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**READING, NARRATION,
COMPOSITION AND DRAWING**

READING, NARRATION COMPOSITION & DRAWING

THE DIRECT METHOD OF TEACHING ENGLISH

BY

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Illustrations by the Children themselves



BOOK FOUR

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READING, NARRATION COMPOSITION AND DRAWING

THE CHIMÆRA

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

PART I

Chimæra = *Ki-mê-ra*.

Bellerophon = *Bell-ér-o-fon*.

Pegasus = *Peġ-â-sus*.

Pirene = *Pî-rên-ê*.

ONCE, in the old, old times (for all the strange things which I tell you about happened long before anybody can remember), a fountain gushed out of a hill-side, in the marvellous land of Greece. And, for aught I know, after so many thousand years, it is still gushing out of the very selfsame spot. At any rate, there was the pleasant fountain, welling freshly forth and sparkling adown the hill-side, in the golden sunset, when a handsome young man named Bellerophon drew near its margin. In his hand he held a bridle, studded with brilliant gems, and adorned with a golden bit. Seeing an old man, and another of middle age, and a little boy, near the fountain, and likewise a maiden, who was dipping up some of the water in a

pitcher, he paused, and begged that he might refresh himself with a draught.

"This is very delicious water," he said to the maiden as he rinsed and filled her pitcher, after drinking out of it. "Will you be kind enough to tell me whether the fountain has any name?"

"Yes; it is called the Fountain of Pirene," answered the maiden; and then she added, "My grandmother has told me that this clear fountain was once a beautiful woman; and when her son was killed by the arrows of the huntress Diana, she melted all away into tears. And so the water, which you find so cool and sweet, is the sorrow of that poor mother's heart!"

"I should not have dreamed," observed the young stranger, "that so clear a well-spring, with its gush and gurgle, and its cheery dance out of the shade into the sunlight, had so much as one tear-drop in its bosom! And this, then, is Pirene? I thank you, pretty maiden, for telling me its name. I have come from a far-away country to find this very spot."

A middle-aged country fellow (he had driven his cow to drink out of the spring) stared hard at young Bellerophon, and at the handsome bridle which he carried in his hand.

"The water-courses must be getting low, friend, in your part of the world," remarked he,

"if you come so far only to find the Fountain of Pirene. But, pray, have you lost a horse? I see you carry the bridle in your hand; and a very pretty one it is with that double row of bright stones upon it. If the horse was as fine as the bridle, you are much to be pitied for losing him."

"I have lost no horse," said Bellerophon with a smile. "But I happen to be seeking a very famous one, which, as wise people have informed me, must be found hereabouts, if anywhere. Do you know whether the winged horse Pegasus still haunts the Fountain of Pirene, as he used to do in your forefathers' days?"

But then the country fellow laughed.

Some of you, my little friends, have probably heard that this Pegasus was a snow-white steed, with beautiful silvery wings, who spent most of his time on the summit of Mount Helicon. He was as wild, and as swift, and as buoyant, in his flight through the air, as any eagle that ever soared into the clouds. There was nothing else like him in the world. He had no mate; he never had been backed or bridled by a master; and, for many a long year, he led a solitary and a happy life. . . .

In the summer-time, and in the beautifullest of weather, Pegasus often alighted on the solid earth, and, closing his silvery wings, would

gallop over hill and dale for pastime, as fleetly as the wind. Oftener than in any other place, he had been seen near the Fountain of Pirene, drinking the delicious water, or rolling himself upon the soft grass of the margin. Sometimes, too (but Pegasus was very dainty in his food), he would crop a few of the clover-blossoms that happened to be sweetest.

To the Fountain of Pirene, therefore, people's great-grandfathers had been in the habit of going (as long as they were youthful, and retained their faith in winged horses), in hopes of getting a glimpse at the beautiful Pegasus. But, of late years, he had been very seldom seen. Indeed, there were many of the country folks, dwelling within half an hour's walk of the fountain, who had never beheld Pegasus, and did not believe that there was any such creature in existence. The country fellow to whom Bellerophon was speaking chanced to be one of those incredulous persons.

And that was the reason why he laughed.

"Pegasus, indeed!" cried he, turning up his nose as high as such a flat nose could be turned up—"Pegasus, indeed! A winged horse, truly! Why, friend, are you in your senses? Of what use would wings be to a horse? Could he drag the plough so well, think you? To be sure, there might be a little saving in the expense of shoes;

but then, how would a man like to see his horse flying out of the stable window?—yes, or whisking him up above the clouds, when he only wanted to ride him to mill? No, no! I don't believe in Pegasus. There never was such a ridiculous kind of a horse-fowl made!"

"I have some reason to think otherwise," said Bellerophon, quietly.

And then he turned to an old, grey man, who was leaning on a staff, and listening very attentively, with his head stretched forward, and one hand at his ear, because, for the last twenty years, he had been getting rather deaf.

"And what say you, venerable sir?" inquired he. "In your younger days, I should imagine you must frequently have seen the winged steed!"

"Ah, young stranger, my memory is very poor!" said the aged man. "When I was a lad, if I remember rightly, I used to believe there was such a horse, and so did everybody else. But, nowadays, I hardly know what to think, and very seldom think about the winged horse at all. If I ever saw the creature, it was a long while ago; and, to tell you the truth, I doubt whether I ever did see him. One day, to be sure, when I was quite a youth, I remember seeing some hoof-tramps round about the brink of the fountain. Pegasus might have made these hoof-marks; and so might some other horse."

"And have you never seen him, my fair maiden?" asked Bellerophon of the girl, who stood with the pitcher on her head, while this talk went on. "You certainly could see Pegasus, if anybody can, for your eyes are very bright."

"Once I thought I saw him," replied the maiden, with a smile and a blush. "It was either Pegasus, or a large white bird, a very great way up in the air. And one other time, as I was coming to the fountain with my pitcher, I heard a neigh. Oh, such a brisk and melodious neigh as that was! My very heart leaped with delight at the sound. But it startled me, nevertheless; so that I ran home without filling my pitcher."

"That was truly a pity!" said Bellerophon.

And he turned to the child, whom I mentioned at the beginning of the story, and who was gazing at him, as children are apt to gaze at strangers, with his rosy mouth wide open.

"Well, my little fellow," cried Bellerophon, playfully pulling one of his curls, "I suppose you have often seen the winged horse."

"That I have," answered the child, very readily. "I saw him yesterday, and many times before."

"You are a fine little man!" said Bellerophon, drawing the child closer to him. "Come, tell me all about it."

"Why," replied the child, "I often come here to sail little boats in the fountain, and to gather pretty pebbles out of its basin. And sometimes, when I look down into the water, I see the image of the winged horse, in the picture of the sky that is there. I wish he would come down, and take me on his back, and let me ride him up to the moon! But, if I so much as stir to look at him, he flies far away out of sight."

And Bellerophon put his faith in the child, who had seen the image of Pegasus in the water, and in the maiden, who had heard him neigh so melodiously, rather than in the middle-aged clown who believed only in cart-horses, or in the old man who had forgotten the beautiful things of his youth. . . .

Now you will, perhaps, wish to be told why it was that Bellerophon had undertaken to catch the winged horse. And we shall find no better opportunity to speak about this matter than while he is waiting for Pegasus to appear.

If I were to relate the whole of Bellerophon's previous adventures, they might easily grow into a very long story. It will be quite enough to say, that in a certain country of Asia, a terrible monster, called a Chimæra, had made its appearance, and was doing more mischief than could be talked about between now and sunset. According to the best accounts which

I have been able to obtain, this Chimæra was nearly, if not quite, the ugliest and most poisonous creature, and the strangest and unaccountablest, and the hardest to fight with, and the most difficult to run away from, that ever came out of the earth's inside. It had a tail like a boa-constrictor; its body was like I do not care what; and it had three separate heads, one of which was a lion's, the second a goat's, and the third an abominably great snake's. And a hot blast of fire came flaming out of each of its three mouths! Being an earthly monster, I doubt whether it had any wings; but, wings or no, it ran like a goat and a lion, and wriggled along like a serpent, and thus contrived to make about as much speed as all the three together.

Oh, the mischief, and mischief, and mischief that this naughty creature did! With its flaming breath, it could set a forest on fire, or burn up a field of grain, or, for that matter, a village, with all its fences and houses. It laid waste the whole country round about, and used to eat up people and animals alive, and cook them afterwards in the burning oven of its stomach. Mercy on us, little children, I hope neither you nor I will ever happen to meet a Chimæra!

EXERCISES

I

(Oral and Written)

1. MORE ABOUT SIMPLICITY. As you grow older and your reading, observation and thinking extend in range and quality, you will require more and more words to give full expression to your thoughts and feelings. It will not now be possible to confine your sentences to short and simple words; occasionally you will find that the most fitting word is a long word, but please remember that the First Golden Rule remains good now and always—never use a long foreign word, if the short homely word *will do as well*. Sometimes, however, you will find that there is no short and simple word that will serve your purpose, and now the longer foreign word comes to your help.

You have no doubt heard of the Victoria Cross. It is the most prized of all war decorations and is awarded for *conspicuous* bravery in battle. Here is a splendid example of a long foreign word doing what no simple homely word can do. In the same way, we speak of a *glorious* day; a *charming* evening; a *spacious* room; a *delicious* fragrance; a *devastating* earthquake; a *delightful* book. These words are all of Latin origin, and we owe a tremendous debt to that language. It has enriched our vocabulary and greatly extended our range of expression. Every day you should now try to add one or more such words to your stock.

Apply one of the above adjectives to each of the

following nouns: sky, river, view, dress, fruit, chamber, storm.

2. Always beware, however, of using a word whose meaning you do not thoroughly understand. The most comical character in a famous play called "The Rivals" is Mrs. Malaprop. She is constantly using words whose meaning she has failed to grasp and everybody laughs at her in consequence. Don't *you* be a follower of Mrs. Malaprop. Here are some of her nonsensical sayings. Find out what word she should have used instead of those printed in italics.

(a) "I don't wish a daughter of mine to be a *progeny* of learning."

(b) "She is as headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile."

(c) "No *caparisons*, miss, if you please."

(d) "My *affluence* over my niece is very small."

(e) "Oh, mercy! I am quite *analysed*."

(f) "Come, girls! this gentleman will *exhort* us.
Come, sir! you are our *envoy*—lead the way,
and we'll *precede*."

3. The professors of Princeton University were asked to choose by vote the six most important words in the English language. They selected the following in order of merit:

Loyalty	Sportsmanship
Courage	Self-respect
Duty	Humour

Even professors make mistakes and you may be able to improve the above list by striking out one or more

of the above words and substituting one or more of the following:—Kindness; Truth; Faith; Hope; Love; Patience; Peace. If you can, give reasons for making the change.

4. Find phrases and sentences in the selection which impress you by their beauty. Copy them into your note-book for future use.

5. Learn the following lines by heart:

NESTS OF PLEASANT THOUGHTS

“Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in youth what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.”—JOHN RUSKIN.

6. The story is full of bright fancy and imagination. What name would you give to a story of this kind? Find sentences which show fine play of imagination. Find others which attract you by their beauty.

7. Borrow a classical dictionary and read more about Diana, Mount Helicon, the Muses and the Sacred Fountain.

8. A *synonym* is a word which is similar in meaning to another. Consult the text and find synonyms for the following: Gush, gurgle, buoyant, glimpse, whisking, incredulous, venerable, melodious, unaccountablest, abominably.

9. Find figures of speech in the selection and name each one.

10. Give words opposed in meaning to those printed in italics: *old* times; *strange* things; *delicious* water; so *clear* a spring; *beautiful* women; *bright* stones; he was so *wild* and *swift*; a *solitary* life; *incredulous* person; *melodious* neigh; *previous* adventures.

THE CHIMÆRA

PART II

Mount Helicon—the abode of the Muses.

Hippocrene = *Hip-po-krē-nē*—a sacred fountain near Mount Helicon.

ONE morning the child spoke to Bellerophon even more hopefully than usual.

“Dear, dear Bellerophon,” cried he. “I know not why it is, but I feel as if we should certainly see Pegasus to-day!”

And all that day he would not stir a step from Bellerophon’s side; so they ate a crust of bread together, and drank some of the water of the fountain. In the afternoon there they sat, and Bellerophon had thrown his arm around the child, who likewise had put one of his little hands into Bellerophon’s. The latter was lost in

his own thoughts, and was fixing his eyes vacantly on the trunks of the trees that overshadowed the fountain, and on the grape-vines that clambered up among their branches. But the gentle child was gazing down into the water; he was grieved for Bellerophon's sake, that the hope of another day should be deceived, like so many before it; and two or three quiet tear-drops fell from his eyes, and mingled with what were said to be the many tears of Pirene, when she wept for her slain children.

But, when he least thought of it, Bellerophon felt the pressure of the child's little hand, and heard a soft, almost breathless, whisper:

"See there, dear Bellerophon! There is an image in the water!"

The young man looked down into the dimpling mirror of the fountain, and saw what he took to be the reflection of a bird which seemed to be flying at a great height in the air, with a gleam of sunshine on its snowy or silvery wings.

"What a splendid bird it must be!" said he. "And how very large it looks, though it must really be flying higher than the clouds!"

"It makes me tremble!" whispered the child. "I am afraid to look up into the air! It is very beautiful, and yet I dare only look at its image in the water. Dear Bellerophon, do you

not see that it is no bird? It is the winged horse Pegasus!"

Bellerophon's heart began to throb! He gazed keenly upward, but could not see the winged creature, whether bird or horse; because, just then, it had plunged into the fleecy depths of a summer cloud. It was but a moment, however, before the object reappeared, sinking lightly down out of the cloud, although still at a vast distance from the earth. Bellerophon caught the child in his arms, and shrank back with him, so that they were both hidden among the thick shrubbery which grew all around the fountain. Not that he was afraid of any harm, but he dreaded lest, if Pegasus caught a glimpse of them, he would fly far away, and alight in some inaccessible mountain-top. For it was really the winged horse. After they had expected him so long, he was coming to quench his thirst with the water of Pirene.

Nearer and nearer came the aerial wonder, flying in great circles, as you may have seen a dove when about to alight. Downward came Pegasus in those wide, sweeping circles, which grew narrower, and narrower still, as he gradually approached the earth. The nigher the view of him, the more beautiful he was, and the more marvellous the sweep of his silvery wings. At last, with so light a pressure as hardly to

bend the grass about the fountain, or imprint a hoof-tramp in the sand of its margin, he alighted, and, stooping his wild head, began to drink. He drew in the water, with long and pleasant sighs, and tranquil pauses of enjoyment; and then another draught, and another, and another. For, nowhere in the world, or up among the clouds, did Pegasus love any water as he loved this of Pirene. And when his thirst was slaked, he cropped a few of the honey-blossoms of the clover, delicately tasting them, but not caring to make a hearty meal, because the herbage, just beneath the clouds, on the lofty sides of Mount Helicon, suited his palate better than this ordinary grass.

After thus drinking to his heart's content, and in his dainty fashion condescending to take a little food, the winged horse began to caper to and fro, and dance as it were, out of mere idleness and sport.

At length—not that he was weary, but only idle and luxurious—Pegasus folded his wings, and lay down on the soft green turf.

But Bellerophon (who, as you may judge, was as good a horseman as ever galloped) had been watching his opportunity, and at last clapped the golden bit of the enchanted bridle between the winged steed's jaws. No sooner was this done, than Pegasus became as manageable as

if he had taken food all his life out of Bellerophon's hand.

"Well done, dear Pegasus! well done, my sky-skimmer!" cried Bellerophon, fondly stroking the horse's neck. "And now, my fleet and beautiful friend, we must break our fast. To-day we are to fight the terrible Chimæra."

As soon as they had eaten their morning meal, and drank some sparkling water from a spring called Hippocrene, Pegasus held out his head, of his own accord, so that his master might put on the bridle. Then, with a great many playful leaps and airy caperings, he showed his impatience to be gone; while Bellerophon was girding on his sword, and hanging his shield about his neck, and preparing himself for battle. When everything was ready, the rider mounted, and (as was his custom, when going a long distance) ascended five miles perpendicularly, so as the better to see whither he was directing his course. He then turned the head of Pegasus towards the east, and set out for Lycia.¹ In their flight they overtook an eagle, and came so nigh him, before he could get out of their way, that Bellerophon might easily have caught him by the leg. Hastening onward at this rate, it was still early in the forenoon when they beheld the lofty mountains of Lycia, with their deep and shaggy

¹ In Southern Asia Minor.

valleys. If Bellerophon had been told truly, it was in one of those dismal valleys that the hideous Chimæra had taken up its abode.

Being now so near their journey's end, the winged horse gradually descended with his rider; and they took advantage of some clouds that were floating over the mountain-tops, in order to conceal themselves. Hovering on the upper surface of a cloud, and peeping over its edge, Bellerophon saw something that induced him to draw rein. He made a sign, which the winged horse understood, and sunk slowly through the air, until his hoofs were scarcely more than a man's height above the rocky bottom of the valley. In front was a cavern's mouth, with three smoke-wreaths oozing out of it. And what else did Bellerophon behold there?

There seemed to be a heap of strange and terrible creatures curled up within the cavern. Their bodies lay so close together, that Bellerophon could not distinguish them apart; but, judging by their heads, one of these creatures was a huge snake, the second a fierce lion, and the third an ugly goat. The lion and the goat were asleep; the snake was broad awake, and kept staring around him with a great pair of fiery eyes. But—and this was the most wonderful part of the matter—the three spires of smoke evidently issued from the nostrils of these three

heads! So strange was the spectacle, that, though Bellerophon had been all along expecting it, the truth did not immediately occur to him, that here was the terrible three-headed Chimæra. He had found out the Chimæra's cavern. The snake, the lion, and the goat, as he supposed them to be, were not three separate creatures, but one monster!

When the airy rush of the winged horse had brought him within the distance of a hundred yards, the Chimæra gave a spring, and flung its huge, awkward, venomous, and utterly detestable carcass right upon poor Pegasus, clung round him with might and main, and tied up its snaky tail into a knot! Up flew the aerial steed, higher, higher, higher, above the mountain-peaks, above the clouds, and almost out of sight of the solid earth. But still the earth-born monster kept its hold, and was borne upward, along with the creature of light and air. Bellerophon, meanwhile, turning about, found himself face to face with the ugly grimness of the Chimæra's visage, and could only avoid being scorched to death, or bitten right in twain, by holding up his shield. Over the upper edge of the shield he looked sternly into the savage eyes of the monster.

Perhaps, after all, the best way to fight a Chimæra is by getting as close to it as you can.

In its efforts to stick its horrible iron claws into its enemy, the creature left its own breast quite exposed; and perceiving this, Bellerophon thrust his sword up to the hilt into its cruel heart. Immediately the snaky tail untied its knot. The monster let go its hold of Pegasus, and fell from that vast height, downward; while the fire within its bosom, instead of being put out, burned fiercer than ever, and quickly began to consume the dead carcass. Thus it fell out of the sky, all a-flame, and (it being nightfall before it reached the earth) was mistaken for a shooting star or a comet. But, at early sunrise, some cottagers were going to their day's labour, and saw, to their astonishment, that several acres of ground were strewn with black ashes. In the middle of a field there was a heap of whitened bones, a great deal higher than a haystack. Nothing else was ever seen of the dreadful Chimæra!

From *The Wonder Book*.

EXERCISES

II

(*Oral and Written*)

I. MORE ABOUT VARIETY. You now know something about the devices that good writers employ to give life and interest to their work. We have seen that they vary

the length and construction of their sentences, they adorn their word-pictures with beautiful comparisons, and they give to inanimate things the breath of life. There is one thing more that gives variety to both prose and poetry. Sentences can be presented to the eye of the reader in three different ways.

- (a) The loose or straightforward sentence in which the meaning appears from the beginning.

Ex. I see you carry a bridle in your hand, and a very pretty one it is with that double row of bright stones upon it.

- (b) The suspended or periodic sentence where the reader is kept in suspense until the end is reached.

Ex. 1. Thither was borne before the window where Lady Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley. (MACAULAY.)

2. Never, among the sons of men, has there appeared on so prominent a stage, a character with so rich and varied gifts.

- (c) The balanced sentence (double or multiple) where one sentence is contrasted with another.

Ex. 1. "To err is human; to forgive divine."

2. "Speech is silvern; but silence is golden."

Taking the above sentences as models, make an example of each kind.

2. Consult your dictionary and find simpler words for the following: Reflection; inaccessible; tranquil; draught; condescending; caper; oozing; spectacle; detestable; carcass; visage; consume.

3. Make a drawing of: (1) The cavern's mouth with the three smoke-wreaths coming out of it. (2) The fountain gushing out of the hill-side, and the surrounding trees.

