride ?
 Shall the sharp spur provoke my side ?
 Forbid it, Heavens ! Reject the rein,
 Your shame, your infamy disdain 30
 Let him the lion first control,
 And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
 Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
 And make him tremble at our name."

A general nod approv'd the cause, 35
 And all the circle neigh'd applause.
 When lo ! with grave and solemn pace,
 A steed advanced before the race :
 With age and long experience wise,
 Around he cast his thoughtful eyes ; 40
 And to the murmurs of the train,
 Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain :—
 "When I had health and strength like you,
 The toils of servitude I knew ;
 Now grateful man rewards my pains, 45
 And gives me all these wide domains.

At will I crop the year's increase ;
 My latter life is rest and peace.
 I grant, to man we lend our pains,
 And aid him to correct the plains : 50
 But doth not he divide the care,
 Through all the labours of the year ?
 How many thousand structures rise,
 To fence us from inclement skies !
 For us he bears the sultry day, 55
 And stores up all our winter's hay.
 He sows, he reaps the harvest's grain :
 We share the toil, and share the gain.
 Since ev'ry creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual need, 60
 Appease your discontented mind,
 And act the part by Heaven assign'd."
 The tumult ceased. The Colt submitted ;
 And like his ancestors, was bitted.

—Gay.

 2.—A WISH.

1

This only grant me, that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
 Some honour I would have
 Not from great deeds, but good alone,—
 The unknown are better than ill-known : 5
 Rumour can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

2

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night ; 10

My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be,
For all my use, not luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures
yield 15
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

3

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state, 20
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
" To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have lived to-day."

—Cowley.

3.—CONTENTMENT COMES FROM SELF-CONTROL.

1

That last best effort of thy skill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious Power ! impart.
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires, 5
The Master of my heart.

2

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean ;
Still true to reason be my plan, 10
Still let my actions speak the man,
Through every various scene.

—*Akenside.*

IX.—PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING.

1.—THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

1

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve 5
Called thy harvest-work to leave—
Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

2

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ; 10
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea, 15
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

3

Warrior, that from battle won
 Breathest now at set of sun ;
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain
 Weeping on his burial-plain ; 20
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

2. — A PRAYER.

1

Fountain of light and living breath,
 Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
 Fill me with life that hath no death,
 Fill me with light that hath no shade,
 Appoint the remnant of my days 5
 To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

2

O Thou that sitt'st in heaven, and seest
 My deeds without, my thoughts within,
 Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,
 Command my soul, and cure my sin. 10
 How bitter my afflictions be
 I care not, so I rise to Thee.

3

What I possess, or what I crave,
 Brings no content, great God, to me
 If what I would, or what I have, 15
 Be not possess'd and blest in Thee.
 What I enjoy, oh, make it mine
 In making me, that have it, Thine !

4

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
 Of summer friends—when eyes grow
 strange— 20
 When plighted faith forgets its vows—
 When earth and all things in it change,—
 O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never ;
 When once Thou lovest, Thou lovest for ever.
 —John Quarles.

 3.—ODE TO CREATION.

1

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim ;
 The unwearied sun from day to day
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

2

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale, 10
And, nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ? 20
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

—Addison.

5

A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven !” 20

6

“ And has he left the birds and flowers ?
And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again ?

7

And by the brook, and in the glade, 25
Are all our wanderings o'er ?
O, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more !”

—Mrs. Hemans.

2.—THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

1

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee :—
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

2

The same fond mother bent at night 5
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now ?

3

One, midst the forest of the west,
 By a dark stream is laid— 10
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.

4

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;
 He was the loved of all, yet none 15
 O'er his low bed may weep.

5

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
 Above the noble slain.
 He wrapt his colours round his breast
 On a blood-red field of Spain. 20

6

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd ;
 She faded midst Italian flowers—
 The last of that bright band.

7

And parted thus they rest, who played 25
 Beneath the same green tree ;
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee !

8

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth— 30
 Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,
 And nought beyond, O earth !

—Mrs. Hemans.

 3.—AN ELEGY.

