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MACMILLAN'S HIGH SCHOOL READER I

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

MACMILLAN'S
HIGH SCHOOL READER I

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
LONDON BOMBAY CALCUTTA · MADRAS
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO
DALLAS · SAN FRANCISCO

THE MACMILLAN CO OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

MACMILLAN'S
HIGH SCHOOL READER I

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MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1921

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN, OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH LIGHT INFANTRY, IN EAST AFRICA—CHAPTER I	1
THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG	4
THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN—CHAPTER II.	7
AN ELEPHANT SAVES THE FLAG	9
THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN—CHAPTER III.	11
THE FESTIVAL	14
THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN—CHAPTER IV.	17
A LEGEND OF THE WISE KING SOLOMON	21
THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN—CHAPTER V.	23
AN ORIENTAL LEGEND	26
THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN—CHAPTER VI.	29
A HARD BARGAIN	33
THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN—CHAPTER VII.	34
HARMOSAN	37
THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN—CHAPTER VIII.	39
THE WORM	43

PAGE

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST 44

MAHMOUD 47

A PERSIAN STORY 49

SOLOMON AND THE BEES 52

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND—PART I. 54

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT . . . 59

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND—PART II. . . . 60

A LEGEND 63

THE STORY OF ABOU KASSIM'S OLD SLIPPERS—CHAPTER I. 65

THE PLATE OF GOLD 69

THE STORY OF ABOU KASSIM'S OLD SLIPPERS—CHAPTER II. 71

THE CHILD AND THE SNAKE 73

A SPEECH BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES—I. 75

THE POND 79

A SPEECH BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES—II. 81

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH 87

A SPEECH BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES—III. 89

DARA 93

THE THREE WISHES 95

JOHN MAYNARD 98

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR—I. 100

PAGE

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS 105

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR—II. 107

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET 111

AVIATION 112

LOSS OF THE *BIRKENHEAD* 118

AN OLD SCOTTISH STORY—I. 119

THE SEVEN FIDDLERS 124

AN OLD SCOTTISH STORY—II. 125

RAIN IN SUMMER 129

THE STONE IN THE ROAD 132

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES 135

THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY 137

THE HONEST MAN 139

A GOOD JUDGEMENT 141

CONTENTMENT 144

THE BOASTING BANIA 145

SOLITUDE 149

THE BLIND HORSE 150

HAROUN AL RASCHID 154

SAVING TROUBLE 155

THE ARROW AND THE SONG 158

UNION IS STRENGTH 158

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL 161

FOR ONE RUPEE 164

PAGE

THE DAY IS DONE 168

CATCHING A THIEF 169

PASSING PLEASURES 174

THE SILVER KEY 174

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION 178

THE FAMOUS DOCTORS 179

CANUTE AND THE TIDE 183

THEIR MOST VALUABLE PROPERTY 185

MACMILLAN'S HIGH SCHOOL READER I

By P. C. WREN, M.A. (Oxon.)
Late Indian Educational Service.

THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN, OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH LIGHT INFANTRY, IN EAST AFRICA

Chapter I

The Adjutant-Sahib always liked me. I was his Orderly and I made it my work to please him in all things. I liked him too, for he was a man—just, clever, strong, and brave. No one could trick him with a made-up story nor throw dust in his eyes when he set himself to find out the truth of any matter.

And so it was with sorrow that I parted from him to go across the Black Water and fight the enemies of the King-Emperor in Africa, the country of the *hubshis*.

It came about like this. I sat, one day in December 1914, on the steps behind the Adjutant-Sahib's office, which is in the Officers' Mess Bungalow, and waited lest the Adjutant-Sahib should want me. There I talked with some white-clad recruits, waiting on messenger-duty, and gave them my views on the War, as well as much wisdom and useful information, for I wear two medals and served in Somaliland, which is also in Africa. And I remember

that one of the recruits, being young, loose-tongued, and a fool, said that he had heard that our Sepoys were being beaten by the *hubshi* troops, the *askaris*, of the Germans in East Africa. At which I told him that I, Fatteh Khan, would beat *him*, and soundly, if ever I heard him playing the part of a son of lies and a father of lies again.

When the Adjutant-Sahib called to me and bade me follow him to his bungalow, with certain papers, he said, "Well, Fatteh Khan, would you like to earn another medal?" To which I replied,

"Sahib, if this Great War ends without my getting my third medal, I, too, shall end. I shall die of grief and shame, or I shall kill myself."

And then the Adjutant-Sahib told me how the Colonel-Sahib had received orders from the Sirkar to send a double-company from the Hundredth Light Infantry to join our link-battalion in East Africa, where many men had died in battle and of sickness. Further, he said that I was to go with them because I had been to Africa before, and could tell many useful things to those of my comrades who had not been out of India. Then my heart was full of joy, so that it sang within me, for I love to go on active service, to get more pay, to win a medal, to live more cheaply, to see new places, to have a chance of getting a decoration and promotion, and to fight against the enemies of India and the King-Emperor. Nevertheless I was very sorry when the Adjutant-Sahib said that he was not going with the draft, and I hoped that he would come later, for he was my Sahib and liked me.

Two days later we marched to the railway station, a hundred and fifty strong. Lieutenant Morleigh Sahib was in command, and with him marched Jemadar Ali Khan, who comes from the same part of the Punjab that I do. The Colonel-Sahib and all the Officer-Sahibs and the whole

pultan turned out to see us march off, and the band played us to the station.

All day and all night the train rushed across India and, in the morning, reached Bombay and the Black Water. Few of our men had seen the Black Water, and when they beheld it they cried, "*Wah! Wah! Wonderful are the works of Allah!*" and were afraid.

From the Victoria Terminus we marched to the docks, and *byle-gharris* brought our kits and bedding after us.

When we reached the wharf and halted beneath a great iron shed, we saw the ship in which we were to cross the water, and it was a great one. Those of my comrades who had seen no ship bigger than the little sailing-boats that go up and down the Five Rivers and the Indus, could not believe their eyes, nor believe that it really was a ship and could go out of the closed-in stone dock and cross the sea.

"It has no sails," said one.

"It is a floating town," said another; and a Pathan from beyond the Khyber said it was a mighty *buggalow*.

Morleigh Sahib thought he said *bungalow* and laughed. "Nay, Ilderim Dost Mahomed," said he, "it is not a bungalow but an āg-boat, a fire-boat that can go without sails and against the strongest wind."

Soon we filed on board this great ship and found that it was like a big house, full of rooms, passages, and staircases. Having put our rifles in an armoury we filed ashore again and got out kits and bedding from the pile where the *byle-gharris* had unloaded, and again went up the gangway on to the ship. This time Morleigh Sahib led us down ladders to a large low room that was as wide as the ship, and had little round windows along the sides. Here we spread our sleeping-carpets and hung our bandoliers and belts, haversacks and water-bottles, and other kit, on pegs.

It was very crowded down in this place, and very hot. Also the Jemadar Sahib showed us our water-taps and cooking place, and forbade us to go off the ship or anywhere save up to the deck above our new living-place.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chesnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold, and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Kurdistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men-at-arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day;
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot,
Reyhan the Arab, of Orfah,
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
"La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O, life of mine,
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er silt and sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Kurdistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurroglou!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN

Chapter II

As soon as I had got my place and hung up my kit, I went and drank water, and then made my way up to the deck to smoke a *bidi* and look about me at this strange place they called "the docks."

While I was sitting on the roof of a kind of little house built over the great opening in the deck, I saw the Adjutant-Sahib go up the gangway and then up a ladder to a higher deck where Officer-Sahibs live. I was very surprised and also very glad to see him again, and I went and sat at the bottom of the ladder so that I might salaam to him and say farewell again, when he came down.

Not long afterwards, he came to the top of the ladder and said:

"O Fatteh Khan!" and I looked up. "I was just going to send for you," said he. "Come here." When I reached the Officer-Sahib's deck, he led the way to where Morleigh Sahib was sitting and spoke to him in English. Then he said to me:

"I have told the Sahib that you are a good Orderly, Fatteh Khan, and an honest man who can be trusted. He is going to try you as his Orderly. See to it that I am not brought to shame."

I said that he was my father and my mother, the Protector of the Poor, and that the Huzoor's favour was as the breath of my body. I was very glad, for there is honour and *paisa* in being an Officer-Sahib's Orderly, and there are fewer parades also. Nor is it an evil thing that a Sahib should know the merit and virtue of a good Sepoy. Also one has news before it reaches the bazaar, and one can either

sit silent and despise the babble of fools, or, if the matter be not secret, one can rise up to put them to shame by telling the real truth of the matter. Nor are the Jemadar-Sahib and the Subedar-Sahib any less kind to a good Sepoy because he is the Lieutenant-Sahib's, or the Captain-Sahib's,

"HE SHOOK MY HAND AS THE SAHIBS DO WITH THEIR FRIENDS."

Orderly. Sometimes, too, there is a chance of earning fame and honour by being taken on some dangerous mission by the Sahib, because he knows that his Orderly is a man whom he can trust, a man true to salt, who will never desert him in the face of death and the hour of need. . . .

So I was glad and there was song in the heart of Sepoy Fatteh Khan of the Hundredth Light Infantry of the Army of the King-Emperor.

When the Adjutant-Sahib left the ship that night, I stood at the gangway that I might look upon his face once again and say farewell to him once more. He was very kind, and he shook my hand as the Sahibs do with their friends, and I was very proud.

I liked Morleigh Sahib well, but he was not my real Sahib, for I had been Orderly to the Adjutant-Sahib for many years, and had been his *shikari* too, in distant places such as Kashmir, where we shot a bear, and in Nepaul where we shot a tiger. I had also been with him on the Frontier and in Somaliland. When I thought of these things my heart ceased to sing and I wished to die, or to return with him to the *pultan*. Then I thought of winning another medal and having yet more honour in my village when I retire and become a pensioner.

AN ELEPHANT SAVES THE FLAG

LONG, long ago, on India's plains,
  There raged a battle fierce and strong;
The din of musketry was heard,
  And cannon's roar was loud and long.
Old Hero marched with stately tread
  His part to act in the affray;
And on his back above all heads
  The royal ensign waved that day.

Fondly the soldiers viewed their flag.
  Which shook its colours to the air,

Proudly the driver rode, and sent
His watchful gaze now here, now there,
Till " Halt ! " he cried ; and Hero heard,
And instantly the word obeyed,
When, lo ! a flash, a shriek, and then
His driver with the slain was laid.

Oh, fierce and hot the conflict grew :
Yet patiently old Hero stood
Amidst it all, the while his feet
Were stained, alas ! with human blood.
His ears were strained, to catch the voice
Which only could his steps command,
Nor would he turn when men grew weak,
And panic spread on either hand.

But yet the standard waved aloft ;
The fleeing soldiers saw it. " Lo !
We are not conquered yet," they cried,
And rallying closed upon the foe.
Then turned the side of conquest, and
The royal ensign waved at last
Victorious o'er the blood-stained field,
Just as the weary day was past.

Yet waited Hero for the word
Of him whose sole command he knew—
Waited, nor moved one ponderous foot,
To his own captain's orders true.
Three lonely nights, three lonely days,
Poor Hero " halted." Bribe nor threat
Could stir him from the spot. And on
His back he bore the standard yet.

Then thought the soldiers of a child
Who lived one hundred miles away.
" The driver's son ! fetch him ! " they cried :
" His voice the creature will obey."
He came, the little orphaned lad,
Scarce nine years old. But Hero knew
That many a time the master's son
Had been the " little driver " too.

Obediently the brave old head
Was bowed before the child, and then,
With one long wistful glance around,
Old Hero's march began again.
Onward he went, the trappings hung
All stained and tattered at his side,
And no one saw the cruel wound
On which the blood was scarcely dried.

But when at last the tents were reached,
The suffering Hero raised his head,
And trumpeting his mortal pain,
Looked for the master who was dead ;
And then about his master's son
His trunk old Hero feebly wound,
And ere another day had passed,
A soldier's honoured grave had found.

MARY D. BRINE.

THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN

CHAPTER III

FOR ten long days we were on that ship, seeing no land from the day we left India to the day we reached Africa.

Truly the Black Water is of wonderful extent as I myself know—and Morleigh Sahib told me that the distance we had come was as nothing, and that some ships make journeys three and four times as long as this one.

What I cannot tell you, because I do not understand it myself, is how the Sahib who was in charge of the ship could find his way straight across the sea, from one spot to another, when there was nothing to see but sky and water. I can understand that he could sail straight on towards the setting sun until at last he reached the land,

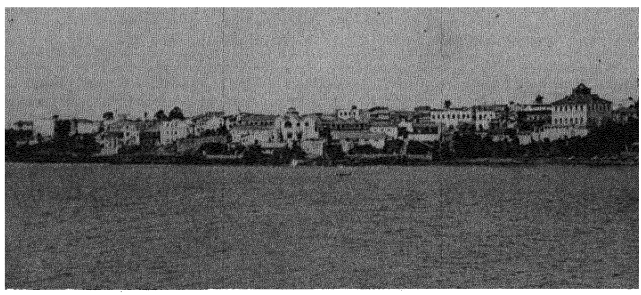


Photo E. N. A.

MOMBASA FROM THE ROADS.

but I do not see how he could go, straight as a bullet, to one tiny harbour in thousands of miles of coast. But it was so; and, on the tenth day, we sailed into a deep and narrow strait which separates the island of Mombasa from the mainland of Africa, and we anchored in front of a place called Kilindini which is near to where a great bridge carries the railroad over the water from Mombasa (whence it runs to a country called Uganda in the middle of Africa hundreds of miles away).

When I looked back upon this voyage, so happily finished (by the mercy of Allah the Compassionate), I found little to remember. The food had been good, and

there had been no *dik* or worry, except that we had all had to run round the decks for half-an-hour every morning and do physical-exercise drill. The Sahibs make us do these things because they think they are good for us.

When running round the other decks I saw many Gurkhas, Sikhs, and down-country Sepoys from Madras, drafts of Imperial Service Troops and Indian Army troops, going to their battalions in Africa. On the highest deck of all there were also some European soldiers. The Gurkhas liked these European soldiers very much. I spoke a little with one Gurkha, because we both could talk Hindustani—although he did not know Punjabi nor I his language. He had been to Delhi and I had been to Nepaul. He was a very good man although of a strange religion.

Everybody was very glad indeed to see the shores of Africa, and many were surprised to find that the place looked like India, the palm-trees being exactly the same as those of our Motherland, and growing right down to the water's edge. We longed to go ashore and eat the air, spend money, look at the strange bazaars, and see new things, but no one except the senior Colonel-Sahib and the ship's Captain left the ship that day, though many officers of the Navy and the Army Medical Service and the Transport Service came out in tiny steam-boats and bunder-boats from the stone pier at Kilindini.

Next day we all went ashore in big barges, and different drafts went to different places, some going by train, some by boat, and some remaining in a big camp at Kilindini.

Our draft of one hundred and fifty men of the Hundredth Light Infantry was taken ashore by Morleigh Sahib in one of the big barges. We landed at the stone pier of the *bunder* and formed up in a *maidan* surrounded by great

go-downs and railway sheds. It was terribly hot, much hotter than in the Punjab, and nobody was happy, but I followed my Sahib about and looked like a man who was quite used to these things. Had I not been in Africa before? When any man said to me, "This is an evil place. The air and water are not good," I laughed at him and said, "Wait until you get into the desert!" for I then thought that this place was like Somaliland when you got beyond the belt of palm-trees that fringed the shore. I was wrong, however, for in the part to which we went we suffered rather from too much water than from too little. The fact is that Africa is as big a country as India and that it contains as many different kinds of smaller countries, desert and swamp, jungle and stony, cultivated and wild, mountain and plain. . . .

THE FESTIVAL

FIVE hundred princely guests before
Haroun Al Raschid sate:
Five hundred princely guests or more
Admired his royal state:

For never had that glory been
So royally displayed,
Nor ever such a gorgeous scene
Had eye of man surveyed.

He, most times meek of heart, yet now
Of spirit too elate,
Exclaimed, "Before me Cæsars bow,
On me two empires wait.

" Yet all our glories something lack,
We do our triumphs wrong,
Until to us reflected back
In mirrors clear of song.

" Call him, then, unto whom this power
Is given, this skill sublime—
Now win from us some splendid dower
With song that fits the time."

" My king, as I behold thee now,
May I behold thee still,
While prostrate worlds before thee bow,
And wait upon thy will!

" May evermore this clear, pure heaven,
Whence every speck and stain
Of trouble far away is driven,
Above thy head remain!"

The Caliph cried: " Thou wishest well;
There waits thee golden store
For this—but, oh! resume the spell,
I fain would listen more."

" Drink thou life's sweetest goblet up,
O King, and may its wine,
For others' lips a mingled cup,
Be all unmixed for thine.

" Live long—the shadow of no grief
Come ever near to thee:
As thou in height of place art chief,
So chief in gladness be."

Haroun Al Raschid cried again :
" I thank thee ! but proceed—
And now take up a higher strain,
And win a higher meed."

Around that high magnific hall
One glance the poet threw
On courtiers, king and festival,
And did the strain renew :—

" And yet, and yet—shalt thou at last
Lie stretched on bed of death ;
Then, when thou drawest thick and fast
With sobs thy painful breath,

" When Azrael glides through guarded gate,
Through hosts that camp around
Their lord in vain, and will not wait ;
When thou art sadly bound.

" Unto thine house of dust alone ;
O King, when thou must die—
This pomp a shadow thou must own,
This glory all a lie."

Then darkness on all faces hung,
And through the banquet went
Low sounds the murmuring guests among
Of angry discontent.

And him anon they fiercely urge :
" What guerdon shall be thine ?
What does it, this untimely dirge,
'Mid feasts and flowers and wine ?

" Our lord demanded, in his mirth,
A strain to heighten glee ;
But, lo ! at thine his tears come forth
In current swift and free."

" Peace ! not to him rebukes belong,
But rather, higher grace ;
He gave me what I asked—a song
To fit the time and place."

All voices at that voice were stilled ;
Again the Caliph cried :
" He saw our mouths with laughter filled,
He saw us drunk with pride,

" And bade us know that every road,
By monarch trod or slave,
Thick set with thorns, and roses strewed,
Must issue in the grave."

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN

CHAPTER IV

WHILE we waited in this terribly hot place, Morleigh Sahib talked with the Military Landing Officer and learnt that we were to go to the camp as soon as carts came for our baggage and ammunition. After a time these arrived and we marched out from the docks and railway-yard on to a very white road. At the gates of the docks was a guard of men of the King's African Rifles. These are *hubshis*, black men, negroes, but Mussulmans and very good fighters.

They are tall and very strong, march and drill well, and are very brave. Also they understand jungle-fighting better than Sepoys, who are trained to fight on open *maidans*. These negro soldiers are called *askaris*, and wear *khaki* uniform, and a *tarboosh* (or fez) cap instead of a *puggri*. Their officers are Sahibs like our own.

The march to camp was terribly hot, and we were very

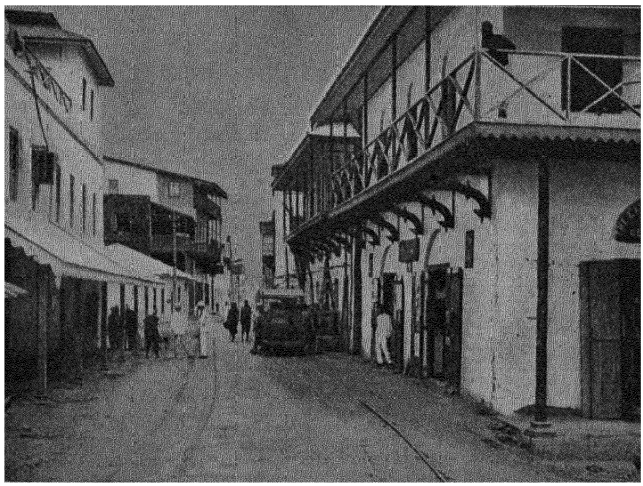


Photo E.N.A.

THE MAIN STREET, MOMBASA.

thirsty and weary before we reached the place where many tents were pitched beneath palm-trees on the *maidan* behind Kilindini. We got water from a great railway-tank beside the line that runs from Mombasa to Uganda, and, before long, our rice was being cooked. While others were unloading the carts and doing other fatigue duties, I went to the tent of Morleigh Sahib and unpacked his kit, set up his folding camp-bed, bath, and washing-stand, prepared his lamp and brought him water. I then spread

my bed in the shadow of his tent, and sat down there to polish his belts, as he had no servant. I had a good chance to make myself useful to him, and to make him glad that he had so good an Orderly as Fatteh Khan of the Hundredth Light Infantry.

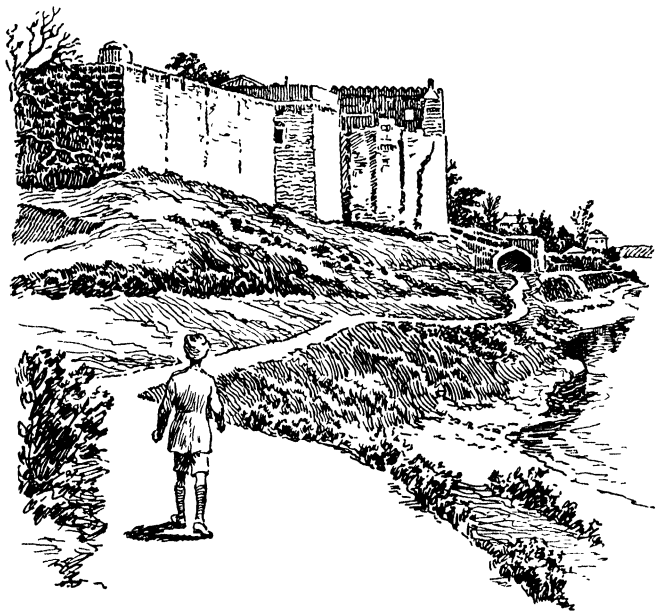
For two days we stayed in this camp, and were glad that we were not shut up in the ship. It was good to be able to walk about again upon dry land, to be able to go to the bazaar and the mosque, and to feel safe from the perils and dangers of the Black Water (thanks to Allah the Merciful, the Compassionate).

On the second day I went to the town of Mombasa, taking a chit from Morleigh Sahib to the Club there. All along the white road, which is four miles long, runs a narrow tramway, and along it a curious kind of four-wheeled *ghari* is pushed by negroes. On this *ghari*, or trolley, two people can sit in comfort on a seat beneath a little roof or sunshade. The negroes run fast as they push these trolleys along level parts of the road, and jump on to them at the back, as they rush down hill. All the Sahibs use these trolleys instead of carriages such as we have in India. This is because there is not a single horse in that part of Africa. If a horse is taken there it is soon stung by a poisonous fly, called the *tse-tse* fly, and dies. The fly gives it a fatal disease in the same way that the mosquito gives a man malaria or the rat-flea gives him plague.

It was very strange to me to see men doing the work of horses, but they seemed quite happy, and I think they got plenty of money.