4. Which part of the whole story do you like best? Give your reasons.

5. Find a dozen adjectives to describe Bellerophon, Pegasus and the Chimæra.

6. What do you understand by the following? Pegasus was very dainty in his food; boa-constrictor; lost in his own thoughts; fixing his eyes vacantly on the trees; aerial wonder; tranquil pauses; venomous; a comet.

7. EXERCISE IN IMAGINATION. Describe the return journey of Bellerophon and Pegasus to Mount Helicon in Greece, and the parting between the wonderful horseman and his aerial steed.

8. MEMORY LINES.

A NEST OF PLEASANT THOUGHTS

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie:
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

THE ARAB TO HIS STEED

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

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

THE ARAB TO HIS STEED

BY HON. MRS. NORTON (1808-77)

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly
by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and
dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy
wingèd speed;
I may not mount on thee again—thou’rt sold,
my Arab steed.
Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the
breezy wind,
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I
behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein, thy master
hath his gold,
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell; thou’rt
sold, my steed, thou’rt sold.

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a
mile must roam

To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds
the stranger's home;

Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn
and bed prepare,

Thy silky mane I braided once must be another's
care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never
more with thee

Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where
we were wont to be;

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the
sandy plain

Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear
me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze, the
brilliant sun and sky,

Thy master's house—from all of these my exiled
one must fly.

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy
step become less fleet,

And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's
hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye
glancing bright;

Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm
and light,

And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or
cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel, thou'rt sold,
my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely, then, unseen by me, some cruel
hand may chide,
Till foam wreaths lie, like crested waves, along
thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy
indignant pain,
Till careless eyes which rest on thee, may count
each starting vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it
cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle,
yet so free;
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely
heart should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now
command thee to return?

Return! alas, my Arab steed! what shall thy
master do,
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanished
from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and
through the gathering tears,

Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false
mirage appears;
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary
step alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou
oft hast borne me on.
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause
and sadly think,
'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last
I saw him drink!

When last I saw him drink! Away! the fevered
dream is o'er,
I could not live a day and know that we should
meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's
power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have
loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said
that thou wast sold?
'Tis false!—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling
them back their gold!
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour
the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee
for his pains.

KERGUELEN'S LAND

BY MRS. EWING

PART I

The following tale is from Mrs. Ewing's charming book—"Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances." Mrs. Overtheway is a name coined by a lonely little orphan girl named Ida, for a dear old lady who lived "over the way through a green gate that shut with a click and up three white steps."

Ida's mother died when she was a year old and her father—a sea-captain—has now been absent for six years and given up for lost. The little girl is recovering from an illness brought on by a chill caught in gathering early primroses for Mrs. Overtheway who was passionately fond of flowers. The kind old lady comes to see Ida and brightens the sick-room by her fascinating tales. In the story she tries to comfort the little orphan by holding out hopes of her father's return.

"FATHER ALBATROSS had been out all day, and was come home to the island which gives its name to this story. He had only taken a short flight, for his wife was hatching an egg, and he kept comparatively near the island where her nest was situated. There was only one egg, but parental affection is not influenced by numbers. There is always love enough for the largest family, and everything that could be desired in an only child, and Mother Albatross was as proud as if she had been a hen sitting on a dozen.

"The Father Albatross was very considerate. Not only did he deny himself those long flights which he and his mate had before so greatly enjoyed, but he generally contrived to bring back from his shorter trips some bits of news for her amusement. Their island home lay far out of the common track of ships, but sometimes he sighted a distant vessel, and he generally found something to tell of birds or fish, whales or water-spouts, icebergs or storms. When there was no news he discussed the winds and waves, as we talk of the weather and the crops.

"Bits of news, like misfortunes, are apt to come together. The very day on which the egg hatched, Father Albatross returned from his morning flight so full of what he had seen, that he hardly paid any attention to his mate's announcement of the addition to his family.

"'Could you leave the nest for a quarter of an hour, my dear?' he asked.

"'Certainly not,' said Mother Albatross; 'as I have told you, the egg is hatched at last.'

"'These things always happen at the least convenient moments,' said the father bird. 'There's a ship within a mere wing-stretch, untold miles out of her course, and going down. I came away just as she was sinking, that you might have a chance of seeing her. It is a horrible sight.'

“‘It must be terrible to witness,’ she replied, ‘and I would give worlds to see it; but a mother’s first duty is the nest, and it is quite impossible for me to move. At the same time I beg that you will return, and see whatever there is to be seen.’

“‘It is not worth while,’ he answered; ‘there was not a moment to lose, and by this time she must be at the bottom with all belonging to her.’

“‘Could none of them fly away?’ the Mother Albatross asked.

“‘No men have wings,’ replied her mate, ‘nor, for that matter, fins or scales either. They are very curious creatures. The fancy they have for wandering about between sea and sky, when Nature has not enabled them to support themselves in either, is truly wonderful. Go where you will over the ocean you meet men, as you meet fish and birds. Then if anything disables these ships that they contrive to go about in, down they go, and as the men can neither float nor fly, they sink to the bottom like so many stones.’

“‘Were there many on the ship you saw?’ the mother bird asked.

“‘More than one likes to see drowned in a batch,’ said Father Albatross; ‘and I feel sorry for the captain. He was a fine fellow, with bright

eyes and dark curly plumage, and would have been a handsome creature if he had had wings. He was going about giving orders with composure, and wherever he went there went with him a large dog with dark bright curls like his own. I have seen the ship before, and I know the dog. His name is Carlo. He is the captain's property, and the ship's pet. Usually he is very quiet, and sometimes, when it blows, he is ill; but as a rule he lies on the deck, blinking with the most self-sufficient air you can imagine. However, to-day, from the moment that danger was imminent, he seemed to be aware of it, and to have only one idea on the subject, to keep close to his master. He got in front of him as he moved about, sat down at his feet when he stood still, jumped on him when he shouted his orders, and licked his hands when he seized the ropes. In fact, he was most troublesome. But what can you expect of a creature that requires four legs to go about with, and can't rise above the earth even with these, and doesn't move as many yards in a day as I go miles in an hour? He *can* swim, but only for a certain length of time. However, he is probably quiet enough now; and perhaps some lucky chance has rolled him to his master's feet below the sea.'

"'Have men no contrivance for escaping on these occasions?' the mother bird inquired.

“‘They have boats, into which they go when the ship will hold them no longer. It is much as if you should put out the little one to fly in a storm, against which your own wings failed.’

“‘Perhaps the boats are in good order when the ship is not,’ said Mother Albatross, who had a practical gift. ‘Were there boats to this one?’

“‘There were. I saw one lowered, and quickly filled with men, eager to snatch this last chance of life.’

“‘Was the captain in it?’ she asked.

“‘No. He stayed on the ship and gave orders. The dog stayed with him. Another boat was lowered and filled just as the ship went down.’

“‘Was the captain in it?’

“‘Again, no. He stayed with the vessel and some others with him. They were just sinking as I came for you. With the last glance I gave I saw the captain standing quite still near the wheel. The dog was sitting on his feet. They were both looking in one direction—away over the sea. But why should you distress yourself? It is all over long since. Think of the little one, and let us be thankful that we belong to a superior race. We might have been born without wings, like poor sailors.’

“‘I cannot help grieving for the captain,’ said Mother Albatross. ‘When you spoke of his bright

eyes and handsome plumage I thought of you; and how should I feel if you were to die? I wish he had gone in the boats.'

"'I doubt if he would have fared better,' said the father bird. 'The second must have been swamped in the sinking of the ship; and it is far from probable that the other will get to land.'

"'Nevertheless, I hope you will fly in that direction to-morrow,' she said, 'and bring me word whether there are any traces of the catastrophe.'

"The following morning Father Albatross set forth as he was desired. The ship had foundered quite near to the other side of the island, and including a little excursion to see if the first boat were still above water, he expected to be back very shortly.

"He returned even sooner than the Mother Albatross had hoped, and descended to the side of their nest with as much agitation as his majestic form was capable of displaying.

"'Wonders will never cease!' he exclaimed. 'What do you think are on the island?'

"'I couldn't guess if I were to try from now till next hatching season,' said his mate; 'and I beg you will not keep me in suspense. I am not equal to the slightest trial of the nerves. It is quite enough to be a mother.'

"'The captain and one or two more men are

here,' said the Albatross. 'What do you think of that? You will be able to see him for yourself, and to show the youngster what men are like into the bargain. It's very strange how they have escaped; and that lazy, self-sufficient dog is with them.'

"'I cannot possibly leave our young one at present,' said the Mother Albatross, 'and he certainly cannot get so far. It will be very provoking if the men leave the island before I can see them.'

"'There is not much fear of that,' her mate answered. 'A lucky wave has brought them to shore, but it will take a good many lucky waves to bring a ship to carry them home.'

"Father Albatross was right; but his mate saw the strangers sooner than she expected. Her nest, though built on the ground, was on the highest point of the island, and to this the shipwrecked men soon made their way; and there the Mother Albatross had ample chance of seeing the bright eyes of the captain as they scanned the horizon line with keen anxiety. Presently they fell upon the bird herself.

"'What splendid creatures they are!' he said to his companion; 'and so grandly fearless. I was never on one of these islands where they breed before. What a pity it is they cannot understand one! That fellow there, who is just

stretching his noble wings, might take a message and bring us help.'

"'He is a fine creature,' said the Mother Albatross, peeping at the captain from her nest; 'that is, he would be if he had wings, and could speak properly, instead of making that unmusical jabbering like a monkey.'

"'I would give a good deal to one of them for a report of the first boat,' the captain went on. 'Heaven knows I would be content to die here if I could know that it was safe. But I'm afraid—I'm afraid; oh! dear!'"

EXERCISES

III

(Oral and Written)

EXPANSION OF THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE. *Brevity to Verbosity.*

(A) One thought often suggests another. The more you think about a subject, the more ideas you gain about it. The mental price of an ordinary sentence is a single thought, but the price of an excellent sentence may be much hard thinking. Do not grudge the labour.

Be brief, but not too brief, in your expressions. You often require to expand a word into a phrase, a phrase into a sentence, or a simple sentence into a complex sentence.

A general idea does not give as clear a picture as a particular idea. Thus, the word "dog" calls up a more confused picture than the words "a black dog," and the expression "a big curly-haired black dog" suggests a still clearer idea than "a black dog."

The clearness of the mental image is obtained by expanding the expression by means of words (adjectives and adverbs), phrases, or clauses. A composition that did not contain any of these qualifying words, phrases or clauses would be vague and general. It would not convey information clearly, which is its main purpose.

(B) The following exercises are intended to afford practice in developing an idea and expanding a simple sentence. You will notice as the expression expands the number of cases it applies to become less. It passes from the general to the particular. That is why the meaning becomes clearer. If, however, you expand your sentences too much, you may create a worse defect than the one you are trying to cure. You may pass from moderate clearness to obscurity, from brevity to verbosity, *i.e.* long-windedness or use of too many words.

Ex. Original sentence: The needle is an instrument.

(a) Expansion by words (adj.):

The small needle is a perfect instrument.

(b) Expansion by phrases:

1. The small and slender needle is a most perfect instrument.
2. Small in size and slender in appearance, the needle is one of the most perfect instruments in the world.

(c) Expansion by clauses.

1. Small though it be in size, and slender in appearance, the needle is an instrument which is perfectly fitted for its work.
2. Though it is small when compared with many other tools, which are often regarded as more important, and though its appearance is but slender, yet the needle is one of the most perfect instruments which the wit of man has been able to invent since the world began.

1. Expand in the same way the following sentences
(*Do the work in three stages as shown in the example*):

Ida was a friend of Mrs. Overthaway.

Mrs. Overthaway was kind to the little orphan girl.

Ida's father was a sea-captain.

2. SENTENCE WEAVING.

Weave the following jerky, simple sentences into one smoothly flowing complex sentence:

The dog's name is Carlo. He belongs to the captain.
He is the pet of the ship's company.

3. In this story the two birds *talk* and *think*. What name do you give to a tale of this kind?

4. Do you know any other story in which an albatross plays a part? If so, give its name and say something about it.

5. There is a good deal of quiet humour in the selection. Find sentences which make you smile.

6. Consult the text and say what is meant by the following: Giving orders with composure; danger was

imminent; catastrophe; agitation; keep me in suspense; it is very provoking; scanned the horizon.

7. NARRATION. The class to tell the story in turn.

8. Make an imaginary sketch of the island from a distance with the sinking ship and the lowered boat.

9. INVENTIVE EXERCISE. Write an original story describing the voyage of the ship from England to Kerguelen's Land, and how it came to be lost. (*Find Kerguelen's Land on your map before you begin, and trace out the ship's route.*)

10. Learn the following lines by heart:

"If there is anything in the world I like it is clearness. I would like to write a clear hand-writing, to talk clearly and to compose sentences of such clearness, that he who runs may not only read, but understand what he reads."—SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

KERGUELEN'S LAND

PART II

"TRULY it was a great amusement for the mother bird to watch the strangers from her nest, and to question her mate on their peculiarities.

"'What is he doing now?' she asked on one occasion, when the captain was reading a paper which he had taken from the note-book in his pocket.

“‘That is a letter,’ said the Father Albatross. ‘And from the look of it I gather that, like ourselves, he has got a young one somewhere, wherever his nest may be.’

“‘How do you gather that?’ his mate inquired.

“‘Because the writing is so large,’ answered the Father Albatross. ‘It is one of the peculiarities of these creatures that the smaller they are the larger they write. That letter is from a young one; probably his own.’

“‘Very remarkable indeed,’ said the Mother Albatross. ‘And what is he doing *now*?’

“‘Now he is writing himself,’ said her mate; ‘and if you observe you will see my statement confirmed. See how much smaller he writes!’

“The captain had indeed torn a sheet from his note-book and was busy scribbling on his knees. Whether the sight of papers was a familiar memory with Carlo, or whether he was merely moved by one of those doggish impulses we so little understand, it is impossible to say, but when the captain began to write, Carlo began to wag his tail, and he wagged it without pause or weariness till the captain had finished, keeping his nearest eye half open, and fixed upon the paper and the captain’s moving hand. Once he sat up on his haunches and put his nose on the letter.

“‘That is right, old fellow, kiss it,’ said the

captain. 'I am just telling her about you. Heaven send she may ever read it, poor child!'

"At this Carlo became so frantic, and so persistent in pushing his nose on to the paper, that the captain was fain to pocket his writing materials, and have a game at play with the 'ship's dog,' in which the latter condescendingly joined for a few minutes, and then lay down as before, shutting his eyes with an air which seemed to imply—

"'I see, poor fellow, you don't understand me.'

"The hardships endured by this small remnant of the ship's company were not very great. They managed to live. The weather was fine, and they did not at first trouble themselves about any permanent shelter. Perhaps, too, in spite of their seamen's knowledge of the position they were in, some dim hope of a ship out of her course as they had been, picking them off, buoyed them up with the fancy that 'it was not worth while.' But no ship appeared; and they built themselves a hut near the albatross's nest, and began to talk of other seasons, and provision for the future. They kept a look-out by turns through the daylight, and by night when the moon and stars made the distance visible. Every morning the sun rising above the sea met the captain's keen eyes scanning the horizon, and every evening that closed a day's fruitless

watch, the sun going down saw the captain's brown hands clasped together as he said, 'God's will be done!'

"So days became weeks, and weeks ripened into months, and Carlo became used to his new home, and happy in it, and kept watch over his master, and took his ease as usual. But the men's appearance changed, and their clothes began to look shabby. In the first place they were wearing out, and secondly they seemed—as we say—to be 'getting too large' for them, and to hang loosely and untidily upon their gaunt frames. The captain's eyes looked larger and sadder, and his voice grew hollow at sunset, and threads of white began to show among his dark curls, and increased in number day by day.

"His plumage will be as white as your own very soon,' said the Mother Albatross. 'I suppose it's the climate that does it.'

"He is getting older,' said her mate: 'men, like ourselves, get white as they get old.'

"But he has been here so short a time,' said Mother Albatross.

"He is so much the older, however,' said the father bird, and his mate said no more; for she knew by the tone of his voice when he had got to the end of his available information on any subject, and that beyond this point he did not like to be pressed.

“‘It’s hard, it’s very hard, Captain, and I can’t submit as you do,’ said one of the men one day. He and the captain were sitting side by side at the look-out, their elbows on their knees, and their chins upon their hands.

“‘And yet it’s harder for me than for you,’ said the captain. ‘One must die some day. It’s not that. And you are a single man, Barker, without ties.’

“The man stooped down, and taking one of Carlo’s long ears in his hand, played absently with it, as he said:

“‘No, sir. I am not married, it’s true, and have no children. I feel for you, sir, from my heart. But, in a little house just out of Plymouth, that, God above knows, I can see this moment as clearly as I see you, there’s a girl that has either forgotten me, or is breaking as good a heart as ever beat in woman’s breast for the man that should have been her husband, and that’s fast bound here upon a rock with sea-birds. The Lord knows best, Captain, but it comes hard. We all have our troubles, sir.’

“The captain laid his hand upon his shoulder.

“‘Forgive me,’ he said. ‘God comfort you! God bless you!’ And, rising hurriedly, he went forward, the big tears breaking over his cheeks, and sea and sky dancing together before his eyes.

“‘What do you dream of at night, Barker?’ said the captain, on another day.

“‘Home, sir,’ said Barker.

“‘Strange!’ said the captain. ‘So do I. In all the time we have been here, I have never once dreamed of this island, or of our day’s work, nor even of seeing a sail. I dream of England night after night.’

“‘It’s the same with myself, sir,’ said Barker. ‘I’m in Plymouth half my time, I may say. And off and on I dream of my father’s old home in Surrey.’

“The captain watched till sunset, and folded his hands, and bent his head as usual, and at last lay down to sleep. He dreamt of England, and of home—of a home that had been his long since, of a young wife, dead years ago. He dreamt that he lay, at early morning, in a sunny room in a little cottage where they had lived, and where, in summer, the morning sun awoke them not much later than the birds. He dreamt that his wife was by him, and that she thought that he was asleep, and that, so thinking, she put her arms round his neck to awaken him—that he lay still, and pretended to be slumbering on, and that, so lying, he saw her face bright with such an unearthly beauty, and her eyes fixed on him with such intensity of expression that they held him like a spell. Then he felt her warm face come near to his, and she kissed his cheeks, and he heard her say, ‘Wake up,

my darling, I have something to show you.' Again she repeated vehemently, 'Awake! Awake! Look! Look!' and then he opened his eyes.

"He was lying at the look-out, and Carlo was licking his face. It was a dream, and yet the voice was strong and clear in his ears, 'Awake! Awake! Look! Look!'"

"A heavier hand than his wife's was on his shoulder, and Barker's rough voice (hoarser than usual) repeated the words of his dream.

"The captain's eyes followed the outstretched fingers to the horizon; and then his own voice grew hoarse, as he exclaimed:

"'My God! it is a sail!'"

Ida was not leaning on the little old lady's footstool now. She sat upright, her pale face whiter than its wont.

"*Did* the ship take them away?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, my dear. Their signals were seen, and the ship took them home to their friends who had believed them to be dead."

"Do people who have been drowned—I mean who have been thought to be drowned—ever come home *really*?" the child asked.

"Yes, really. Ida, my dear, I want you to remember that, as regards the captain and the crew, this is a true story."

Ida clasped her hands passionately together.

"Oh, Mrs. Overtheway! Do you think papa will ever come home?"

"My child! my dear child!" sobbed the little old lady. "I think he will. . . ."

From *Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances*.

EXERCISES

IV

(*Oral and Written*)

1. CONDENSATION. PRÉCIS WRITING. CLEARNESS. The reverse process to expansion is condensation. Sometimes you have to put the meaning of a whole paragraph into a small compass. Cablegrams and telegrams are costly articles and in drafting them it is important that no superfluous words should be used. On the other hand the wording should be crystal clear or all the money may be thrown away. Why? To draft a cablegram or telegram at a minimum cost, so that the receiver can easily and thoroughly understand it, is a capital exercise in thinking and writing.

2. HOW TO MAKE A SUMMARY OR PRÉCIS of a paragraph.

(a) Read the following extract from the *Daily Telegraph*:

"REMARKABLE TRAIN MISHAP

"COACH ON GOLF LINKS

(1) "A serious accident occurred on Saturday morning at Buddon, near Dundee, an express, which left

King's Cross at 7.30 on Friday night, jumping the rails and tearing up the permanent way for a considerable distance. The train was run in two portions, and the first portion had reached Buddon when the rear couplings apparently broke, and a cook from Buddon Camp saw the vehicles jump into the air. Seven coaches were derailed, and the rear coach left the rest and dived into the Barry Golf Course, the wheels being deeply embedded in the fairway. The golf fence was ripped up for 300 yards.