1

O snatch'd away in beauty's bloom !
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom : 5

2

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturb'd the dead ! 10

3

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :
Will this unteach us to complain ?
Or make one mourner weep the less ?
And thou who tell'st me to forget, 15
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

-- *Byron.*

XI.—SYMPATHY AND COMPASSION.

I.—THE BEGGAR-MAN.

1

Around the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat ;
The faggot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round and careless chat.

2

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear, 5
Low tapping at the bolted door ;
And, thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard to implore :—

3

“ Cold blows the blast across the moor ;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind ; 10
Yon toilsome mountain lies before ;
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

4

My eyes are weak and dim with age ;
No road, no path, can I descry ;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage 15
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

5

So faint am I, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear ;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare. 20

6

“ Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast ;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have past !”

7

With hasty steps the farmer ran, 25
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

8

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs, 30
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

9

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll, 35
And told the thanks he could not speak.

10

The children, too, began to sigh,
 And all their merry chat was o'er ;
 And yet they felt, they knew not why,
 More glad than they had done before. 40

—*Aikin.*

2.—A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

1

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

2

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, 5
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

3

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care : 10
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

4

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield ! 15
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

5

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor. 20

6

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
 Await alike th' inevitable hour :—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

—*Gray.*

 3.—THE BLIND BOY.

1

Oh ! say, what is that thing called light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
 What are the blessings of the sight ?
 Oh ! tell a poor blind boy !

2

You talk of wondrous things you see ; 5
 You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

3

My day or night myself I make
 Whene'er I sleep or play : 10
And could I always keep awake,
 With me 'twere always day .

4

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear 15
 A loss I ne'er can know.

5

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy. 20

—C. Cibber.

XII.—LONELINESS AND DESPAIR.

I.—THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred, 5
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

2

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ; 10
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden 15
Lie scentless and dead.

3

So soon may I follow
 When friendships decay ;
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away. 20
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

— *T. Moore.*

 2.—THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

1

Oft in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me :
 The smiles, the tears 5
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken :
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken ! 10
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all	15
The friends so link'd together	
I've seen around me fall	
Like leaves in wintry weather,	
I feel like one	
Who treads alone	20
Some banquet-hall deserted,	
Whose lights are fled,	
Whose garlands dead,	
And all but he departed !	
Thus in the stilly night	25
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,	
Sad Memory brings the light	
Of other days around me.	

—*T. Moore.*

3.—BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

1

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

2

O well for the fisherman's boy,	5
That he shouts with his sister at play !	
O well for the sailor lad,	
That he sings in his boat on the bay !	

3

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ; 10
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand
And the sound of a voice that is still !

4

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
Will never come back to me.

—*Tennyson.*

XIII.—COURAGE AND RESOLVE.

I.—THE SAILOR BOY.

1

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

2

And while he whistled long and loud, 5
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
“ O boy, though thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

3

The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay, 10
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play.”

4

“ Fool,” he answered, “ death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure 15
To sit with empty hands at home.

5

“ My mother clings about my neck,
 My sisters crying, ‘ stay for shame ; ’
 My father raves of death and wreck,
 They are all to blame, they are all to blame. 20

6

“ God help me ! save I take my part
 Of danger on the roaring sea,
 A devil rises in my heart,
 Far worse than any death to me.”
 —*Tennyson.*

 2.—THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

1

Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said,
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

2

All common things—each day's events, 5
 That with the hour begin and end :
 Our pleasures and our discontents
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.

3

The low desire—the base design
 That makes another's virtues less : 10
 The revel of the giddy wine,
 And all occasions of excess,

4

The longing for ignoble things,
 The strife for triumph more than truth,
 The hardening of the heart, that brings 15
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth,

5

All thought of ill—all evil deeds
 That have their root in thoughts of ill,
 Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the nobler will, 20

6

All these must first be trampled down
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain
 In the bright field of Fair Renown
 The right of eminent domain !

7

We have no wings,—we cannot soar,— 25
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees,—by more and more,—
 The cloudy summits of our time.