After walking for more than an hour, I came to the town of Mombasa, and found it to be very like an Indian town, with bungalows and gardens in the cantonment quarter, and shops, bazaars and narrow streets in the native quarter. Besides negroes, I saw many Goanese

and a few Indians, most of whom seemed to be *bunnias*, *borahs*, *seths*, and shopkeepers. I also saw a Punjabi like myself, near the mosque, and, on speaking to him, found that he had worked on the Uganda Railway and was now a pension-wallah. We spoke much of Delhi, and he said he must walk down the Chandni Chauk again



"I SAW A GREAT FORT, VERY HIGH AND STRONG."

before he died. He was a good man, and I found I had been talking to him—as we sat beneath a palm and smoked *bidis*—for about three hours.

Near the Sahib's Club I saw a great fort, very high and strong, and learned that it is built of coral. This is a wonderful thing, for a lump of coral is made of millions

of lakhs of tiny sea-insects, and is only to be got from the sea. The Punjabi pensioner said the fort was now used as a prison, and that a friend of his, a Pathan railway-labourer, was in gaol there (having had the misfortune to kill a man whom he did not like). He also said that it was built by the Portuguese, who came to these parts long ago (as they did to Goa, and built their churches and barracks and forts). I would rather be inside that fort defending it against an enemy, than outside it, trying to capture it by storm.

A LEGEND OF THE WISE KING SOLOMON

OUT from Jerusalem
The King rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of State,
And Sheba's queen with them.

Proud in the Syrian sun,
In gold and purple sheen,
The dusky Ethiop Queen
Smiled on King Solomon.

Wisest of men, he knew
The languages of all
The creatures great or small
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led
The King's path, and he heard
Its small folk, and their word
He thus interpreted:

" Here comes the King men greet
As wise and good and just,
To crush us in the dust
Under his heedless feet."

The great King bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes,
As he told her what they said.

" Oh King ! " she whispered sweet,
" Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet !

" Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down ? "

" Nay," Solomon replied,
" The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak " ;
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

The jewelled head bent low ;
" Oh King ! " she said, " henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

" Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great."

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN

CHAPTER V

WHEN I got back from that walk, I found that there was great activity in the camp. Kits were being packed, carts loaded, rations prepared, and everything being done for the company to leave in haste. As I went to Morleigh Sahib's tent, our Havildar, Dost Mahommed, who comes from my village and is my friend, told me that an Orderly had just brought a chit from the Staff Office at Kilindini to Morleigh Sahib, and that the Sahib had seemed very pleased, and had straightway given the order to make ready to strike camp and march down to the *bunder* to go on board a ship again. The Havildar had also heard the Jemadar say that there was a battle, two days' journey down the coast, and that we were to go at once to the support of our Sepoys there.

When Morleigh Sahib saw me, he bade me hurry to his tent and pack everything, and to see with my own eyes that all his kit went safely on to the ship.

" If anything is lost I will have you drowned first and hanged afterwards and then buried alive, Fatteh Khan," he said and laughed, and I knew that he was very pleased.

Two hours later we were marching back to the *bunder* at Kilindini, and, after a short wait there, we went out in a great barge to another ship. At once we had to form into

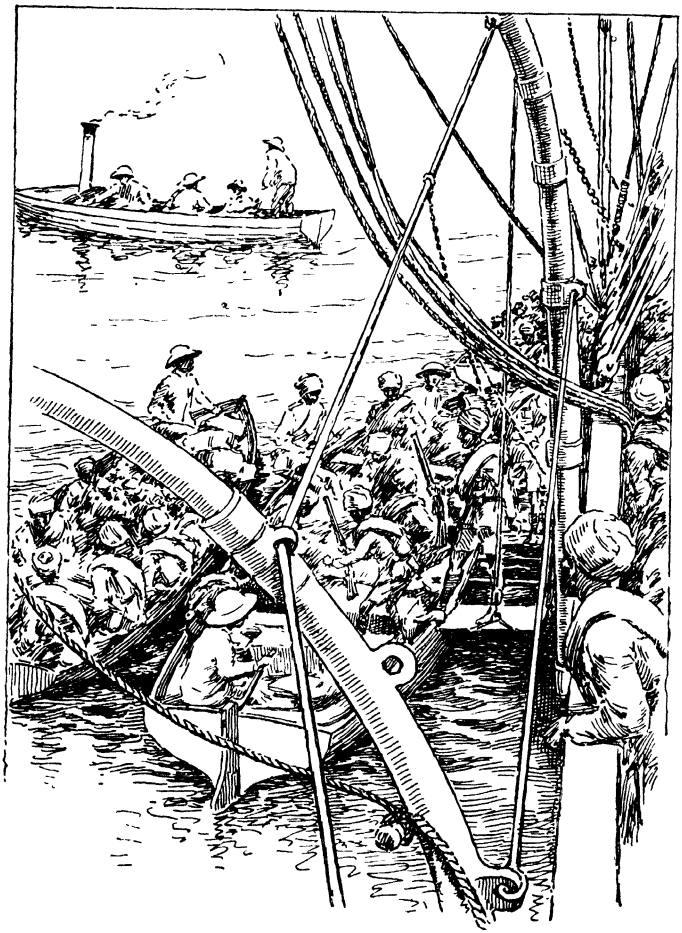
fatigue-parties and load great quantities of bales, bags, and boxes on to the ship—enough food and ammunition to feed a whole army, I thought. It was terribly hard work owing to the great heat. I know it was, by the way the men sweated and panted for breath. But I kept watch over the Sahib's kit, which is much pleasanter work than carrying heavy boxes. There were drafts from other regiments upon the ship, and soon Morleigh Sahib had a kind of competition between Gurkhas, Sikhs, Pathans, and Punjabis, to see who could work quickest. I lay down on the deck beside the Sahib's kit (as he did not give me orders for it to be taken to a cabin), and when I woke it was daylight, and the work of loading was still going on. The Sahib had been up all night, seeing that the fatigue parties worked their hardest during their two-hour turns of duty.

In the morning the ship sailed, and Morleigh Sahib went to bed in a cabin. This was a short voyage, down the coast of Africa, and within two days the ship anchored about a mile from a low flat shore, very green, with many palm-trees. Far, far away inland, were high mountains.

From the shore a bunder-boat came out to our ship. In it were a Sahib and some negro boatmen.

Not long afterwards, Morleigh Sahib issued orders to all Jemadars and Subedars in charge of drafts, to have their men ready to land in three hours' time. Every man was to have two days' cooked rations, and one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition. Again I packed all the Sahib's kit and got it up on deck.

Several boats were lowered from the ship into the water, as well as a launch, a kind of motor-boat driven by an engine that burnt petrol like a motor-car. This was to tow all the other boats to the shore when they were full of men, ammunition-boxes, and kit.



GETTING READY TO GO ASHORE.

In good time all the men were ready, and drawn up in ranks, each man with his bundle of kit and bedding. Every one looked very hot and uncomfortable, with big packs, haversacks, bandoliers, water-bottles, and pouches, as well as rifle, bayonet, and entrenching-tool. Not only was the heat greater than that of India, but the air was so moist and damp that one seemed to be breathing steam rather than air, and it was impossible to get enough into one's lungs. I felt as though my belts and straps would choke me or cause my heart to stop beating, and yet dry heat does not trouble me at all.

When all the little boats were full, and joined together by ropes, in a very long line, the motor-boat towed them toward the shore, going much more quickly than we could have done by rowing or sailing. As we approached the shore I wondered if the enemy might suddenly open fire upon us with rifles and machine-guns from the dense and silent bush. We should have been a splendid target, packed so closely together, and we should have been quite unable to see the men who were shooting us down at short range. As we went up a long narrow creek, we were not more than fifty yards from the shore on either side. It was impossible to tell where the water ended and the land began, as a very thick growth of mangrove bushes grew up out of the water.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND

A KING, grown old in glory and renown,
With wisdom wished his happy reign to crown.
Feeling the years turn white upon his head,
He thought upon his end, and thus he said:

" Three sons I have, strong types of sturdy youth,
Bred in all honour, manliness, and truth;
Honest and brave are they, I know it well;
But traits there are in all that none may tell.
I'll test them, therefore; for I fain would know
Which one shall rule the best when I must go."

Thereon he sent a slave to call his sons
Into his presence. Strong and manly ones
They surely were, to glad a father's sight,
And mind him of his spring-time's manly might.
To whom the king: " My sons, the time draws near
When I, your sire, shall be no longer here,
And I would know which of you I may trust
To wield the sceptre when my hands are dust;
And to that end I make you this request,
Which of my three sons loves his father best? "

Then spake the eldest: " Sire, my love for thee
Is deeper, broader, greater than the sea,
Vast as it is, that wets thy kingdom's shore.
Such is my love for thee, my sire, and more."
The second then: " My father and my king,
There is not any yet created thing
In the whole universe, below, above,
To mark the scope and measure of my love."
The youngest simply said: " I cannot tell
Thee more than this, I love my father well."

The king dismissed them with a tender word,
And sat and pondered well what he had heard;
Then called his minister, and to him spake:
" My lord, a pilgrimage I fain would make
To far-famed Mecca, that I may atone

For sins unpardoned ; I will go alone,
Barefooted and bareheaded ; and if I
By Allah shall be called upon to die
While on this pilgrimage, 'tis my command
That my three sons together rule the land."

A year went by, and yellow were the leaves,
The ripened grain was gathered into sheaves,
And all made ready for the harvest sport,
When through the kingdom—city, camp, and court,
Seaport and hamlet—the sad news was sped,
That the wise ruler and just king was dead.
Loved as a monarch tender, brave, and true,
His people mourned him deeply as his due.
His sons were told the words the king had said,
And reigned together in their father's stead.

The calendar had marked another year,
And on the drooping stalk the full-grown ear
Through golden husk and silken tassel showed,
When wearily along the dusty road
A beggar slowly moved towards the town.
Outside the open gate he sat him down
And rested. Suddenly his thoughts were bent
Upon a man near by, with garments rent,
Who sighed, and wept, and beat upon his breast,
And ever made this moan, " I loved him best."

" Friend," said the beggar, " tell, if I may know,
What is the cause and secret of thy woe,
Allah hath certain cure for every ill ;
Thine may he soften ! " For a moment still
The other sat ; then, with fresh tears, he said :
" Great is my loss. I mourn the king that's dead.

" Ah ! never more shall men see such a one.
He was my father, I his eldest son."
And then he beat once more upon his breast,
And rent his clothes, and cried, " I loved him best."

The beggar sighed. " Such love must Allah prize.
Thy brothers ? mourn they also in this wise ? "
" Not so," the mourner said. " The next in age
His grief with other thoughts did soon assuage ;
With horse and hounds his hours are spent in sport,
To the great shame and sorrow of the court.
The youngest bears the pains and cares of state ;
Works out our father's plans ; to low and great,
Meteth out justice with impartial hand,
And is beloved and honoured in the land."

The beggar left the son on grief intent,
And straightway to the court his footsteps bent ;
Cast off his beggar's clothes before the throne,
And, clad in purple, proudly claimed his own ;
Cried, in a voice that made the arches ring,
" Hear ye, my people ! As I am your king,
My power, my crown, my sceptre, and my throne
Go to my youngest son, and him alone !—
Son of my heart, I fold thee to my breast ;
Who doth his father's work loves him the best."

THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN

Chapter VI

I looked at Morleigh Sahib, close to whom I was sitting in the leading boat, and as he seemed quite calm and happy,

I felt that there was no danger of our all being shot or drowned, without a chance to fire a shot in return.

Before long, we came to a place where we could see a low white building, and a landing-place where the mangrove bushes had been cut away. There I was glad to see a picket of Sepoys.

The launch now cast off the tow-rope, and our boats were steered to the landing-place, where they stuck in the mud, and everybody had to step over the side into a foot of water. In a short time we were all ashore, and the different drafts were formed up in line by their Jemadars or Subedars, while the launch went back to the ship, with our empty boats, to fetch the food and ammunition.

As soon as I had seen that Morleigh Sahib's kit was safe in a dry place, I took a good look round.

We were on the edge of very very dense jungle, through which ran a narrow path from the sea toward the distant mountains. On the edge of the jungle were the blackened remains of a little native village that had been burnt. The white building had been shelled and was badly damaged. I think it had been a kind of customs post and police *thana* or something of that sort. I heard afterwards that the place was a village on the border-line between German East Africa and British Africa, and that, as soon as war broke out, the Germans came with their negro troops (*askaris*), burnt the village, killed all the inhabitants, and destroyed everything that was in the customs go-downs.

I wondered how war could be carried on in jungle so dense as that which surrounded the muddy beach where we had landed, as it was clear that troops could only move through it, in single file, along the path. It would be impossible to leave the path except by cutting a way with an axe—felling trees, burning thorn bushes, and hacking

through great hanging creepers that joined tree to tree like ropes. Tree almost touched tree, and between the great trees were big shrubs and bushes, young trees and high grass. It was like a great green wall on each side of the path. But where we were waiting was a big open space of mud and sand with a few mangrove bushes.

One of the Sepoys of the picket, a Jat, told me that our Brigade was two or three miles away, that there had been fighting with a much bigger German force, that the air and water of this place were bad, and that there was much fever among our men. He was young and foolish, and I told him that war was not a feast-day *tamasha*, and that those who wished to live as comfortably as a beggar at a mosque door should not become soldiers.

"Here come the *hubshi* coolies," said he in the middle of my rebuke, and, looking down the path, I saw a very long line of tall, naked negroes coming towards us, led by a Sahib. There must have been more than a battalion of them, and their work was to carry things for the army. They are very useful people in a country where there are no bullock-carts (because bullocks, like horses, are quickly killed by the *tse-tse* fly).

The officer in charge of these porters talked for a while with Morleigh Sahib, and then we marched off down the path, and in less than an hour came to a big camp.

It was not like the camps we have in India, with straight rows of white tents, paths marked out with whitewashed stones, plants and flowers round the officers' mess, and everything neat and tidy. There were a few tents, but more huts of grass, leaves and branches, and there were trenches on all four sides. The place was a kind of small muddy *maidan*, where few trees grew, and all round it, in every direction, stretched the thick bush, through which a few paths ran.

It was a bad place with a bad smell of death and decay, and I could feel that there was ague and fever in the air, and the Great Sickness in the water. But I am an old soldier—and what is written on a man's forehead is written. So I sang the song, "A rose blooms in my heart," as I unpacked the Sahib's kit, and made ready his bed and bath.

When I had finished my work I went to the lines of the battalion that our draft had come to join, and there I met some friends, chief of whom was Naik Salah-ud-din

"I UNPACKED THE SAHIB'S KIT, AND MADE READY HIS BED AND BATH."

Ibrahim (who also had served in Somaliland), the husband of my father's first wife's niece. He and I sat and talked of our campaigns, and spoke much of this Africa in a way that filled the hearts of the young men, who listened, with envy and admiration. When one said, "This is a bad place," I replied, "Aye—a bad place for weaklings, youths, or old ladies," and Naik Salah-ud-din Ibrahim laughed and said, "This is a garden of Paradise beside some of the places that Fatteh Khan and I have served in." So we talked for a long time.

A HARD BARGAIN

ABDUL KAREEM, the Fadêli Sheikh,
Brought to the Pasha a clean-bred mare,
All radiant bay with a snow-white flake ;
Never a drop but of pure blood there ;
" See her fearless step and her broad eyes gleam,
She's a steed for the Kaliph," said Abdul Kareem.

Long was the chaffering, loud the discourse,
To settle her price was a day's hard work ;
But the man of the desert could stay like his horse,
And he wearied the soul of the Stamboul Turk ;
Who sent for his treasurer, counted the gold—
" Two thousand, I have her, the mare is sold ;

" But the sum is extortionate, double your due ;
I am cheated and robbed by a Bedouin thief ;
Should a Mussulman trade like a miserly Jew ?
Should gold be the god of an Arab chief ?
You can take off your booty, my cash with my curse " ;
The Arab said nought, as he tied up the purse,

But—" One last farewell to the beast I've bred,
To the pride of my house, ere I leave her there " ;
So he kissed the star on her stately head—
Then he leapt on the back of the bright bay m
He shot through the gateway, and rode down t
The Pasha sprang up at the clatter of fee

Two score troopers in harness stood ;
" Mount," cried the Pasha, " and
Bring me the mare back, take his
The money is yours if the m

Down the steep stony causeway they closed on him fast,
But he gained the town gate and the desert at last.

Mile after mile he canters in front;
They may gallop in vain, though he's always near;
Is he riding a race, is he leading a hunt?
Ten lances' length between dogs and deer—
Till he touched the mare's quarter, and lowering his hand
Sailed far out of sight o'er the level sand.

Sadly the Pasha rose next day;
Who is it calls from the court without?
'Tis the Arab chief on his clean-bred bay
With her calm wide eye and her unstained coat;
And he said, as he lighted and loosened her girth,
"O Pasha, the gold, is it double her worth?

"She has shown you her paces and proved her blood;
You have lamed ten horses her mettle to try;
You have sworn more oaths than a Mussulman should;
Will you choose now your cash, or the beast to buy,
Or one more heat o'er the desert course?"
"Begone," said the Pasha, "and leave me the horse."

THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN

Chapter VII

It next morning from Morleigh Sahib to the
port Officer, I took a good look at the
two battalions of Sepoys, living in
several men in each; a mountain-
battalion of King's African Rifles

(all very big strong negroes), and some European soldiers of the Supply and Transport Corps, signallers and others. I thought there were about 2000 men there altogether, and I hoped the enemy would attack the camp. As the Germans' *askaris* were good men it would be a fine fight, for we were good men too, Punjabis, Gurkhas, Sikhs, Pathans, and Marathas—for, although they are not Mussulmans, Gurkhas and Sikhs are fine fighters and brave men—and so are the Marathas. (Indeed, I have heard that in the days of Shivaji, their great man, they were the terror of India, and raided from Poona to Calcutta.)

Hardly had we settled down in this camp before we were ordered to prepare to march to another, several miles away in that terrible jungle, through which a man could find his way about as easily as through a cactus bush, a prickly-pear tree, or a stone wall.

Our Havildar told me that the Jemadar had told him that a thousand negro porters were to carry food and ammunition to a big out-post fifteen miles away; that our draft from the One Hundredth Light Infantry was to form the escort, and that we were to remain at the out-post instead of returning to the base camp.

I was glad to hear this, because I am always pleased with something new. A change may always be for the better—and if it is not, it is clear that a change for the worse was decreed by Allah. Besides, I felt sure that no place could be worse than the one that we were in, with its grey sky, grey mud, grey trees, bad smell, and bad air and water.

Early next morning before it was light, we paraded in full marching order, with ammunition in our bandoliers, and food in our haversacks, while the negro coolies were loaded up, each with a box or bag or bale on his head. Their loads were about forty or fifty pounds in weight, and

every man tried to get something that weighed less than what the others got.

"ALONG THE NARROW TRACK WE HAD TO GO IN SINGLE FILE."

I do not think these jungly people have any religion, and they do not seem to have any brain. They are naked, very ugly, tall and thin, and their talk is just a noise.

Their voices are like those of little children. In fact, they seemed to me to be children who were six feet in height. (Some of them proved to be brave, however,—unless it was that they were too stupid to understand what might happen to them.) When all the food, ammunition, and other stores had been loaded up, on to these porters, the long convoy started off, with half our draft in front, as advance-guard, and half bringing up the rear, as rear-guard. Along the narrow track we had to go in single file, and the convoy must have been about two miles in length. At the head marched Morleigh Sahib, and I, being his Orderly, marched behind him. First of the porters were the two men who carried his kit. To me that was more important than all the rest of the baggage and supplies put together. I did not want the Adjutant-Sahib ever to hear a word of blame spoken about me, and I made up my mind that if I reached the outpost alive the Sahib's kit should reach it too.

That was a wonderful march—very different from any march I have ever made in India or Somaliland or anywhere else. I have never seen so many trees of so many different kinds packed so closely together, nor such a variety of bushes all growing in one solid mass. It seemed to me that even an elephant could not force its way through such jungle.

HARMOSAN

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne is done,
And the Moslem's fiery valour has the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they are bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst!
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet; but awhile the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest, for around him angry foes,
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the Caliph; "is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslem no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drank that cup of water. This reprieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is till the water of
[illegible]up
[illegible]ned; then bid thy servants that spilled water up."

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful passions stirred,
Then exclaimed, "For ever sacred must remain a monarch's word!

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give.
'Drink,' I said before, 'and perish'; now I bid thee drink and live!"

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE STORY OF FATTEH KHAN

CHAPTER VIII

AT last we reached the fort and the end of our march. It was quite a small place, square in shape, and surrounded by deep trenches. The walls were made of earth, stones, and mud, kept in place by beams and stakes of wood. Inside the walls were many huts of grass and branches, in which the Officer-Sahibs lived, and all round the sides of the *boma* (as these forts are called in Africa) were the huts of the sepoys. When we entered the place, I saw that there were men of many races there: Marathas, Sikhs, Gurkhas, Dogras, Punjabis, Negroes (of the King's African Rifles) and a company of small men from Arabia. Though small, these men are strong and brave, and are very good marchers and fighters.

All round the *boma* was very thick jungle, but a space had been cleared on each side of the fort so that an enemy could not come close to the walls without being exposed to fire from our rifles and machine-guns. There was a

machine-gun at each corner of the fort in a kind of low tower built of wood and earth.

I thought the place a good one to defend and a difficult one to attack—but not a good place to live in. Air and water were bad and there was much fever and sickness. However it was a better place than the one we had come from.

We soon settled down to the daily routine of life in this *boma*, and in a few weeks it seemed to me as though I had been there for years.

Before the sun rose in the morning our officers gave the order " Stand-to ! " and then every man went to his place in a trench or behind a wall, loaded his rifle, and waited for the enemy to appear. This was because it seemed very likely that, if we were attacked at all, we should be attacked just before daybreak when men are sleepy, hungry, and cold,—or perhaps all lying sleeping in their huts, quite unprepared, and keeping no watch. When the sun rose and we could see that no attack was to be expected, the order " Fall out ! " was given and all but the sentries left the trenches and walls and took their meal. After that we cleaned our rifles and kit and awaited orders. Usually many of us went out in small bodies, by different paths, to get news of the enemy, while the remainder guarded the *boma*. One party would march half-way to the next *boma* and meet another party sent out from it, and they would exchange news if there were any.

In the afternoon there was always work in improving the trenches, cutting wood, getting water from the river, drill, or patrol duty.

All this time we saw no enemy, and life was very dull. I said to Naik Salah-ud-din Ibrahim : " If this is the Great War, I prefer peace. One can at least go on leave to one's village, or go to the town and see new sights, or buy things

in the bazaar." To which he replied, "It is as you say, brother. I thought there was fighting in a war, whether it were a small war or the Great War," and we grumbled together because we had none of the pleasures of peace and none of the excitement of war, and said that we had come here to fight.

Well, we had quite enough fighting the very next day, for, at the end of it, Naik Salah-ud-din Ibrahim was dead and I was a cripple for life.