(2) "The stretch of line between Montifieth and Barry is dead level, and the train was going at about sixty miles an hour. The engine and first five coaches escaped, but the wheels of the seven rear carriages slipped off to the north side and fully a quarter of a mile of permanent way was torn up. Sleepers, chairs, and rails were smashed, and the track will have to be completely re-made. Several carriages swung against the fence which divides Barry Golf Course from the railroad. The guard of the rear part of the train was severely shaken as his van ploughed over stones and sleepers, but he had the presence of mind to seize one of the brakes, putting pressure to bear on the part derailed and bringing it to a standstill, thus preventing the carriages being thrown on their broadside. The passengers appreciated the smoothness with which the driver pulled up the train, and in a few minutes something like £10 had been collected for him."

(b) Précis or Summary.

(1) The editor's summary of the first paragraph is as follows:

"Passengers by an express train from King's Cross had a wonderful escape on Saturday morning. Seven carriages became derailed and the rear coach broke free and ran into Barry Golf Course, near Dundee."

- (2) Make a similar summary for the second paragraph.

I have already told you of Julius Cæsar, who, after a great battle in Asia Minor, sent the following despatch to the Roman senate: "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" (I came, I saw, I conquered). This is perhaps the best example of a good *précis* in all literature.

3. ORAL INTELLIGENCE TEST. The following words have at least two different meanings. Give the varied meanings of each word in short sentences of your own. Arch, ball, bank, bark, bear, bore, bat, blow, box, corn, cuff, down, dock, file, rate, gum, hold, jet, lawn, meat, mint, nap, page, pear, perch, plot, rush, rifle, sage, skate, tire, van, wax, yard, yarn.

4. Consult the text and find a word of opposite meaning to each of the following: Stranger, remarkable, frantic, permanent, buoyed, fruitless, intensity, vehemently, passionately.

5. ORAL INVENTIVE EXERCISE. Use your imagination and write twenty lines of a dialogue between the albatross and his wife after the men had been rescued from their island prison.

6. HOME EXERCISE. Read the following story carefully and give as full an explanation of it as you can:

"A gentleman was fishing on the bank of a stream. Stepping suddenly out of a bed of osiers he saw what

appeared to be a dead mallard (wild duck) on the water. She was partly submerged and her head and neck were stretched out on the water. To his surprise, however, he noticed that she was moving one foot, evidently to maintain her position against the flowing stream. To see what would happen the gentleman threw a clod of earth at her. The shot went wide and hit some water-plants, and from out of this shelter eight little ducklings appeared. The mother duck, thinking that concealment was no longer possible, swam quickly away with her brood."

7. VERSES THAT HELP (learn them by heart).

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

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

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interréd with their bones."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once."

"What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me."

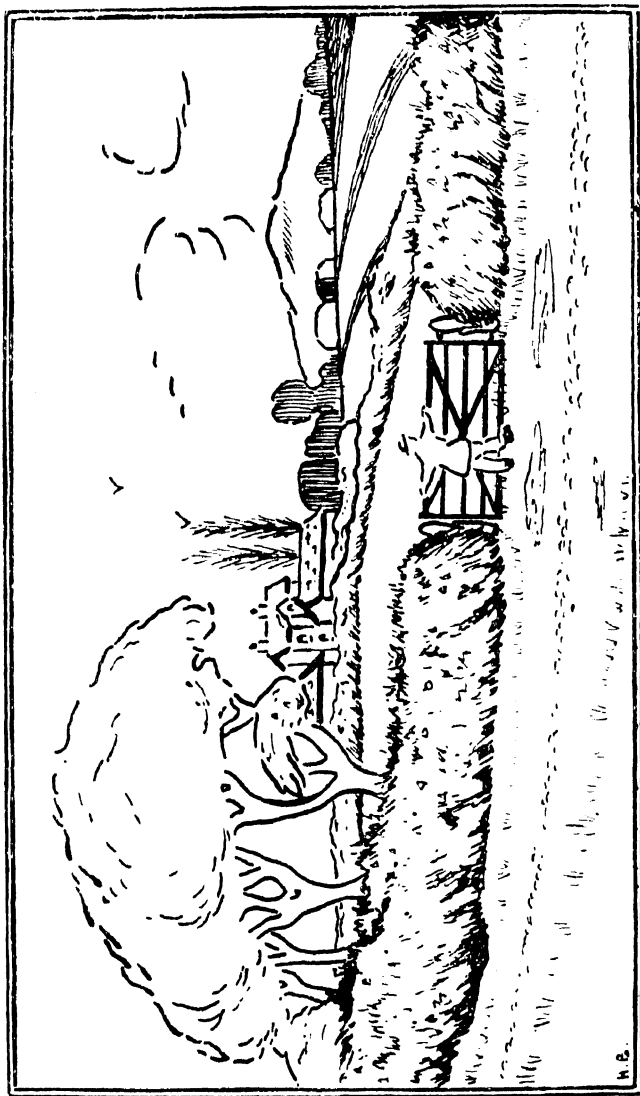
WHEN I COME HOME

BY LESLIE COULSON

LESLIE COULSON was a brilliant young journalist who enlisted as a private when the Great War broke out in 1914. He was killed in action, October 1916.

WHEN I come home, dear folk o' mine,
We'll drink a cup of olden wine;
And yet, however rich it be,
No wine will taste so good to me
As English air. How I shall thrill
To drink it in on Hampstead Hill
When I come home!

When I come home, and leave behind
Dark things I would not call to mind,
I'll taste good ale and home-made bread,
And see white sheets, and pillows spread,



WHEN I COME HOME

H.B.

And there is one who'll softly creep
To kiss me ere I fall asleep,
And tuck me 'neath the counterpane,
And I shall be a boy again
 When I come home!

When I come home, from dark to light,
And tread the roadways long and white,
And tramp the lanes I tramped of yore,
And see the village greens once more,
The tranquil farms, the meadows free,
The friendly trees that nod to me,
And hear the lark beneath the sun,
'Twill be good pay for what I've done,
 When I come home!

PRAYER

BY S. T. COLERIDGE

1772-1834

O WEDDING-GUEST! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,

To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

A DUTCH PICTURE

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

SIMON DANZ has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

A DUTCH PICTURE

51

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his grey mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain;
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, grey, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in colour and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wines of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlour to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz! why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers;
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

A HUNT FOR THE NIGHTINGALE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

JOHN BURROUGHS (1837-1920) *was an American poet and naturalist. He travelled in England, Ireland and France. His essays on birds and flowers and country scenes make delightful reading.*

WHILE I lingered away the latter half of May in Scotland, and the first half of June in northern England, and finally in London, intent on seeing the land leisurely and as the mood suited, the thought never occurred to me that I was in danger of missing one of the chief pleasures I had promised myself in crossing the Atlantic, namely, the hearing of the song of the nightingale. Hence, when on the 17th of June I found myself down among the copses near Hazlemere, on the borders of Surrey and Sussex, and was told by the old farmer, to whose house I had been recommended by friends in London, that I was too late, that the season of the nightingale was over, I was a good deal disturbed.

"I think she be done singing now, sir; I ain't heered her in some time, sir," said my farmer, as we sat down to get acquainted over a mug of the hardest cider I ever attempted to drink.

"Too late!" I said in deep chagrin, "and I might have been here weeks ago."

"Yeas, sir, she be done now; May is the time

to hear her. The cuckoo is done too, sir; and you don't hear the nightingale after the cuckoo is gone, sir."

But I had heard a cuckoo that very afternoon, and I took heart from the fact. I afterward learned that the country people everywhere associate these two birds in this way; you will not hear the one after the other has ceased. But I heard the cuckoo almost daily till the middle of July. Matthew Arnold reflects the popular opinion, when in one of his poems (*Thyrsis*) he makes the cuckoo say in early June:

The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

The explanation is to be found in Shakespeare, who says:

The cuckoo is in June
Heard, not regarded,

as the bird really does not go till August. I got out my Gilbert White, as I should have done at an earlier day, and was still more disturbed to find that he limited the singing of the nightingale to 15th June. But seasons differ, I thought, and it can't be possible that any class of feathered songsters all stop on a given day. There is a tradition that when George I. died the nightingales all ceased singing for the year out of grief at the sad event; but his majesty did not die till 21st June. This would give me a margin

of several days. Then, when I looked further in White, and found that he says the chaffinch ceases to sing the beginning of June, I took more courage, for I had that day heard the chaffinch also. But it was evident I had no time to lose; I was just on the dividing line, and any day might witness the cessation of the last songster. For it seems that the nightingale ceases singing the moment her brood is hatched. After that event you hear only a harsh chiding or anxious note. Hence the poets, who attribute her melancholy strains to sorrow for the loss of her young, are entirely at fault. Virgil, portraying the grief of Orpheus after the loss of Eurydice, says:

So Philomela, 'mid the poplar shade,
Bemoans her captive brood; the cruel hind
Saw them unplumed, and took them; but all night
Grieves she, and, sitting on a bough, runs o'er
Her wretched tale, and fills the wood with woe.

But she probably does nothing of the kind. . . .

When my patience was about exhausted, I was startled by a quick, brilliant call or whistle, a few rods from me, and I knew my long-sought bird was inflating her throat. How it woke me up! It had the quality that startles; it pierced the gathering gloom like a rocket. Then it ceased. Suspecting I was too near the singer, I moved away cautiously, and stood in a lane beside the

wood, where a loping hare regarded me a few paces away. Then my singer struck up again, but I could see did not let herself out; just tuning her instrument, I thought, and getting ready to transfix the silence and the darkness.

A little later a man and a boy came up the lane. I asked them if that was the nightingale singing; they listened, and assured me it was none other. "Now she's on, sir; now she's on. Ah! but she don't stick. In May, sir, they make the woods all echo about here. Now she's on again; that's her, sir; now she's off; she won't stick." And stick she would not. I could hear a hoarse wheezing and clucking sound beneath her notes, when I listened intently. The man and boy moved away. I stood mutely invoking all the gentle divinities to spur the bird on. Just then a bird like our hermit-thrush came quickly over the hedge a few yards below me, swept close past my face, and back into the thicket. I had been caught listening; the offended bird had found me taking notes of her dry and worn-out pipe there behind the hedge, and the concert abruptly ended; not another note; not a whisper. I waited a long time and then moved off; then came back, implored the outraged bird to resume; then rushed off, and slammed the door, or rather the gate, indignantly behind me. I paused by other shrines, but not a sound. . . .

Altogether I heard the bird less than five minutes, and only a few bars of its song, but enough to satisfy me of the surprising quality of the strain.

It had the master tone as clearly as Tennyson, or any great prima donna or famous orator has it. Indeed, it was just the same. Here is the complete artist, of whom all these other birds are but hints and studies. Bright, startling, assured, of great compass and power, it easily dominates all other notes; the harsher chur-r-r-r-g notes serve as a foil to her surpassing brilliancy. Wordsworth, among the poets, has hit off the song nearest:

Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!

I could easily understand that this bird might keep people awake at night by singing near their houses, as I was assured it frequently does, there is something in the strain so startling and awakening. Its start is a vivid flash of sound. On the whole, a high-bred, courtly, chivalrous song; a song for ladies to hear leaning from embowered windows on moonlight nights; a song for royal parks and groves—and easeful but impassioned life. We have no bird-voice so piercing and loud, with such flexibility and compass, such full-throated harmony and long-

drawn cadences; though we have songs of more melody, tenderness, and plaintiveness. None but the nightingale could have inspired Keats' ode—that longing for self-forgetfulness to escape the fret and fever of life:

And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

From *Fresh Fields*.

EXERCISES

V

(*Oral and Written*)

1. WORD STUDY.

2. ORAL EXERCISE. Consult the text and give simpler words for the following: Disturb, chagrin, associate, ceased, tradition, cessation, attribute, melancholy, exhausted, inflating, transfix, mutely, invoking, divinities, abruptly, implored, outraged, resume, orator, dominates, vivid, chivalrous, flexibility, compass, cadences.

3. Consult the text and say what you understand by: A loping hare; I passed by other shrines; a prima donna; serve as a foil; tumultuous harmony; embowered windows; longing for self-forgetfulness; the fret and fever of life.

4. READING, STUDY. UNDERSTANDING. APPRECIATION. To appreciate fully this fine selection you must not only read it with great care, but work at it as a miner works when digging for gold. When you have done this you should be able to answer the following questions:

(a) The author has come thousands of miles to hear

the nightingale. What conclusion can you draw from this fact?

- (b) How many authors does he mention? What do you infer from this?
- (c) Who was Gilbert White? Why is he simply called "White" in one part of the story?
- (d) How can you show that Burroughs was fond of music and poetry?
- (e) How can you prove that he was a keen observer and a sound thinker?
- (f) What makes the story so interesting? (You should now be able to give at least three reasons.)

5. INTELLIGENCE. REASONING. LOGIC. Reasoning (sound thinking) enables us to obtain new facts from old ones, and so to increase our knowledge and wisdom. It is the divine faculty by which man has raised himself from the level of a wild beast to his present position of culture and civilisation.

The science of correct reasoning is called logic. In logic, a sentence is called a *proposition*. By the aid of logic (correct reasoning), Burroughs concluded that he would still hear the nightingale, although the country-folks stated that she had done singing for the year. How did he know better than the natives? Simply by his power of observation and reasoning from facts:

- (a) Known fact.—Cuckoos and nightingales stop singing at the same time.
- (b) Observation.—The cuckoo is still singing.
- (c) Deduction (conclusion).—Therefore there is still a chance of hearing the cuckoo.

Drawing a conclusion or deduction from the following fact and observation:

(a) Fact.—All negroes have curly hair.

(b) Sambo (*at Wembley and wearing a top hat*) is a negro.

(c) Conclusion.—Therefore . . . (*When Sambo, who is a gentleman, raises his hat to a lady, you find the conclusion is correct.*)

6. If your facts and observations are faulty, your conclusions will be faulty also.

All the conclusions in the following three arguments are wrong. Find in each case whether this is due to:

(a) Use of fiction instead of fact;

or (b) Faulty observation;

or (c) Wrong conclusion.

(a) All negroes have curly hair.

This man has curly hair.

Therefore he is a negro.

(b) All fat boys are lazy.

Here comes a fat boy.

He is lazy. (This is hard on "Fatty," who has a prize for diligence.)

(c) All nice girls are diligent.

A nice girl lives next door.

She is diligent. (Her mother calls her "lazy-bones.")

Moral. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS BEFORE YOU JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS.

7. The country-folks speak in "*Dialect*." What do you understand by this word? In what counties in England do you find a "dialect" spoken? Can you

explain why "dialect" still survives in our country after fifty years of compulsory education? In Somerset, I am glad to say, you will still hear the "s" before a vowel sound pronounced like "z," as "Zummerzet." You will hear exactly the same thing in North Holland. There, the word "Sea" is spelt and pronounced—"Zee." Is there any connection between "Wessex" and "North Holland," to account for this similarity of pronunciation?

Can you name any great poet who wrote dialect poems?

8. There are several fine phrases in the selection. Find and copy them into your phrase-book—kept for this special purpose.

9. NARRATION. The class to tell the story in turn.

10. Learn the following lines by heart:

TO A NIGHTINGALE

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oft-times hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

J. KEATS.

11. HOME EXERCISE. "*Broadcasting*" the nightingale's

song. In the spring of this year (1924) the song of the nightingale was "broadcast" from the British stations, and thousands of people heard it for the first time. Explain how it was done.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT

BY JOHN HAY

1838-1905

THE king was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick—and a king should know;
And doctors came by the score;
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was poor as a rat;
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble:
If they recovered, they paid him well;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the king on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up!" roared the king, in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran:
"The king will be well if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a happy man."

Wide o'er the realms the couriers rode
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no happy man.

At last they came to a village gate;
A beggar lay whistling there!
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
You seem to be happy to-day."

“O yes, fair sirs,” the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
“An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad.”

“This is our man,” the courier said;
“Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night.”

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;
“I would do it,” said he, and he roared with
the fun,
“But I haven’t a shirt to my back.”

Each day to the king the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened the windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the king was well and gay.

THE GREAT FROST, 1683-1684.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE

1825-1900

BLACKMORE was born at Longworth, Berkshire, and educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and at Exeter College, Oxford. Soon after he had begun a literary career, his health broke down and in consequence he adopted the out-of-door occupation of a market-gardener at Teddington. He continued his literary work, however, and in 1869 he published "*Lorna Doone*"—the fine West-country novel by which he became famous.

BEFORE Sir Ensor Doone was buried, the greatest frost of the century had set in, with its iron hand, and step of stone, on everything. How it came is not my business; nor can I explain it; because I never have watched the skies, as people now begin to do when the ground is not to their liking. Though of all this I know nothing, and less than nothing I may say (because I ought to know something), I can hear what people tell me; and I can see what is before my eyes.

The strong men broke three good pickaxes ere they got through the hard brown sod checkered with flakes of frosty white, where old Sir Ensor was to lie upon his back, awaiting the darkness of the judgment-day.

After all was over, I strode across the moors very sadly; trying to keep the cold away, by

virtue of quick movement. Not a flake of snow had fallen yet; all the earth was caked and hard, with a dry brown crust upon it; all the sky was banked with darkness, hard, austere, and frowning. The fog of the last three weeks was gone; neither did any rime remain; but all things had a look of sameness, and a kind of furzy colour. It was freezing hard and sharp, with a piercing wind to back it; and I had observed that the holy water froze upon Sir Ensor's coffin.

One thing struck me with some surprise, as I made off for our fireside (with a strong determination to heave an ash-tree up the chimney-place), and that was how the birds were going, rather than flying, as they used to fly. All the birds were set in one direction, steadily journeying westward; not with any heat of speed; neither flying far at once; but all (as if on business bound) partly running, partly flying, partly fluttering along, silently, and without a voice; neither pricking head nor tail.

This movement of the birds went on, even for a week or more. All kinds of thrushes passed us; every kind of wild fowl, even plovers and crows and snipes and wood-cocks, went away. And before half the frost was over, all we had in the snowy ditches were hares so tame that we could pat them; partridges that came to hand, with a dry noise in their crops; heath-poults,

making cups of snow; and a few poor hopping red-wings, flipping in and out the hedge, having lost the power to fly. And all the time their great black eyes, set with gold around them, seemed to look at any man, for mercy and for comfort.

Annie took a many of them, all that she could find herself, and all the boys would bring her; and she made a great hutch near the fire, in the back-kitchen chimney-place. Here, in spite of our old Betty (who sadly wanted to roast them), Annie kept some fifty birds, with bread-and-milk, and raw chopped meat, and all the seed she could think of, and lumps of rotten apples placed, to tempt them, in the corners. Some got on, and some died off; and Annie cried for all that died, and buried them under the wood-rick; but, I do assure you, it was a pretty thing to see, when she went to them in the morning.

There was not a bird but knew her well, after one day of comforting; and some would come to her hand, and sit, and shut one eye, and look at her. Then she used to stroke their heads and talk to them; and not a bird of them all was there but liked to have it done to him. And I do believe they would eat from her hand things unnatural to them, lest she should be grieved and hurt by not knowing what to do for them.

One of them was a noble bird, such as I had

never seen before, of very fine bright plumage, and larger than a missel-thrush. He was the hardest of all to please; and yet he tried to do his best. I have heard since then, from a man who knows all about birds, and beasts, and fishes, that he must have been a Norwegian bird, called in this country a "Roller," who never comes to England but in the most tremendous winters.

Another little bird there was, whom I longed to welcome home, and protect from enemies, a little bird, no native to us, but than any native dearer. But lo, in the very night which followed old Sir Ensor's funeral, such a storm of snow began as I have never heard nor read of, neither could have dreamed of. At what time of night it first began, is more than I can say; at least from my own knowledge; for we all went to bed soon after supper, being cold and not inclined to talk. At that time the wind was moaning sadly; and the sky was as dark as the wood; and the straw in the yard was swirling round and round; and the cows were huddling into the great cow-house, with their chins upon one another. But we, being blinder than they, I suppose, and not having had a great snow for years, made no preparation against the storm, except that the lambing ewes were in shelter.

It struck me as I lay in bed, that we were

acting foolishly; for an ancient shepherd had dropped in and taken supper with us, and foretold a heavy fall and great disaster to live stock. He said that he had known a frost beginning, just as this had done, with a black east wind, after days of raw cold fog, and then on the third night of the frost, at this very time of year (to wit on the 15th of December), such a snow set in as killed half of the sheep, and many even of the red-deer and the forest ponies. It was three-score years ago, he said; and cause he had to remember it, inasmuch as two of his toes had been lost by frost-nip, while he dug out his sheep on the other side of the Dunkery. Here-upon mother nodded at him, having heard from her father about it, and how three men had been frozen to death, and how badly their stockings came off from them.