8

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs, 30
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

9

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear 35
As we to higher levels rise.

10

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night. 40

11

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

12

Nor deem the irrevocable Past ' 45
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

—*Longfellow.*

3.—SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH.

1

Say not the struggle' naught availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

2

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars : 5
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fiers ;
 And, but for you, possess the field.

3

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain, 10
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

4

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light,
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly, 15
 But westward, look, the land is bright !

—A. H. Clough.

XIV.—FAITH AND HOPE.

I.—BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

1

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
 The Power who pities man, has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2

The light of smiles shall fill again 5
 The lids that overflow with tears ;
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.

3

There is a day of sunny rest 10
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

4

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere 15
 Will give him to thy arms again.

5

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny,—
 Though with a pierced and broken heart,
 And spurned of men, he goes to die. 20

6

For God has marked each sorrowing day
 And numbered every secret tear,
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

—*W. C. Bryant*

 2.—A POET'S HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;
 That nothing walks with aimless feet ; 5
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete ;
 That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire 10
 Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all, 15
 And every winter change to spring.
 So runs my dream : but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night :
 An infant crying for the light :
 And with no language but a cry. 20

—*Tennyson,*

3.—THE FRUIT OF SORROW.

1

Oh, deem not that earth's crowning bliss,
 Is found in joy alone ;
 For sorrow, bitter though it be,
 Hath blessings all its own ;
 From lips divine, like healing balm, 5
 To hearts oppress'd and torn,
 This heavenly consolation fell—
 " Blessed are they that mourn !"

2

As blossoms smitten by the rain,
 Their sweetest odours yield— 10
 As where the ploughshare deepest strikes,
 Rich harvests crown the field ;

So, to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
A nobler faith succeeds ;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears 15
The fruit of loving deeds.

--*Burleigh.*

XV.—VIRTUE AND VICE.

I.—THE BEARS AND BEES.

As two young Bears in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
Came where the industrious Bees had stor'd
In artful cells their luscious hoard :
O'erjoy'd they seized with eager haste 5
Luxurious on the rich repast.
Alarm'd at this the little crew
About their ear vindictive flew.
The beasts, unable to sustain
Th' unequal combat, quit the plain ; 10
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native shelter they regain ;
There sit, and now discreeter grown,
Too late their rashness they bemoan :
And this by dear experience gain— 15
That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are placed before our longing eyes,
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
And swallow down the latent ill ; 20

But when experience opes our eyes,
 Away the fancied pleasure flies :
 It flies, but oh ! too late we find
 It leaves a real sting behind.

—*Merrick.*

2.—RETRIBUTION.

Oh righteous doom, that they who make
 Pleasure their only end,
 Ordering the whole life for its sake,
 Miss that whereto they tend
 While they who bid stern Duty lead,
 Content to follow, they,
 Of Duty only taking heed,
 Find pleasure by the way.

—*R. C. Trench.*

3.—VIRTUE.

1

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou must die.

2

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave 5
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

3

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie, 10
My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die

4

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives :
But though the whole world turn to coal, 15
 Then chiefly lives.

—G. Herbert.

XVI.—HOME AND HOME AFFECTIONS.

I.—HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

1

Home they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
“ She must weep or she will die.”

2

Then they praised him, soft and low, 5
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

3

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ; 10
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

4

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee --
 Like summer tempest came her tears -- 15
 " Sweet my child, I live for thee "
 — *Tennyson.*

2.—HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

1

Household treasures, household treasures,
 Gems of worth, say, what are they ?
 Walls of jasper, doors of cedar,
 Arras of superb array ?
 Caskets of the costliest jewels. 5
 Cabinets of ancient store,
 Shrines where Art her incense offers,
 Volumes of profoundest lore ?

2

Household treasures, home's true jewels,
 Deem I better far than those : 10
 Prattling children, blithe and ruddy
 As the dew-bespangled rose.
 Tempt me not with gold of Ophir,
 Wreathe not gems to deck my head :
 Winsome hearthlings, home's fond angels, 15
 Are the things I crave instead.