It all happened very suddenly. As usual, we arose from our waterproof ground-sheets before dawn, put on our *puggris*, boots, tunics, and the rest of our kit, took our places in the trenches, or on the firing-step behind the wall, and got ready as though expecting our attack at dawn. We did not really expect one, as we had done the same thing for more than a hundred mornings, and there had been no sign of any enemy.

I was standing in my trench with my feet in water and my face at the loophole in the parapet in front of me, looking to see if I could catch sight of any one at the edge of the jungle as the sun rose—when, suddenly, there was a great burst of firing all round the fort. I thought for a moment that the sepoys and *askaris* (negro soldiers) on the other sides of the *boma* were shooting at something which I could not see, but this was not so. Nobody in the *boma* was firing, for there was nothing whatever to fire at. I stared and stared across the open ground to the edge of the jungle, but nothing moved, and I could see only the trees and bushes. And yet there was a large body of the enemy there, and they were keeping up a heavy fire upon our trench and mud-wall. Bullets were striking the ground all round, and many struck the parapet of the trench. Every now and then a man was hit and would cry out, or fall silently to the ground shot through the head.

Before long the Jemadar of my double company made his way along the trench and told us to fire ten rounds rapidly at the edge of the jungle in front of our side of the *boma*. While we were firing into the bushes and long

"I FELL TO THE GROUND AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS LOST MY SENSES AND LAY AS THOUGH DEAD."

grass, I suddenly saw a small branch, with leaves on it, fall from a tree. Looking carefully (for I knew that none of our bullets would be striking the top of a very big tree which was so near) to see what caused this, I saw something shine and glitter and move in the tree, and I felt sure it was a machine-gun. I left my place and hurried

along the trench to find the Jemadar-Sahib and tell him. Just as I was doing so I felt a terrible blow on the side of my knee as though I had been struck with a heavy *lathi* by a very strong man. Then I fell to the ground and shortly afterwards lost my senses and lay as though dead. . . .

I do not know how long I lay in a hut, in great pain ; nor for how long I lay on a stretcher and was carried along jungle paths to where the main camp was. Nor do I know how long I lay in a hut there. It is like a bad dream. But one day I was put in a kind of bunder-boat that took me out to a steamship like the one that brought us to Africa. This ship took me and other wounded men to Mombasa, and here it was found that my leg must be cut off, or I should die.

I do not know anything about how it was done, for I was made to sleep by the Doctor-Sahib, and while I slept it was done. . . .

And here I am, back in India, none the worse, with a wooden leg and another medal, and a pension—as well as much honour in my village. The Sirkar has been very good to me, and, on my side, I have done my duty to the Sirkar. Thus I have peace of mind and contentment.

THE WORM

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
  Nor crush that helpless worm !
The frame thy wayward looks deride
  Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
  From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of His boundless love
  On that poor worm bestow'd.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive;
O! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give!

T. GISBORNE.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST

THERE was once a poor old dervish who spent most of his time in wandering from place to place, and at length came to Baghdad. There he decided to remain for some time and visit the tombs and shrines of holy men who had been buried near that famous city.

One day, as he sat outside a mosque at the corner of the street, an officer of the Vizier passed by. The dervish rose and followed this man, begging for alms in the name of Allah. Instead of giving him a coin or taking no notice of him, the Vizier's officer began to abuse the dervish and call him "dog" and other evil and insulting names. To add injury to insult, he stopped when he was a few yards from the dervish, picked up a stone, and flung it at him with all his strength. As this ruffian was a favourite of the Vizier and a powerful person, the dervish did not dare to complain of this insolent and brutal conduct—but he picked up the stone and carried it away with him. As he did so, he said to himself, "I am quite sure that the day will come, if I wait long enough, when I shall have the

chance of taking my revenge upon this rude and cruel man, and of taking it with this very same stone with which he has injured me to-day."

Going home in a very angry and indignant frame of

"HE STOPPED WHEN HE WAS A FEW YARDS FROM THE DERVISH, PICKED UP A STONE, AND FLUNG IT AT HIM WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH."

mind, he carefully washed the stone, saying over and over to himself, as he did so, "The day will come! The day will come!"—and from that time, wherever he went, he took the stone with him.

Exactly what he was going to do with it, he did not

know, but he was sure that, sooner or later, the stone would play an important part in his life.

Once or twice he saw the officer, but took no notice of him. He did not wish to beg from the man again, nor did he dare to throw the stone, although his fingers closed round it tightly, and he longed to dash it in the face of his enemy. . . .

Several months passed. One day as he wandered through the Sudder Bazaar, he heard a great tumult and saw a large crowd approaching. A mob of shouting, jeering people appeared to be surrounding a man on a camel, and heaping abuse and insults upon him as they followed him through the street.

Upon inquiring as to what was going on, the dervish learnt that the favourite of the Vizier had fallen into disgrace, and that the order had been given by his master that he should be tied on the back of a camel with his face towards its tail, and, with blackened face, should be led through the streets of Baghdad to endure the jeers, laughter, and insults of the people. (It was well known to the Vizier that the man was hated by all for his cruelty, pride, and injustice.)

As the camel drew near, the dervish saw that this was indeed his enemy, the man who had shamefully insulted him without reason, and had struck him with a stone. That very stone was at that moment in his hand.

"The day has come," said the dervish, and raised his arm to take aim at the face of the disgraced and ruined man who, only yesterday, had been powerful and wealthy, full of pride and insolence.

What a difference in a few short hours! And as the thought passed through his mind, the dervish lowered the hand that held the stone. A moment afterwards he turned away.

"What is the use of vengeance?" said he. "If one's enemy is powerful and great it is mere folly. If he is fallen and weak, it is mere cruelty and baseness."

A few minutes later he threw the stone into a well, saying as he did so, "Thus let all thoughts of anger, hatred, and vengeance fall from me also."

MAHMOUD

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan,
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out, "My sorrow is my right;
And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."

"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
I recognise its right, as king with king.
Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
Exclaimed the staring man, "and tortures us:
One of thine officers; he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board."

"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. "No, he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laughed me down the street, because I vowed
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery;
And oh, thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out with thee!"

The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread"
(For he was poor), "and other comforts. Go;
And should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor reappeared,
And said, "He's come." Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,
And went with the vexed man. They reach the place
And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,
That to the window fluttered in affright.
"Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
But tell the females first to leave the room:
And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry; and hark!
A table falls; the window is struck dark;
Forth rush the breathless women; and behind,
With curses, comes the fiend in desperate mind.
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

"Now *light* the light!" the Sultan cried aloud.
'Twas done: he took it in his hand, and bowed
Over the corpse, and looked upon the face;
Then turned, and knelt, and to the throne of grace
Put up a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the beholders wait,
Then bring him, at his call, both wine and meat;
And when he had refresh'd his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amaz'd, all mildness now and tears,
Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,
And begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave,
The reason first of that command he gave

About the light: then when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down; and lastly how it was
That fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place.

The Sultan said, with much humanity,
"Since first I heard thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread that one
By whom such daring villainies were done,
Must be some lord of mine, perhaps a lawless son.

"Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but fear'd
A father's heart, in case the worst appear'd.
For this I had the light put out. But when
I saw the face and found a stranger slain,
I knelt and thank'd the sovereign arbiter,
Whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear.
And then I rose and was refresh'd with food,
The first time since thou cam'st and marr'd'st my solitude."

LEIGH HUNT.

A PERSIAN STORY

THERE is an old Persian legend about Zoroaster (the founder of the religion which is named after him) to the effect that he spent many hours daily in wondering as to what sort of punishment was reserved, in the future life, for wicked people.

It is said that he sat pondering this problem, week after week, and month after month, until he could think of nothing else. It seemed to him that punishment did not always come upon the guilty in this life, and that, therefore, it must come upon them in the next. He did not believe that we appear again and again in this world, but that we

have only one life here, and then, after death, live for ever, in heaven or in hell, according to our religious faith and conduct in this life on earth. What, then, were the kinds of punishment suffered by people who had led wicked lives and neglected the teachings of their religion ?

At last, one night, he dreamed a dream, says the legend. He thought an angel appeared to him and said, " Zoroaster, because you have lived according to your faith and have been an unselfish, truthful, honest, humble, and pious man, you shall see things which are hidden from other men, and know of matters which are unknown on this earth."

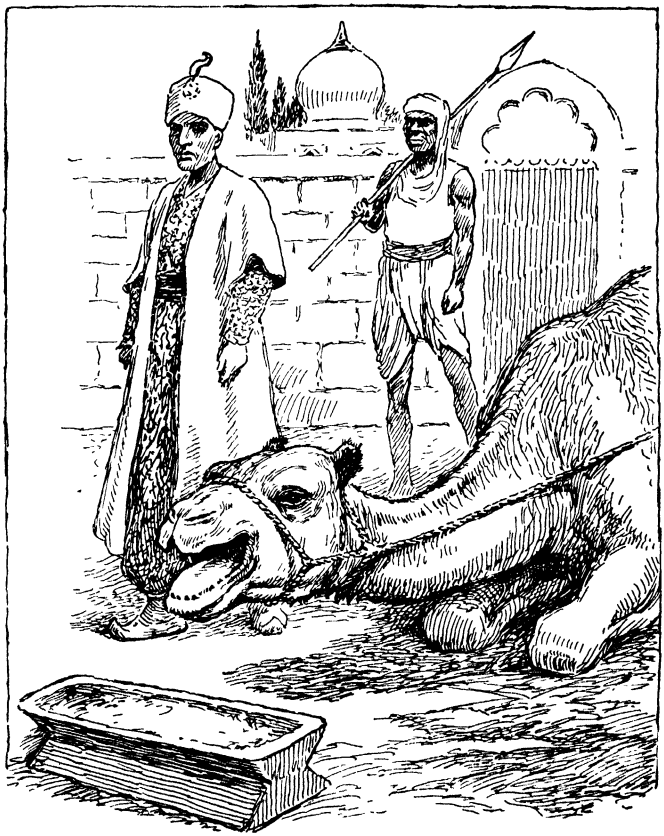
And in the dream the angel took Zoroaster by the hand and led him through the realms of heaven and then through those of hell, so that he saw the good in the enjoyment of their reward, and the wicked suffering for their sins.

Among the latter (as among the former) there were people of all kinds, those who had been rich and those who had been poor, kings and beggars, learned and ignorant, old and young, strong and weak, high and low. Among them he even saw several who had been great kings in their day—and he noticed that one of these kings was a cripple, having only one foot. Zoroaster turned to his guide and said, " How is it that the king is lame ? How did he come to lose his foot, and why is he without it even here, in the underworld where he is no longer a human being ? "

The angel replied, " The reason is this. That man, although a great king when he was on earth, was so wicked that he only did one good or kindly action in the whole of his life. It was a very small thing indeed, and it was done, not to a man, woman, or child, but to an animal, and that animal a camel.

" One day as he was leaving his palace to go hunting, he saw a camel kneeling on the ground and trying to reach

its food. It could not do so, because the trough, in which the food had been placed, was too far away and the camel



"THE CARELESS CAMEL-MAN HAD GONE AWAY LEAVING THE TROUGH JUST OUT OF THE CAMEL'S REACH."

was unable to move. The careless camel-man had tied the beast up, put its food ready in the trough, and had

then gone away leaving the trough just out of the camel's reach.

"Seeing the hungry animal trying in vain to get at its food, stretching out its neck and tugging at its rope, the king kicked the trough towards it as he passed to where his horse awaited him, and the hungry camel began to eat.

"It was the one kind action of this king's life and he performed it with his foot.

"We have put the foot in heaven, but the rest of the man is here, as you see."

SOLOMON AND THE BEES

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came—
(So in the Talmud you may read the story)—
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendours of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty King.

Nor this alone: much had her Highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech,
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word,
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumour spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the Queen had heard (which piqued her most)
How through the deepest riddles he could spy:
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the Queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head;
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the King;
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learned Liege, with such a trivial thing!"
But still the sage was silent; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered presently he sees,
Hard by the casement—so the story goes—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the King's command;
Within the rooms the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
And so the King and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's: and the baffled Queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms of the air
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind—
Some truth designed to profit or to please—
As Israel's King learned wisdom from the bees.

J. G. SAXE.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

PART I

DEAR KRISHNA—It is many weeks since we bade each other farewell at Bombay, and I have seen so many strange sights, and been busy learning about so many new and interesting things that, although I have often thought of you, yet I have had no time in which to write you a long letter.

Do you remember the little son of the Collector-Sahib —little "John Sahib," who used to ride about the cantonments on his pony? You know he went to England when he was seven years old to go to school. You will be surprised to hear that I have been to see him there.

You know we have often talked together about the schools to which the English boys go when they are at home in their own country, and we used to say we should like to visit one.

When we were in London my father, the Sirdar-Sahib, went to visit the Collector-Sahib, who is now living there, and he took me with him. I inquired after his little son and he said he was now at a Preparatory School in the south of England.

"What is a Preparatory School, sir?" I asked. The

Collector-Sahib kindly explained to me that the word "preparatory" comes from the verb "to prepare," and a Preparatory School is one where little boys are prepared for their entrance into a Public School. It seems that the Public Schools do not admit boys until they are from thirteen to fourteen years of age, and then they must already have attained a certain standard of knowledge and education.

Therefore the Preparatory Schools admit boys when they are seven years old, and keep them until they are old enough and advanced enough to pass an examination which qualifies them for entrance into a Public School.

"Did you say your son was at a school in the south of England, sir?" I asked. He told me that it was so, and that his school was at Bournemouth, a seaside town on the south coast. I expressed my surprise at this. It seemed strange to me that so young a boy should be sent so far from the home of his father.

The Collector-Sahib smiled and said although his boy loved his home, he was always ready to go back to school when the holidays were ended.

Seeing that I was very interested, the Collector-Sahib asked my father to allow me to go with him to visit this school, as he was going the next day, and my father thanked him for his kindness and gave me permission to accept so courteous an invitation.

I had a very happy day there, and I think perhaps the best general idea that I can give you is to say that, all the time, I felt I was in the midst of a big happy family of about sixty boys, all brothers, and the headmaster and his wife were like their father and mother.

In the first place, the school itself was a very large and very pretty house standing back from the road and sheltered by beautiful trees. There was a wide path or

" drive " up to the house and all round it were lawns and gardens—a compound as we should call it in India. The house itself was like many other English houses of large size, but different from the bungalows of our own country ; in England they are very much higher, with many stairs inside and rooms built one on top of another. For instance, supposing a bungalow in India had six or seven rooms, in England those six or seven would have six or seven more on top of them, reached by a flight of stairs, indoors. This school was very much larger than any bungalow, and had many windows, one above the other. It was very pleasing to the eye ; ivy and roses climbed up one side, and on the other side were windows all opening on to balconies or verandahs. I afterwards went up to one of these balconies, as the window opening on to it was the one belonging to the dormitory of the Collector-Sahib's son. A dormitory is a room for sleeping. It was quite a large room with five beds in it. There were also five dressing-tables—one for each boy, and each boy had a chest of drawers in which to keep his clothes.

They told me that they slept with the big window always wide open, in winter and summer, so that they could always breathe fresh air. They say it helps to make them strong and healthy. You could see nothing but trees from the windows, except the sea in the distance. We could hear some boys playing below us in the field and hear their shouts, but I will tell you presently more about that.

In the dormitory one boy is made the " Captain "—(even amongst the smallest boys it is the same)—and he has to maintain order amongst the rest and see that the rules of the school are kept. For instance, they are not allowed to talk after the lights are put out at a certain hour at night, and in the morning they have to get up and

dress by a certain hour when a bell rings for them all to go downstairs to breakfast—or as we should say, *Choti hazri.* This custom of making a boy "Captain" over the others is the early training he receives in being worthy of trust.

The dormitories are all arranged on the same plan, except that in the case of the older boys, each one has a "cubicle" or little room to himself, divided off from the others by partitions.

We next went downstairs to the schoolrooms—big, airy rooms, with the sun and air coming in through the open windows. In the big schoolroom the walls are covered with the neatly painted names of boys who have, in the past, distinguished themselves either in work or in games. Lower down on the wall are green notice-boards on which the boys are allowed to pin any pictures of interest. The day I was there, one boy was busy pinning up some pictures (of a boxing match) that he had cut from a daily newspaper.

There are cases here, too, which contain natural history and botany specimens, and various kinds of ore from which are obtained metals such as gold, silver, lead or iron. They also have a cabinet of birds' eggs and butterflies.

There is also a carpenter's shop, fitted up with benches and tools, and some of the boys like to practise making things of wood with their own hands. I asked why they should do this, as, to my idea, it was not suitable for boys in their position to labour like carpenters. But they told me they took great pride in this work because it exercised their hands and brains, and taught them in such a different direction from that of their studies. They said that they had hands to use, therefore it was of benefit to them to learn how to use them usefully, although it would not be necessary for them to live by their work, as do the carpenters.

I must confess it seemed very pleasant work, and I

could understand the pride that one boy felt in having made a very comfortable new house for some pet rabbits he was allowed to keep in the garden. They are allowed to have pet animals provided that they care for them, and

"A CARPENTER'S SHOP, FITTED UP WITH BENCHES AND TOOLS."

do not neglect them. They have always to feed them and make their houses comfortable with clean straw. One of the masters has a very clever black dog who seems to know all the boys, and when they are playing and lose a ball in the bushes, this dog goes and finds it for them.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:

" What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
" 'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: " E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
" I see," quoth he, " the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong.
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong!

J. G. Saxe.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

Part II

Besides the carpenter's shop, they have a large playing-shed, where they play in their spare time. They are

allowed to do anything they like in this shed, and sometimes they play a kind of small football game; sometimes they skate on roller skates; and sometimes they put on boxing-gloves and have a boxing-match while one of the masters watches and teaches them.

When we arrived at the school in the morning the boys were all working in their class-rooms. They go to the dining-room for breakfast at eight o'clock. The dining-room has long tables and the boys sit all round these, with a master at the head of each table. They talk together during meals and regard their masters with great friendliness and affection.

After breakfast they have prayers upstairs in the big schoolroom, and then they all go to their different classes for lessons at nine o'clock. They work from nine o'clock until one o'clock with a short "break" at eleven o'clock. Then at half-past one they go in to dinner.

After dinner they go and change into white flannels for cricket in the summer term, or into coloured shirts and shorts for football in the winter.

There is a field for football at one side of the "compound," and on the other there is a full-sized cricket ground. The boys practise these games (according to the season of the year) every afternoon until four o'clock. The best cricketers and the best footballers are chosen to play for their school in matches against the other schools in the county—of which there are several. All the week, the boys so chosen, work hard to improve their skill; and the boys not chosen, work hard also, hoping the day may come when they will be good enough to be one of the chosen eleven.

Every Saturday afternoon in the term a match is played against another school, and the boys' parents often come to watch it. The boys are all very keen for the honour of

their school, and are proud of any one of their number who distinguishes himself in the games. They never grudge another boy his success, but work harder to follow his example for the good of their school. They are quick to praise each other for good play and quick to condemn any sign of shirking or slacking.

Unless it is Wednesday or Saturday, when they have a holiday from evening school, they cease playing at four o'clock and go and change into ordinary clothes. After that they go into classes again until five o'clock when they stop for tea, which is always a merry meal. Sometimes they enjoy a boy's birthday with extra cakes.

After tea they again go into classes to study and prepare their lessons for the next day, and work until seven o'clock. Then they have a short time to themselves and, after a cup of cocoa and some biscuits, they go to bed at eight o'clock.

There is a troop of " Boy Scouts " in the school also, and they are under a Scout-master who was badly wounded in the Great War. He takes them scouting across the beautiful open country around the school. He also teaches the boys physical drill on some afternoons. No one seemed to have any time for idleness and no one seemed to me to want to be idle. They were all full of energy and good spirits.

I noticed that when they were playing games they kept all their attention on what they were doing, and there was never any time wasted in argument and talk. Neither did they shout or make a noise while they were playing.

There was a cricket match in progress the afternoon we were there, and, although the players were quite silent, there was a roar of applause from the onlookers for the boy who made a hundred runs.

In the summer they all go down to the sea to bathe and learn to swim. They pay as much attention to all

these games and exercises that improve their bodies (as well as teaching self-control and discipline), as they do to their studies which improve their minds.

They regard the one as being just as important as the other; and it would never enter the mind of any boy so trained, to attempt to take any unfair advantage of another boy. Such a thing would disgrace him in the eyes of his companions.

I was very sorry when that day was ended, and we left all those happy boys behind us as we went to the station to catch the train to take us back to London.

The Collector-Sahib told my father that his elder son is at a Public School now, and he promised to take us there one day that I might see what the life there was like.

I send you my salaams. Your friend,

RAMA.

A LEGEND

IT was upon a Lammas night
  Two brothers woke and said.
As each upon the other's weal
  Bethought him on his bed;

The elder spake unto his wife,
  "Our brother dwells alone;
No little babes to cheer his life,
  And helpmate hath he none;

"Up will I get and of my heap
  A sheaf bestow or twain,
The while our Ahmed lies asleep,
  And wots not of the gain."

So up he got and did address
Himself with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day,
To do that gracious deed.

Now to the younger, all unsought,
The same kind fancy came!
Nor wist they of each other's thought
Though moved to the same.

"Abdullah he hath wife," quoth he,
"And little babes also;
What would be slender boot to me
Would make his heart o'erflow:

"Up will I get, and of my heap
A sheaf bestow or twain,
The while he sweetly lies asleep,
And wots not of the gain."

So up he got and did address
Himself with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day
To make his brother's deed!

Thus played they oft their gracious parts,
And marvelled oft to view
Their sheaves still equal; for their hearts
In love were equal too.

One morn they met, and, wondering, stood
To see by clear daylight
How each upon the other's good
Bethought him in the night.

So when this tale to him was brought,
The Caliph did decree,
Where twain had thought the same good thought,
There Allah's house should be.

C. TENNYSON-TURNER.

THE STORY OF ABOU KASSIM'S OLD SLIPPERS

CHAPTER I

ABOU KASSIM was an old merchant of Baghdad, famous for his greediness and miserly habits. His coffers were full of gold, but he was very careful never to take any out.

He lived like a beggar; and the oldest inhabitants had never seen him wear but one suit of clothes—and such clothes! A cloak which, with its lining, had lost all traces of its original colour. A shapeless turban, as full of holes as the sky is full of stars. But his slippers! They had been soled and heeled and patched so often by all the old cobblers of the city that they made every one laugh when he took them to be repaired. Their remarkable ugliness had even given rise to a proverb; and when any one wished to speak of an object particularly old, clumsy, inconvenient and ugly, he would sum up by saying, "Just like Abou Kassim's slippers."

It happened one day that this old miser had craftily taken advantage of the necessities of a poor merchant to buy of him, at a very low price, a certain quantity of beautiful bottles of rose-water, such as is used by ladies, and was so delighted at having made such a good bargain, that he resolved to give himself a great treat: in fact, to commit some great extravagance! What should it be? Invite some relations to dinner? What pleasure would there be

in that, when all his relations had such huge appetites, that they would surely devour as much at a meal as would supply his table for a week? No! He would buy himself an ounce of the best Mocha coffee. But again he reflected, "What would be the good of that?" He had become so accustomed to chicory that he really liked it. After thinking a long time, he concluded that the best thing he could do would be to take a bath, a thing he had not done for a very long time indeed.