Remembering how the old man looked, and his manner of listening to the wind and shaking his head very ominously, I grew quite uneasy in my bed, as the room got colder and colder; and I made up my mind, if it only pleased God not to send the snow till the morning, that every sheep, and horse, and cow, aye and even the poultry, should be brought in snug, and with plenty to eat, and fodder enough to roast them.

Alas, what use of man's resolves, when they

come a day too late; even if they may avail a little, when they are most punctual!

In the bitter morning I arose, to follow out my purpose, knowing the time from the force of habit, although the room was so dark and grey. An odd white light was on the rafters, such as I never had seen before; while all the length of the room was grisly, like the heart of a mouldy oat-rick. I went to the window at once, of course; and at first I could not understand what was doing outside of it. It faces due east (as I may have said), with the walnut-tree partly sheltering it; and generally I could see the yard, and the wood-rick, and even the church beyond.

But now, half the lattice was quite blocked up, as if plastered with grey lime; and little fringes, like ferns, came through, where the joining of the lead was; and, in the only undarkened part, countless dots came swarming, clustering, beating with a soft low sound, then gliding down in a slippery manner, not as drops of rain do, but each distinct from his neighbour. Inside the iron frame (which fitted, not to say too comfortably, and went along the stone-work) at least a peck of snow had entered, following its own bend and fancy; light as any cobweb.

That night such a frost ensued as we had never dreamed of, neither read of in ancient

books, or in histories of Frobisher. The kettle by the fire froze, and the crock upon the hearth-cheeks; many men were killed, and cattle rigid in their head-ropes. Then I heard that fearful sound, which I had never heard before, neither have heard since (except during that same winter), the sharp yet solemn sound of trees burst open by the frost-blow. Our great walnut lost three branches, and has been dying ever since, though growing meanwhile as the soul does. And the ancient oak at the cross was rent, and many score of ash-trees. But why should I tell all this? the people who have not seen it (as I have) will only make faces, and disbelieve; till such another frost comes, which perhaps may never be.

From *Lorna Doone*.

EXERCISES

VI

A.—HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE.

1. Before a builder can put up a house, he must have a plan to work from. (PLAN.)
2. Next, he collects his building material—bricks or stones, tiles or slates, timber, mortar, etc. (COLLECTION.)
3. He does not, however, jumble all this material together in one confused heap—he arranges it in orderly

piles—one for bricks, one for tiles, another for timber, and so on. (ARRANGEMENT.)

4. I want you to note carefully that all this work of thinking, planning, collection, and arrangement is done beforehand, so that when the actual work of building begins, the work goes forward easily and quickly. (BUILDING.)

You may have heard the story of the builder who started without a plan and when the house was about half-finished, found that he had left no room for a staircase. Keep this man in your mind. You can learn a good deal from the mistakes of other people.

B. HOW TO BUILD A STORY.

1. When you are writing a story you are "building," and if you want your story to be a good one, you should first plan out the work as the builder does who intends to build a fine house. This sketch or plan or outline of your story is of the greatest importance. You should think carefully, and then jot down on paper: (a) How your story begins (Introduction). (b) How the story is to proceed (Thread of story). (c) How the story is to end (Conclusion). (PLAN.)

Your first draft may not be satisfactory. Never mind. Set to work and mend it. Revise it again and again until you are satisfied with it. This takes time, you say. So it does. But the time you spend in planning out your story will be saved later on.

2. Having made your plan, the next step is the collection of material for the story, and again there is careful thinking to be done. If you are really interested in your

work—as I hope you are—there will be little difficulty. You should have plenty of thoughts about the subject in hand. (COLLECTION.)

3. Don't begin to write your story, however, until you have arranged your thoughts into the following piles. (*You can jot them down on scrap paper if you wish.*)

(a) A small pile of thoughts for the introduction. (First paragraph.)

(b) A larger pile of thoughts for the story proper. (Say, second, third and fourth paragraphs.)

(c) A small pile for the conclusion. (Fifth paragraph.) (ARRANGEMENT.)

4. You now begin to write your story, and if all the preliminary work of thinking and planning and collection and arrangement has been done properly, your pen will glide easily over your paper, and you will have the delightful sensation of making a good composition easily and quickly. (BUILDING THE STORY.)

(*Oral and Written*)

1. WORD STUDY.

2. ORAL EXERCISE. Consult the text and give simpler words for the following: Virtue, austere, ominously, grisly, rigid.

3. What do you understand by: The hard brown soil checkered with flakes of frosty white; heath-poults; an ancient shepherd; to wit on the 15th of December; the lattice; the crock upon the hearth-cheeks; the ancient oak at the cross?

4. The great frost is represented as having "an iron hand," and a "step of stone." What figure of speech is here used?

5. INTELLIGENCE TESTS.

(a) What do you infer from the fact that three pick-axes were broken in digging a grave?

(b) What was the object in heaving the ash-tree up the chimney-place?

(c) Betty was the trusty old servant, and Annie was the young daughter at the farmstead. Account for their different attitudes towards the birds.

(d) What name do you give to a man who knows all about birds and beasts and fishes?

(e) Where can you still see the wild red-deer and wild forest ponies?

(f) Find fitting adjectives to describe Betty, Annie, and the young farmer who is telling the story—John Ridd.

(g) How comes it that red-deer in a strictly wild state are now found only in one part of England?

You will have noticed many quaint words and phrases in this fine story. *Lorna Doone* was written in 1869, but the language used reminds you of a much earlier time.

Consider the matter carefully and say how this is.

(h) Refer to the short biography of the author, and say how he obtained his full knowledge of West-country folks and their old-fashioned ways and speech.

6. NARRATION. The class to tell the story in turn.

7. A frost of this kind is very rare in the West country,

within the borders of which lies the fabled island-valley of Avilion:

“Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.”

Who wrote these lines? Learn them by heart.

JACK FROST

BY CICELY E. PIKE

LOOK out! Look out!
Jack Frost is about!
He's after our fingers and toes;
And all through the night,
The gay little sprite
Is working when nobody knows.

He'll climb each tree,
So nimble is he,
His silvery powder he'll shake;
To windows he'll creep,
And while we're asleep,
Such wonderful pictures he'll make.

Across the grass
He'll nimbly pass,

And change all its greenness to white;
Then home he will go,
And laugh, "Ho! ho! ho!
What fun I have had in the night."

THE TWO CHILDREN IN BLACK

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THACKERAY is one of the most popular of English novelists. He was born at Calcutta in 1811, and was sent as a child to England. He was educated, first, at the Charterhouse School, Smithfield, London, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1848 he completed his novel—"Vanity Fair"—which was at once recognised as a masterpiece of English literature. Many other fine novels came from his pen, including "Pendennis," "Esmond," "The Newcombes," "The Virginians" and "Christmas Books." He died in 1863.

WELL, who those little boys in black were, I shall never probably know, to my dying day. They were very pretty little men, with pale faces, and large melancholy eyes; and they had beautiful little hands, and little boots, and the finest little shirts, and black coats lined with the richest silk; and they had picture-books in several languages, English, and French, and German, I remember. Two more aristocratic-looking little men I never set eyes on. They were travelling

with a very handsome pale lady in mourning, and a maid-servant dressed in black, too; and on the lady's face there was the deepest grief. The little boys clambered and played about the carriage, and she sat watching. It was a railway-carriage from Frankfort to Heidelberg.

I saw at once that she was the mother of those children, and going to part from them. Perhaps I have tried parting with my own, and not found the business very pleasant. Perhaps I recollect driving down (with a certain trunk and carpet-bag on the box) with my own mother to the end of the avenue, where we waited—only a few minutes—until the whirring wheels of that “Defiance” coach were heard rolling towards us as certain as death. Twang goes the horn; up goes the trunk; down come the steps. Bah! I see the autumn evening: I hear the wheels now: I feel the cruel smart again: and, boy or man, have never been able to bear the sight of people parting from their children.

I thought these little men might be going to school for the first time in their lives; and mamma might be taking them to the Doctor, and would leave them with many fond charges, and little wistful secrets of love, bidding the elder to protect his younger brother, and the younger to be gentle, and to remember to pray to God always for his mother, who would pray

for her boy too. Our party made friends with these young ones during the little journey; but the poor lady was too sad to talk except to the boys now and again, and sat in her corner, pale, and silently looking at them.

The next day, we saw the lady and her maid driving in the direction of the railway station, *without the boys*. The parting had taken place, then. That night they would sleep among strangers. The little beds at home were vacant and poor mother might go and look at them. Well, tears flow, and friends part, and mothers pray every night all over the world. I dare say we went to see Heidelberg Castle, and admired the vast shattered walls, and quaint gables; and the Neckar running its bright course through that charming scene of peace and beauty; and ate our dinner, and drank our wine with relish. The poor mother would eat but little that night; and, as for the children—that first night at school—hard bed, hard words, strange boys bullying, and laughing, and jarring you with their hateful merriment—as for the first night at a strange school, we most of us remember what *that* is. And the first is not the *worst*, my boys, there's the rub. But each man has his share of troubles, and, I suppose, you must have yours.

From Heidelberg we went to Baden-Baden.

And whom should we see in the evening but our two little boys, walking on each side of a fierce, yellow-faced, bearded man? We wanted to renew our acquaintance with them, and they were coming forward quite pleased to greet us. But the father pulled back one of the little men by his coat, gave a grim scowl, and walked away. I can see the children now looking rather frightened away from us and up into the father's face, or the cruel uncle's—which was he? I think he was the father.

So this was the end of them. Not school, as I at first had imagined. The mother was gone, who had given them the heaps of pretty books, and the pretty studs in the shirts, and the pretty silken clothes, and the tender—tender cares; and they were handed to this scowling gambler. Ah! this is worse than school. Poor little men! poor mother sitting by the vacant little beds! We saw the children once or twice after, always in Scowler's company; but we did not dare to give each other any marks of recognition.

From Baden we went to Basle, and thence to Lucerne and so over the Saint Gothard into Italy. From Milan we went to Venice: and now comes the singular part of my story. In Venice there is a little court of which I forget the name: but in it is an apothecary's shop, whither I went to buy some remedy for the bites of certain

animals which abound in Venice. Crawling animals, skipping animals, and humming flying animals: all three will have at you at once; and one night nearly drove me into a strait-waistcoat. Well, as I was coming out of the apothecary's with the bottle of spirits of hartshorn in my hand (it really does do the bites a great deal of good), whom should I light upon but one of my little Heidelberg-Baden boys!

I have said how handsomely they were dressed as long as they were with their mother. When I saw the boy at Venice, who perfectly recognised me, his only garb was a wretched yellow cotton gown. His little feet, on which I had admired the little shiny boots, were *without shoe or stocking*. He looked at me, ran to an old hag of a woman, who seized his hand; and with her he disappeared down one of the thronged lanes of the city.

From Venice we went to Trieste (the Vienna railway at that time was only opened as far as Laybach, and the magnificent Semmering Pass was not quite completed). At a station between Laybach and Graetz, one of my companions alighted for refreshment, and came back to the carriage saying:

"There's that horrible man from Baden with the two little boys."

Of course, we had talked about the appearance

of the little boy at Venice, and his strangely altered garb. My companion said they were pale, wretched-looking, and *dressed quite shabbily*.

I got out at several stations, and looked at all the carriages. I could not see my little men. From that day to this I have never set eyes on them. That is all my story. Who were they? What could they be? How can you explain that mystery of the mother giving them up; of the remarkable splendour and elegance of their appearance while under her care; of their barefooted squalor in Venice, a month afterwards; of their shabby clothing at Laybach? Had the father gambled away his money, and sold their clothes? How came they to have passed out of the hands of a refined lady (as she evidently was, with whom I first saw them) into the charge of quite a common woman like her with whom I saw one of the boys at Venice? Here is but one chapter of the story. Can any man write the next, or that preceding the strange one on which I happened to light? Who knows? the mystery may have some quite simple solution. I saw two children, attired like little princes, taken from their mother and consigned to other care; and a fortnight afterwards, one of them barefooted and like a beggar. Who will read this riddle of *The Two Children in Black*?

From *Roundabout Papers*.

EXERCISES

VII

HOW TO MAKE A STORY INTERESTING

In every interesting story there is a kind of magic staircase. As you ascend, the wonder and the excitement grow. You peep first at one scene and then at another—one may move you to tears, another to laughter. You lose all sense of space and time; you are in fact held in thrall by that wonder-worker—a great master of literature. Occasionally you are left wondering at the top of the staircase, as in the following story.

THE TWO CHILDREN IN BLACK

(Moving Pictures)

SCENE I. You have a view of two pretty boys in a German railway-carriage with pale faces and melancholy eyes—beautifully dressed, with picture-books in English, French, and German—in charge of a *handsome lady in mourning*—probably their mother.

SCENE II. Your wonder grows as you see the same little boys at Baden-Baden in charge of a *fierce, scowling, yellow-faced, bearded man*.

SCENE III. You imagine you are in a dream, for now behold *one* of the boys is dressed in a wretched cotton gown, without shoes or stockings, and in charge of an *old hag* in Venice.

SCENE IV. AND LAST. This strange story ends in

Austria, where you again see the two boys—both dressed shabbily—looking miserable, and again in charge of the horrible man from Baden.

The author leaves you at the top of the staircase, and you are so wrapped up with the riddle that when you do come down, perhaps your supper is cold and your good mother tells you that she had given you up for “lost.”

You were “lost,” indeed—lost in wonder beneath the magic spell of the great writer—Thackeray. All the great masters of literature can work this miracle—they are the true magicians. How do they do it? By taking thought—using their B——, and by their choice and arrangement of words—taking P——.

Thinking Exercise :

I can use my brains,
I can take pains,
Therefore ———

and so you can, if you will only make up your mind, and set about the job in the right way.

“GOOD STYLE”

One word about Thackeray’s style. The story is a good example of:

1. **CLEARNESS.** There are few difficult words and many quite short sentences. (Our old friends—Simplicity and Brevity—once more.)

2. **VARIETY.** Note the use of the different kinds of sentences—long and short, straightforward and periodic.

3. **INTEREST—BEAUTY—CHARM.** The writer was not

merely interested in his work; he has put his heart and soul into it. In consequence he has fashioned that lovely thing—an enthralling and charming tale.

(Oral and Written)

1. WORD STUDY.

2. ORAL EXERCISE. Consult the text and give simpler words for the following: Melancholy; aristocratic; clambered; wistful; vacant; singular; garb; squalor; solution; consigned.

3. What do you understand by the following?—

Mamma might be taking them to the Doctor; quaint gables; there's the rub; an apothecary's shop; crawling animals; skipping animals and humming animals; a strait-waistcoat; an old hag.

4. INTELLIGENCE TESTS. Consult the text carefully and answer the following questions:

- (a) What evidence is there to show: (i.) that the lady was in comfortable circumstances; (ii.) that she was the mother of the boys?
- (b) Who was "Scowler"? The author thinks he was the father. Give evidence for and against this idea.
- (c) Can you say who the old hag was? Try.
- (d) Try to explain the following "riddles":
 - (i.) Why the mother gave the boys into the care of "Scowler"?
 - (ii.) Why were their fine clothes taken away from them?
 - (iii.) What became of the boys finally?

(e) There is one word in the selection that may solve the whole mystery. Find it.

5. This fine story is a pathetic one on the whole and yet quietly humorous in parts. Quote sentences which rouse your sympathy, and others which make you smile.

6. In the first paragraph find examples of: (i.) a straightforward sentence; (ii.) a periodic sentence.

7. CLASS GAME. Making a "plot" for a story. You have passed out of the "Fairy Tale Stage" in your private reading; you boys are now probably in the "Buccaneering Stage," while the girls like best an exciting school story. All of you love hair-breadth escapes, whether from pirates, brigands or buccaneers, or from that dismal fate—detention at school or from games.

There is no reason why you should not take a hand in this game of plot-making. You are all to make a plot for a story after the following short pattern. Five minutes allowed for the work, and the class will decide on the winner.

The *China Sea*—British ship—captured by pirates, and crew of ten confined to the hold. Ship is set on fire by the imprisoned crew. Confusion on board—Britishers come on deck—jump into boat astern, cut the painter, and escape.

Keep the following directions, and you can make outlines of many exciting tales:

(a) Select a suitable setting for your story.

(b) Decide on the opposing actors.

(c) Invent a good reason for their meeting.

(d) Devise a situation of danger for the weaker

party—showing clearly the nature of the peril and whence it comes.

(e) Think of a surprising rescue and remember you now have airships and “wireless” to help you.

8. HOME EXERCISE. Invent a “plot” for getting our two little friends in black out of the clutches of “Scowler” and the old hag. Then write out the story in full.

CARDINAL: THE STORY OF MY FIRST CAGED BIRD

By W. H. HUDSON

I WAS a boy, not yet eight years old, when my mother took me on one of her yearly visits to Buenos Ayres. It was a very long day's journey for us in those pre-railroad times; for great and prosperous as that city and republic now are, it was not so then.

In Buenos Ayres we stayed at the house of an English missionary clergyman, in a street near the waterside. He was a friend of my parents and used to come out with his family to us in the summer, and in return my mother made his house her home for a month or so in winter. This was my first visit, and I remember the house was like a luxurious palace to my

simple mind accustomed to rude surroundings. It had a large paved courtyard, with ornamental shrubs and orange- and lemon-trees growing in it, and many prettily decorated rooms; also a long passage or balcony at the back, and, at its far end, facing the balcony, the door of the study. This balcony at the back had an irresistible attraction for me, for on the wall were hung many cages containing beautiful birds, some unknown to me. There were several canaries, a European goldfinch, and other kinds; but the bird that specially attracted me was a cardinal in fine plumage, with a loud, glad, musical call-note. But it did not sing, and I was told that it had no song except that one note, or not more than two or three notes, and that it was kept solely for its beauty. To me it was certainly most beautiful.

Every day during our six or seven weeks' visit I used to steal out to the balcony and stand by the hour watching the birds, above all the cardinal with his splendid scarlet crest, thinking of the joy it would be to possess such a bird.

The long visit came to an end at last, and, glad to return to the birds I had left—to the purple cow-birds, the yellow-breasted and the crimson-breasted troupials,¹ the tyrant birds, the

¹ An American bird—somewhat like a starling.

innumerable sweet-voiced little crested song-sparrows, and a hundred more—yet sad to leave the cardinal which I admired and had grown to love above all birds, I was taken back to my distant home on the great green plains. So passed the winter, and the swallow returned and the peach-trees blossomed once more; the long, long dry hot summer season followed; then autumn—the three beautiful months of March, April, and May, when the sunshine was soft and we were among the trees, feasting on ripe peaches every day and all day long.

Then again winter and the annual visit to the distant town; but none of us children were taken on this occasion. My mother's return after one of these long absences was always a great joy and festival to us children. To have her with us again, and the toys and the books and delicious things she brought us, made us wild with happiness; and on this occasion she brought me something compared with which all the other gifts—all the gifts I had ever received in my life were as nothing. She had a large object covered from sight with a shawl and, drawing me to her side, asked me if I remembered my visit to the city over a year ago, and how the birds at the parsonage had attracted me? Well, our friend the clergyman, she went on to say,

had gone back to his own country and would never return. His wife, who was a very gentle, sweet woman, had been my mother's dearest friend, so that she could hardly speak of her loss without tears. Before going away he distributed his birds among his closest friends. He was anxious that every bird should have an owner who would love it as much as he had loved it himself and tend it as carefully; and remembering how he had observed me day after day watching the cardinal, he thought that he could not leave it in better hands than mine. And here was the bird in its big cage!

The cardinal was mine! How could I believe it, even when I pulled the shawl off and saw the beautiful creature once more and heard the loud note! The gift of that bird from the stern ice-cold man seemed the most wonderful thing which had ever happened in the world.

It was a blissful time for me during that late winter season, when I lived for the bird; then, as the days grew longer and brighter with the return of the sun, I was happier every day to see my cardinal's increasing delight in his new surroundings. It was certainly a great and marvellous change for him. The cardinals are taken as fledglings from the nests in forests on the upper waters of the Plata river, and reared by hand by the natives, then sent down to the bird-

dealers in Buenos Ayres; so that my bird had practically known only a town life, and was now in a world of greenest grass and foliage, wide blue skies, and brightest sunshine for the first time. By day his cage was hung under the grapevines outside the verandah; there the warm fragrant wind blew on him and the sun shone down through the translucent red and green young vine-leaves. He was mad with excess of joy, hopping wildly about his cage, calling loudly in response to the wild birds in the trees, and from time to time bursting out into song: not the three or four to half a dozen notes the cardinal usually emits, but a continuous torrent, like the soaring lark's, so that those who heard it marvelled and exclaimed that they had never known a cardinal with such a song. I can say for myself that I have, since then, listened to the singing of hundreds of cardinals, both wild and caged, and never heard one with a song so passionate and sustained.