3

Sweet the song the sky-lark trilleth,
 Bright the hue the rose assumes,
 Pure the quiet-wooing lily
 That upon the lakelet blooms ; 20
 But more sweet, more bright, and purer
 Seem the lips and heart of youth ;
 Blessed seraphs, sent to utter
 Syllables of love and truth.

4

Joyous creatures, choice possessions, 25
 May-flowers in life's winter hour ;
 Beams of sunshine, chasing ever
 Shadows that may cross the door ;
 Drops of rain, when care or anguish
 Parch the spirit's genial springs ; 30
 Soothing minstrels, when unkindness
 Snaps' the heart's melodious strings.

—*F. Greet.*

3.—TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN
 ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

1

Thou wakest from rosy sleep, to play
 With bounding heart, my boy !
 Before thee lies a long bright day
 Of summer and of joy.

2

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream 5
 To cloud thy fearless eye.
Long be it thus !—life's early stream
 Should still reflect the sky.

3

Yet, ere the cares of life lie dim
 On thy young spirit's wings, 10
Now in thy morn forget not Him
 From whom each pure thought springs.

4

So, in the onward vale of tears,
 Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bow'd to evil years, 15
 He will remember thee !

—Mrs. Hemans.

XVII.—BIRDS AND BEASTS.

1.—TO THE CUCKOO.

1

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice ;
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

2

While I am lying on the grass 5
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

3

Though babbling only to the vale 10
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

4

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing, 15
A voice, a mystery ;

5

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

6

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen !

7

And I can listen to thee yet, 25
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

8

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be 30
An unsubstantial, fairy place
That is fit home for thee !

—*Wordsworth.*

2.—TO A WATERFOWL.

1

Whither, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

2

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

3

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide, 10
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean-side ?

4

There is a power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, -
 The desert and illimitable air, — 15
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

5

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, dreary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near. 20

6

And soon that toil shall end ;

Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

7

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven 25

Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8

He who, from zone to zone,

Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight, 30

In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

—W. C. Bryant

3.—THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

1

Oh, hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries !

2

For here forlorn and sad I sit, 5
 Within the wiry grate ;
And tremble at the approaching morn,
 Which brings impending fate.

3

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
 And spurned a tyrant's chain, 10
Let not thy strong oppressive force
 A free-born mouse detain !

4

Oh, do not stain with guiltless blood
 Thy hospitable hearth !
Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed 15
 A prize so little worth

5

The scattered gleanings of a feast
 My frugal meals supply ;
But if thy unrelenting heart
 That slender boon deny,— 20

6

The cheerful light, the vital air,
 Are blessings, widely given ;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
 The common gifts of heaven.

7

Beware, lest in the worm you crush, 25
A brother's soul you find ;
And tremble lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

8

Or if this transient gleam of day
Be *all* the life we share, 30
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little *all* to spare.

9

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crowned ;
And every charm of heartfelt ease 35
Beneath thy roof be found.

10

So when destruction works unseen,
Which man, like mice, may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

—A. L. Barbould.

XVIII.—KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

I.—STANZAS WRITTEN IN HIS LIBRARY.

1

My days among the dead are past :
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they, 5
With whom I converse day by day.

2

With them I take delight in weal
 And seek relief in woe :
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe, 10
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

3

My thoughts are with the dead : with them
 I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn, 15
 Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

4

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
 My place with them will be, 20
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity :
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

—*Southey*

 2.—THE TRUE WISDOM.

It is the way we go, the way of life ;
 A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain,
 A grain of peace amid a load of strife,
 With toil and grief, and grief and toil again :
 Yea -- but for this ; the firm and faithful breast, 5
 Bolder than lions, confident and strong,
 That never doubts its birthright to be blest,
 And dreads no evil while it does no wrong :
 This, this is wisdom, manful and serene ;
 Towards God all penitence, and prayer, and trust ; 10
 But to the troubles of this shifting scene,
 Simply courageous and sublimely just.

—*Tupper.*

 3.—A LITTLE.