So he went to the public bathing place, and while he was taking off his dirty, ragged garments, one of his relations gently rebuked him for his great meanness, and ventured to hint that it was about time he should throw away his old slippers, which had made him the laughing-stock of all Baghdad.

"I shall think about it," replied Abou Kassim, growling. Then turning his back upon his adviser, he stepped into the water. Upon coming out of the bath, he began to put on the same dirty old clothes, when he saw a pair of new slippers lying beside him!

"Ah!" he thought to himself, "my cousin wished to give me an agreeable surprise!" Whereupon he put the slippers on his feet and went away.

But these slippers were the property of a Cadi who had entered the bath soon after Abou Kassim and had also quitted it about the same time. He was greatly surprised when he missed his slippers; and while looking for them in every direction, in a dark corner he came across the worn-out things that belonged to Abou Kassim. He recognised them instantly. "What!" he exclaimed, "has that miserly old rascal had the impudence to steal my slippers? Ho, guards! Pursue the wretch and bring him before me!"

The guards rushed into the street and pursued Abou

Kassim and overtook him, just as he was about to open the door of his house.

They seized him and marched him off to prison. It was in vain that he said he had no intention of doing wrong. The chance of getting some of the old miser's wealth was too good to be passed over, and he could not regain his liberty without paying a heavy fine.

"IN A FIT OF ANGER . . . THREW THEM OUT OF THE WINDOW INTO THE RIVER TIGRIS."

Abou Kassim returned home in despair, and, retiring to an inner room, he placed himself with folded arms before his slippers, the cause of his misfortune, and after abusing them in the most bitter terms, in a fit of anger he seized them and threw them out of the window into the river Tigris which flowed past his house.

Now, two or three days afterwards it happened that some fishermen, casting their nets into the river, felt something unusually heavy weighing them down. Full of hope, they expected a rich prize, such as a golden cup or vase, or a casket full of gold or jewels. But their disgust and disappointment were very great when, upon hauling the net up, they discovered a pair of old slippers,

the great nails of which had torn their net in several places.

They knew at once to whom the slippers belonged: they could belong to no one but Abou Kassim. Furious with rage, they flung them through the open window of the miser's dwelling. As ill-luck would have it, the slippers fell upon the bottles of rose-water that Abou Kassim had bought so very cheaply and broke them to pieces.

Abou Kassim, hearing the crash, hastened to find out the cause of it, and with dismay saw floating in rose-water the awful slippers which, after causing him to be heavily fined, had risen up from the bed of the river to destroy his greatest treasure!

Tearing his beard, he cried out, "Cursed that you are, I will prevent you from playing me such another trick." Then, taking them into his compound he dug a deep hole and buried them in it.

But the miser's doings were observed by a neighbour who was enjoying his afternoon's pipe on the roof of his house.

He was an envious, gossiping fellow, and went and told his neighbours that he had seen Abou Kassim dig up a treasure in his compound. This news spread quickly and soon reached the ears of the Governor of the city. He sent for Abou Kassim, and threatened him with a good beating if he did not give him a share of the treasure he had found.

Abou Kassim upon hearing this almost fainted with terror. He smote his breast, called upon the sacred name of the Prophet, and vowed that all he was doing in his garden was burying his slippers. But this denial only made the Governor angry and he accused Abou Kassim of lying to him. The poor man already seemed to feel the blows of the stick on his body, and being sure that it would

be useless to contend any longer against the greed and power of the Governor, he consented to give him a large sum of money.

He would almost as soon have given his life. But he promised himself that after this he would put an end to the slippers.

THE PLATE OF GOLD

ONE day there fell in great Benares' temple-court
A wondrous plate of gold, whereon these words were writ:
"To him who loveth best, a gift from heaven."

Thereat
The priests made proclamation: "At the midday hour,
Each day let those assemble who for virtue deem
Their right to heaven's gift the best; and we will hear
The deeds of mercy done, and so adjudge."

The news
Ran swift as light, and soon from every quarter came
Nobles and munshis, hermits, scholars, holy men,
And all renowned for gracious or for splendid deeds.
Meanwhile the priests in solemn council sat and heard
What each had done to merit best the gift of Heaven.
So for a year the claimants came and went.

At last
After a patient weighing of the worth of all,
The priests bestowed the plate of gold on one who seemed
The largest lover of the race—whose whole estate,
Within the year, had parted been among the poor.
This man, all trembling with his joy, advanced to take
The golden plate—when lo; at his first finger touch

It changed to basest lead! All stood aghast; but when
The hapless claimant dropt it clanging on the floor
Heaven's guerdon was again transformed to shining gold.

So for another twelvemonth sat the priests and judged.
Thrice they awarded—thrice did Heaven refuse the gift.
Meanwhile a host of poor, maimed beggars in the street
Lay all about the temple gate, in hope to move
That love whereby each claimant hoped to win the gift.
And well for them it was (if gold be charity),
For every pilgrim to the temple gate praised God
That love might thus approve itself before the test.
And so the coins rained freely in the outstretched hands;
But none of those who gave, so much as turned to look
Into the poor sad eyes of them that begged.

And now
The second year had almost passed, but still the plate
Of gold, by whomsoever touched, was turned to lead.
At length there came a simple peasant—not aware
Of that strange contest for the gift of God—to pay
A vow within the temple. As he passed along
The line of shrivelled beggars, all his soul was moved
Within him to sweet pity, and the tears welled up
And trembled in his eyes.

Now by the temple gate
There lay a poor, sore creature, blind, and shunned by all;
But when the peasant came, and saw the sightless face
And trembling, maimed hands, he could not pass, but knelt,
And took both palms in his, and softly said; "O thou,
My brother! bear thy trouble bravely. God is good."
Then he arose and walked straightway across the court,
And entered where they wrangled of their deeds of love
Before the priests.

A while he listened sadly; then
Had turned away; but something moved the priest who held
The plate of gold to beckon to the peasant. So
He came, not understanding, and obeyed, and stretched
His hand and took the sacred vessel. Lo! it shone
With thrice its former lustre, and amazed them all!
"Son," cried the priest, "rejoice. The gift of God is thine.
Thou lovest best!" And all made answer, "It is well,"

And, one by one, departed. But the peasant knelt
And prayed, bowing his head above the golden plate;
While o'er his soul like morning streamed the love of God.

THE STORY OF ABOU KASSIM'S OLD SLIPPERS

Chapter II

At dusk that evening he went out at the city gate and wandered far into the country. When he felt sure that no one could see him, he drew out his slippers from beneath his cloak and threw them into the lake that supplied the city of Baghdad with water.

He stood for some minutes looking into the water, and it was with a feeling of great pleasure that he saw his two enemies, the slippers, sink to the bottom. With a light heart and quick step he returned to the city and went to sleep, quite sure that he had seen the last of them.

Alas! the wicked slippers had not yet finished their evil work upon poor Abou Kassim.

Next morning the good wives of Baghdad went as usual to the public fountains to fill their pitchers; and great was their surprise and dismay upon finding that the water was not flowing.

Noise and tumult soon arose; the cause of this trouble was discussed; men were called and hurried to the lake; the pipes were examined—and it was discovered after endless work and trouble that something had found its way into them, stopping the flow of the water (which now ran to waste over the sides of the lake, and swamped the country round). The obstruction was at last found and was discovered to be Abou Kassim's old slippers!

Again arrested and fined, the poor merchant was almost ruined. In one day he appeared to have grown ten years older. It was thought he would go out of his mind; and even his life seemed in danger.

Again alone with the hated slippers, and in the last stages of despair, he once more addressed them.

"What shall I do with you now? To what fate shall I condemn you? Shall I cut you into a thousand pieces? No! that would only be to multiply you into a thousand enemies. Only one course is open to me. I will destroy you by fire and burn you to ashes."

Grasping the slippers in his trembling hands, he hastened towards the fire, when noticing that they were sodden and wet from having lain all night in the water, he thought that they would not burn! He therefore laid them on the wall of his garden to dry in the sun. He had not left them there two minutes before a playful kitten came across the wall from a house next door. While putting its nose to one of the slippers, it knocked the other off the wall into the street; it fell on the head of a woman who happened at that moment to be passing. The slipper was heavy, and the woman fell to the ground with a scream and a groan.

"Murder! Help!" cried the passers by.

In an instant a crowd gathered. "Who is killed? Where is the rascal?" Here was Abou Kassim's old slipper, and here was Abou Kassim's house! And there

lay a woman who seemed to be dead. Therefore she must have been killed by means of the slipper; and Abou Kassim must have been the murderer. Such was the way in which the crowd reasoned, and rushing to his door, they began to take revenge at once upon the unfortunate old man, and to drown him in the river.

Thereupon he begged the police to protect him and take him before the Cadi.

Arrived there, he threw himself on his knees, and laying the fatal slippers at the magistrate's feet, he cried:

"Source of wisdom! light of lights! O sublime Cadi! you see before you two devils bent on my destruction! I was rich—they have beggared me! I was peaceful and happy—they have destroyed my peace and shortened the days of my life! I pray you issue an order informing all Baghdad that their future crimes, at least, shall not be counted as my fault! But if you will not be so gracious as to grant me this favour, I have no longer any wish to live. I place my life in your hands: let me suffer death."

On hearing this strange request, the Cadi could not help smiling. He issued the notice, and ordered it to be posted in all the streets. He did not hold Abou Kassim guilty of the injury to the woman, but contented himself with giving him advice upon wearing slippers for too long a time.

THE CHILD AND THE SNAKE

HENRY was every morning fed
With a full mess of milk and bread.
One day the boy his breakfast took
And ate it by a purling brook.

His mother lets him have his way.
With free leave Henry every day
Thither repairs, until she heard
Him talking of a fine *gray-bird.*
This pretty bird, he said, indeed,
Came every day with him to feed ;
And it loved him and loved his milk,
And it was smooth and soft like silk.
—On the next morn she follows Harry,
And carefully she sees him carry
Through the long grass his heap'd-up mess.
What was her terror and distress
When she saw the infant take
His bread and milk close to a snake !
Upon the grass he spreads his feast,
And sits down by his frightful guest,
Who had waited for the treat ;
And now they both began to eat.
Fond mother ! shriek not, O beware
The least small noise, O have a care—
The least small noise that may be made
The wily snake will be afraid—
If he hear the slightest sound,
He will inflict th' envenom'd wound.
—She speaks not, moves not, scarce does breathe
As she stands the trees beneath.
No sound she utters ; and she soon
Sees the child lift up his spoon,
And tap the snake upon the head,
Fearless of harm ; and then he said,
As speaking to familiar mate,
" Keep on your own side, do, Gray Pate " ;
The snake then to the other side,
As one rebukèd, seems to glide ;

And now again advancing nigh,
Again she hears the infant cry,
Tapping the snake, " Keep further, do ;
Mind, Gray Pate, what I say to you."
The danger's o'er ! she sees the boy
(O what a change from fear to joy !)
Rise and bid the snake " Good-bye " ;
Says he, " Our breakfast's done, and I
Will come again to-morrow day " ;
—Then, lightly tripping, ran away.

MARY LAMB.

A SPEECH BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

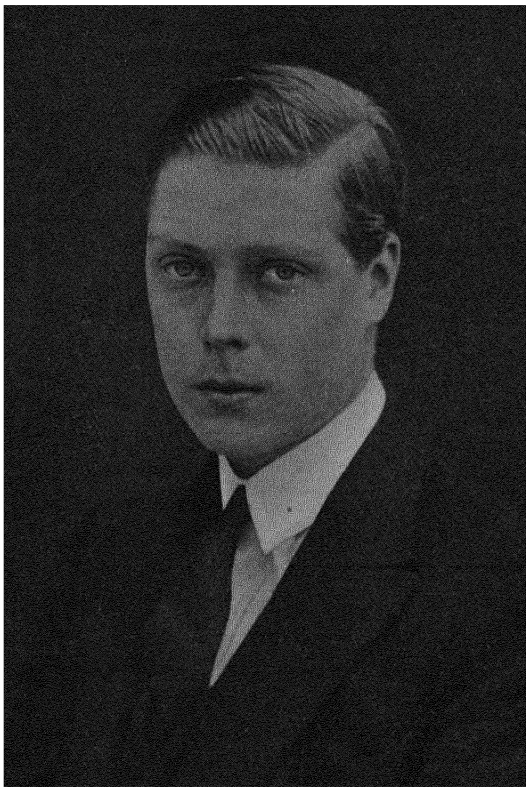
I

DURING the Great War the eldest son of the King-Emperor shared with all other brave men the duty of fighting for his country, and displayed so much courage that he was awarded the Military Cross and also a similar medal from the French for his brave services. When peace was declared he turned his attention towards other duties, that called him, as the heir to his father's throne and Empire. Scattered all over the world are people over whom one day he will rule, and it was decided that he should spend the days of peace in visiting these far-distant subjects of the King-Emperor.

A battleship, the *Renown*, was placed at his disposal and the Prince started on his travels.

After many months he returned to England, where the English people welcomed him back with delight, for the heir to the English throne is well loved by his father's subjects.

The City of London first welcomed him back, at a banquet given in his honour at the Guildhall, London's



H.R.H. EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., ETC.

famous Town Hall. He made a speech in reply to the words of welcome he had received.

He gave the large company of famous men, who were

gathered there to meet him, an interesting account of his long journey.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, described the Prince's tour as a landmark in the history of the Empire, and he thanked him for the wonderful way in which he had strengthened the ties which bind the Empire together. Mr. Lloyd George said :

" It is about a year ago that we met at the Mansion House to congratulate the Prince of Wales on his return from a triumphant tour in Canada and in the United States of America. The most difficult thing in the world is to repeat a triumph. The Prince of Wales has succeeded in doing so. We congratulate him, we congratulate ourselves, we congratulate the Empire upon the notable success of his last visit. It was valuable. It has become a commonplace amongst us—nevertheless, it is true—that these visits of the Prince of Wales are a landmark in the history of the Empire. It is the most remarkable Empire the world has ever seen—mighty, powerful, but loosely knit; no Dominion, but Dominions; no dominion, no centre from which dominion is exercised, from which you control, from which you direct; but a combination, a partnership of free nations, controlling themselves, free to choose their own path, free to choose their own populations, free to make their own history. Such a combination is either the strongest in the world or the weakest in the world, according to what you make of it. It is the strongest when you have attachment and goodwill, for you have got the Imperial patriotism which comes from pride in the greatest Empire of the world, a great race, great traditions; and in addition to that, you have the driving power that comes from the attachment of the peoples to the land they have reclaimed from the wilderness, so that you have got in an Empire like that, at its best, a double power of

patriotism which is formidable in action; but it can be the weakest in the world if there is no goodwill, if attachment cools. Therefore everything depends upon the force that strengthens the invisible bond of attachment to the Empire.

"The great service that the Prince of Wales has rendered to the British Empire has consisted in the fact that he has strengthened these invisible ties that keep us together. He has returned from a great tour at an opportune moment. The war had aroused great feelings of comradeship throughout the whole of the British Empire, and kindled the feelings of common race, common tradition, common history, of kinship; but after the war there was a reaction in every field from the exaltation which was shown during that great period. The Empire was not free from the perils of such reaction, and it was vital to its strength that there should be some measure, some method, some means of rekindling that spirit and of keeping us together.

"The fortunate countries are those which produce the man for the emergency. The Prince of Wales is such a man. He was exactly adapted to the great task that was, beyond all, needed at that moment. He had personality and position, position as the heir of the most ancient throne in Europe, and the most renowned in the world.

"I say no word about countries that have chosen Republican institutions. Each country gets the government that it seeks for its own needs, but I have absolutely no doubt as to what the need of the British Empire is. Nothing but a constitutional monarchy would have suited the requirements of the British Empire. No President could have done what the King has achieved for the Empire—and no President's son would have the position to accomplish what has been done by the heir to the throne. It is his position, it is his personality. The

Empire knows to-day what we knew before—the charm, the remarkable charm, the winning charm, the joyous charm of his personality. He has been just as much at home in the remotest cities of the Empire as in this great city he spoke in such terms of affection of a few minutes ago, a city in which he has lived his life. He was just as much at home in the cities of Canada, of Australia, and of New Zealand; yes, and he was just as much at home in the wilderness as he was in the city.

"With an Empire such as ours that is the real accomplishment, for the future of this Empire may well lie in the vast wilderness of these great regions. The Prince of Wales was just as much at home in the wilderness as in the city, and won the hearts of all. That is why from the bottom of our hearts we not merely drink his health, we wish him health and pray that he may have health. We pray for his own sake, for the sake of the King and Queen who are so proud, and justly proud, of the success of their son, and we pray for his health, for the sake of this old country that has so many burdens to bear, and is bearing them so gallantly right through, and bearing them all the more gallantly because we have got the magnetic personality of the Prince of Wales cheering us up; and we wish him health for the sake of that great Empire whose strength is essential for the good of the world."

The gathering remained standing to give the Prince round after round of cheers. As soon as quiet followed, a fresh fanfare of trumpets heralded the rising of His Royal Highness.

THE POND

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too;
About it white daisies and violets grew,

And dark weeping willows, that stoop to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there:
Indeed, the assembly would frequently meet
To discuss their affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now the subjects on which they were wont to converse
I'm sorry I cannot include in verse;
For, though I've oft listened in hopes of discerning,
I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out,
Now standing tail upward, now diving below:
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So the poor silly chick was determined to try;
She thought 'twas as easy to swim as to fly;
Though her mother had told her she must not go near,
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear.

"My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught that I see,
As good as the ducks' are for swimming," said she.
"Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their* beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?

"Why should I not swim, then, as well as a duck?
I think I shall venture, and e'en try my luck!
For," said she—spite of all that her mother had taught her—
"I'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
But soon found her dear mother's cautions were true.
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent;
The harder she struggled the deeper she went,
And when every effort had vainly been tried,
She slowly sunk down to the bottom and died!

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back;
And, by their grave gestures and looks, 'twas apparent
They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.

JANE TAYLOR.

A SPEECH BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

II

WHEN at last he found himself able to begin, the Prince of Wales said:

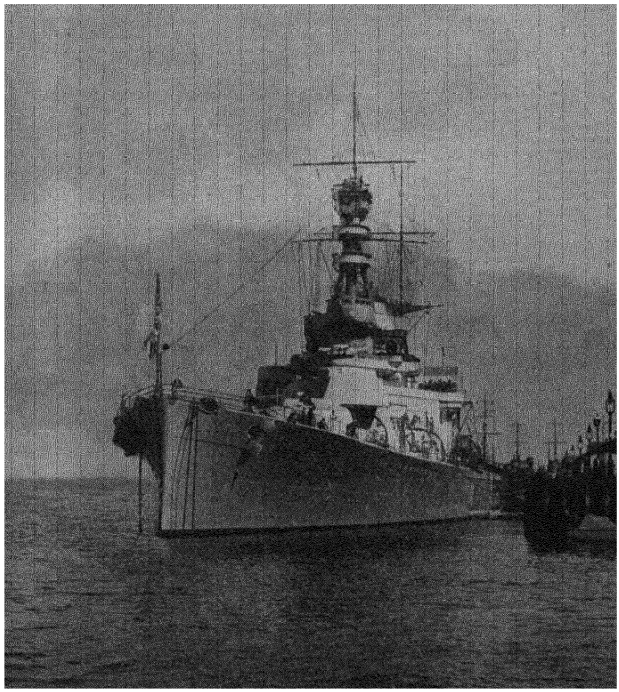
"To-day I have received my third address from the City of London at the Guildhall, and you, my Lord Mayor, are my third host in the City. I am more than grateful to the Prime Minister for the far too kind words he used. I take it as a very great compliment that he should, with the heavy burden of responsibility and public duty which now lies upon him, have found it possible to attend to-day and make such a marvellous speech. It is for him an auspicious occasion, and I think that we should congratu-

late Mr. Lloyd George as it is his fourth birthday as Prime Minister. Personally, I can never thank him enough for all the help and the assistance that he has so readily given me in all my public duties ; as long ago as 1911 he was my Welsh tutor—when I made my maiden speech at Carnarvon. I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, that all of you are as genuinely pleased as I am to have him with us to-day.

" I am very glad indeed to be back in the City of London, and am even still more delighted at the prospect of an undisturbed twelve months in the Old Country, a treat that I have not had for six years. I very much regret the disappointment caused by the postponement of my visit to India, but can only say how much I am looking forward to carrying this out next year. When a man is entertained it is generally for one or two reasons—either to reward him or, secondly, to get something out of him—and I know that you want to get out of me some account of my latest Empire tour, as well as some of my experiences. It is difficult to prevent a narrative from being somewhat dry, and it is difficult to do justice to all I saw, but at any rate I will do my best.

" Sailing from Portsmouth on March 16 in His Majesty's ship *Renown*, my first port of call was Barbados, where the warmth of my reception was a great encouragement to me at the outset of my journey. We then came to the Panama Canal, up to now man's greatest engineering feat, where the United States authorities gave us every facility and made admirable arrangements for our passage. It was a fine feat, getting that great ship through the locks, the largest that has ever been put through. On the Pacific side at Panama I was entertained by the President of the Republic of Panama, who were our Allies in the war. From there we steamed up the west coast of Mexico to San Diego, a fine city in the State of California, the garden

of the west, where the kindness and hospitality of the Americans, which I experienced there as well as during my two visits to Honolulu, makes me look forward to paying another visit to the other great English-speaking



H.M.S. "RENOWN."

nation. Honolulu has many attractions, my Lord Mayor, and I feel sure that as soon as you have laid down your present high and arduous office you could take no better holiday than in Hawaii, or enjoy nothing better than surf

riding and their famous music. My last port of call on the outward voyage was Fiji, the remotest of all the British Crown Colonies. I was very interested indeed in the splendid natives I saw at Suva, the capital, and with their fine native war-dances.

"I was then only three days off New Zealand, so near the end of my outward voyage, and at that stage I could not help being deeply impressed, as I feel sure any man in similar circumstances would be, by what our ancestors have achieved. I have crossed the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, where every group of islands and every sea rings with the names of British sea captains and explorers whose splendid enterprise and courage laid the foundations of our Empire, as we know to-day.

"Crossing those immense distances in a magnificent ship like the *Renown* makes one realise what was the spirit of those men of old, who faced unknown dangers and uncharted seas in ships which were not one-sixtieth of the tonnage of a modern battle-cruiser. I refer to this now because I discovered for myself, as I will tell you later, that the self-same spirit is still alive and making British history in our own time 12,000 miles away. When I reached New Zealand, and later Australia, I felt that I had come to the scene of the untiring work of the early pioneers, for there, in the Southern Seas, are two great British nations settled and developing surely in the very farthest quarter of the globe from this their home.