So it went on from day to day, until the vine-leaves, grown large, spread a green roof to keep the hot sun from him—a light roof of leaves which, stirred by the wind, still let the sparkling sunbeams fall through to enliven him, while outside the sheltering vines the bright world was all before him. If any person, even the wisest, had then told me that my cardinal

was not the happiest bird in the world—that not being free to fly he could not be as happy as others—I should not have believed it; consequently it came as a shock to me when one day I discovered the cage empty—that my cardinal had made his escape! The cage, as I have said, was large, and the wires were so far apart that a bird the size of a linnet or siskin could not have been confined in it; but for the larger cardinal it was a safe prison. Unfortunately one of the wires had become loose—perhaps the bird had loosened it—and by working at it he had succeeded in bending it and finally had managed to squeeze through and make his escape. Running out into the plantation I was soon apprised of his whereabouts by his loud call-note; but though he could not fly, but only hop and flutter from branch to branch—his wings never having been exercised—he refused to be caught. I was advised to wait until he was hungry, then to try him with the cage. This I did and, taking the cage, placed it on the ground under the trees and retired a few paces, holding it open by means of a string which when released would cause the door to fly to. He became greatly excited on seeing the cage, and being very hungry soon came down to the ground and, to my joy, hopped up to it. But he did not go in: it seemed to me that he was considering the matter,

if the state he was in of being pulled in opposite directions by two equally importunate impulses may be so described. "Must I go in and satisfy my hunger—and live in prison; or stay out and keep my freedom and go hungry?" He stood at the door of the cage, looking in at the seed, then turned and looked at me and at the trees, then looked at the seed again, and raised and lowered his shining crest and flitted his wings and tail, and was excited and in two minds and a quandary; finally, after taking one more look at the tempting seed, he deliberately flew or fluttered up to the nearest branch, then to another, and so on, till he had gone to the very top of the tree, as if to get as far from the tempting cage as he could!

It was a great disappointment, and I now determined to hunt him down; for it was late in the day, and he was not a cunning wild bird to save himself from rats and owls and black and yellow opossums and other subtle enemies, who would come presently on the scene. I hunted him from the first tree on to the next, then to another, until I had driven him out of the plantation to an open place, where he fluttered over the surface until he came to the bank of the huge ditch or foss, about twelve feet deep and half as wide as the Regent's Park canal. He would drop into it, I thought, and I would then

be able to capture him; but after a moment's rest on the bank he rose and succeeded in flying across, pitching on the other side. "Now I have him!" I exclaimed, and, getting over the foss, I was quickly in hot pursuit after him; for outside the foss the earth spread out level and treeless, with nothing but grass and giant thistles growing on it; but his wings were now getting stronger with exercise, and he led me on and on for about a mile, then disappeared in a clump of giant thistles.

I don't know if I slept that night, but I was up and out an hour before sunrise, and, taking the cage, set out to look for him, for there were foxes in that place—a family of cubs which I had seen—and, worse still, the large blood-thirsty black weasels of that country. But no sooner was I at the spot where I had lost him than I was greeted with his loud note. And there he was, hopping out from among the thistles, a most forlorn-looking object, his plumage wet and draggled, and his feet thickly covered with wet clay! And he was glad to see me! As soon as I put the cage down he came straight to it and, without a moment's hesitation, hopped in and began feasting on the seed.

It was a happy ending.

From Adventures Among Birds.

EXERCISES

VIII

(Oral and Written)

1. WORD STUDY.

2. Consult the text and find simpler words for the following: Festival; marvellous; response; sustained; apprised; quandary; subtle.

3. What do you understand by the following?—Pre-railroad times; republic; a luxurious palace; an irresistible attraction; importunate impulses; black and yellow opossums; the foss; a most forlorn-looking object.

4. INTELLIGENCE TESTS.

(a) In South America the Autumn months are March, April and May. How is this? What are the Spring, Summer and Winter months in the Southern Hemisphere?

(b) Why is the bird called a "cardinal"?

(c) What is the name given to the great plains in South America? Can you say anything about their appearance and the bird-life found in them?

(d) The author often makes his birds *talk* and *think*. Can you give a reason?

(e) Why did the cardinal enter the cage at last?

(f) What evidence is there in the story to show that the boy would one day become a famous field-naturalist?

5. ORAL EXERCISE. *Compound Words*. In this selection

the writer uses many compound words, *i.e.* pre-railroad; sweet-voiced; song-sparrows. In using these words he has the golden rule of brevity in his mind, for a compound word can be made to do the work of a whole phrase.

Ex. Sea-worthy ship—a ship that is fit to make a voyage.

Many compound words are very picturesque, *i.e.* they call up clear pictures in your mind.

Use the following words in sentences of your own: Blood-red; blear-eyed; cross-grained; catch-word; cast-away; die-hard; drawing-room; drift-wood; foster-child; fool's-errand; forget-me-not; help-meet; hoar-frost; knight-errant; loving-kindness; laughing-stock; long-suffering; mince-meat; mother-of-pearl; milk-white; pitch-dark; quick-sand; ring-leader; rack-rent; red-handed; storm-tossed; strait-laced; skin-flint; spring-tide; spend-thrift; short-hand; turn-stile; tell-tale; wind-swept.

6. (a) VOCABULARY EXERCISES. Between a pair of words with opposite meanings there may be others with intermediate meanings.

Ex. Its colour was black—dark—grey—light—white.

His report was true—doubtful—false.

Try to insert one or more adjectives of intermediate meaning between the following pairs: Gigantic, microscopic; fine, coarse; vertical, horizontal; early, late; convex, concave; handsome, ugly; fair, dark; important, trivial; ornamental, useful.

If you cannot find a single word to express your meaning you may use a phrase.

(b) Select adjectives from the first column and nouns from the second to form phrases or complete sentences by the addition of the necessary words:

prosperous	shrub
luxurious	ceiling
ornamental	bees
decorated	city
irresistible	peaches
magnificent	palace
innumerable	attraction
delicious	plumage

Ex. The murmur of innumerable bees.

(c) From the adjectives in List A select *one or more* suited to a noun in List B. Make two phrases in this way, and then combine them into a sentence by adding the necessary words. Continue the exercise until all the words have been used.

A.—Polished, rough, cool, shady. Furious, tranquil, wanton. Brown, white, green, roseate. Clear, muddy, transparent, turbid, hazy. Sparkling, dull, splashing, foaming. Tall, short, high, low, deep, shallow.

B.—Water, stream, river, torrent, flood. Rocks, pebbles, bed, banks, mead. Sheet, stretch, surface, depth. Haste, rush, idleness. Spray, bubble, current, eddy, plunge. Gem, foliage, dream, vision, wood.

Ex. The clear, tranquil stream meanders in wanton idleness.

7. NARRATION. The class to tell the story in turn.

8. The following is the last of the bird-stories. Read it carefully, and then write a story of your own entitled *My Adventures amongst Birds*.

THE VENGEFUL ROOK

(*A True Story*)

The Vicar of Blagdon in Somerset has a pet rook. Her antics are the talk of the countryside. The bird has the run of the house and grounds, and like her famous cousin—the Jackdaw of Rheims:

In and out, she hops about;
Here and there, like a dog at a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, over dishes and plates.

One morning, the good vicar was jotting down a few notes at his writing-table, when the saucy bird seized the paper and skipped off with it. The vicar jumped up to try and regain his property, but the black rascal was too quick for him, for she swallowed the paper—notes and all.

Punishment, however, was in store; the robber was seized and tapped over the claws with a lead pencil.

“Rookie” was very indignant at this treatment, and on her release made straight for the inkstand, and took a deep draught of ink. Was she trying to commit suicide? Not a bit of it. She just turned round quickly and, to the dismay of the vicar, she spurted the ink all over his face and collar.

98 SONG OF THE UNGIRT RUNNERS

THE SONG OF THE UNGIRT RUNNERS

BY C. H. SORLEY

CAPT. CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY was born in 1895 at Old Aberdeen. He was educated at Marlborough College and was killed in France in 1915.

WE swing ungirded hips,
And lightened are our eyes,
The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.
We know not whom we trust
Nor whitherward we fare,
But we run because we must
Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas
Are troubled as by storm.
The tempest strips the trees
And does not leave them warm.
Does the tearing tempest pause?
Do the tree-tops ask it why?
So we run without a cause
'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.
But the storm the water whips
And the wave howls to the skies.

The winds arise and strike it
And scatter it like sand,
And we run because we like it
Through the broad bright land.

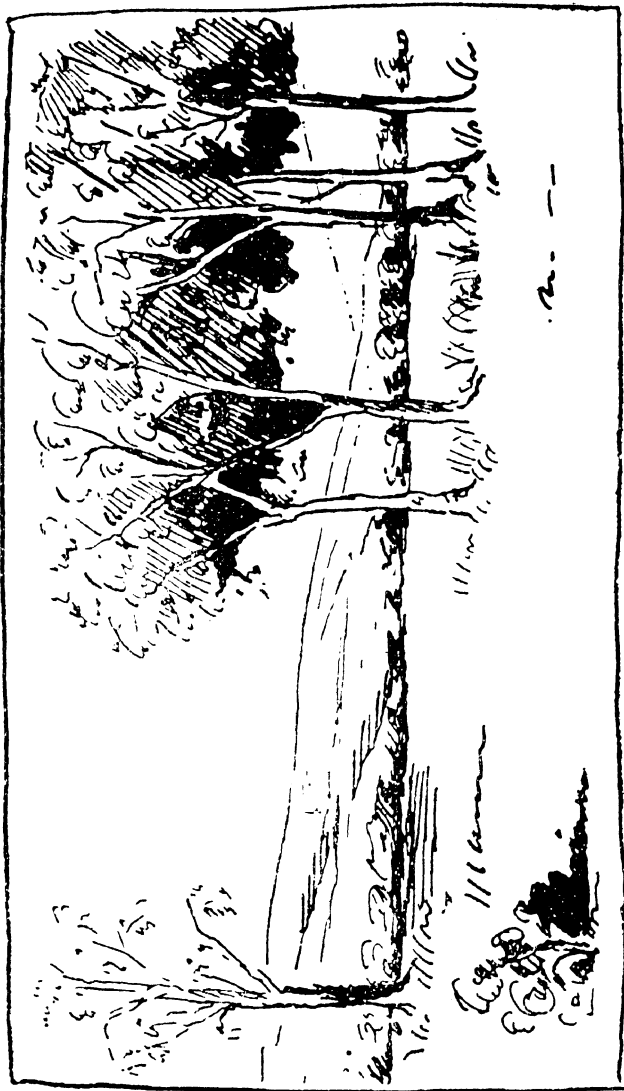
THE CALL OF THE HOMELAND

BY W. H. HUDSON

AT a small station near Eastleigh, a man, wearing a highly-pleased expression on his face, entered the smoking-carriage in which I was travelling to London. Putting his bag on the rack, he pulled out his pipe and threw himself back in his seat with a satisfied air; then, looking at me and catching my eye, he at once started talking. I had my newspaper, but seeing him in that overflowing mood, I responded readily enough, for I was curious to know why he appeared so happy, and who and what he was. Not a tradesman nor a bagman; and not a farmer, though he looked like an open-air man; nor could I form a guess from his speech and manner as to his native place. A robust man of thirty-eight or forty, with blue eyes and a Saxon face, he looked a thorough Englishman, and yet he struck me as most un-English in his lively, almost eager

manner, his freedom with a stranger, and something, too, in his speech. From time to time his face lighted up, when, looking to the window, his eyes rested on some pretty scene—a glimpse of stately old elm-trees in a field where cattle were grazing, of the vivid green valley of a chalk stream, the paler hills beyond, the grey church tower or spire of some tree-hidden village. When he discovered that these hills and streams and rustic villages had as great a charm for me as for himself, that I knew and loved the two or three places he named in a questioning way, he opened his heart and the secret of his present happiness.

He was a native of the district, born at a farm-house of which his father in succession to his grandfather had been the tenant. It was a small farm of only eighty-five acres, and as his father could make no more than a bare livelihood out of it, he eventually gave it up, when my informant was but three years old, and selling all he had, emigrated to Australia. Nine years later he died, leaving a numerous family poorly provided for; the home was broken up and boys and girls had to go out and face the world. They had somehow all got on very well, and his brothers and sisters were happy enough out there, Australians in mind, thoroughly persuaded that theirs was the better land, the best



THE CALL OF THE HOMELAND

country in the world, and with no desire to visit England. He had never felt like that; somehow his father's feeling about the old country had taken such a hold of him that he never outlived it—never felt at home in Australia, however successful he was in his affairs. The home feeling had been very strong in his father; his greatest delight was to sit of an evening with his children round him and tell them of the farm and the old farm-house where he was born and had lived so many years, and where some of them had been born. He was never tired of talking of it, of taking them by the hand, as it were, and leading them from place to place, to the stream, the village, the old stone church, the meadows and fields and hedges, the deep shady lanes, and, above all, to the dear old ivied house with its gables and tall chimneys. So many times had his father described it, that the old place was printed like a map on his mind, and was like a picture that kept its brightness even after the image of his boyhood's home in Australia had become faded and pale. With that mental picture to guide him, he believed that he could go to that angle by the porch where the fly-catchers bred every year and find their nest; where in the hedge the blackberries were most abundant; where the alders grew by the stream from which he could

watch the moor-hens and water-voles; that he knew every fence, gate, and outhouse, every room and passage in the old house. Through all his busy years that picture never grew less beautiful, never ceased its call, and at last, possessed of sufficient capital to yield him a modest income for the rest of his life, he came home. What he was going to do in England he did not consider. He only knew that until he had satisfied the chief desire of his heart, and had looked upon the original of the picture he had borne so long in his mind, he could not rest nor make any plans for the future.

He came first to London and found, on examining the map of Hampshire, that the village of Thorpe (I will call it), where he was born, is three miles from the nearest station, in the southern part of the county. Undoubtedly it was Thorpe; that was one of the few names his father had mentioned which remained in his memory always associated with that vivid image of the farm in his mind. To Thorpe he accordingly went—as pretty a rustic village as he had hoped to find it. He took a room at the inn and went out for a long walk—“just to see the place,” he said to the landlord. He would make no enquiries; he would find his home for himself; how could he fail to recognise it? But he walked for hours in a widening circle and saw no farm

or other house, and no ground that corresponded to the picture in his brain.

Troubled at his failure, he went back and questioned his landlord, and, naturally, was asked for the name of the farm he was seeking. He had forgotten the name—he even doubted that he had ever heard it. But there was his family name to go by—Dyson; did anyone remember a farmer Dyson in the village? He was told that it was an uncommon name in that part of the country. There were no Dysons now in Thorpe, but some fifteen or twenty years ago one of that name had been the tenant of Long Meadow Farm in the parish. The name of the farm was unfamiliar, and when he visited the place he found it was not the one he sought.

It was a grievous disappointment. A new sense of loneliness oppressed him; for that bright image in his mind, with the feeling about his home, had been a secret source of comfort and happiness, and was like a companion, a dear human friend, and now he appeared to be on the point of losing it. Could it be that all that mental picture, with the details that seemed so true to life, was purely imaginary? He could not believe it; the old house had probably been pulled down, the big trees felled, orchard and hedges grubbed up—all the old features obliterated—and the land thrown into some larger neigh-

bouring farm. It was dreadful to think that such devastating changes had been made, but it certainly had existed as he saw it in his mind, and he would enquire of some of the old men in the place, who would perhaps be able to tell him where his home had stood thirty years ago.

At once he set about interviewing all the old men he came upon in his rounds, describing to them the farm tenanted by a man named Dyson about forty years ago, and by and by he got hold of one who knew. He listened for a few minutes to the oft-repeated story, then exclaimed, "Why, sir, 'tis surely Woodyates you be talking about!"

"That's the name! That's the name!" he cried. "Woodyates—how did I ever forget it! You knew it then—where was it?"

"I'll just show you," said the old man, proud at having guessed rightly, and turning, started hobbling slowly along till he got to the end of the lane.

There was an opening there and a view of the valley with trees, blue in the distance, at the furthest visible point. "Do you see them trees?" he said. "That's where Harping is; 'tis twomiles or, perhaps, a little more from Thorpe. There's a church tower among them trees, but you can't see because 'tis hid. You go by the road till you comes to the church, then you go

on by the water, maybe a quarter of a mile, and you comes to Woodyates. You won't see no difference in it; I've knowed it since I were a boy, but 'tis in Harping parish, not in Thorpe."

Now he remembered the name—Harping, near Thorpe—only Thorpe was the more important village where the inn was and the shops.

In less than an hour after leaving his informant he was at Woodyates, feasting his eyes on the old house of his dreams and of his exiled father's before him, inexpressibly glad to recognise it as the very house he had loved so long—that he had been deceived by no false image.

For some days he haunted the spot, then became a lodger at the farm-house, and now after making some enquiries, he had found that the owner was willing to sell the place for something more than its market value, and he was going up to London about it.

At Waterloo I wished him happiness in his old home, found again after so many years, then watched him as he walked briskly away—as commonplace-looking a man as could be seen on that busy crowded platform, in his suit of rough grey tweeds, thick boots, and bowler hat. Yet one whose fortune might be envied by many even among the successful—one who had cherished a secret thought and feeling,

which had been to him like the shadow of a great rock and like a cool spring in a dry and thirsty land.

From *Afoot in England*.

EXERCISES

IX

(*Oral and Written*)

1. WORD STUDY.

2. Consult the text and say what is meant by the following:

Overflowing mood; a bagman; a robust man; a Saxon face; un-English in his manner; his face lighted up in a questioning way; he opened his heart; face the world; Australians in mind; gables; water-voles; a rustic village; no farm or house that corresponded with the picture in his brain; all the old features obliterated; devastating changes; his informant; at Waterloo; commonplace-looking man; cherished a secret thought.

3. ORAL EXERCISES. *Intelligence Tests*.

(a) In Mrs. Ewing's story, *An Idyll of the Wood*, the children were tired of tales that end happily. How does this story and the Thackeray story end? Which kind of ending do you prefer? Give reasons in full.

(b) Consider carefully, and then say why the author decided that the stranger was neither a tradesman, nor a bagman, nor a farmer.

- (c) Why was he un-English in his manner? What is an English manner?
- (d) How much capital do you think is necessary to yield a modest income for life?
- (e) Why does the author say "I will call it the village of Thorpe"?
- (f) Why did the stranger's face "light up" when his eyes rested on some pretty scene?
- (g) Give the opposites of: "a bare livelihood"; "got on very well"; "poorly provided for"; "never felt at home."
- (h) What is the difference in meaning between migrate, emigrate, and immigrate?
- (i) What effect do "gables" have on the appearance of a cottage? Why do cottages have "porches"?
- (j) Why are certain family names common in one part of England and uncommon in another part?
- (k) Can you guess from a man's speech or manner whether he is an Englishman, Scotsman, Irishman, or Welshman? Give reasons for your answer.

4. IDIOMS AND IDIOMATIC LANGUAGE.

A foreigner who is learning the English language has great difficulty in understanding phrases and sentences like the following: His face *lighted* up; he *opened* his heart; the home was *broken* up; to *face* the world; he never *felt* at home; he *took* a room at the inn; the and was *thrown* into a larger farm.

A Frenchman may know the meaning of the words

“opened” and “heart,” but when you say to him, “I will open my heart to you,” he is puzzled. Perhaps you can say why?

There are many “idioms” in our language, and they are of the greatest use. They make our speech more varied, more picturesque, more vivid, and therefore more attractive and interesting.

OTHER EXAMPLES OF IDIOMS

Ordinary Language

I did my best.

He longed to go.

Everyone should help.

Listen to my tale.

He was older than he
looked.

He kept his promise.

Idiomatic Language

I left no stone unturned.

He set his heart on going.

Everyone should lend a hand.

Give ear unto my tale.

Age sat lightly upon him.

He was as good as his word.

You should enter any idiom that appeals to you in your commonplace book, and make use of it in your writing.

5. Hudson was a good man and loved his Bible. Find in the story a beautiful quotation from that great book, and say what figure of speech it contains.

6. Make a sketch of the old ivied house with its gables and tall chimneys.

7. NARRATION. The class to tell the story in turn.

8. CLASS DEBATE. Life in England v. Life in Australia.

Three pupils to take the old father's side, and three to defend the attitude of the brothers and sisters in

Australia. Time to be given to get up each case. Vote to be taken to decide:

(i.) Who has *spoken* best.