1

A river's source is oft a tiny spring :
 A mighty isle an ocean waif of yore ;

The weakest to the strong must ever cling,
 A little help will bridge thought's current o'er ;

2

A little acorn may become a tree, 5
 A little bud may bloom a beauteous flower ;
 Nothing is little in its own degree ;
 An age may be made famous in an hour.

3

A little seed when placed in earth or brain,
 Expands with time and quickens in the soul, 10
 So knowledge stagnant never can remain,
 'Tis little atoms make the wondrous whole.

4

A little learning never then despise,
 There must be little ere there can be more, —
 The lightest things are those that highest rise, 15
 We can but reap where others sowed before.

—*Carpenter.*

XIX.—DUTY AND RECTITUDE.

I.—CASABIANCA.

1

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead ;
Yet beautiful and bright he stood 5
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

2

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ; 10
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud :—“ Say, Father, say
If yet my task is done ? ”
He knew not that the chieftain lay 15
Unconscious of his son.

3

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone!
 And—" but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on; 20
 Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And looked from that lone post of death
 In still, yet brave despair.

4

He shouted but once more aloud, 25
 "My Father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.
 They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high, 30
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

5

Then came a burst of thunder-sound—
 The boy—Oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds, that far around 35
 With fragments strewed the sea!—
 With mast and helm and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part—
 But the noblest thing that perished there,
 Was that young faithful heart! 40

--Mrs. Hemans.

2.—DUTIES OF THE PRESENT.

1

What is our duty here ? To tend
 From good to better—thence to best :
 Grateful to drink life's cup—then bend
 Unmurmuring to our bed of rest ;
 To pluck the flowers that round us blow, 5
 Scattering our fragrance as we go.

2

And so to live, that when the sun
 Of our existence sinks in night,
 Memorials sweet of mercies done
 May shrine our names in memory's light ; 10
 And the blest seeds we scattered, bloom
 A hundredfold in days to come.

—*Bowring.*

3.—ONE BY ONE.

1

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.

2

One by one thy duties wait thee, 5
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

3

One by one, bright gifts from Heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below ; 10
Take them readily when given,
Ready be to let them go.

4

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee :
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others reach thee, 15
Shadows passing through the land.

5

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. 20

6

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do, or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

7

Do not linger with regretting, 25
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

8

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching Heaven ; but One by One 30
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—A. A. Proctor.

XX.—SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

1.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

1

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms 5
Are strong as iron bands.

2

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can, 10
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

3

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge 15
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

4

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door ; 20
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

5

He goes on Sunday to the church, 25
 And sits among his boys ;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice¹
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice. 30

6

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise !
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies ;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes 35
 A tear out of his eyes.

7

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close ; 40
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

8

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life 45
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought !

—*Longfellow.*

— — —
 2.—THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

1

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
 Beside the river Dee ;
 He worked and sang from morn to night,
 No lark more blithe than he ;
 And this the burden of his song 5
 For ever used to be,—
 “I envy nobody : no, not I,
 And nobody envies me !”

2

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend !” said old King Hal,
 “Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be : 10
 For could my heart be light as thine,
 I’d gladly change with thee.
 And tell me now what makes thee sing
 With voice so loud and free,
 While I am sad, though I’m the King, 15
 Beside the river Dee ?”

3

The miller smiled and doffed his cap ;
 " I earn my bread," quoth he ;
 " I love my wife, I love my friend,
 I love my children three : 20
 I owe no penny I cannot pay ;
 I thank the river Dee,
 That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
 To feed my babes and me."

4

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while, 25
 "Farewell ! and happy be :
 But say no more, if thou 'dst be true,
 That no one envies thee.
 Thy mealy cap is worth my crown, —
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee 30
 Such men as thou are England's boast,
 O miller of the Dee !"

—*Mackay.*

3.—THE SCHOOLMASTER OF AUBURN.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 'The village master taught his little school ;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view, 5
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disaster in his morning face ;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ; 10
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
 The village all declared how much he knew : 15
 'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran—that he could gauge ;
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For even though vanquished, he could argue
 still ; 20
 While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame. The very spot 25
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

—*Goldsmith.*