"In New Zealand I felt that I had reached my first objective. I landed at Auckland, in the North Island, where New Zealanders made me feel at home at once. Within a few days I visited the Maori people at Rotorua, a place famous in the legends and warlike history of that gallant and remarkable race—they are not unknown in London—and I was grateful to them for gathering in such

large numbers from all parts to greet me. I then made my way down the North Island to Wellington, the capital city, where I was specially entertained by Mr. Massey and his Government. In the South Island I spent a week touring the northern districts and the west coast, finally crossing the mountains by the Otira Pass, which brought me down into the Canterbury Plains to Christchurch; but I had still the further south to visit, and both at Dunedin and Invercargill and the surrounding districts I almost felt that I was back in Scotland. Auckland's kindness and enthusiasm were carried out by every place in both the North and South Islands. What impressed me most in New Zealand was the character of the people. You have a pretty sound and powerful patriotism here in the City of London, but I assure you, my Lord Mayor, that you would have your work cut out to feel it and show it more thoroughly than they do in New Zealand. So it was with great regret that I had sailed from Lyttelton after spending only a month in New Zealand, which was far too short a time.

"After four days in the Tasman Sea I reached my second objective—Australia—landing at Melbourne, the present Federal capital, on May 26, the Queen's birthday. I have of necessity had to spare you the details of my travels in New Zealand, but still more so must I do as regards Australia. It would take me hours to describe all that I saw and did during my three months on that continent. I had a wonderful time in Victoria, but no better than in New South Wales.

"Sydney, the largest city, is, as I told them myself, indeed the London of the Southern Hemisphere, and if there are any Sydney people here I can tell them that I have seen their harbour. I only wish you could have seen the kind and enthusiastic crowds in those two great cities, for it is

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE "BOY SCOUTS" IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

impossible for me to describe them; but I witnessed the same on a similar scale in the capitals and all the places I visited in the other states. I was able to visit several famous goldfields, as well as to get some idea of life on sheep and cattle stations. It would take a man at least a year to see Australia properly, so that I was very sorry to leave having missed so much. Australia is a wonderful land. It is a land of great spaces, immense resources, and of vast possibilities. Its history is little more than a century old, and you have there a continent as large as Europe, with a population much less than that of London. A striking indication of Australia's power and character is the size and beauty of its capital cities, which hold in each case from one-third to one-half the population of their state. I was much struck by those cities, which I think are signs of the quality of the people who are building them. On August 19 I left Australia with great regret."

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
A royal jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool;
Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks

Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging highness:
Whether the wag had twitched his beard
Which he was bound to have revered,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows;—his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaimed—" 'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is sealed, Presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'st condemned to certain death:
Silence, base rebel! no replying!—
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

" Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust;
" Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

A SPEECH BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

III

"As Fiji was our last oiling station on the outward voyage, so it was our first on the return journey. I called at Samoa, a German colony at the outbreak of the war, which did not remain one very long. Besides witnessing another interesting native display at Apia, I visited at Vailima the grave of one of our greatest writers, Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Our return passage through the canal was safely made, and I began my fortnight in the West Indies at Trinidad, one of the largest of the West Indian Islands, which is very rich in oil. From there I went down to British Guiana in a light cruiser, and spent twenty-four hours at Georgetown, Demerara. That is a colony with an area bigger than that of the United Kingdom, and with great possibilities. I visited most of the islands of the Windward and Leeward groups, but had to omit two or three of them. I regret very much not having been to British Honduras, Bahamas, and particularly Jamaica, the largest and most important of all, but hope to remedy this later on. After leaving the West Indies I spent a short time at Bermuda, that old-established naval station which again played its part in the recent war, and reached England on October 11.

"This is the end of my narrative. Though I have already kept you some time, I have not yet mentioned two features of my visits to Australia and New Zealand that I have very closely at heart. First as regards the children. In both the Dominions I was struck by their appearance and bearing, and the wonderful way in which the Governments

are carrying on their education. One could truly say of their systems that they instilled discipline and patriotism into their youth without militarism. I am sure you would have enjoyed as much as I did the many gatherings of thousands of school children which were organised for me everywhere, and I never saw a single child that did not reflect on its healthy, happy face the wide-spread well-being which is the pride of those Dominions. I feel that this is indeed a happy sign for the future.

"I think you know me well enough to have already guessed that it is the second feature that I have very closely at heart—the Australians and New Zealanders who fought and won in the great war. I felt that I was a comrade of the 'diggers' (and I do not think I need explain to you what 'diggers' are) when I first met them in Egypt and France, but I had not landed one moment before I was hailed as 'Digger,' and by the time I sailed from Sydney in August I hardly knew how to answer to any other name. Now, I take this as a very great compliment, and I hope they will always continue to regard me as such, in the same way as I want all the ex-service men of the Empire to look on me as a comrade. I first knew them on active service as men and comrades, when only manhood and good comradeship counted at all. I should be very proud if they thought half as highly of me as I do of them. You will not be surprised to hear that I found in both the Dominions that the ex-service men were the backbone of the country. Think what they did, volunteering in thousands to face the great adventure of war for the Empire thousands of miles away. Can any one dare say in the face of that that the spirit which took our old sea captains and explorers across the world is not only alive, but thriving in the young British nations to-day?

"But then, all ex-service men are the backbone of their peoples, whether here in the Old Country or in the Dominions and Colonies. That is a fact that nobody can get away from. About a month ago I told the late Lord Mayor at a meeting on behalf of the unemployed ex-service men that I was delighted to find that the business of caring for the disabled is being well carried out in the Dominions. Of course, we have a far harder problem here, because, with less employment available, we have a far larger proportion of men to provide for, but I know that we shall all of us here in the Old Country do our utmost to show our gratitude to the men to whom we owe victory, and who must all be given a chance. Our ex-service men have faced the hardest realities, they have seen the great world, and they have felt the strong bond of comradeship on active service. I can unhesitatingly say that in their keeping the future of their own nations and of the British Empire is safe. I have one plea to make in this context. I have just spoken of comradeship, and that is the spirit in which I feel that all the British nations must live and work together if their union is to endure.

"The younger nations, the Dominions, are putting their shoulders to the work of nation-building and development, and they are facing that work with courage. But they need our help. They know something of our problems and our burdens here in the Old Country, the old country which has shown its greatness again in the world war; and they have more than proved their readiness to stand with us against any menace to our common liberties, and since my travels I am quite sure that they always will be ready to stand with us. But we must do our utmost to help it see their point of view, and to enter into their dreams, so that we may all of us throughout the Empire work together in the spirit of comradeship which bound us

during the Great War. As an example of what I mean, all the Dominions want population from us, and we have the population to spare.

"Only one word more. Since my return to the United Kingdom, the heart of the great British Commonwealth, we have been perilously near an industrial struggle which would have impoverished all classes and weakened us throughout the world. It is not until one has travelled through the Empire, as I have done, that one can realise how such a struggle counts in the world. You have to be away from the Old Country and see it from the distance to know that not only our sister British nations, but foreign nations too, are watching with intentness to see how it faces the grave problems produced by the Great War.

"Let me say this, as a lesson I have learned from my travels during the past fifteen months: If we are to keep our well-being and our credit in the world, it is necessary that every nation of the Empire must pull together with a true spirit of comradeship and co-operation in all our affairs. This can only be done by maintaining within the nation here at home the same spirit which links the nations of the Empire to us. Whatever may be the difficulties let us overcome them and pull through. The result can only be peace and prosperity to all; and it is due to our ancestors who overcame the difficulties of their times, as well as to the present generation that fought and won a great victory, that their work should not be in vain—and it can be done."

The Prince ended his speech amidst the greatest enthusiasm. The next time he leaves England to visit others, who await his coming, it will be to our own country —India—which will give a great welcome to the eldest son of the King-Emperor, who will himself one day reign as the Kaiser-i-Hind.

DARA

WHEN Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
Weakened by many a vice, and all the land
Was hovered over by those vulture ills
That sniff decaying empire from afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well
Made his own village, by the self-same spell,
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold;
Then gathering strength by slow and wise degrees
Under his sway to neighbour villages
Order returned, and faith and justice old.

Now when it fortuned that a king more wise
Endued the realm with brain, and hand, and eyes,
He sought on every side men brave and just;
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of elder days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
Than in his crook before; but envy finds
More food in cities than on mountains bare,
And the frank sun of natures clear and rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was hissed into the royal ear
That though wise Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,

Yet when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said that, wheresoe'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own;
But when 'twas opened, all his tent was known
To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight.
There, as was fit, outside the city's gate
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at hand,
A camel with the chest was seen to stand;
The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure-chest!"
'Twas done; and only a worn shepherd's vest
Was found therein! Some blushed and hung the head.
Not Dara; open as the sky's blue roof
He stood, and, "O my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust!" he said.

"To govern men, lo, all the spell I had!
My soul, in these rude vestments ever clad,
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,
Still on these plains could breathe the mountain air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth and make them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
Were I not lord of simple Dara still;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."

Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
And strained the throbbing lids; before 'twas night.
Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE THREE WISHES

THERE was once an Emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a well-cooked fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did so, he was to be seized, and, on the third day thereafter, he was to be put to death. But by virtue of the Emperor's mercy, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the Emperor pledged himself to grant, provided that it was not that his life should be spared.

Many had already died through this rule, when one day a prince and his young son presented themselves at the Court. The fish was served as usual, and when the prince had removed all the fish from one side of the bone he turned it over, and was about to begin on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his fate.

Full of sorrow, the prince's young son begged the Emperor to allow him to take the place of his father, and the Emperor graciously granted the favour. Accordingly, the prince was released from prison and his son took his place in the dungeon.

As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his gaolers: "You know I have the right to make three

demands before I die. Go and tell the Emperor to send me his daughter and a priest to marry us."

This first demand was anything but pleasing to the Emperor; nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore agreed to the request, to which the princess, his daughter, had no sort of objection.

Now these things occurred in the times when kings kept all their treasures in a cave or vault, or in a tower set apart for the purpose; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded that all the Emperor's treasures should be given to him. If his first demand had been a bold one, the second was not less so. Still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he felt bound to keep it; so the treasures of gold and silver and jewels and rich stuffs were brought to the young man. On obtaining possession of them, he proceeded to give them all away. He gave them away most kindly among all the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The Emperor by this time was feeling very uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what this young man's third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to the prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once and you may be killed quickly, for I am tired of you and your demands."

"Sire," answered the prisoner, "I have but one more favour to ask, and when you have granted it I shall die content. It is only that before I die you will put out the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over."

"Very good," replied the Emperor. "Your demand appears a very natural one, and springs from a heart that

is filial. Let the Chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

THE PRINCESS APPEALING TO HER FATHER, THE EMPEROR.

"I, sire!" cried the Chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the Steward."

"Let the Steward be seized then," said the King.

But the Steward, with tears in his eyes, protested that

he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the Butler. The Butler declared that he had seen nothing and it must have been one of the khit-matghars. But they swore that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the prince. In short, it was plain in the end that nobody could be found who had seen the prince commit the offence.

Then the princess approached the Emperor and said: "I appeal to you, my father, as the fountain of all wisdom. If nobody saw the offence committed, although they were all there, then the prince cannot be guilty, and my husband is therefore also innocent, and should be spared."

The Emperor frowned. The courtiers all murmured amongst themselves.

The Emperor smiled. Immediately every one else smiled and became more cheerful.

"Let it be so," said the Emperor; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But if he is not hung, he is now married. Justice has been done."

JOHN MAYNARD

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
One bright midsummer day,
The gallant steamer *Ocean Queen*
Swept proudly on her way.

Bright faces clustered on the deck
Or, leaning o'er the side,
Watched carelessly the feathery foam
That flecked the rippling tide.

A seaman sought the captain's side,
A moment whispered low;
The captain's swarthy face grew pale,
He hurried down below.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,
It sped from lip to lip,
And ghastly faces everywhere
Looked from the doomed ship.

"Is there no hope—no chance of life?"
A hundred lips implore;
"But one," the captain made reply,
"To run the ship on shore."

A sailor whose heroic soul
That hour should yet reveal—
By name John Maynard, eastern born—
Stood calmly at the wheel.

"Head her south-east!" the captain shouts,
Above the smothered roar,
"Head her south-east without delay!
Make for the nearest shore!"

John Maynard watched the nearing flames,
But still, with steady hand
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
He steered the ship to land.

"John Maynard," with an anxious voice,
The captain cries once more,
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we will reach the shore."

Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart
  Responded firmly, still
Unawed, though face to face with death,
  " With God's good help, I will ! "

The flames approach with giant strides,
  They scorch his hands and brow ;
One arm disabled seeks his side,
  Ah, he is conquered now !

But no, his teeth are firmly set,
  He crushes down the pain—
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
  He guides the ship again.

One moment yet ! one moment yet !
  Brave heart, thy task is o'er !
The pebbles grate beneath the keel,
  The steamer touches shore,

But where is he, that helmsman bold ?
  The captain saw him reel—
His nerveless hands released their task,
  He sunk beside the wheel :

The waves received his lifeless corpse,
  Blackened with smoke and fire.
God rest him ! Hero never had
  A nobler funeral pyre !

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

I

A GREAT English king, Henry the Fifth, went out to battle in France long ago. Before the fight, he talked to his

soldiers and said : " For he to-day that sheds his blood with me, shall be my brother." Truly every man who fought for the king should be even as the brother of the king. Perhaps you think these soldiers were men of noble birth, and the personal friends of the king for whom they fought ? No ; they had come from the little villages and small towns where their friends lived and worked and died, and they had gone to help their king.

The king knew how many fighting men he had in his army, but he did not know every soldier. To the king each man was a fighter, but he did not know the fighter's name ; and yet because he came to fight for the king and to shed his blood for the king, he was the king's brother.

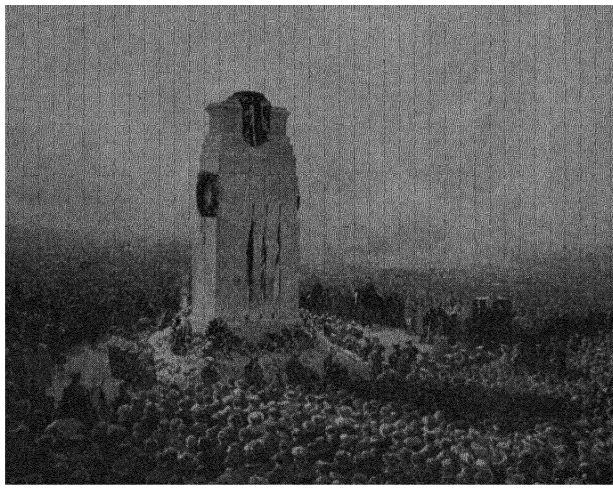
In our time we have seen the greatest war the world has ever known, and again the King called for his fighting men. All Indian boys and girls know men who went from their own villages and crossed the water to be part of the armies of the King-Emperor. They joined countless thousands of their white fellow-soldiers who hastened across the sea from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and America, each man leaving the town or village where he was known, to join that mighty army where he was unknown. Far from their homes they fought side by side against the enemies of the Empire, who because they were enemies of the Empire were the enemies of India too.

Just as the men went from our Indian villages, so English men went from English villages ; and just as we miss those who never came back, so do English widows mourn for the men who never returned. They have shed their blood and given their lives for the Empire over which the King-Emperor rules.

No one will ever forget the heroism of the Rajput men who fought for Chitore long ago. We do not know their names. They are all unknown, but because they fought

and died like heroes they will always be remembered. And so shall we remember the unknown heroes who died in the Great War.

The last shot of the Great War was fired on November 11 in 1918, and for ever that day in every year as it comes will be a day of remembrance throughout the world. On that day, at a given hour, every man in the Empire,



THE GREAT SILENCE.

including the King-Emperor himself, ceases to move or speak or think of his own affairs for the space of two minutes. There is a great silence, and in that silence all think of those men who cheerfully gave their lives, and were as the King's brothers.

We remember the sacrifice they made, and we give them the homage of our gratitude, and those of us who live give all honour to those who died.

In the midst of that silence on November 11, 1920, the King-Emperor stood as the chief mourner beside the body of one of those who had died in the Great War. It was the body of an unknown warrior. No one knows his name, nor the town nor village from whence he came. He is one who went out to fight and never came back. He has been taken from his grave in France where he died, and with all honour and reverence he has been carried by brother soldiers to rest in England's holiest shrine, Westminster Abbey. He is as the brother of the King; and with the King-Emperor and his sons as chief mourners, and a great crowd that represents the Empire paying him silent homage, he has been laid to rest in a shrine where kings and great men rest. It is not one unknown fighter whom we thus reverence. He represents all those who gave their lives. He is a symbol of all those European and Indian soldiers who never returned to their villages. His grave is honoured as though it were the resting place of all those men who never returned to their villages in India, to their farms in Australia or New Zealand or Canada. He is the spirit of all those men who have fought and died doing their duty.

Placed in a plain coffin, the body of this Unknown Warrior was carried back to England with all honour, on the deck of a mighty battleship. It was only a short time ago that the victorious leaders of the armies in France —Haig, Allenby, Pershing, and Foch—landed at Dover from the fields of battle and were given triumphant greetings by eager crowds in Dover, and later in London. Yet no greater honour was paid to them than to the Unknown Warrior. Flags were at half-mast as a sign of mourning for his death and the death of all those who had been his brethren, and a salute of nineteen guns was fired as the big battleship with its Unknown Soldier entered the harbour. You all know the honour that is paid to a Rajah

or Nawab when he travels to a durbar. He has a salute of guns, and the number fired depends upon his personal importance. The nineteen guns that were fired as a salute to all the dead heroes of the Great War, as represented by that Unknown Warrior on the battleship, were the number that would have been fired in salute to a field-marshal; and a field-marshal is the highest rank of all in the armies of the King-Emperor.

Dover is a garrison town with many soldiers, and they all assembled to do honour to the home-coming of the unknown man who had done his duty, and, as they stood by, they were silently honouring every man who died in the Great War. In silence the people waited while the coffin, covered with a flag that had been carried by soldiers into battle, was solemnly borne to the platform and the prepared funeral car that was to convey the body to London, where the King-Emperor awaited its coming at a beautiful shrine that stands in the middle of a great and famous street called Whitehall, so that all who pass by may remember. It is a shrine for all "Our glorious dead," and at the foot of the shrine the King-Emperor waited with his sons for the coming of the Unknown Soldier who was as his brother.

Before his coming, the shrine was covered on each side by two great flags, and between them hung the flags of the army and navy. From the earliest hours of the morning, thousands and thousands of people joined in the pilgrimage to the shrine and waited patiently until it should be their turn to pass by and lay their offering of flowers at its foot. The crowd came on in hosts, silent and in order, men, women, and children grouped about the shrine and along the ways that led to it until no more could come. Those that spoke did so only in whispers; the spirits of the heroic dead were at that place.

Then faintly the music came on the still air, and through the music beat the measured stroke of drums, louder and louder; nearer and nearer was heard the sound of the music, and slowly the funeral procession approached the foot of the shrine. First the soldiers, and then a gun-carriage bearing the unknown dead, drawn by six horses. The flag still covered the coffin, and on it rested the helmet and weapons of a soldier, and a sword that once had belonged to a mighty warrior of the olden times. The gun-carriage was wheeled round and drawn up across the roadway, and round about it were grouped the highest officers of the King-Emperor's navy and army. Far behind stretched a column of mourners, all soldiers, sailors, or airmen, and the King-Emperor stood alone at the foot of the shrine.

The music ceased, and only the tolling of the Abbey bell broke the silence. Then the King-Emperor stepped towards the coffin, and upon the flag reverently laid his offering. It was a wreath of laurel bound about with scarlet flowers. It had an inscription:

"In proud memory of those warriors who died unknown in the Great War. Unknown, and yet well known; as dying and behold they live."

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS

ALONE through gloomy forest-shades
A soldier went by night;
No moonbeams pierced the dusky glades,
No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round
The youth all cheerly passed;
Unchecked by aught of boding sound
That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour ?
—In his far home, perchance ;
His father's hall, his mother's bower,
'Midst the gay vines of France :

Wandering from battles lost and won,
To hear and bless again
The rolling of the wide Garonne,
Or murmur of the Seine.

Hush ! hark ! did stealing steps go by ?
Came not faint whispers near ?
No ! the wild wind hath many a sigh,
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again !—and from his hand
What grasp hath wrenched the blade ?
— Oh, single 'midst a hostile band,
Young soldier ! thou'rt betrayed !

" Silence ! " in undertones they cry,
" No whisper—not a breath !
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh
Shall sentence thee to death ! "

Still, at the bayonet's point he stood,
And strong to meet the blow ;
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,
" Arm, arm, Auvergne ! the foe ! "

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—
He heard their tumults grow ;
And sent his dying voice through all—
" Auvergne, Auvergne ! the foe ! "

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

II

FOR a moment the King-Emperor stood and saluted the unknown man, and with him all the other unknown men who had died.

Do you understand what the words of the inscription mean? They mean all that you have been reading in Chapter I. Many died in the Great War of whom even the names were unknown, and we are proud of their deeds and of their sacrifice.

In dying they performed deeds that shall live for ever, because they did things no man can ever forget. You remember the Rajput men of Chitore. *They* died; but "as dying, behold *they* live," and yet you cannot say their names. . . .

The King-Emperor stepped back after laying his offering upon the coffin, and as he did so the music started again, but this time as in a holy place of worship and prayer. All people bowed their heads in reverent prayer as the voice of the priest was heard, and then all around was silence. As the hour struck eleven, the King-Emperor released the cord that held the great flags in place about the shrine. They trembled and fell first on one side and then on the other, and the majestic monument was disclosed.

The silence fell. The ringing chimes of the hour had passed into stillness. The tolling bell was hushed. The voice of prayer had gone up on high. Now all was quiet, and for two minutes the Empire stood still and remembered the heroic unknown warriors who were one with him in the coffin lying on the gun-carriage at the foot of the shrine. Then the King-Emperor took another wreath like the one

he had placed on the coffin (but this one had white flowers instead of red ones), and this one he placed at the foot of the shrine, "In memory of the glorious dead." His son, the Prince of Wales, following him, placed beside it his own offering. These were the first of a world of flowers brought as the tribute of living hearts to this shrine of the dead.

Admirals, generals, statesmen; men, women, and children followed bearing beautiful trophies of flowers, and the long line of them advanced unceasingly. The gun-carriage with the coffin passed on towards the Abbey, with the King-Emperor following behind it on foot with his sons and soldiers.

The people waited until the escort of the coffin had passed—the bluejackets and marines, the air-force and the infantry—and then took their turn to file past the shrine and lay their flowers on the bed of lilies and chrysanthemums which already rose above the base; then they too would follow to the Abbey where the Unknown Warrior was to be laid to rest. . . .

From outside, the sunlight came in through the Abbey windows, and long shafts of light fell and softly glowed upon the tombs, statues, and pillars; and shone upon that spot where he was to lie in his coffin, nameless among those great men who already lie there, the statesmen and soldiers who have made England what she is. Kings lie there in their dead majesty, their day over, yet not a king among them all was ever more truly the representative of the spirit of the Empire from one generation to another than this unknown man. They were of their time and day. But he stands for all the long centuries of our national life and loyalty, purpose, strength, and faith, and he is in truth the brother of every one of us.

Priests chanted the burial service as the coffin was

borne on the shoulders of stalwart soldiers down the centre of the great Abbey, between the double ranks of officers and men who had won the Victoria Cross—for valour—during the war.