(ii.) Which side has made out the *stronger case*.

9. MEMORY LINES.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

“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 burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 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;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”—SCOTT.

BOOK FOR HOME READING. *Far Away and Long Ago*
—HUDSON (Dent).

SONG OF THE FIXTURE CARD 111

THE SONG OF THE FIXTURE CARD

*(Written on receipt of the Football Match List from
Ilkley Grammar School)*

BY ERIC WILKINSON

ERIC FITZWATER WILKINSON *was an assistant-master at the Ilkley Grammar School when the Great War broke out. He became lieutenant in the 8th West Yorks Regiment in August 1914, and in 1915 was awarded the Military Cross for bringing away wounded under fire. He was killed in action in 1917.*

You came by last night's mail
To my strange little mud-built house,¹
At a time when the blues were on my trail
And I'd little to do but "grouse."
For the world seemed a-swim with ooze,
With everything going wrong,
And though I knew that we couldn't lose,
Yet the end of it all seemed long.
The sandbag bed felt hard,
And exceedingly cold the rain,
But you sang to me, little green card,
And gave me courage again;
For at sight of the old green back
And the dear familiar crest,
I was off and away on memory's track,
Where Rumbold's Moor² stands bleak and black,

¹ In the trenches.

² Overlooking Ilkley in Yorkshire.

And the plaintive curlews nest.
Then, thin and clear, I seemed to hear—
Now low and sweet, now high and strong—
A note of cheer to banish fear;
The little card sang thus his song.

THE SONG

There's a broad green field in a broad green vale,
There's a bounding ball and a straining pack;
There's a clean cold wind blowing half a gale,
There's a strong defence and a swift attack.
There's a roar from the "touch" like an angry
sea,
As the struggle wavers from goal to goal;
But the fight is clean as a fight should be,
And they're friends when the ball has ceased
to roll.
Clean and keen is the grand old rule,
And heart and courage must never fail.
They are making men where the grey stone school
Looks out on the broad green vale.
Can you hear the call? Can you hear the
call?
Now, School! Now, School! Play up!
There's many a knock and many a fall
For those who follow a Rugger ball;
But hark!—can you hear it? Over all—
Now, School! Now, School! Play up!

She makes her men and she sends them forth,
O proud old mother of many sons!
The Ilkley breed has proved its worth
Wherever the bond of Empire runs;
But near or far the summons clear
Has sought them out from town and heath,
They've met the foeman with a cheer,
And face to face have smiled on death.
They are fighting still to the grand old rule,
That heart and courage must never fail—
If they fall, there are more where the grey stone
school
Looks out on the broad green vale.
Can you hear the call? Can you hear the call
That drowns the roar of Krupp?
There are many who fight and many who fall
Where the big guns play at the Kaiser's ball,
But hark!—can you hear it? Over all—
Now, School! Now, School! Play up!

So when old age has won the fight
That godlike youth can never win,
The mind turns from the coming night,
To boyish visions flooding in;
And by the hearth the old man dreams
Of school and all it meant to him,
Till in the firelight's kindly beams
The wise old eyes grow very dim:
But he's lived his life to the grand old rule

That heart and courage must never fail;
So he lifts his glass to the grey stone school
That looks on the broad green vale.

Can you hear the call? Can you hear the
call?

Here's a toast, now! Fill the cup!
Though the shadow of fate is on the wall,
Here's a final toast ere the darkness fall—
"The days of our boyhood—best of all!"
Now, School! Now, School! Play up!

JOHN BROWN AND HIS COTTAGE

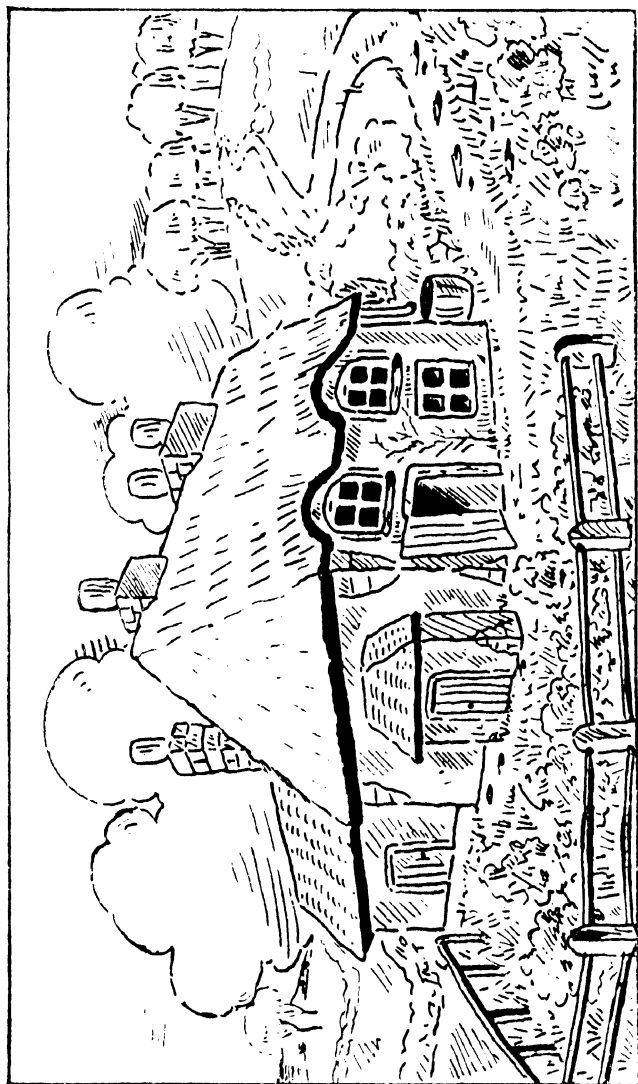
BY RICHARD JEFFERIES

"JOHN BROWN is dead," said an aged friend and visitor in answer to my enquiry for the strong labourer.

"Is he really dead?" I asked, for it seemed impossible.

"He is. He came home from his work in the evening as usual, and seemed to catch his foot in the threshold and fell forward on the floor. When they picked him up he was dead."

I remember the doorway; a raised piece of wood ran across it, as is commonly the case in country cottages, such as one might easily catch



JOHN BROWN'S COTTAGE

one's foot against if one did not notice it; but he knew that bit of wood well. The floor was of brick, hard to fall on and die. He must have come down over the crown of the hill, with his long slouching stride, as if his legs had been half-pulled away from his body by his heavy boots in the furrows when a ploughboy. He must have turned up the steps in the bank to his cottage, and so, touching the threshold, ended. He is gone through the great doorway, and one pencil-mark is rubbed out. There used to be a large hearth in that room, a larger room than in most cottages; and when the fire was lit, and the light shone on the yellowish-red brick beneath and the large rafters overhead, it was homely and pleasant. In summer, the door was always wide open. Close by on the high bank there was a spot where the first wild violets came. You might look along miles of hedgerow, but there were never any, until they had shown by John Brown's.

If a man's work that he has done all the days of his life could be collected and piled up around him in visible shape, what a vast mound there would be beside some! If each act or stroke was represented, say by a brick, John Brown would have stood the day before his ending, by the side of a monument as high as a pyramid. Then if in front of him could be placed the sum

and product of his labour, the profit to himself, he could have held it in his clenched hand like a nut, and no one would have seen it. Our modern people think they train their sons to strength by football and rowing and jumping, and what are called athletic exercises; all of which it is the fashion now to preach as very noble, and likely to lead to the goodness of the race. Certainly feats are accomplished and records are beaten, but there is no real strength gained, no hardihood built up. Without hardihood, it is of little avail to be able to jump an inch farther than somebody else. Hardihood is the true test, hardihood is the ideal, and not these caperings or ten minutes' spurts.

Now, the way they made the boy John Brown hardy was to let him roll about on the ground with naked legs and bare head from morn till night, from June till December, from January till June. The rain fell on his head, and he played in wet grass to his knees. Dry bread with a little lard was his chief food. He went to work while he was still a child. At half-past three in the morning he was on his way to the farm stables, there to help feed the cart-horses, which used to be done with great care very early in the morning. The carter's whip used to sting his legs, and sometimes he felt the butt. At fifteen he was no taller than the sons of well-

to-do people at eleven; he scarcely seemed to grow at all till he was eighteen or twenty, and even then very slowly, but at last became a tall big man. That slouching walk, with knees always bent, diminished his height to appearance; he really was the full size, and every inch of his frame had been slowly welded together by this ceaseless work, continual life in the open air, and coarse hard food. This is what makes a man hardy. This is what makes a man able to stand almost anything, and gives a power of endurance that can never be obtained by any amount of gymnastic training.

I used to watch him mowing with amazement. Sometimes he would begin at half-past two in the morning, and continue till night. About eleven o'clock, which used to be the mowers' noon, he took a nap on a couch of half-dried grass in the shade of the hedge. For the rest, it was mow, mow, mow for the long summer day.

John Brown was dead: died in an instant at his cottage door. I could hardly credit it, so vivid was the memory of his strength. The gap of time since I had seen him last had made no impression on me; to me, he was still in my mind the John Brown of the hay-field; there was nothing between then and his death.

He used to catch for us boys the bats in the stable, and tell us fearful tales of the ghosts he

had seen; and bring the bread from the town in an old-fashioned wallet, half in front and half behind, long before the bakers' carts began to come round in country places. One evening he came into the dairy carrying a yoke of milk, staggering, with tipsy gravity; he was quite sure he did not want any assistance, he could pour the milk into the pans. He tried, and fell at full-length and bathed himself from head to foot. Of later days they say he worked in the town a good deal, and did not look so well or so happy as on the farm. In this cottage opposite the violet bank they had small-pox once, the only case I recollect in the hamlet—the old men used to say everybody had it when they were young; this was the only case in my time, and they recovered quickly without any loss, nor did the disease spread. A roomy well-built cottage like that, on dry ground, isolated, is the only hospital worthy of the name. People have a chance to get well in such places; they have very great difficulty in the huge buildings that are put up expressly for them. I have a convalescent home in my mind at the moment, a vast building. In these great blocks, what they call ventilation is a steady draught, and there is no "home" about it. It is all walls and regulations and draughts and altogether miserable. I would infinitely rather see any friend of mine in John Brown's

cottage. That terrible disease, however, seemed to quite spoil the violet bank opposite, and I never picked a flower there afterwards.

From *Field and Hedgerow*.

EXERCISES

X

(*Oral and Written*)

1. WORD STUDY.

2. APPRECIATION. I want you to make friends with Richard Jefferies, who holds high rank as a writer of English. No one has described the countryside, the toilers of the fields, and the wild life of southern England more lovingly and more beautifully than he.

In this fine selection there are so many striking sentences and picturesque phrases, that the homely theme of "John Brown and His Cottage" is turned into a poem in prose.

If you can grasp the full meaning of the following extracts, you will not only be able to appreciate the quality of this grand writer's work, but to understand the magical power of well-chosen words over your thoughts and *feelings*.

To fully appreciate the beauty of their simplicity they should be read aloud by the best reader in the class, who, of course, can read not only slowly and distinctly but in this case rather quietly.

POETRY IN PROSE

- (a) The floor was of brick, hard to fall on and die.
- (b) He must have turned up the steps in the bank to his cottage, and so, touching the threshold, ended. He is gone through the great doorway, and one pencil-mark is rubbed out.
- (c) In summer, the door was always wide open. Close by on the high bank there was a spot where the first wild violets came. You might look along miles of hedgerow, but there were never any, until they had shown by John Brown's.
- (d) If a man's work that he has done all the days of his life could be collected and piled up around him in visible shape, what a vast mound there would be beside some! If each act or stroke was represented, say by a brick, John Brown would have stood the day before his ending, by the side of a monument as high as a pyramid. Then if in front of him could be placed the sum and product of his labour, the profit to himself, he could have held it in his clenched hand like a nut, and no one would have seen it.
- (e) The rain fell on his head, and he played in wet grass to his knees. Dry bread with a little lard was his chief food. He went to work while he was still a child.
- (f) I used to watch him mowing with amazement. Sometimes he would begin at half-past two in the morning, and continue till night. About

eleven o'clock, which used to be the mowers' noon, he took a nap on a couch of half-dried grass in the shade of the hedge. For the rest, it was mow, mow, mow for the long summer day.

(g) John Brown was dead: died in an instant at his cottage door.

"Now what can you say about them?" You answer at once: "They have the three golden qualities of Simplicity, Brevity (no superfluous words) and Variety." But this is not all. These are not ordinary sentences. There is something in them which it is difficult to describe. It is sometimes called *Charm* or *Grace* or *Beauty*, and it has the same effect on the mind as the scent from a lovely rose. Lastly, there is a quality which you may not have noticed before in prose-writing. Read the sentences once more, and you will find that they march to a kind of music. There are things hidden from the careless reader, and only revealed to one who reads lovingly and carefully. Remember this is Ruskin's way of reading fine literature.

3. What name is given to prose of this kind? Here is another fine example. It should be emblazoned on the banner of the League of Nations. Copy it into your *commonplace* book, and read it every day until you know it by heart.

HOW PEACE WILL COME TO THE WORLD SOME DAY

"There will be many who will tell us we are dreamers of fine dreams; that the world is governed by force, has

been so governed, and ever will be. It is they who are misled. The force they speak of is physical force, which comes and passes; those who gain the earth by it gaining but a transitory honour. The force which really governs the world is the force of morality. It is this moral force on which we build; it is through moral force we shall win the victory."—LORD COURTNEY.

4. ORAL EXERCISES TO TEST THE INTELLIGENCE.

Consult the text and answer the following questions:

(a) Why is the top of a hill called the "crown"?

What figure of speech is used in so calling it?

(b) Why is "life" compared to a "pencil-mark"?

(c) You are invited to "look along miles of hedgerow."

What for?

(d) Do you agree with Jefferies in thinking that athletics do not build up strength and hardihood?

(e) Do you approve of the method by which John Brown was made hardy in his boyhood? Give reasons.

(f) What was the probable cause of John Brown's death?

(g) How do you know that John Brown was superstitious?

(h) What is meant by "a yoke of milk," and "staggering with tipsy gravity"?

(i) What do you understand by a Convalescent Home being "all walls and regulations and draughts"?

5. Name the figures of speech in each of the following:
A monument as high as a pyramid. Held in his

clenched hand *like a nut*. Staggering with *tipsy gravity*. It is all walls and regulations and draughts.

6. HOME EXERCISE. Write out the story, keeping as near to the original as you can.

7. Make a drawing of the cottage with the steps in the bank.

8. BOOK FOR HOME READING. *The Open Air*, by JEFFERIES.

THE FINAL FRIEND

BY REV. W. J. DAWSON

I ASKED at Dawn the eager wind
From ice-clad mountains drawn;
I faced it with a battling mind,
And never felt its edge unkind,
So joyous was the dawn.

I asked at Noon the burning sun,
And claimed it as a boon;
No day for me too soon begun,
No race I was not glad to run,
So strong was I at noon.

I asked at Eve a single Friend
Who taught me not to grieve
For errors which I could not mend,
And prizes lost at life's grey end,
So tired was I at eve.

And as he spoke, within my heart
New life began to stir.
How sweet when fails Ambition's chart,
To find, as Pride and Hope depart,
Courage, the Comforter.

LIFE ON MOUNT EVEREST

BY CAPTAIN G. I. FINCH

(On 27th May, 1922, Captain Finch, with Captain Geoffrey Bruce, reached a height of 27,300 feet on Mount Everest, after having camped for two nights and a day in a snowstorm at 25,500 feet.)

MEN who habitually grapple with difficulty, face danger, and endure privations and pain such as most people can only picture to themselves by a great effort of imagination, are given to making light of what they may have passed through. So it is with Lieut.-Colonel Norton and his gallant comrades. In his last thrilling despatch, the hardships and the miseries of discomfort suffered, the intensity of their struggles, and the perilous nature of the undertaking are rarely mentioned, and then only to be dismissed with a laugh as being all in the day's work.

Those who have never fought their way, grimly and painfully inch by inch, harried by

the pitiless frozen blast of the west wind, on Everest's towering ridges and storm-swept crests; those who have never endured in a high camp the long hours of night, with spicules of wind-driven snow penetrating all clothing and stabbing the skin with icy-hot thrusts, the while a gale of wind tears at and threatens the existence of the tent, the one frail shelter between life and death; those who have never experienced what is the common lot of climbers on Everest can have but little idea of what the men who have contributed to the last despatch have actually undergone.

They tell of their experiences with a happy humour and directness, practically dismissing the crude unpleasantnesses, so that one might almost imagine that an attempt to climb to the summit of the highest mountain in the world were nothing more than a rather strenuous walk, the pace hampered a little, it is true, by the shortcomings of the atmosphere.

SLEEPING IN SNOW

The highest slopes of Mount Everest, above the North Col¹ (23,000 feet), are the stage upon which the drama of the last three attempts was

¹ A depression in a mountain ridge—affording sometimes a little shelter.

played out to such a tragic ending. Twice had the mountain flung its impenetrable curtain of blinding snowstorms across the stage and driven the expedition back from the Col and Camp Three to the base and Camp One. But at last the weather brightens up. On 28th May the party once more sets out for the North Col Camp, a long trek—yet child's play to what is to follow higher up; but for all that it has its points; Somervell, for instance, prefers the snow of the North Col as a mattress to the stones of the lower camps; yet the snow is so intensely cold that, even while sleeping, you must roll, twist and wriggle all night long to give that part of your body which has lain nearest the snow a chance to thaw, while another part takes its turn at freezing! A few matter-of-fact words, not even a whole sentence, disposes of the final climb into the North Col, a difficult ascent up 1,500 feet of sheer ice and snow, where almost every step must be won with the ice-axe, and where the greatest skill and care are needed to avoid the insidious danger of avalanches.

WHAT SNOW-BLINDNESS MEANS

Norton, absolutely snow-blind, descends these precipitous slopes; a mountaineering feat without parallel. But does he tell us anything about

the penalties of an attack of snow-blindness so acute that it lasts for over sixty hours? Suppose your eye-lids are closed; you cannot open them; tightly packed in between eye-ball and eye-lid are sharp glass fragments; do what you will, you cannot prevent the eye-balls moving, they seem to roll and revolve round and round; now up, then down; now to one side, then to the other; can you imagine a more exquisitely sharp agony? That is precisely what an attack of snow-blindness feels like. Sixty hours can be a long time.

On 2nd June, Mallory and Geoffrey Bruce, with a retinue of those wonderful Nepalese porters, who have indeed well earned their nickname, the "Tigers," set out from the North Col to establish the first of the high camps, about 25,000 feet. The weather conditions are perfect. But no sooner have they threaded a way through the intricate maze of crevasses between the camp and the foot of the great north ridge of Everest, than they are assailed by the icy blasts of a pitiless west wind. Step by step, and making sure of the security of each foothold, for that wind can not only freeze you to the marrow, but may even blow you over if you are not on your guard, the little party makes its way upwards.

THE "TIGERS" BEATEN

At 25,000 feet some of the porters flag, then fall out. "Tigers" do not give in until there is a very good reason to do so. The long-sustained upward struggle, the lungs gasping for breath and finding scant satisfaction in the rarefied atmosphere, the gnawing wind, from which there is no sheltering, the bitter cold (far more severe in its effects than similar cold at low levels)—these are but a few of the hardships which have driven the "Tigers" to a standstill. But eventually the first high camp is established at 25,300 feet; Geoffrey Bruce and one Lob-sang, the "Tiger" of the "Tigers," making two return journeys to the point where most of the porters had had to dump their loads. The two climbers and three porters, the others having returned to the North Col, now settle down for the night in the cramped confines of their little tents.

A meal must be prepared. Can you imagine the misery of cooking up here? The spirit flame is four, five, or even more times as large as usual, and proportionately cooler. Hold your hand in the flame for seconds and it will hardly be warmed. The cooking-pot must be filled with snow; not once, but time and again, for the snow is so light and fluffy that a great heap of it melts to produce but a little water.

BREATHING TO ORDER

In order to prevent their freezing so hard that you can no longer put them on in the morning, boots must be accepted as chilly, knobby, uncomfortable bed-fellows. Touch metal with your bare fingers, and frost-bite is the result. The action of breathing must be carried out, not as the unconscious and involuntary process it usually is, but voluntarily. Let your mind relax in making the small but constantly to be exerted mental effort of forcing yourself to breathe, then soon you will start up with a dread feeling of impending suffocation. In time, even a slight but often repeated mental effort becomes wearisome; the night can be very long in a high camp on Mount Everest. Morning comes at last. Again there are the miseries of cooking, of getting dressed (that is, putting on boots), of packing knapsacks, arranging the climbing-rope, and the gnawing pain of hunger which you have not the means, and perhaps not even the inclination, to satisfy.