They lowered it into the open grave, while the King-

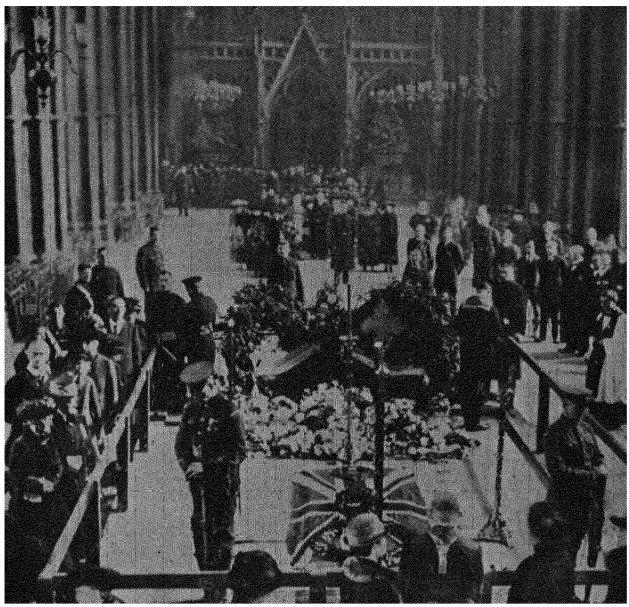


Photo Topical Press Agency.

GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.

Emperor, his sons, his admirals, and his generals stood grouped around it, and on the coffin still rested the helmet and weapons and the flag of the Empire. Then the King-Emperor scattered upon the coffin a few handfuls of earth brought from France, on whose soil the war had been

waged; and so with the singing of hymns and prayers to the Great God of All, the Unknown Warrior was buried.

This plain man, who did his duty to his king and country, and who died in the doing of it, lies now within our holiest shrine, but as enshrined there with a living spirit of eternal life and hope through deeds that live.

When the King-Emperor had paid his last tribute at the tomb of the Empire's dead, and passed mournfully on his way, he led a procession almost unending of thousands upon thousands of his subjects past the grave. The Unknown Warrior lacked no honour that could be shown him by the mass of the people. As the King-Emperor and the Princes passed on from the grave their place was taken by all those who had followed from the shrine in Whitehall, and for many days there filed past a silent, reverent, seemingly endless throng of pilgrims intent on gaining one last glimpse of the resting place of the dead soldier. Down Whitehall filed the long procession, placing their flowers at the foot of the shrine as they passed, and then on to Westminster Abbey where lay the unknown man, the comrade of all those who had died and " who to their glory came through dust of conflict and through battle flame," and were, on this second Armistice Day, having their recognition in this tribute of the Empire. And four of their living comrades stood, two at the head and two at the foot of the grave.

Many threw in bunches of flowers as they passed, and there were wistful glances through the tears as they wondered whether perhaps this Unknown Warrior was not only one of the boys who fell, but actually their very own boy. Dusk came down and filled the arches and corners with shadows; the lamps overhead in the gloom of the great roof shone down on the Union Jack that covered the grave.

The endless columns of people wound away into the far distance, tens of thousands of people, who if they spoke did so in whispers, and there was never a moment when a whisper could not be heard.

It was a pilgrimage of all great creeds and faiths, not confined to any one sect or religion. People of all religions were there, and people of every class and rank. It was one great universal pilgrimage—and all who lived honoured all who had died and yet lived for all time, enshrined in that "Sepulchre" in Whitehall, and with the Great Unknown in the Abbey. High and low, rich and poor, one with another; as there was the equality of sacrifice so there is now the equality of remembrance and of homage. And these twin memorials which are as one, the splendour of the shrine of shining stone and that quiet grave, are the tokens of a unity which shall not pass, of a brotherhood which shall endure.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see.
Not a leaf on a tree:
"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant

Him shelter from rain :
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow :
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, " I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend ;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm ? " Said the cricket, " Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
" You *sang*, sir, you say ?
Go then," said the ant, " and *dance* winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable the moral is good :
If you live without work, you must live without food.

AVIATION

Of all the results of the Great War, one of the most notable has been the immense strides made by aviation since 1914. Up to that time the use of the aeroplane was largely experimental, and so faulty were the machines that the experiments generally resulted in the death of the man who attempted to fly. So rapid, however, has progress been, that the future is full of possibilities of improvement for such a means of travel and transport.

The giant aeroplane of to-day is very far removed from its earlier forerunner, the balloon filled with a gas lighter than air.

The balloon consisted of a silken bag which was inflated with the gas and became buoyant, so that it rose in the air as soon as it was released from its moorings (carrying below it a basket in which the passengers were seated). In the basket were bags filled with sand ; and when they desired to rise to a higher altitude the passengers lessened the weight of the balloon by throwing out some of the bags of sand. On the other hand, did they desire to

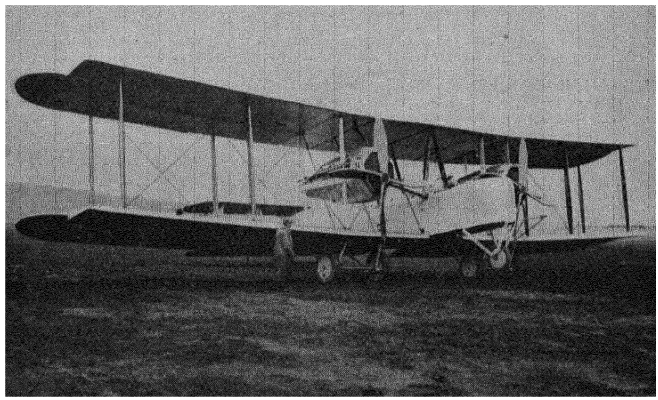


Photo Topical Press Agency.

THE FIRST AEROPLANE ("VICKERS' VIMY" BOMBING MACHINE) TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN ONE CONTINUOUS FLIGHT.

descend, they pulled a cord which opened a little door and enabled some of the gas to escape from the balloon, and, as the gas escaped gradually, so they made an easy descent to the earth again.

In this way a man could regulate his ascent and descent —but as far as direction went, when once he was in the air he became the sport and plaything of the winds and air-currents, which caught the balloon and carried it along unresisting. So that, although the passenger could choose

the spot from where he would go up, it was a matter of chance where he came down, and he could only hope it would not be in the sea!

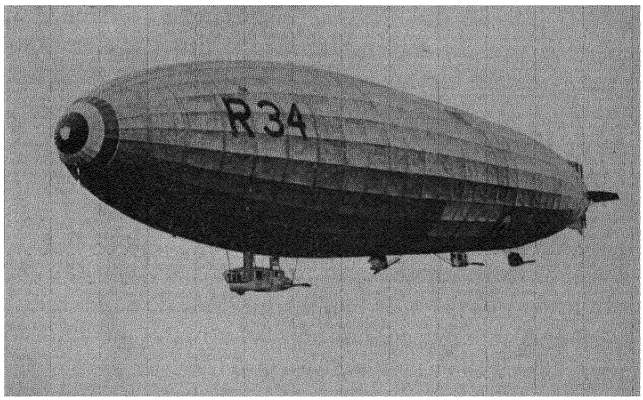
Once balloons were used, inventive minds worked out ideas for their improvement, and it was felt that the value of such a means of travel would be much increased if the balloons could be steered. Then the original basket gave place to a car or ship, which carried the machine for steering, and which of course was many times heavier than the basket had been. Consequently, the balloon itself had to be constructed on a gigantic scale, so that it held sufficient gas, when it was inflated, to lift the weight of the ship to which it was attached. A German, Count Zeppelin, was untiring in his experiments. He was aided by the German government, and he at length designed a kind of giant balloon which could carry a great weight, and yet be under perfect control.

The first British airship to make anything like a really successful flight was named the *Nulli Secundus*. It aroused great excitement and enthusiasm on its trial flight in the presence of huge crowds of people. This was followed by other airships of the same type. Kites also were popular at this time for military observation—long strings of them supporting a basket, in which sat an observer who ascended and descended along an iron cable, governing the speed of his descent by means of a brake.

The first aeroplane, as distinct from an airship, was built by Mr. F. S. Cody, who had also designed the kites that were largely used at one time. He made many experiments with the machines that he constructed, all heavier than air (that is to say without a gas-bag attached, to enable them to rise and float in the air). At first his machine did nothing more than skim over the ground at a fair speed, but when improvements were made, it rose from

the ground on several occasions, though nothing like a really good flight was ever made. He kept on, however, and devoted his whole time to overcoming difficulties, until at last he produced a really useful machine. He might be styled the " Father of British Aviation."

There were also very clever and brave men who showed their courage and faith in aviation by flying across the sea from France to England.



BRITISH AIRSHIP "R 34," THAT CROSSED TO THE UNITED STATES AND RETURNED TO THE BRITISH ISLES.

Then the British Government ordered aeroplanes, and established a Central Flying School (where both naval and military officers received instruction in the art of flying) and formed the Royal Air Service, which was in its infancy when war broke out in 1914.

Aeroplanes were then very scarce and of a very poor type, and truly every aviator went up into the air with his life in his hands. The best machines travelled at about sixty miles an hour, and if they climbed three thousand feet in ten minutes it was thought to be quite good. They

had very little safety, and as for fighting-power, that was entirely neglected. A machine flying at any height over three thousand feet was considered perfectly safe from gun-fire, and as at that time there was no other method of attacking aeroplanes, the pilots were safe as long as the engine of the aeroplane did not break down, or any other mishap occur to the machine. But the great probability was that something of the sort would occur.

By the end of 1918 machines were flying at over twenty thousand feet in the air, and being brought down from twenty thousand feet by anti-aircraft gun-fire. They were also fitted for air-fighting with machine-guns, and they carried bombs to drop on enemy forts and ships.

At first an aeroplane could not make a flight of more than about three and a half hours, and the engine used was so poor that machines were constantly being put out of action on that account.

During the first months of war, therefore, the work of the Royal Flying Corps was largely to scout for the various armies, and report the position and movements of the enemy. Then the Germans produced an aeroplane that was an imitation of a French model, but improved upon the model in every way. With it they gained a great advantage.

The result of this was that British and French inventors set to work to improve on the enemy's improvements, and so the struggle for air-victory continued, always to the further progress of aviation.

At one time the enemy would produce a machine superior to anything the Allies had; and then that would be overcome by some new British or French machine. Speed, climbing power, strength, ease of turning and twisting, weight-lifting, and length of flight are what go to make an aeroplane the superior of its rivals, together

with the skill and courage of the pilot. It has already been said that in 1914 sixty miles an hour was a fair speed, and a climb of three thousand feet in ten minutes was considered very fair. By the end of 1918 the majority of aeroplanes used for fighting purposes could easily travel a hundred miles an hour, carrying two passengers, guns and ammunition, and a full load of petrol and oil, and many types could do more—any speed up to one hundred and thirty miles an hour—while the fast single-seaters can fly from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty miles an hour. The climbing power of some of the latest types is almost incredible, ten thousand feet being reached in five minutes.

It is impossible to tell the limits to which the uses of aviation may be applied in the future. Probably the first improvement will be along the lines of more rapid communication between one part of the world and another. There is already a regular aerial service between England and Paris, both for passengers and mails. It is almost certain that the postal authorities will in a few years make regular use of this method of communication.

At present it takes about three weeks for a letter to be delivered in India from the time of its being posted in England, but with aeroplanes travelling at a hundred miles an hour (and that is now a very moderate speed for them), the time will be reduced to a very few days instead of three weeks; and, with the improvements which are possible, we may live to hear of a daily mail between portions of the British Empire that lie hundreds of miles apart.

LOSS OF THE *BIRKENHEAD*

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down ;
The deep sea roll'd around in dark repose ;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;
Her timbers thrill'd as nerves, when through them pass'd
The spirit of that shock.

And even like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, and then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey !
The sea turn'd one clear smile ! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Form'd us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:—
All to the boats! cried one:—he was, thank God
No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir:
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England, that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

AN OLD SCOTTISH STORY

I

DUNCAN, surnamed "the Gracious," ascended the throne of Scotland in the year 1033. At that time Scotland was a kingdom separate from England and had a king of her own. Duncan the Gracious possessed in a very high

degree qualities likely to ensure for him the love of his people. Perhaps, indeed, he had not enough of that fierce courage which his ancestors had, but he possessed a generous nature and well-stored mind.

He had two sons, Malcolm and Donaldbane.

During the reign of Duncan many attacks were made by the Danes, who sometimes marched into the country and sometimes seized upon what spoil they could readily obtain, and speedily sail away. At length, when Duncan was very old, they came with a great fleet under the command of Sueno, King of Denmark and Norway, and declared their intention of taking possession of the province of Fife. An army was collected to fight against them, and a great noble named Macbeth was in command of this army.

The governors of provinces were in those days called "Thanes." Macbeth was a man of great genius, high spirit, high ambition, and with all the qualities of a successful general. He was a relation of the king and the son of the Thane of Glamis.

No man was more fitted for command.

Banquo, Thane of Lochaber, accompanied Macbeth on his expedition, and both fought well and bravely in the struggle which ensued, a struggle which ended in the total defeat of the Danes. On this occasion the Danes are said to have taken a solemn oath, that they would never again return to Scotland as enemies.

So, with triumph, Macbeth returned, the champion of his country, the hero of the day, admired and praised by all. Shouts of welcome rang in his ears as he passed through towns and villages; and crowds attended him, all anxious to look upon the stalwart man, and lion-hearted soldier, who had freed his country from the Danish foe.

He listened to the praises of the people; he heard them

hail him as their deliverer; then he thought—why should they not hail him as their king? It was a strange, dark thought; a thought which possibly, at first, almost startled him and made him ashamed of letting so wicked an idea enter his mind, for his duty was to obey and serve Duncan who was his king.

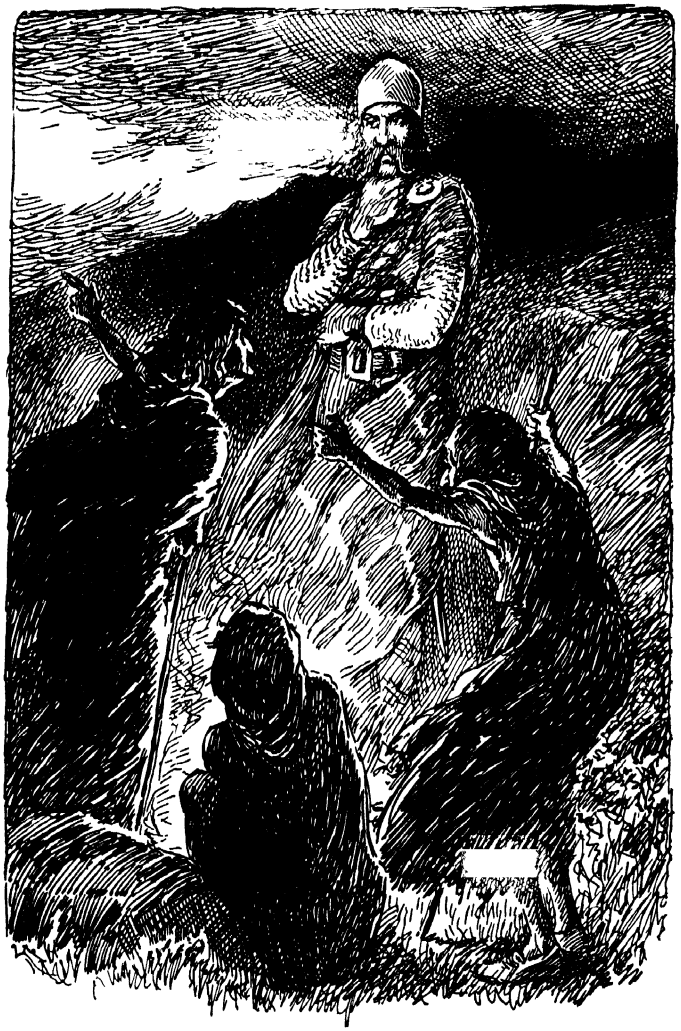
He tried to put the temptation from him, but back it came, again and again. In every shout, in every welcome cry, in the wild songs of the wandering singers, he seemed to hear himself proclaimed the monarch of his country.

One day, a wild desolate heath (a kind of jungle) stretched far away before him as he was on the march at the head of his troops (and a fine sight these troops were —an army of heroes with a forest of spears). They were about to cross the heath, when suddenly their way was barred. Three women, "so withered, and so wild in their attire" that every man was filled with fear as he looked upon them, came forward or seemed to rise out of the earth, and with their shrill voices hailed Macbeth:

> "All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
> All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
> All hail, Macbeth! thou shalt be King of Scotland!"

they sang. Macbeth heard the words which thus foretold his fate. It was an age of superstition. Men believed in ghosts and devils, witches and fairies; the winds had for them a thousand strange voices; the stars were supposed to rule their lives; all nature was a dark mystery in which men sought explanations of their own lives and glimpses of their future fates; and as Macbeth listened to the women whom he believed to be witches, he felt that these were something more than idle words in their strange greeting.

The women also assured Banquo that, though he himself



"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
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should never be king of Scotland, his children should rule the land; and while Macbeth, as one stunned by some sudden news, stood silent and motionless, a messenger came to tell him that his father was dead and he was Thane of Glamis; and close upon this first messenger came a second, to bring him the news that King Duncan had conferred upon him the rank and title of Thane of Cawdor. So here were two of the prophecies come true already. One thing alone remained to be accomplished:

> The hollow crown,
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

was yet to be obtained.

Macbeth knew not how to act. The very fact of his kingship being prophesied made him wish to make it come true, and led him to plot and plan to that end.

Lady Macbeth, ambitious as her lord, and far more cruel, suggested a sure and certain method.

Time passed on, and there was a dark and evil purpose growing in the heart of Macbeth, who could not forget the prophecy. At last he invited the old king, Duncan, to his castle at Inverness, and the monarch came. He came and feasted in the traitor's house and, suspecting no evil, lay down to sleep. He never woke again.

It was the custom in those times that when the king slept two armed men should guard him. These defenders of their king were stationed in his chamber, but their last drink had been drugged, and they slept soundly.

Macbeth and his wife were awake. It was a wild and stormy night. About two in the morning, Macbeth quietly approached the royal sleeping room. He listened. All was silent. He entered and looked upon the face of the sleeping king. He withdrew the knives from the armed watchers, bent over the monarch, and stabbed him through

the heart. But as he left the room he looked back, in terror at the deed he had done. He saw the blood of his murdered king, and it seemed to cry aloud with a voice that, even then, sounded in his ears, and never ceased to sound—a voice which cried for vengeance on the doer of that deed.

THE SEVEN FIDDLERS

A BLUE robe on their shoulder,
And an ivory bow in hand,
Seven fiddlers came with their fiddles
A-fiddling through the land;
And they fiddled a tune on their fiddles
That none could understand.

For none who heard their fiddling
Might keep his ten toes still,
E'en the cripple threw down his crutches,
And danced against his will;
Young and old they all fell a-dancing,
While the fiddlers fiddled their fill.

They fiddled down to the ferry—
The ferry by Severn-side,
And they stept abroad the ferry,
None else to row or guide,
And deftly steered the pilot,
And stoutly the oars they plied.

Then suddenly in the mid-channel
These fiddlers ceased to row,
And the pilot spake to his fellows
In a tongue that none may know:

" Let us home to our fathers and brothers ;
And the friends we love below."

Then the fiddlers seized their fiddles,
And sang to their fiddles a song :
" We are coming, coming, oh brothers,
To the home we have left so long,
For the world still loves the fiddler,
And the fiddler's tune is strong."

Then they stept from out the ferry
Into the Severn-sea,
Down into the depths of the waters,
Where the homes of the fiddlers be,
And the ferry-boat drifted slowly
Forth to the ocean free !

But where those jolly fiddlers
Walked down into the deep,
The ripples are never quiet,
But forever dance and leap,
Though the Severn-sea be silent,
And the winds be all asleep.

AN OLD SCOTTISH STORY

II

NEXT morning, when the murder was discovered, the alarm and anger of all were very great. Macbeth pretended to be more horror-struck and angry than the rest of the nobles, and with his own hands killed the armed watchers whose drink he had himself drugged ; but the nobles guessed the truth.

The sons of the murdered king fled—Malcolm, to the

court of England ; Donaldbane, to some more distant land. Macbeth seized upon the crown. He was king—but he had no happiness. Jealous of the power of Banquo, and fearing that he might be tempted to conspire against him, he hired ruffians to slay him. He intended likewise to kill the son of Banquo, but the youth fled to Wales.

The path of the usurper was beset with difficulties, and he was filled with uneasy fears.

These terrors drove him to seek out and consult the three witches whose strange greeting had led his mad ambition on to murder.

They told him he should never lose the crown of Scotland till the great forest of Birnam should come to the castle of Dunsinane! This seemed an utter impossibility (as well might the Taj Mahal march from Agra to Delhi).

The hill of Dunsinane is upon one side of a green valley, and the forest of Birnam is on the opposite side, and there is a distance of twelve miles between them.

Macbeth determined to make the castle of Dunsinane as strong as he could, so that he might fly to it as a last refuge, and there feel quite safe from harm until the giant oaks and other trees of Birnam were able to march to the attack.

For the purpose of strengthening the castle he compelled his nobles to send him stone and timber, and to drag them by oxen to the top of the hill. Amongst these who were compelled to contribute was the Thane of Fife, who was named Macduff.

One day Macbeth gave a great feast, and those who were invited, although they would much rather have stayed away, were obliged to attend.

Macduff also felt the danger of attending, for he knew that his loyalty to murdered King Duncan was the cause of bitter hatred towards himself on the part of the usurper.

While the feast was being prepared, Macbeth rode out to watch the men and oxen toiling up Dunsinane with stone and timber. Noticing that some of the cattle were struggling up the hill with great difficulty, he demanded to know to whom the oxen belonged. The servants told him "to Macduff." "Ah," said the king, "is it so? Then since the Thane of Fife sends such worthless cattle as those to do my labour, I will put his own neck into the yoke and make him draw the burden himself."

These evil words were told to Macduff as he walked in the hall of Macbeth's castle. He understood all that they meant. Snatching a loaf from the table he called for his horses, and was galloping back to Fife before Macbeth returned to the castle. As soon as the king learned that the thane had taken flight, he followed him with a strong bodyguard, intending to put him to death.

At full speed, Macduff rode on his way. He at length reached his own castle, which was situated near the mouth of the Firth of Forth, and directing his wife and a soldier to have the gates shut and the drawbridge raised, he went down to the little harbour belonging to the castle, and set sail in a small vessel to England, to beg for aid against Macbeth.

When Macbeth reached the castle he ordered Lady Macduff to open the gates. This she boldly refused to do. She spoke to the king from the wall of the castle, saying: "Do you see that white sail upon the ocean? Yonder goes Macduff to the Court of England. Never will you see him again until he returns with our own prince, the son of Duncan, and then you shall lose both crown and life!"

Macbeth then attacked the castle, and in spite of the brave way in which it was defended, he forced his way in. Lady Macduff and her children were slain, but the Thane

of Fife was well on his way to England, and already Macbeth felt fear of the danger that threatened him.