Next morning (3rd June) Mallory alone is fit to proceed. But one man cannot go on by himself. The first attempt has failed, and the word is given for retreat back to the safety and comfort (both comparative, be it understood!) of a lower level. Norton and Somervell, already on

their way up to make the second attempt, are passed before Mallory has shepherded his gallant little party back into the North Col Camp. Norton and Somervell and their faithful retinue of four porters in their turn revel in the joys of a night in camp at 25,300 feet. On 4th June they continue up the mountain, and eventually establish the highest camp at 26,700 feet. A little over two years ago no man had ever climbed higher than 24,600 feet, and no camp had ever been pitched and occupied above 23,000 feet! The porters return to North Col. The two sahibs settle down to another night in the highest camp in which man has ever endured the miseries peculiar to such camps. On 5th June, soon after dawn, such is the indomitable will of these two men, they set out on the last lap.

EIGHT FEET AN HOUR

A perfect, almost windless day is their rare good fortune. But the ascent soon develops into an insensate struggle for breath after each step. But they keep at it. At last, at about 28,000 feet, Somervell is beaten. Mark you, he does not give in—he is beaten. Norton, for one whole hour, carries on alone, and then he, too, is vanquished. In that whole hour he climbed eight feet!

Now we see what it means to be beaten on Everest, when two such mountaineers and athletes have been so reduced. A long and weary way back. Somervell suffers from the stabbing pain of an incapacitating high-altitude cough and sore throat. But the return is at last safely accomplished, and the second attempt is over.

THE LAST ATTEMPT

The third attack is launched. On 6th June, Mallory and Irvine, armed with oxygen outfits, berth down in the first high camp. The next day they are in the highest of all camps. On the morning of 8th June they set out on the last lap. A few hours later they are seen to be going strong at about 28,000 feet.

Mallory and Irvine have not been seen again. Of the manner of their passing and where they rest in their last sleep we know nothing. Their comrades will have done all that is possible to throw light on the mystery of their death and to recover their bodies; but with the breaking of the monsoon the task is a hopeless one, as far as this year is concerned. Great Britain owes her position in the world to-day to the spirit of adventure with which her sons have always been imbued. Irvine and Mallory have not sacrificed their lives in vain.

From *The Daily News*, 28th June, 1924.

EXERCISES

XI

(Oral and Written)

1. WORD STUDY.

2. Consult the text and your dictionary, and say what you understand by the following: Harried by the pitiless frozen blast; a thrilling despatch; spicules of snow; impenetrable curtain; icy-hot thrusts; a long trek; these precipitous slopes; maze of crevasses; boots must be accepted as bed-fellows; the action of breathing must be carried out voluntarily; insensate struggle for breath; of the manner of their passing; the two sahibs settle down; breaking of the monsoon.

3. INTELLIGENCE TESTS.

- (a) What is the object of these brave men in climbing the highest mountain in the world?
- (b) What causes snow-blindness?
- (c) Write down all the meaning in the phrase: Sixty hours of snow-blindness can be a long time.
- (d) Where is Nepal?
- (e) What is meant by "the rarefied atmosphere"?
- (f) What is meant by "the spirit flame" and why is it four or five times as large as usual and proportionately cooler?
- (g) Why does touching metal cause frost-bite?
- (h) What are the oxygen outfits for?

(i) Explain why Norton could only climb eight feet in an hour.

(j) Explain how a monsoon is caused.

4. In one paragraph there is a magnificent sentence, with three parallel clauses. Copy it into your commonplace book, and read it over and over again. This sentence grips you and makes you *feel* for these brave men. What feelings arise in your mind?

5. IDIOMATIC OR FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

What do you understand by the following?—A dog in the manger; penny wise, pound foolish; to bury the hatchet; to pay the piper; the skeleton in the cupboard; to laugh in one's sleeve; the last straw; to nail one's colours to the mast; to play with fire; a white elephant.

6. What do you understand by Narrative and Descriptive Literature? To what kind of literature does the selection belong?

7. Draw a coloured sketch of a snow mountain from a distance—showing the forests at the foot and on the flanks, and the silvery peak against the blue sky.

8. HOME EXERCISES. Write a description of (a) Snow-blindness; (b) Sleeping in the snow; (c) The Difficulty of Breathing at 25,000 feet above sea-level.

ENGLAND'S DEBT ¹

*"'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way."*

THEY sleep in peace amid the eternal snows,
Their goal achieved, their duty nobly done,
And over these, whose victor's crown is won,
The loud, shrill requiem of the tempest blows.

Keeping the weary pace that spelt their doom,
Aiding their comrades on that hopeless way,
They saw the end draw nearer day by day,
Knew their frail shelter yet must be their tomb.

Be sure no greater love was ever shown,
When he who knew his ever-failing powers
Spelt for his comrades loss of golden hours,
Then rose and staggered forth to die—alone!

They watched him pass from sight with
anguished eyes;
They bade him stay, but he, he would not heed.
His only thought that they should now be freed
By that last, perfect, noble sacrifice.

¹ To Captain Scott and his gallant comrades who having reached the South Pole perished on the return journey (March 1912).

In vain! The wild storm shrieks around its prey,
And man must bow to Nature in her wrath.

The furious, icy gale still bars the path
To life and hope a few short miles away.

Slowly the last brave words are traced, as death
Stiffens the fingers weary with their task.

These sons of England have a boon to ask
Ere eyes grow dim and fails the labouring breath.

A boon? Nay, rather a most sacred debt
Is left to us by that devoted band,
Who held so high the honour of our land,
And made her splendour shine more glorious yet.

We could not save them—it is ours to shield
From the hard world their loved ones in their
need.

So, not by word alone, by very deed
The measure of our love shall stand revealed!

“TOUCHSTONE.”

THE OLD BOYS

BY ERNEST WILLIAM HORNUNG

“WHO is the one with the empty sleeve?”

“Some sport who was in the swim.”

“And the one with the ribbon who’s home on
leave?”

“Good Lord! I remember *him*!

A hulking fool, low down in the school,
And no good at games was he—
All fingers and thumbs—and very few chums.
(I wish he'd shake hands with me!)"

"Who is the one with the heavy stick,
Who seems to walk from the shoulder?"
"Why many's the goal you have watched him
kick!"
"He's looking a lifetime older.
Who is the one that's so full of fun—
I never beheld a blither—
Yet his eyes are fixed as the furrow betwixt?"
"He cannot see out of either."

"Who are the ones that *we* cannot see,
Though we feel them as near as near?
In Chapel one felt them bend the knee,
At the match one felt them cheer.
In the deep still shade of the Colonnade,
In the ringing quad's full light,
They are laughing here, they are chaffing there,
Yet never in sound or sight."

"Oh, those are the ones who never shall leave,
As they once were afraid they would!
They marched away from the school at eve,
But at dawn came back for good,

With deathless blooms from uncoffined tombs
To lay at our Founder's shrine.
As many are they as ourselves to-day,
And their place is yours and mine."

"But who are the ones they can help or harm?"
"Each small boy, never so new,
Has an Elder Brother to take his arm,
And show him the thing to do—
And the thing to resist with a doubled fist,
If he'd be nor knave nor fool—
And the Game to play if he'd tread the way
Of the School behind the school."

THE NEW SPIRIT

*(From the Farewell Message of General Smuts on
leaving England for South Africa)*

THERE are difficult days ahead for this country and this nation will be tested as never before. Vast changes are coming and are already beginning to loom into sight. The old world is dying around us; let it also die in us. Once more in the history of the human race we hear the great creative spirit utter those tremendous words, "Behold, I make all things new." Old ideas of wealth, of property, of class and social relations,

of international relations, of moral and spiritual values are rapidly changing. The old political formulas sound hollow, the old landmarks by which we used to steer are disappearing beneath a great flood. The furnace through which we have passed has melted the hard crust of our life, and the old fixities and certainties are fluid once more.

Let us work for a better, happier world to arise from this fluid mass. Let us move forward with courage and in faith and let us not fall back into the hopeless enmities, the sterile and blasting bitternesses of the past. Among the nations of the world this great country has in the past enjoyed the most splendid reputation for political wisdom, generosity, and magnanimity. Let this mighty Empire in this great hour of victory and at the zenith of its power win a great moral victory, so that the ideals which have shaped the destiny of our great commonwealth of nations may become the common heritage of the League of Nations and of Europe.

Only then will this war not have been fought in vain, and the future garner the far-off interest of our tears.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

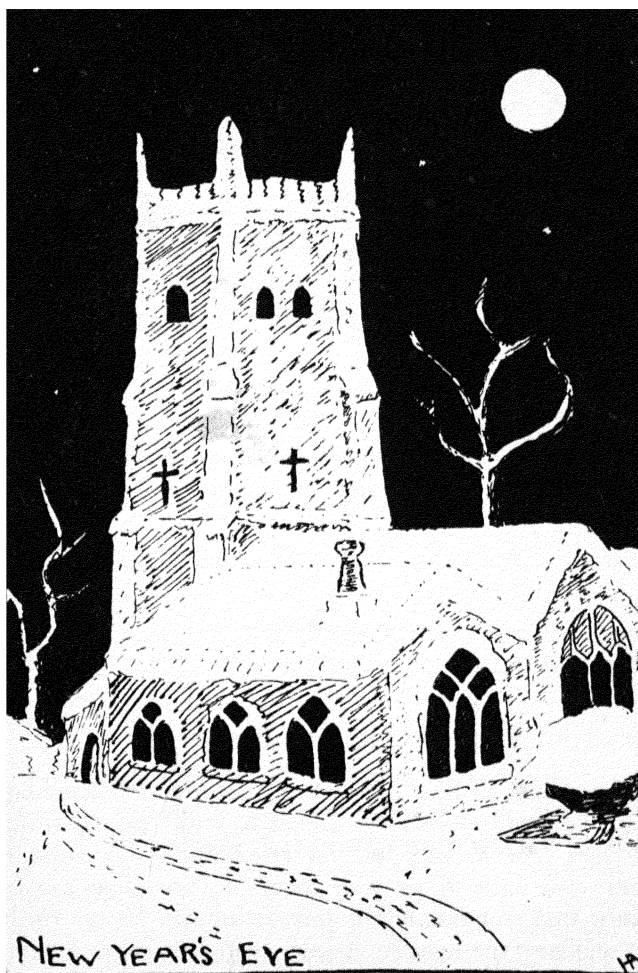
RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.



RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

EXERCISES

XII

VERSE-MAKING FOR BEGINNERS

I hope you all love Music and Singing and Dancing. If so, you will have little difficulty with the following exercises. You should find Verse-making a jolly game in which you have *to set your words a-dancing and make them march to music*. Care in selecting the fitting words and rejecting the unsuitable ones, will give you a greater command of language, and all your work in English will benefit accordingly. It is quite possible that you

will get really interested in Verse-making and that one day your teacher and class-mates will discover that a real "song-bird" has winged its way into the school-room. May this be you.

Preliminary Note : RHYTHM AND RHYME. When you sing a song, you will notice that certain words or syllables are stressed or accented. The *regular* occurrence of accented syllables is called Rhythm. The jingle of similar vowel sounds at the end of the lines in poetry is called Rhyme.

HOW TO BEGIN. The best and easiest approach to Verse-making is through Singing, and the first step, therefore, is simply to fit words of your own to a well-known tune.

EXERCISE I. Make a new nursery or nonsense rhyme to the tune "Little Jack Horner." *It will help you in your first attempts if I give you the new title, supply you with a pattern verse, and an outline for a second verse, which you will complete. You will soon be able to do without any assistance of this kind.*

NONSENSE RHYMES

THE TINY FISHERMAN. Tune—*Little Jack Horner.*

Pattern verse :

Little Dan Drake, he caught a big hake,
And it tugged him into the sea.
"What can I do," sobbed little Boy Blue,
"I hav'n't my horn with me?"

Fill in the following:

But	could swim	snake,
And		land,
"Where is your shoe?"		
I've		sand.

Now you are beginning to see what to do and how to do it. At this stage the *tune* is nearly everything. Keep on *humming* the tune as you fit in the words and it will carry you along splendidly.

EXERCISE II. *Pattern verse* :

THE EVENING CHIMES (Westminster)

Now sinks the sun,
The day is done.
The birds now sleep,
The stars do peep.

Fill in the following:

The silver moon
soon,
rest,
breast.

Now sing both verses to imitate the chimes of Big Ben.

EXERCISE III. We are now going to use a world-famed song as a model, and to do full justice to the fine galloping tune we must place our new verses in a setting similar to that of the song we are imitating.

Example:

Scene or setting of *John Peel*: Morning—hunting country—hunters.

Scene or setting of new verse: Fine morning—open country—runners.

Rhyme scheme in first verse of *John Peel*: Coat so gay—break of day—far, far away.

Rhyme scheme in new verse: Dawn is fine—air like wine—glad eyes shine.

Pattern verse:

THE RUNNERS. Tune—*John Peel*

Come along with me, the dawn is fine,
The breeze blows soft and the air's like wine;
Faces will glow and glad eyes shine
In our run o'er the downs this morning.

Complete the following:

THE PAPER CHASE. Tune—*John Peel*

Setting: Fine morning—"hares and hounds."

Rhyme scheme: Skies of blue—hedges too—line laid true.

There speed the hares
They skip
Now starts the pack
We shall have this morning.

By paying attention to the setting and the rhyme scheme we have preserved something of the spirit or *atmosphere* of the famous old song.

EXERCISE IV. *Pattern verse:*SPRING. Tune—*University College*

Rude old winter now has gone,
 Spring her fairy garb puts on;
 All the fields are bright and gay,
 All the flowers make holiday.

Complete the following:

Sun and shower	heart,
Bird and flower	part;
How can I	rejoice,
Tune and lift	voice?

EXERCISE V. *Pattern verse:*

AFTER A LONG DAY AT WEMBLEY

Tune—*Now the Day is over*

We're going home from Wembley,
 The train is rather slow;
 We're all so tired, yet happy,
 For we've seen the Rodeo.

Supply a second verse.

I hope you are now itching to make a verse of your very own. Here is your chance. Make the most of it.

VERSE-MAKING COMPETITION. Make an original verse to be sung to any well-known tune. The best verse will be put on the blackboard, and the whole class will join in singing it. This is a compliment to the author and there should be keen competition for the position of "poet-laureate."

CLASS MAGAZINE. You might now all ask your teacher to allow you to compile a little class magazine in which the best compositions and the best verses can be written or printed. The work is easily done by a cyclostyle, and if each pupil has a copy, it will be a great help. With a little more practice, you should be able to make verses equal to the following. They are done by boys and girls of ten to fourteen years of age.

AUTUMN SONGS

See the apples, ripe and mellow—
Some are red and some are yellow—
Hanging as from a Christmas tree
Like Chinese lanterns that we see.
In the storehouse piled up high,
As if the pile would reach the sky,
Stand the heaps of golden corn,
Looking yellow as early morn.
In the once gold meadows now
See the horses and the plough
Turning up the ground all bare,
With the sharp and shining share.

M. B.

Hark, a lonely bird is singing
And the harvest bell is ringing,
Birds no longer hold their meeting,
Nor the little lambs heard bleating.
The summer grass is dying down
And autumn leaves are turning brown.

N. M.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Hark, the autumn winds are calling,
All the yellow leaves are falling,
Little birds are going away
To a land that's much more gay.
Those who do not wish to go,
Stay with us and see the snow.
Little insects going to sleep
Will not hear the wind so bleak.
Summer flowers are dead and gone
Till the springtime comes along.
Then, awaking once again,
They listen for the gentle rain.

E. B.

All the leaves are turning red,
And falling at my feet.
"Autumn's come," the bunny said,
"And we'll have snow and sleet."

The squirrel too must fill her store
With acorns ripe and shiny,
Before Jack Frost comes creeping o'er
So hoary and so rimy.

M. E. P.

FAIRY SONG

(As Portia approaches her home by moonlight)

In the pale light of the moon
Let the echo sweetly sound,
Merry minstrels, play your tune
While the fairies dance around.

Now the grass is fresh and green
And the gleaming candles glow,
While the moon's pale light is seen,
Let sweet music round us flow.

A. J.

See the moonlight on the hill
Seeking all the vale to fill,
Glistening on the dewdrops bright
Now our mistress is in sight,
Welcome, lady, to your home
While the bats around do roam.

E. B.

Sweet music steals upon the air
Made soft by silvery light,
It welcomes home our lady fair
Who comes in the still, soft night.
The dewdrops glisten on the eaves
Like pearls in mermaids' tresses,
And elves and sprites from 'neath the eaves
Are gay in golden dresses.

D. P.

Another verse of "If" (after reading Kipling)

If you can still be loving and forgiving,
And patient e'en tho' wrongfully accused,
If you can take life's troubles without flinching,
And struggle on when all your hopes are bruised,
If you can raise the weak and help the needy,
If you can do one kind deed every day,
Then you—if no one else—have done your duty,
And won the game that you set out to play.

M. B.

THE GNOME

While walking through a violet grove—
Fragrant and sweet with scent,
I chanced to spy a little Gnome
Asleep within his tent.

The tent was open just a bit
And I within did peep—
And there, upon his rustic couch,
The Gnome lay fast asleep.

His nose was long, his chin was square,
And there, upon his head,
I spied a dainty little cap,
All green and trimmed with red.

His dainty suit was also green;
He wore upon his feet
A little pair of elfin shoes,
With buckles very neat:

And on these pretty little shoes
Were turned up, pointed toes;
The Gnome, he was a gentleman
As this verse plainly shows.

But as I watched his buttons bright
A-shining in the sun,
He woke up, and he found me there
And showed me he could *RUN*!

NORA BEARD.
(aged 12).

DRAMATIC LITERATURE

DEATH SCENE FROM “ EDWARD II ”

ACT V. SCENE V.

Scene—Berkeley Castle

The KING and LIGHTBORN, a murderer.

Edward. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?

Lightborn. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news!

Edward. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks!

Villain! I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to say how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery:

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

Edward. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis',¹ hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet it will melt ere I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me is a sink,
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains!

¹ Gurney and Matrevis: the king's keepers.

Edward. And there, in mire and puddle, have
I stood

This ten days' space; and lest that I should
sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum;

They give me bread and water, being a king;

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,

My mind's distempered, and my body's
numbed,

And whether I have limbs or no I know not.

O would my blood drop out from every vein

As doth this water from my tattered robes!

Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,

When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,

And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks
my heart.

Lie on this bed,¹ and rest yourself awhile.

Edward. These looks of thine can harbour nought
but death;

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Yet stay awhile; forbear thy bloody hand,

And let me see the stroke before it comes,

That even then when I shall lose my life,

My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust
me thus?

¹ Probably a kind of soft mattress which Lightborn had brought in.
(Cf. the King's description of the dungeon.)

Edward. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edward. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left, receive thou this.

[*Giving jewel.*

Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul,
Know that I am a king; O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown?

Gone, gone, and do I still remain alive?

Light. You're overwatched, my lord; lie down and rest.

Edward. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;

For not these ten days have these eye-lids closed.

Now as I speak, they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sittest thou here?

Light. If you mistrust me I'll begone, my lord.

Edward. No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.

[*Sleeps.*

Light. He sleeps.

Edward [*waking*]. O let me not die; yet stay,
O stay awhile.

Light. How now, my lord?

Edward. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life—

Matrevis, come!

Enter Matrevis and Gurney.

Edward. I am too weak and feeble to resist;
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

Light. Run for the table.

Edward. O, spare me or dispatch me in a trice.

[*Matrevis brings in a table.*]

Light. So lay the table down and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

[*King Edward is murdered.*]

Matrevis. I fear me that this cry will raise the
town,

And therefore let us take horse and away.

Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

Gurney. Excellent well: take this for thy reward.

[*Gurney stabs Lightborn who dies.*]

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord;
Away! [*Exeunt with the bodies.*]

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593).

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene—Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night
as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus,¹ methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid² lay that night.

Jess. In such a night,
Did Thisbe³ fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido,⁴ with a willow in her hand,

¹ *Troilus* (*Trô-i-lus*). The lover of Cressida. He was the son of Priam, King of Troy, and was slain by Achilles.

² *Cressid*. Cressida. She was given up to the Greeks in exchange for a Trojan prisoner. The story of Troilus and Cressida is a favourite one with the poets. It has been treated by Boccaccio, Chaucer and Shakespeare.

³ *Thisbe* (*Thîs-bê*). A beautiful Babylonian maiden, who while waiting for her lover Pyramus saw a lioness and fled. In her flight she dropped one of her garments which the fierce beast soiled with blood. Pyramus discovered it and thinking his love had been devoured, he killed himself. Thisbe found his dead body and then took her own life.