Edward the Confessor was then King of England. Malcolm, the son of Duncan, had found refuge at his Court, and when Macduff came, and the prince and the thane made their petition that Edward would aid them in their struggle to overthrow the usurper, Edward ordered Siward, the Earl of Northumberland, to enter Scotland with a strong army, and to assist Malcolm to regain his father's crown.

The Scottish nobles joined the English forces. Every day fresh numbers were added, and Macbeth's enemies gained in strength till he was forced to retire to Dunsinane.

There he thought himself secure, and looked across the valley at the vast forest, twelve miles distant, which was to him the sign of his safety.

But one morning the forest moved! The sentinels on the battlements of Dunsinane saw the branches stir like waving plumes. On they came, nearer and nearer, a host of marching trees; and the fate of Macbeth was sealed. Birnam Wood had come to Dunsinane.

The truth was this. In Birnam Wood, Malcolm and Macduff lay encamped; before they could attack the castle they had to cross a broad, open plain; to do so, and still deceive those in the fortress as to their numbers, Macduff ordered that every soldier should cut down the branch of a tree and carry it in his arms, so that the moving mass of boughs might deceive the enemy as to their numbers. When Macbeth saw them coming, he also saw the fulfilment of the prophecy and knew that death was very near. Rushing out with a few faithful followers, he gave battle to Macduff—a battle in which he lost both life and crown. . . .

This old story of Macbeth has been told by many

historians, but the most famous version is the one in which Shakespeare made it the subject of one of his plays.

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain.

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chambers looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets

Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a panther's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil:
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank their Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Acquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said,
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound
To the dreary fountain head
Of lakes and rivers underground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colours seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime

Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE STONE IN THE ROAD

NEAR the village of Kasi, along the road to Benares, was a certain place known to all for the number of accidents that had happened there. People said that an evil spirit dwelt there, a spirit who laughed to see each new misfortune.

The truth was, a large stone was firmly fixed in the road, and it looked as if the road on either side of it had become worn away by use while the stone had remained as it was, so that it became the cause of all the accidents.

At first people stumbled over it in the dark as they walked along the road, and many a toe was hurt. One day a boy ran into Kasi and said that he was walking quietly along the road, thinking no evil and doing none, when suddenly a spirit had thrown him flat on his face. His face was bruised and cut, so every one believed what he said.

A week later, a man was riding his horse past the same place and his horse stumbled against the stone, so that the man was thrown from the saddle. He said his horse had never done such a thing before, so the spirit must have made him do so this time.

Another time the headman was returning from a *mela*, and he felt safe from the spirit, as so many people were walking or riding together and all singing loudly and

carrying lamps. He was sitting in a cart and, at the moment, was not thinking of any possible accident, when suddenly one of the bullocks stumbled, the other one pulled the wrong way, and after a great deal of swaying and jolting the wheel came off the cart and it was completely overturned. The headman's arm was broken. It was the worst thing that had happened so far, but no one thought of removing the stone. His arm was set by the *hakim*, and even when it was nearly well he was never tired of telling the story of what had happened to him, and every time he told the story he added a little more to it, so that people believed in the spirit more firmly than ever, and began to look upon the stone as a necessary evil.

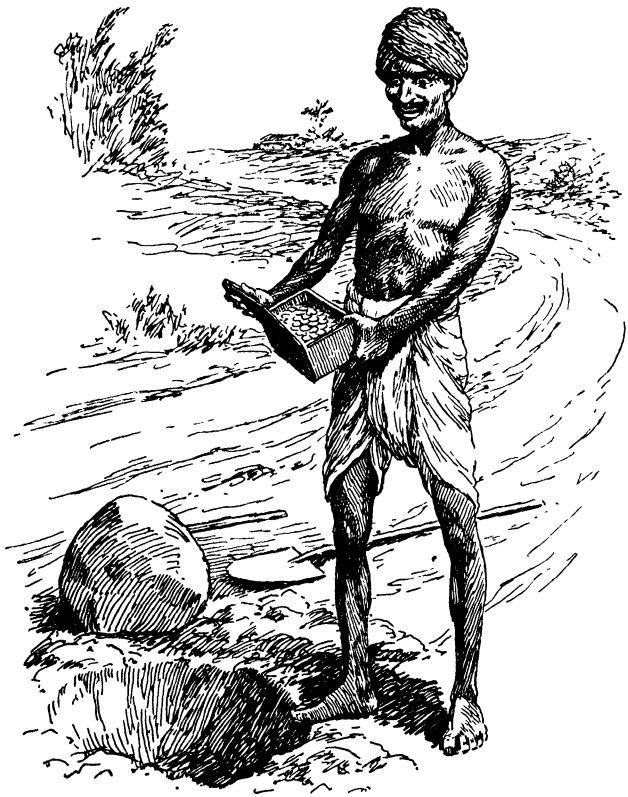
Then a wealthy *bania* came along the road. His horse fell over the stone and the *bania* was thrown off. Being a big fat man he fell heavily to the ground and broke his leg. This was even worse than the headman's arm, and the *bania* cursed the stone, but did not see what else could be done.

A week after this mishap, a sepoy came along carrying a box on his head. He stumbled against the stone and fell forwards, the box went crashing down from his head and was broken. He fell with his face against the box, broke his nose and knocked out one of his teeth. Truly it must be a very bad spirit, for the accidents were getting worse and worse. There was no telling where it would end.

Then came a poor cultivator who stopped and looked at the stone. "That looks very dangerous," said he. "I should have fallen over it had I been coming this way in the dark." He was a stranger and did not know of all the things that had happened there.

He was a hard-working man, who did not mind doing any job that was waiting to be done; so although it was near mid-day and the sun was hot, he began to dig the earth

away from round the stone. It was no easy thing to do, but he never thought of giving up the work. Any one could see that it was a silly thing to leave a stone like that



"FOR HIM WHO IS WISE ENOUGH TO MOVE THE STONE."

in the middle of the road, so he worked on until he could raise the stone and roll it to the side of the road.

To his surprise, he found that under the stone was a box,

and written on the box was, "For him who is wise enough to move the stone." The box was full of rupees, and so the poor man was rewarded for doing the work which had been waiting so long for some one to do, although it had lain at the feet of every one who had passed that way.

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES

An Incident in the Crimean War

"Leave me, comrades—here I drop;
No, sir, take them on;
All are wanted—none should stop;
Duty must be done:
Those whose guard you take will find me,
As they pass below."
So the soldier spake, and staggering
Fell amid the snow;
And ever, on the dreary heights,
Down came the snow.

"Men, it must be as he asks;
Duty must be done;
Far too few for half our tasks,
We can spare not one.
Wrap him in this—I need it less;
Fear not, they shall know:
Mark the place—yon stunted larch—
Forward." On they go;
And silent, on they silent march,
Down sank the snow

O'er his features, as he lies,
Calms the wrench of pain;

Close, faint eyes, pass, cruel skies,
Freezing mountain plain.
With far soft sounds the stillness teems,
Church bells, voices low,
Passing into English dreams,
There amid the snow;
And darkening, thickening, o'er the heights,
Down fell the snow.

Looking, looking, for the mark,
Back the others came,
Struggling through the snowdrifts dark,
Calling out his name.
"Here—or there—the drifts are deep—
Have we passed him ?—No—
Look! a little growing heap,
Snow above the snow,
Where heavy, in the heavy sleep,
Down fell the snow."

Strong hands raised him; voices strong
Spake within his ears;
Ah! his dreams had softer tongue!—
Neither now he hears.
One more gone for England's sake,
Where so many go,
Lying down without complaint,
Dying in the snow,
Starving, striving, in the snow.
Simply done his soldier's part
Through long months of woe,
Long endured with soldier heart
Battle, famine, snow;
Noble, nameless, English heart,
Snow cold, in snow.

H. LUSHINGTON.

THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY

NADU, the shoemaker, worked in his shop at the end of the village. There were some tall trees close by, and in these trees lived a large monkey who was the worry of Nadu's life. The monkey loved to sit on a branch of one of the trees and watch the cobbler at his work. There he sat just out of reach and looking like a very spiteful, little old man with a beard round his face. He chattered insults all day to the shoemaker, and the least movement the man made was copied by the monkey, who mocked at him until Nadu became annoyed beyond all bearing. Then the monkey became more daring. At first he had just sat and watched Nadu at work, but after a while he thought to himself, "I could easily do what that man is doing." So one day, directly Nadu's back was turned, the monkey came down, and tried to use the tools as he had seen Nadu using them. Of course he could not use them properly, and when the shoemaker returned the monkey fled, chattering, back to the tree, and Nadu found that his best tool was bent and blunted. It was no use shouting angry words at the monkey, for it only amused him the more.

From that day the beast made a habit of leaping down whenever he had the chance, and Nadu found that all his tools were becoming useless. Not only that, but the monkey soon began to practise with the leather and of course he spoiled every piece that he touched. But the worst thing of all was when he seized a pair of shoes belonging to a customer. They were quite spoilt, and poor Nadu had to give the angry customer a new pair of shoes.

He felt that his work and his life were being ruined by the mischievous monkey. Something must be done, but

"THE MONKEY CAME DOWN AND TRIED TO USE THE TOOLS."

for some days he could think of no plan that was likely to do, and in the meantime the monkey was daily becoming more impudent and annoying.

At last Nadu had a bright idea. He suddenly thought of the way in which the monkey copied every single thing he did, so saying to himself, " Perhaps you will copy me once too often," the shoemaker went into an inner room and came back with a sharp razor.

He sat down where the monkey could see him well, and held the razor up for a few minutes and looked at it. He had made up his mind that the monkey should well understand which tool he was to use this time.

Slowly and carefully, he pretended to draw the razor across his throat. Then he did it again and again, so that the monkey could see what he was doing. Then he put the razor down, and getting up he took no notice of the monkey, but went off down the village street.

He did not hurry back. He paid a visit to his wife's uncle and had a long talk with him. He chatted with other friends until he had been away from his shop for two hours. He meant to give the monkey plenty of time for this last trick.

When he returned to the shop he found that, as he had hoped, his enemy had been too clever, for the monkey was lying dead, the razor in its hand, and its throat cut deeply from ear to ear.

THE HONEST MAN

WHO is the honest man ?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue ;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true ;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind;
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To use in any thing a trick or sleight,
For above all things he abhors deceit;
His words, and works, and fashion too,
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue, Virtue is his sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;
Whom others' faults do not defeat,
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias from his will,
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill:—
This is the Marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

G. HERBERT.

A GOOD JUDGEMENT

A RICH old Panjabi had an only son who was his constant companion. They were very fond of travelling about the country together, and once when travelling they met a man with whom the father afterwards became very friendly. At their first meeting, this man did several small services on the journey for the father and son; and finding that they each had many friends known to the other, they passed the time together in Delhi, where they were all going. They stayed in the same hotel and became more and more friendly, until, when they were about to part, the old Panjabi invited the other to return with him and his son, and pay them a visit. He did so, and that was the beginning of a friendship which was never allowed to die—by the stranger. He liked to have rich friends. He was always thinking of small things he could do to serve the rich man, and in this way made the old man feel that he would be ungrateful if he showed any coldness to the man who was so determined to be his friend.

The more the father came to depend on this person, the less the son cared for him, and the friendly feelings he first had, soon changed to dislike.

"That man never seems to be out of our house," he complained to his father, but the old man only told him not to give way to jealousy.

"He only makes use of you and your money," he complained another time. But his father said, "Nay, he looks always for a chance to serve me."

The father was an old man, and as the years passed his mind became less clear, so that the friend's power became stronger and stronger. He was too cunning to quarrel

openly with the son, but he worked against him behind his back. He told the old man that it would be a bad thing for his son to have all his father's wealth after his death, and to have no one to give him good advice on how to manage it. The poor old man became quite worried about his son's welfare, until at last he thought the best thing would be for the friend to take the place of the father and guide the life of the son.

Then, having made a will, the old man died. The friend had helped him to make the will in which it said :

" My friend is to give what he wishes to my son, and have the rest."

The son could hardly believe it, knowing the love he and his father had always had for each other. It was terrible to him to think that this other man, whom he disliked, should hand out to him just what he wished. He felt, too, that he was no true friend, and was certain it was through him that the will had been so unjust. Very soon it became plain to every one, for the friend kept five lakhs for himself and gave the man's son five thousand rupees.

The son did not rage and storm or quarrel with the dishonest man. He knew that would do no good. He thought about the affair quietly, and then made up his mind to lay the matter before a judge and get his just share. The friend did not mind in the least. There was the will, with plainly written words saying that he was to give what he wished to the son and have the rest, so he felt perfectly safe. He felt, after a time, that he had been too kind to the son. Why have given him five thousand rupees ? The son was ungrateful. It might have been only one thousand, or even five hundred. He had been too generous.

On the day the case was to be heard, the court was

crowded with interested people who had known the old man and his son. They had all known about the friend too, and most of them regarded him in the same way as the old man's son did. They hoped justice would be done. Then the judge came in and took his seat, and the young man stood up and quietly told his story.

He told how they had first met the man who became his father's friend, and who afterwards was as his father's shadow, until the old man had come to depend on his advice in all things, even in the matter of making his will.

"My father was very old and did all that this man told him to do," he said, "and I pray that the will may be set aside."

Having said all that he wished to say he stood apart, and the dishonest friend took his place.

Said the judge: "I understand that you have given the man's son five thousand rupees and kept the rest for yourself."

"Yes," said the man. "That is according to the directions in the will."

"How much is 'the rest'?" asked the judge.

"Five lakhs," answered the man, and the people in the court murmured among themselves, until they were told to be quiet. The judge spoke again.

"Do you really *wish* for five lakhs?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," answered the man, who did not want to lose a *pice* of it if he could keep it.

"Very well," said the judge—and the people were very quiet indeed so that all might hear his judgement—"You wish for five lakhs. Then, as the will says you are to give *what you wish* to the son, I order you to give him the five lakhs."

Every one agreed to the wisdom and justice of this

order, and the only person who was not satisfied was the dishonest fellow who had wished for such a large share of the old man's wealth.

CONTENTMENT

My mind to me a kingdom is;
  Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
  That world affords, or grows by kind:
Though much I want what most men have,
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live—this is my stay;
  I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
  Look—what I lack, my mind supplies!
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see how those that sit aloft
  Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss;
  I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss;
  I brook that is another's pain.
I fear no foe: I scorn no friend:
I dread no death: I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich, with little store.
They poor, I rich: they beg, I give:
They lack, I lend: they pine, I live.

I wish but what I have at will:
I wander not to seek for more:
I like the plain; I climb no hill:
In greatest storm I sit on shore,
And laugh at those that toil in vain,
To get what must be lost again.
—This is my choice; for why?—I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

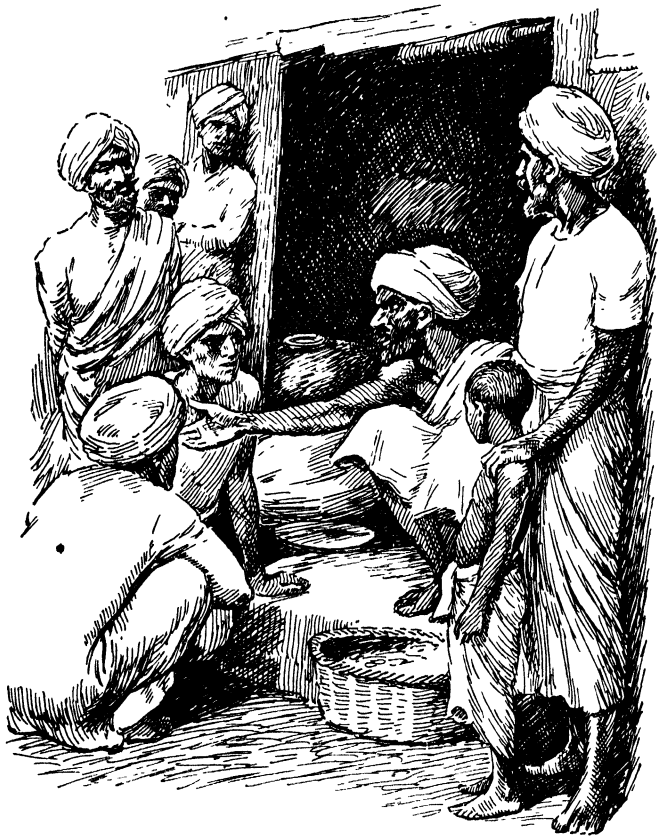
SIR E. DYER.

THE BOASTING BANIA

IN THE village of Manjhi there lived a man named Ram Das who was a *bania*. The villagers used to gather round, as he sat in front of his shop, for they liked to hear the wonderful tales he told them. It is true that all the tales in the end were always to prove the great strength and courage of Ram Das, but still they were amusing, and there was no one who could offer any real reason for not believing what he told them. There was the tale, for instance, of the panther which came down into a village one night in the cold weather. Ram Das had happened to be staying in the village with his wife's brother.

When he told the tale in his own village, it seemed he had noticed the panther about to spring at him from a tree along the road, and, waiting until it did so, he had

lightly stepped aside and then had beaten the life out of the panther with a *lathi* he had happened to have with him.



"THE VILLAGERS USED TO GATHER ROUND AS HE SAT IN FRONT OF HIS SHOP."

There was no one to say that he had, in truth, followed the chowkidar to a godown (the villagers shouting and making a great noise) where the trembling panther had

hidden himself, and the chowkidar had promptly shut the door while Ram Das locked it on the outside. Then the chowkidar had taken an old gun and fired through the window and killed the panther the next morning.

Or there was the tale of the boat which had too many people in it (when the river was in flood during the rains), and sank a hundred yards from the shore. Ram Das had bravely swum to and fro until he had rescued ten people.

None of the villagers, grouped about him in Manjhi, could know that instead of the river being in flood and swollen with the rains, it was at its lowest, the time being the beginning of the hot season, and striking a sandbank the boat had refused to float again, being so heavily laden that ten of the passengers had been forced to get out and wade ashore to the bank.

Or again, there was the tale of the crocodile that used to lie in wait under the bank of the river, where the women sometimes went to gather rushes. The villagers held their breath with horror as Ram Das told them how at last the crocodile had seized one of the women by her *sari*. The woman's friends had run away shrieking, and she was fast being dragged down and almost under the water when Ram Das came along. He soon rescued her by blinding the crocodile with a knife, so that he left go of the *sari*.

As no one had seen it happen there was no one to state that the crocodile was a fish-eater with the long pointed snout, that had once been seen by a woman at the ferry, and had been turned by gossip into a man-eating, blunt-nosed reptile that lay in wait for naughty children.

No; Ram Das was a man of great strength and courage. All the tales proved it. Then one day, after he had told the villagers a more boastful story than even he usually told, the chowkidar said:

"Well, brothers, we have cause for great thankfulness.

If dacoits come to rob the village we shall be quite safe, shall we not ? "

" Certainly," said Ram Das. " Listen and I will tell you the tale of the ten dacoits."

He had an idea that the chowkidar was not as impressed as the others, and he needed a further example of the courage of Ram Das.

They all settled down to listen.

" It was when I lived in the village of Itara," said Ram Das. " We were very near the jungle which went right to the foot-hills, and there had been many dacoities in the villages near by. Of course it did not worry me at all, as I felt ready to fight any dacoit, but every one else in the village was very frightened. They would not go out after it was dark, and every one kept their doors well fastened and a *lathi* ready to snatch quickly should there be need.

" There had been a very bad dacoity in the village next to Itara, and the people in Itara thought it would be their turn next.

" One day I had been out to a village some distance away and I was delayed longer than I liked, for it was getting dark and I still had some way to go before I should reach home. Of course I did not mind for myself, but the villagers all felt safer if I were in Itara with them, and they were always very nervous as soon as it became dark. So I hurried along as quickly as I could and kept looking behind me and all round, just in case I should see any dacoits and so be able to send them about their business before they got to Itara."

The chowkidar winked at another man, and Ram Das saw him, so he said slowly and solemnly :

" At length I was rewarded, for I saw a band of dacoits coming behind me, down the road. There were *ten* of

them, and I, Ram Das, I, alone, made those *ten* dacoits run as fast as they could go ! "

He waited for a moment to let the villagers fully take in this wonderful tale. They looked surprised and rather doubtful. Of course Ram Das was a very brave and strong man. He could easily defeat *one* dacoit, or even two, perhaps three, but *ten* dacoits seemed rather too many even for Ram Das.

But the chowkidar laughed and winked again at his neighbour.

" Oh, I quite believe him," he said. " Of course he made them run as fast as they could go. He was running away, and they ran after him."

SOLITUDE

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

A. POPE.

THE BLIND HORSE

ILDERIM was an Afghan whose home was far away in the mountains in a small town on the Caravan Road. He had lived all his childhood in that little town, where his father taught him to ride so that he was the master of any horse; to use a rifle so that he never missed his mark; to wield a sword so that his enemy's head would roll in the dust at his feet; and to use a lance as though it were a growing part of his strong arm. His days passed happily, and, for excitement, he had the joy of seeing the laden caravans pass through the town and down the road, on their way to India. When the men of the caravan stayed the night to rest Ilderim would join them, round their camp fire, and listen to the tales they told of far-distant countries, until he became restless and tired of the little town shut in by bare, sun-baked mountains, and wished that he too might see those other countries. Above all, he wanted to go to Australia, the country from where the big Waler horses came, for more than anything else he loved a horse. Horses were his great delight. He loved the satin skin and arched neck of the beautiful animal that his father had given him. He delighted in its speed, and spent most of his days in the saddle, and, while he had his wonderful horse, he did not even wish for a son.

When he made up his mind to leave the little town and go on his first journey, he left his horse in his father's

care, for he meant to travel far and see many things and he thought even *his* wonderful horse would be unable to travel all the hundreds of miles he meant to go, before he returned to his home in the mountains. For himself, he believed there was a thing called a railway train. He had heard the caravan men say that you could buy a ticket at a window, and then take a seat inside a strange house on wheels. In front of the houses on wheels was an iron horse, called an engine, which blew out fire and smoke and moved along a road dragging the houses on wheels behind it. When it stopped you were able to get out, or you could go on again until you had reached the place to which you wanted to go.

Ilderim thought it sounded like a fairy tale, and said so. But all the men had told the same story whenever he had asked about the railway train, and he wanted to see it himself. He thought he would travel by it, but was not sure that it would be safe or pleasant. He was certain it would not be as safe and pleasant as travelling on the back of his own horse, but Ilderim was a brave man and he meant to see the world. If other men rode behind an iron monster blowing out smoke and fire, so would he. He started on his travels by joining a caravan that was on its way down to the plains, and as they started they heard the cry of the partridge in the fields, which was a good omen.