⁴ *Dido*. Queen of Carthage, who when Æneas, the Trojan hero, left her and sailed away to Italy, caused a funeral pile to be lit and burnt herself to death.

Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jess. In such a night,
Medea¹ gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jess. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her. . . .
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this
bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou
behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:

¹ *Medea* (*Mē-dē-a*). Daughter of a king of Colchis. She helped Jason to obtain the golden fleece and afterwards became his wife. By her magical power she caused Jason's father to renew his youth.

Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music. [Music.

Jess. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
 loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the
 poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,
 and floods;

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

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And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king

Until a king be by, and then his state

Empties itself, as doth an inland brook

Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark

When neither is attended, and I think

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are

To their right praise and true perfection!

Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion

And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*]

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

. KING HENRY VIII

KATHARINE OF ARAGON AND GRIFFITH DISCUSS
THE CHARACTER OF WOLSEY

(After being divorced by Henry VIII., Katharine retired with her faithful attendants to Kimbolton Castle in Huntingdonshire, where she died in 1536.)

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Scene—Kimbolton

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to earth,

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:

So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou
led'st me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal
Wolsey,

Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to it.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died;

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,

For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland

Arrested him at York, and brought him
forward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend
abbot,

With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words, "O, father
abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on
him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking

Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair play:
His own opinion was his law; i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning; he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful;
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

Grif. Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath.

Yes, good Griffith;

I were malicious else.

Grif.

This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men who sought him, sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely; ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and *Oxford*! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,

So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour; peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower;
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[Sad and solemn music; queen sleeps.]

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

APPENDIX I

GRAMMAR MADE EASY

PARSING

WHEN we parse a word we state:

1. To what part of speech and to what subdivision of that part of speech it belongs. (*Classification.*)

2. Its accidence or inflexions, if it has any. (*Inflexions.*)

3. The influence it has over, or the relation it holds to, other words in the sentence. (*Syntax.*)

(Inflexion means a change in the form of a word; as, *man, men; sing, sang, sung.*)

Classification has been dealt with already. We have now to learn something about Inflexion and Syntax, and in order to make these subjects as simple as possible, we shall cover the ground in easy stages.

THE NOUN: ITS INFLEXIONS

Nouns are inflected to show GENDER, NUMBER, and CASE.

I. GENDER

Gender (Latin *genus*, a kind) in Modern English is the form of a noun or pronoun which marks the sex of the thing signified.

Nouns which denote the male sex are said to be of the **MASCULINE Gender**; as, *boy, man, horse, tiger*.

Nouns which denote the female sex are said to be of the **FEMININE Gender**; as, *girl, woman, mare, tigress*.

Nouns which are used for both males and females are said to be of the **COMMON Gender**; as, *child, bird, animal, fish*.

Nouns which are the names of things without life and things without sex, strictly speaking have no gender, but they are usually said to be of the **NEUTER** (Latin *neuter* = neither) Gender; as, *wood, chair, house, town*.

Ways of denoting Gender. In English there are three ways of making a distinction between Nouns of the Masculine and Feminine Gender:

1. By the use of a *suffix*; as, *hero, heroine; shepherd, shepherdess; executor, executrix*.

2. By the use of a *prefix*; as, *man-servant, maid-servant; he-goat, she-goat*.

3. By the use of a *separate word*; as, *king, queen; brother, sister; man, woman*.

II. NUMBER

Number is the change in the form of a word to show whether one or more than one is meant.

If a noun is used to denote one only, it is

said to be in the SINGULAR Number. If it is used to denote more than one, it is said to be in the PLURAL Number.

1. The plural of nouns is generally formed from the singular by adding *s* or *es*; as, boy, boys; ship, ships; horse, horses; brush, brushes; church, churches.

2. Some nouns have irregular plurals:

(a) Nouns whose plurals are formed by adding *en* to the singular; as, ox, oxen; child, children; brother, brethren.

(b) By a change of *vowel* sound; as, man, men; foot, feet; mouse, mice.

(c) Foreign plurals often follow the usage of the language from which they are derived; as, datum, data; locus, loci; appendix, appendices; phenomenon, phenomena; madame, mesdames; beau, beaux.

NOTE.—(i.) Some nouns have *no* singular: as, *clothes, scissors, spectacles*. (ii.) Some nouns have the *same form* for both singular and plural; as, *sheep, salmon, deer, grouse, swine, cannon, fish*.

III. CASE

Case is the form of a noun or pronoun which shows its relation to some other word in the sentence.

1. When a noun or pronoun is the subject of a sentence it is in the NOMINATIVE Case; as:

The *dog* bit the man.

He went away.

When the noun represents a person or thing spoken to; as:

Henry! go home.

O Death! where is thy sting?

the case is called the NOMINATIVE OF ADDRESS, or the VOCATIVE (calling) Case.

When a noun or pronoun is followed by a participle and stands apart from the rest of the sentence, it is said to be NOMINATIVE ABSOLUTE, as:

The *wind* being favourable, we sailed away.

2. When the noun or pronoun represents the Direct Object of an action, or comes after a preposition, it is in the OBJECTIVE or ACCUSATIVE Case, as:

The wheel struck the *boy*.

He fell to the *ground*.

I saw *him*.

3. The DATIVE Case is the form of a noun or pronoun when it stands for the Indirect Object of an action, as:

I lent *him* a penny.

He gave the *horse* some corn.

4. The POSSESSIVE or GENITIVE Case is that

form of a noun or pronoun which shows that the person or thing represented is the possessor of something, as:

The *minister's* house.

His dog. *Her* bat.

FORMATION OF POSSESSIVE OR GENITIVE CASE

1. When the noun is in the Singular Number, the Possessive Case is formed by adding 's, as:

The *man's* coat.

2. When the noun is in the Plural Number and ends in s, then the *apostrophe* only is added, as:

The *boys'* play-ground.

THE VERB: ITS INFLEXIONS

Verbs are inflected to show difference of VOICE, MOOD, TENSE, NUMBER, and PERSON.

1. VOICE is that form of a transitive verb which indicates whether the subject of the sentence stands for the doer or for the object of the action expressed by the verb. In the former case the transitive verb is in the ACTIVE Voice; in the latter, in the PASSIVE Voice.

Ex.—(a) The bird *ate* the snail. (Active.)

(b) The snail *was eaten* by the bird. (Passive.)

NOTE. — Only transitive verbs can have a Passive Voice.

2. MOOD means *manner*, and is the change in the form of a verb by means of which we can show the manner in which the action is represented. The moods are four in number:

- (a) The INDICATIVE. (c) The SUBJUNCTIVE.
(b) The IMPERATIVE. (d) The INFINITIVE.

(a) The INDICATIVE is the mood by which we state a fact, ask a question, or express a supposition which is stated as an actual fact.

Ex.—I *saw* the man. *Was* he hurt? If he *crossed* the road, he was to blame.

(b) The IMPERATIVE is the mood by which we express a command or make a request.

Ex.—*Come* quickly. *Give* me the book.

(c) The SUBJUNCTIVE is the mood by which we express:

i. A wish.

Ex.—*May* he succeed!

ii. A condition or supposition.

Ex.—If he *were* here, I should go.

iii. A purpose.

Ex.—I showed him the letter, that he *might* read it.

iv. A doubt.

Ex.—It *may* rain to-day.

(d) The INFINITIVE is the mood that merely

expresses an action without reference to any particular doer or agent. It has, therefore, no number or person.

The VERB INFINITIVE takes the following forms:

Ex.—(i.) *To ride* a bicycle is good exercise. (SIMPLE INFIN.)

(ii.) *Riding* a bicycle needs care. (GERUND.)

(iii.) The man is *riding* a bicycle. (PRESENT PARTICIPLE.)

(iv.) The bicycle was *ridden* to the station. (PAST PARTICIPLE.)

NOTE.—The Simple Infinitive and Gerund are VERB-NOUNS; the Participle is a VERB-ADJECTIVE.

3. NUMBER and PERSON. The verb agrees with its subject in Number and Person.

4. TENSE means *time*, and is the variety of form assumed by a verb to show:

(a) The *time* of an action. (PRESENT, PAST, FUTURE, FUTURE IN THE PAST.¹)

¹ This second form of a Future Tense is only found in subordinate clauses. Suppose one friend intended to pay a visit to another. He might say: "I *shall come* and see you at Christmas." The verb "shall come" is in the Simple Future Tense. If the promise was made—say in the month of October and fulfilled at Christmas, then a reference to the promise might take the following form: "I told you I *should come* at Christmas." This tense describes an action which (at the time the promise was made, *i.e.* some time in the past) was looked upon as future, and to distinguish it from a Simple Future Tense it has been called the Future in the Past.

(b) The *completion or non-completion* of an action at the time when it occurs.

- i. It may be referred to as still going on. (The CONTINUOUS tenses.)
- ii. It may be referred to as completed or perfected. (The PERFECT tenses.) Or
- iii. It may be referred to without mention of its completion or non-completion. (The SIMPLE tenses.)

We thus get the following table of tenses for the verb "*to write*":

TABLE OF TENSES OF THE VERB "TO WRITE"
(Indicative Mood, Active Voice)

PRESENT: <i>I write.</i>	PRESENT PERFECT: <i>I have written.</i>
CONTINUOUS FORM: <i>I am writing.</i>	CONT. FORM: <i>I have been writing.</i>
PAST: <i>I wrote.</i>	PAST PERF.: <i>I had written.</i>
CONT. FORM: <i>I was writing.</i>	CONT. FORM: <i>I had been writing.</i>
FUTURE: <i>I shall write.</i>	FUTURE PERF.: <i>I shall have written.</i>
CONT. FORM: <i>I shall be writing.</i>	CONT. FORM: <i>I shall have been writing.</i>
FUTURE IN THE PAST: } <i>I should write.</i>	FUTURE PERF. IN THE PAST: } <i>I should have written.</i>
CONT. FORM: <i>I should be writing.</i>	CONT. FORM: <i>I should have been writing.</i>

THE ADJECTIVE: ITS INFLEXIONS

Adjectives are now only inflected for comparison.

COMPARISON OF ADJECTIVES

1. When an adjective is used in its simplest form and without any comparison being implied, the adjective is said to be of the **POSITIVE DEGREE**, as:

little, good, few, white, many.

2. When *two* things are compared, the adjective used is said to be of the **COMPARATIVE DEGREE**, as:

John is *taller* than I.

My horse is *larger* than his.

3. When *more than two* things are compared, the adjective used is said to be of the **SUPERLATIVE DEGREE**, as:

William is the *best* boy in the class.

FORMATION OF DEGREES OF COMPARISON

1. Add *er* to the Positive to form the Comparative, and *est* to form the Superlative.

2. If the adjective consists of more than one syllable, it is often compared by the use of *more* and *most*, as:

careful, *more* careful, *most* careful.

3. Some adjectives are compared irregularly:

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
<i>good</i>	<i>better</i>	<i>best</i>
<i>bad</i>	<i>worse</i>	<i>worst</i>
<i>hind</i>	<i>hinder</i>	<i>hindmost</i>
<i>much</i>	<i>more</i>	<i>most</i>
<i>many</i>	<i>more</i>	<i>most</i>
<i>little</i>	<i>less</i>	<i>least</i>

THE PRONOUN: ITS INFLEXIONS

The Personal Pronouns are inflected to show Gender, Number, Person, and Case.

TABLE SHOWING INFLEXION OF PERSONAL PRONOUNS

CASE	SINGULAR					PLURAL		
	1st Person	2nd Person	3rd Person Gender			1st Person	2nd Person	3rd Person
			M.	F.	N.			
Nom. . . .	I	thou	he	she	it	we	you	they
Obj. } (Acc.)	me	thee	him	her	it	us	you	them
Dat. }								
Poss. (Gen.)	my	thy	his	her	its	our	your	their
	or	or	or			or	or	or
	mine	thine		hers		ours	yours	theirs

The Relative Pronoun *who* is inflected to show Case:

Nom.	<i>who</i>
Obj. or Acc.	<i>whom</i>
Poss. or Gen.	<i>whose</i>

The Demonstrative Pronouns *this* and *that* are inflected to show Number:

Sing.	Plur.
<i>this</i>	<i>these</i>
<i>that</i>	<i>those</i>

THE ADVERB: ITS INFLEXION

COMPARISON OF ADVERBS.—Some adverbs have degrees of comparison.

There are two ways of comparing adverbs:

1. By the addition of *er* and *est*: *hard*, *harder*, *hardest*.

2. By the addition of *more* and *most*: *quickly*, *more quickly*, *most quickly*.

The following irregular forms call for attention:

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
<i>much</i>	<i>more</i>	<i>most</i>
<i>well</i>	<i>better</i>	<i>best</i>
<i>near</i>	<i>nearer</i>	<i>next (nearest)</i>
<i>fore</i>	<i>further</i>	<i>furthest</i>
<i>little</i>	<i>less</i>	<i>least</i>
<i>late</i>	<i>later (latter)</i>	<i>last (latest)</i>
<i>ill (badly)</i>	<i>worse</i>	<i>worst</i>

FORMS OF ADVERBS

3. Some adverbs are the same in form as the corresponding adjectives and prepositions:

He came *in* (adverb). He fell *in* the river (preposition).
He works *hard* (adverb). He has a *hard* task (adjective).

NOTE.—The same word may be used as a different part of speech, according to the work it performs at different times.

SYNTAX

Syntax means the correct arrangement of words in sentences. The rules of syntax deal with:

1. The *influence* that one word in a sentence has over another. (GOVERNMENT.)

Thus, a transitive verb and a preposition "*govern*" a noun or pronoun.

2. The *relation* that one word in a sentence has to another. (AGREEMENT or CONCORD.)

Thus, a verb *agrees* with its nominative in number and person.

3. The *order* of words in sentences. (ORDER.)

SYNTAX OF THE NOUN—NOMINATIVE CASE

A noun in the Nominative Case may be used:

1. As the *subject* of a sentence:

The *fire* burns brightly.

2. In *apposition* to a noun or pronoun in the Nominative Case:

William the *Conqueror* defeated Harold.

3. As the *complement* of an intransitive or passive verb of incomplete predication:

The king was a wise *man*.

Alfred was made *king*.

4. As a *nominative absolute* in conjunction with a participle:

The *weather* being wet, we stayed at home.

5. As *nominative of address* (Vocative Case):

Mary, go and call the cattle home.

POSSESSIVE OR GENITIVE CASE

A noun in the Possessive or Genitive Case is attached to another noun. It does not always denote actual possession. Sometimes it has the force of an adjective.

Singer's sewing machine; *Colman's* mustard; the *day's* work.

THE OBJECTIVE OR ACCUSATIVE CASE

A noun in the Objective or Accusative Case may be used:

1. AS the DIRECT OBJECT of a transitive verb:

He ate the *apple*.

2. IN APPPOSITION to a noun or pronoun in the objective case:

I saw John, the *coachman*.

3. AS the COMPLEMENT of a transitive verb of incomplete predication:

They elected him *king*.

4. AS ADVERBIAL ADJUNCTS denoting time, space, degree, or measure:

He lived a hundred *years*.

He swam a *mile*.

He weighs ten *stones*.

5. After a *Preposition*:

He came *into* the room.

DATIVE CASE

A noun in the Dative Case may be used as the INDIRECT OBJECT of a transitive verb:

The king gave the *slave* his freedom.

SYNTAX OF THE VERB

1. CONCORD.

A verb agrees with its subject in number and person.

2. GOVERNMENT.

The Direct Object, the Indirect Object and the Complement have already been dealt with.

3. SEQUENCE OF TENSES.

(a) When a verb in the main clause is in the *Present* or *Future* Tense, the verb in a subordinate clause may be in any tense:

Ex.—(1) I *shall* come, if I *am* able.

(2) I *feel* quite well now, so that I *shall* come.

(b) When a verb in the main clause is in the *Past Tense*, the verb in the subordinate clause must also be in the *Past*:

Ex.—I *started*, after I *had finished* my work.

SYNTAX OF THE ADJECTIVE

Adjectives are used to *qualify* or *limit* the meaning of nouns or pronouns.

Concord of Adjectives.—Except the two adjectives *this* and *that*, which have the plural forms *these* and *those*, all English adjectives have lost their inflexions. They cannot now, therefore, be said to *agree* with the nouns. It is better to say that they *limit* the meaning of nouns with which they are connected.

Distributive Adjectives.—The distributives *each*, *every*, *either*, *neither*, are singular and must be followed by singular verbs, nouns, and pronouns, as:

England expects *every* man to do *his* duty.

Each of the crew *was* a good sailor.

Either of the men *is* suitable.

Neither of the exercises *was* right.

Comparison of Adjectives.—The superlative should not be used when only two things are being compared, nor should the comparative be used when more than two things are in question.

Order.—The adjective generally precedes the

noun, but sometimes for the sake of emphasis it is placed after, as:

He was a man both *brave* and *true*.

SYNTAX OF THE PRONOUN

Concord.—Pronouns agree in Gender, Number, and Person with the nouns for which they stand.

SYNTAX OF THE ADVERB

Order or Position.—There is no fixed rule for the position of an adverb in a sentence. It can often be moved about.

Ex.—I arrived quickly. Quickly I arrived. I quickly arrived.

SYNTAX OF THE PREPOSITION

Order or Position and Government.—The usual place for a preposition is *before* the noun or pronoun which it *governs* in the objective case.

Ex.—He was born *in* the month of June.

I stood *near* him.

NOTE.—In relative and interrogative clauses, the preposition is sometimes placed at the end.

Ex.—(1) I saw the man whom you spoke *of*.

(2) What are you thinking *about*?

(3) I asked him whom he was looking *for*.

EXERCISES IN PARSING AND ANALYSIS

Analyse fully the following verses and parse the words in italics. (From this point draw the graph or diagram of every sentence you have to analyse.)

Sage beneath a spreading oak,
Sat the *Druid*, hoary *chief*,
Every burning word he *spoke*
Full of rage and full of *grief*.

"*Princess!* if our *aged eyes*
Weep upon thy matchless *wrongs*,
'*Tis because* resentment ties
All the terror of our tongues."

Name the kinds of sentences in the following verses, analyse them fully and parse the words in italics:

Such the *bard's* prophetic *words*,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet *but* awful *lyre*.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom *glow*;
Rushed to *battle*, fought, and died;
Dying, *hurled* them at the foe.

The stag at *eve* had drunk his *fill*,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill.

*But, swerving from the Knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunned the spear.*

*How sweet the looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!*

*I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.*

*My good sword carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.*

*They reel, they roll in changing lists;
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.*

Analyse the following sentences:

*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.*

*The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
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.*

*My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and grey;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
For every day.*

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever,
One grand sweet song.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did the sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WORDSWORTH.

Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money.

Earnestness in life, even when carried to an extreme, is something very noble and great.

When the summer's sun has sunk beneath the horizon, and coolness re-visits the scorched plant and soil, the grateful dew descends, and moistens alike the green leaf and the thirsty land.

Good deeds lie in the memory of age like coral islands, green and sunny, amidst the melancholy wastes of ocean.

APPENDIX II

THE USE OF PICTURES IN SCHOOL

ART is the handmaiden of Literature. Every school should have a number of good pictures on its walls and each class its portfolio of prints. If the pupils are allowed to take a prominent part in making this collection, much valuable material can be got together in a very short time and at little cost. A beginning may be made with the portraits of the great authors, and from time to time illustrations bearing on their work may be added.

For wall decoration there is nothing to surpass the *Detmold Nature Pictures*.¹ These wonderful studies from life, in colour, by the famous E. J. Detmold are absolutely unique in their truthfulness and beauty. Place his soaring "Sky-lark" on the wall of the dingiest room and at once the place is filled with song and sunshine. There are others equally charming and all teachers should know them.

The second-hand book-stall is the happy

¹ Published in sets of eight by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., Bedford Street, W.C.2.

hunting-ground of the print collector. Here one may buy for a very small sum:

1. A *Beauty Book* of the middle nineteenth century full of delightful steel engravings.

2. Old numbers of *The Art Journal*, *Illustrated London News*, *The Graphic*, *Good Words*, *Cornhill Magazine*, *Once a Week*, etc.

3. Illustrated catalogues of the pictures shown at the yearly exhibitions of the Royal Academy and other Art Societies.

In addition there are the catalogues of the great Art Galleries, many of them finely illustrated; current magazines and picture papers are also available.

The Picture Post-card is rapidly becoming more serviceable to the school. A representative collection of photographs of ancient buildings, of classic sculpture, of historic towns, places and persons can now easily be obtained. In this way a collection of prints may be formed which will prove invaluable to the teacher of Literature and its allied subjects. The pictures may be displayed in turn on the class notice-board. The pupils should be allowed to discuss them in class, and thus a real interest in Art will gradually be developed.

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