Every day was full of interest for Ilderim, who saw many strange sights. He travelled as far as Delhi with the caravan, and there he left the men with whom he had spent so many happy and wonderful hours. He wandered about the streets of Delhi, looking around him, and was surprised at the number of people, the many motor cars, the streets of shops. He felt confused. He spent some days in the city, but at last got tired of being among so many houses, and in crowded streets where the people were in such a

hurry that they did not know better than to stumble up against Ilderim the Afghan, when he stood still to look at some fresh thing of interest. It made him angry, and, quite suddenly, he longed for the peace of his own little town and for his beloved horse. He wished with all his heart that he were in the saddle and able to soothe his nerves by a long gallop into the quiet country. The noise and traffic of the city worried him. He made up his mind to get away from it, and as he walked along, feeling very tired and home-sick, he saw a horse standing by itself outside a house. It was a beautiful creature, with glossy skin and arched neck, and, strangely enough, almost the same colour as Ilderim's own horse in far-away Afghanistan.

Ilderim's heart leaped. For one moment he thought it was his beautiful *Moti*, his pearl among horses, but this one had a white star on its forehead which *Moti* had not. "Never mind," he thought to himself, "fate clearly means to be kind to me and has put the horse in my path."

He stood for a while gazing with longing eyes at the animal. It seemed restive and no one was watching it.

Then he crept up to it, speaking soft words. He set it free and mounted. It was good to be in the saddle once more. The horse reared and pranced, but Ilderim laughed aloud, for the horse would soon know who was master. Then the horse grew quieter and Ilderim rode away towards the setting sun. But he was not allowed to ride away in peace, for the owner, hearing the noise, came out of the house and saw his horse going off down the road, with a strange rider on its back.

He ran down the road after Ilderim, who laughed and rode along quite gaily. He thought it an excellent jest to let the man run behind and yet never catch up. When he should be tired of the game and reach open country he would have the wild gallop that his soul longed for.

But the man running behind used his voice as well as his legs and shouted, "Stop thief! Stop thief!" as he ran. His cries made other men and boys join in the chase and down the road went Ilderim, going a little faster as

"THE MAN RUNNING BEHIND USED HIS VOICE AS WELL AS HIS LEGS AND SHOUTED, 'STOP THIEF! STOP THIEF!'"

the crowd increased behind him. He knew he could leave them all behind when he wanted to. But Ilderim was new to the ways of law and order, and quite suddenly he found himself stopped by two police sowars. He explained to

them that he was merely going for a ride and all these people seemed to be going for a run, but the sowars had met Afghans before. They took Ilderim and the owner of the horse before a magistrate.

By this time Ilderim had almost made himself think that the horse was his own beautiful *Moti*, so he said :

" Huzoor, the horse is mine. I have had it since it was a foal."

The real owner had a cloth over his arm and, taking it, he quickly threw it over the horse's head.

Turning to Ilderim he said :

" In that case, say at once in which eye this horse is blind."

Without waiting, Ilderim said, " The left eye," in the hope that he had guessed rightly. Such a thing had not entered his mind before ; the horse had looked so perfect as he stood before the house. As soon as he replied, " The left eye," however, the owner removed the cloth from the horse's head, saying :

" Then this cannot be your horse, for it is not blind at all."

The horse went back to his usual stable and Ilderim had to do without his gallop. He had to go to gaol instead, and thus learned a lesson about one of the things he must not do when seeing the world, far from the little town on the Caravan Road.

HAROUN AL RASCHID

One day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said :—

" Where are the kings, and where the rest
Of those who once the world possessed ?

"They're gone with all their pomp and show,
They're gone the way that thou shalt go.

"O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head:
Tears fell upon the page he read.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SAVING TROUBLE

IN one of the narrow streets of Benares there lived a man who was a sweetmeat seller. Little by little he was becoming richer than any other sweetmeat seller in the city. Every night, after he had stopped work for the day, he counted over his money and added the gains of that day to the money already buried in a hole in the floor underneath his bed. Over the hole was a heavy box and over the box was his bed, on which he slept every night and dreamed of the wealth that was his. The more money he saved the meaner he became, and if he thought he had lost even one pice, he would look for it for hours, and if he did not find it he would think about it for weeks, and be unhappy. When he first began to save money, he was content with the small gain that was rightly his from the sale of his sweetmeats. But he very soon got tired of saving so little at a time, and at last he cheated every one who had dealings with him. He cheated every one who was too careless to see what he was doing, or who was not clever enough to get the better of him. He was very cunning

about it, and found that he added a lot to his gains, if he gave to all an amount that was just under the right weight. It was too little underweight for the buyer to make much

"YES, BUT NO MATTER, YOU WILL HAVE THE LESS TO COUNT."

fuss, and yet it was enough to make a great difference to the seller of sweetmeats in a city like Benares, where thousands of people were always coming and going, and very many bought from him. He was slowly becoming

very rich indeed, and the more rupees he got, the more carefully he watched for the pice. Every one hated him for his mean ways, and hoped that one day he would meet with a man more clever than himself.

One day a poor man came along and stopped to look at the tray of sweets, which looked very good. He looked for so long that he saw five or six people served before him. Then he made up his mind, and pointing to a tray of brown sweetmeats, asked to be served with some of those.

In the usual way he was served, but unlike the other customers he grumbled and said the measure was short.

The sweetmeat seller pretended to be very angry, in order to get rid of such a troublesome man. But it was no good; the man went on grumbling and said that he had watched him serve five others, and they had all been given short measure.

"Oh, well," said the cheat at last, "no matter, you will have the less to carry."

The poor man, it seemed, had not thought of the matter in this way. He stood and thought for a while, then shook his head, as if the sweetmeat seller had had the last word there was to be said on the subject.

"True," he said.

He then brought out some money and handed it to the sweetmeat seller who counted it. Just as the man was turning away he was called back. "Here," said the seller, "you have given me one pice less than the price."

"Yes," answered the poor man, "but no matter, you will have the less to count."

Then he went on his way.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

UNION IS STRENGTH

THERE was once an old Brahmin who had seven sons. He treated them all alike and loved each one as well as the other, but he found it very hard to keep peace between them all, for, sad to say, each was jealous of the rest.

He was a man of wealth and well known in his country for his wisdom and the kindness with which he helped those who were not so fortunate as himself. He managed his estates well, and people always looked upon him as a good example of all that a man of his position should be. They made a habit of going to him when they were in trouble and he always gave them good advice. They went to him when they needed work, and he found something for them to do.

They went to him to settle their disputes, and he always gave his opinion and settled the matter justly.

He was greatly respected and every one honoured his name.

It made him very sad to see the jealousy there was between his sons. He had hoped that when he died his seven sons would each have done his duty, and by all working happily together have carried on the estate to the general good of every one, so that whereas now people came to one man—himself—for advice, they would then have the choice of seven men each as wise as the other.

But the longer he lived the more clearly he saw that this happy state of affairs was not likely to come about. It was much more likely that the estate would be split up into seven parts, and each part become a centre of discontent and rivalry against the others. The six younger sons, he felt sure, would never be content to obey the eldest one as they had obeyed their father. The poor old man was very sad to think that when he was dead all his life's work would come to nothing. Then he fell ill and knowing that his end was near, he thought carefully about his sons, wondering what he could say to them that would stay in their minds, and make them feel bound to carry out his plans and wishes, after he was dead.

One morning he sent his servant for a bundle of faggots and had them tied together very strongly. Then he called to his bedside his seven sons. Each one had come, hoping in his heart that he was the only one called to hear his father's last wishes, and, as each one saw that he was but one of seven, the old man saw the anger that showed in his face.

"My sons," said the old man, "I have called you together to find out which of you is able to break this bundle of sticks."

The sons looked at each other, wondering what was in the father's mind. It seemed such a strange thing for them to have been called together. Could their father know what he was saying? "Come, my son," he said to the youngest, "do your best and let us see what you can do." So the youngest son tried first, smiling at what he thought was a childish game, but he could not break the bundle. He soon stopped smiling and became serious as he saw his brothers laughing at his failure. He placed the bundle across his knee and struggled and strained to break it, but at length he had to give it up. It was beyond his strength, and he had to own that he could not do as his father wished.

"Very well, my son," said the old man, "let Narain try." Narain was the next to the youngest. He took the bundle, and putting all his strength into his efforts, he too struggled to break it without success.

"Perhaps your brother can do it," said the father, and the next son tried his hardest. By this time they were all very interested and eager to break the bundle; it suddenly seemed to them all that this was an important matter, and to tell the truth each one in his heart hoped, as he failed in the task, that no other would succeed where he had failed. Each in turn put forth his utmost strength in vain, and at last it came to the turn of the eldest, Gulab.

He was a very powerful man, very tall and broad across the shoulders. His muscles felt as strong and as hard as iron, underneath his skin. He loved riding, and every form of exercise, so that his body was always in perfect health and strength. "Surely he will break the bundle," said his brothers, who had all hoped in turn to have been successful before Gulab's turn should come.

Like the youngest, when he first tried, Gulab had a smile on his face as he came forward to the task.

But it defeated all his efforts. He strained every nerve; the veins stood out on his forehead; sweat poured from him; his breath came in gasps; but still he could not break the bundle. His father looked on in silence while he made the effort. At length he too owned himself beaten, and gave up the attempt.

"Now, my son," said the father to the youngest, "untie the string." He did so and looked to his father in wonder as to what he was to do next. "Take each stick separately," said the old man, "and try to break it."

The youth did as he was told, and taking the sticks one at a time, snapped them with the greatest ease. "Now, my sons," said the father, "I am about to die and when I am gone from you I want you all to remember the lesson you have learned this morning from the bundle of sticks. Learn that united you will stand; union is strength, as you found when the sticks were united in a bundle, for they resisted all your efforts to destroy them. But divided you will fall, for each one is too weak to stand alone."

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL

Our task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the Tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come, walk with me the jungle through.
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dark and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude;
Nor, taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun,
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on; no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the sun, he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The Peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of Death!
Come on! yet pause! Behold us now
Beneath the Bamboo's arched bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the Geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The Ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad Plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk Anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The Betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod!
Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,

But thought on England's " good green wood,"
And bless'd beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breath'd a prayer (how oft in vain)
To gaze upon her oaks again !

A truce to thought,—the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry ;
And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring,
While, to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night.
Still as we pass, in softened hum
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill Cigala strikes his lyre ;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
I know that soul-entrancing swell,
It is—it must be—Philomel !
Enough, enough ; the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze :
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,

From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh! with thankful hearts confess,
Even here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth, his hope of heaven.

R. HEBER.

FOR ONE RUPEE

MAHMET was known to all in his village as a brave man. He could wrestle well and was always practising with one or other of his friends. He had not much money, because whenever he saw some one who was worse off than himself he always did his best to help them. In this way he was very happy; everybody liked him, and he had friends. He was always singing and laughing and looked as if he must be almost rich, as he seemed to have so few cares.

One day he set off to visit an uncle who lived in a distant village. The road was lonely, and at one part of the way went through some jungle. Mahmet did not care. He went along singing gaily as usual.

He was glad to see another man coming along the road towards him, and thought to himself that they would stay together for a while and have a talk, and rest by the roadside, perhaps have a smoke and so go on their way refreshed and make the journey seem the shorter.

As the man came up to him, Mahmet thought he heard a low whistle in the bushes at the side of the road, but he took no notice. The man stopped and greeted him and asked Mahmet where he was going and from where he had come.

Mahmet told him. "Oh," said the man, "I have just come from where you are going."

"Have you? Then perhaps you know my uncle, who lives just beyond the *thana*. His name is Ahmet."

"Of course I do," answered the man. "But he is starting out to-day to visit his relations who live in the village you are leaving behind you."

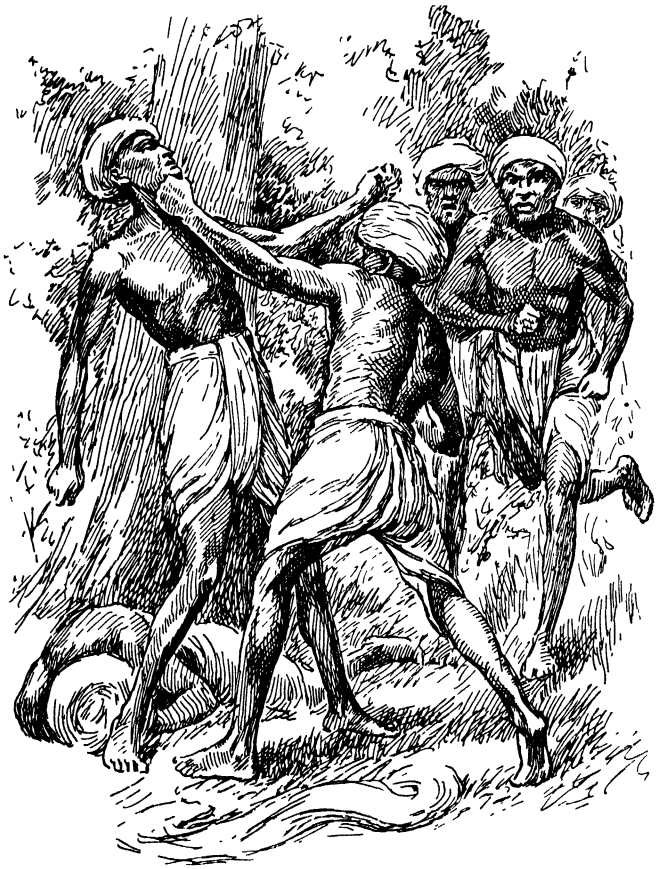
On hearing this Mahmet was uncertain what to do; whether to go on and meet his uncle or turn back again with the man who was going that way.

"Let us sit down and talk," said the man and led the way to the grass at the side of the road. He seemed hard to please, for this place was too dusty, that place had an ant's nest, another place had thorns which pricked; all the time he was getting further back into the bushes. Then just as Mahmet was beginning to lose patience, his quick eye saw the man glance round and behind him as if searching for some one. Mahmet saw a man hiding like a dark shadow behind a bush. Quick as thought, and hardly knowing why he did so, Mahmet sprang back on to the road and after him sprang not one man nor two, but five. He had fallen in with a band of dacoits.

Now these dacoits had heard that a very different man from Mahmet would be travelling along the road that day; a timid, weak creature, but one who always carried much of his money wherever he went. When Mahmet appeared they thought he was the one for whom they were lying in wait, and so they attacked him, thinking soon to overpower him and get away with the money.

Mahmet struck the first man who reached him (and who happened to be the man who had spoken to him) a fearful blow under the chin, while he tripped up the second and sent him falling heavily to the ground. However, they were still three to one, and it was impossible to deal

with them all at once, when he only had his hands, with no weapon of any kind to help him. However, he used all his



"MAHMET STRUCK THE FIRST MAN WHO REACHED HIM."

wrestling skill, and put all the strength of his fine muscles into his blows whenever he got a chance to hit any one of them, and before long each one of the dacoits had received

a heavy fall, a terrible blow, or severe bruises. Mahmet was as much as the five of them could manage, and he fought with great courage. At length he received a blow on the head from behind, for one of the wretches had dashed into the jungle and returned with a *lathi* he had left lying there, thinking he would not need it when there were five of them together against one man known to be weak and timid—as they hoped.

The blow brought Mahmet to his knees, but not before he had broken the arm of one of the robbers. But having lost his balance the other four soon had Mahmet right down on the ground, for he was dazed from the blow he had had on the head, and then they bound his arms so that he should not fight them again as soon as he recovered his senses.

Having done this the robbers searched for his money and found that he had but one rupee.

The dacoits could hardly believe their eyes and searched again.

No; as usual, Mahmet had one rupee with him; the robbers were lucky to have found so much.

The dacoits stood or sat round, each one gently touching the hurts he had received and feeling to see what bones were broken. One held his nose, another his leg, a third his head, the fourth his mouth, where it felt as if Mahmet had knocked out all the teeth, while the fifth was the man with the broken arm.

The leader looked at the rupee; then he looked at Mahmet; and then he looked round on the hurt dacoits.

"Well," said he, "if he fought like this for one rupee, he would have killed the five of us for a five-rupee note."

They quickly departed from the place and went back to the jungle, leaving Mahmet to himself, the leader having made them first untie the cloth that bound Mahmet's arms. Then they disappeared.

As for Mahmet he soon felt better, and all the rest of the way to his uncle's house he was laughing to himself to think how the dacoits had bled for the sake of one rupee between the five of them.

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest

Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

CATCHING A THIEF

GOPAL was one of the servants in the house of a rich Brahmin. He did his work well and pleased his master, and when the day's work was done he went to his quarters

in the compound, where his young wife was always gay and smiling, and their little son was growing stronger and prettier day by day. Gopal ought to have been a happy man, but he was not.

Long ago, before he was in his present position, they had had bad trouble in his old home, where he had lived with his father and mother, helping to look after the land which was their own. They had two bad years, when the monsoon was so poor that they had had hardly any rain. Their own crops were a failure, and not only was rice very dear to buy in the bazaar, but there was very little to be bought at all. As the price mounted higher and higher it seemed that the father and mother of Gopal must starve, for nearly all the money they had was gone. His mother fell ill and became very feeble; it seemed as if she would soon die. Gopal's father could bear it no longer, and one day he went out alone. When he returned he brought with him plenty of food, and money to buy more when that was done. This seemed too good to be true, and for Gopal it was the beginning of all his troubles. His father had gone to borrow money from a man in the bazaar who was a moneylender. He lent Gopal's father enough money to last, with care, until the famine days should be over. Gopal's father trusted that after two such awful years the next rains would make up for everything, and the land would yield so well that he would easily be able to pay back the money he had borrowed, as well as the interest. But he did not live to do this and Gopal found when his father died that he himself must pay the money, or the moneylender would take the land on which Gopal's mother and her children depended for their food. It seemed to Gopal that the quickest way of paying the debt was for him to go away and earn some money, so he became the servant of the rich Brahmin.

Poor Gopal! It was a bad day for him when his father went to the moneylenders. Try as hard as he could to repay it he found that the debt grew bigger and bigger, and at last there came a day when it seemed as if he must give up and let the man take the land. What was to become of his people he did not know. He had paid so much interest that the sum first borrowed seemed nothing at all, and yet it was impossible to repay it, because every pice had to go in keeping up with the interest.

Then, knowing one day that he must find the sum of money, and not knowing where to turn for it, he gave way to sudden temptation and stole his master's silver *lotah*. Gopal knew he was doing wrong, but he would not stop to think about it. It seemed an easy way of settling his troubles for the time.

However, no sooner had he sold the *lotah* and paid every pice to the moneylender, when his master found out his loss. He called every one of his servants in and asked who had taken it. They all said they had not touched it, and Gopal, who now wished with all his heart that he had never been so mad as to take what did not belong to him, said, like all the others, that he did not know where it was.

"Perhaps a thief came in the night and took it away," one of them said. Gopal looked up, hoping that his master would agree to this, and making up his mind that as long as he lived he would never steal again. He felt very sad about it, but fear of the moneylender kept him from owning to his sin. The master did not think the *lotah* could have been taken by a thief in the night. He left his servants standing together while he went out of the room.

When he came back he held in his hand some pieces of wood. These pieces were all of equal length; he made each man measure and see. Then he gave one piece of wood to each servant and said:

" Although all these sticks are now of the same length, the one which the thief has got will grow an inch longer by this time to-morrow. You must all come to me then, and bring your stick, and I shall at once see which of you is guilty."

If Gopal were unhappy before, he was ten times more unhappy now. He thought he would say at once that he had taken the *lotah*, but he put off doing so, and went sadly to his house.

" What is the matter ? " asked his wife.

" The master has lost his silver *lotah*," he replied.

" That would make *him* sad," she answered, " but why are you so troubled ? "

Gopal did not answer, but sat looking at the stick in his hand.

" What have you in your hand ? " asked his wife.

Gopal told her. Then, feeling his troubles too great to bear alone, he told her all about it, and how in order to pay the moneylender he had been so wicked as to steal the *lotah*.

They both looked at the stick, almost expecting to see it grow an inch longer before their eyes.

All that night they never slept at all, and Gopal arose in the morning more sad than he had ever been in his whole life. But his wife was quite bright and cheerful.

" I know what to do," she said. " The thought came to me as the sun rose."

Gopal looked at her and asked what her thought was.

" Why," she said, " you have only to cut an inch off your stick now, and it will still be the same length as the others." " So it will," said Gopal, and they very carefully cut an inch off the stick.

Taking the stick with him, Gopal walked over to his master's house.

He still felt sad, because, although he did not think his master would find him out, he knew himself to be a thief and he knew he had done a very wrong thing. He half made up his mind to go to his master and tell him the truth, but then, as he thought of the moneylender, he grew hopeless again. However, all the servants went to their master when he called, and each one carried his stick with him.

Gopal did not mind this very much, as he felt sure his stick would be the same length as the others; but what troubled him was the thought that he of all people was a thief. Their master carefully measured all the sticks, and to everyone's surprise Gopal's stick was an inch shorter than everybody else's stick.

The Brahmin looked at Gopal, and Gopal hung his head in shame. He was lucky that he had a kind and wise man for his master. He sent all the other servants away and then turned to Gopal. He had seen for some time that his servant was sad and in trouble, so now, instead of turning to Gopal in anger, he just said:

"Before I punish you for stealing my *lotah*, tell me all your troubles, for I have seen that you had much on your mind."

Gopal felt more sad than ever to think that he had robbed so kind and wise a man, and he told him everything.

His master listened quietly and then said:

"I myself will go and see this moneylender and settle the matter of your father's debt, for you have paid over and over again for the sum he borrowed. As for my silver *lotah*, I will lend you the money, without interest, for you to go and buy it back again. You must repay me a little every month out of your wages until you have paid for the *lotah*. Let this be a lesson to you never to borrow money in the bazaar and never to steal."

Gopal never forgot the lesson and never forgot his gratitude to the master who had treated him so kindly. He hopes that when his little son is old enough, he too will enter the service of the same wise Brahmin.

PASSING PLEASURES

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away ?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass ;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back—'twere vain :
In this, or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again.

W. S. LANDOR.

THE SILVER KEY

A CERTAIN man named Hari Das was making a journey. The rains had come, and he wished with all his heart that they had delayed their coming for another two days. He liked to be at ease, above all things, and just now he was very, very uneasy.

To begin with, he was making a journey he did not wish to make. His needy brother had sent a message to say that

he was dying, and to beg for certain help from his brother, who was wiser and richer than himself. Hari Das felt sure his brother would get better again when once he had been given the right medicine. And that medicine, he also felt certain, would take the form of many rupees passing from his own careful pockets to the careless ones of his brother. But, on the other hand, the man might be really ill and dying, and so Hari Das felt he had to rise up and go himself to see into the matter. He greatly disliked the journey. His brother lived in a distant village, right away from the railway. There was no station anywhere near the place. This meant that Hari Das had to travel by means of an *ekka*, and he hated *ekkas*. However it could not be helped, and so he started on his way. He jolted along the uneven road and found the wooden seat of the *ekka* very hard for a man who was rather fat and who liked to lie on soft cushions. And then, to add to his troubles, the rain came. He had looked often at the sky before he started, but had made up his mind that the rain would not fall for at least another twenty-four hours, and now it had caught him, far from his own village, and only half way to that of his brother.

Before very long he was wet to the skin, and as the driver tried to hurry along faster, urging the wretched pony on with every kind word, and then every unkind word he could think of, as well as his whip, they plunged wildly through the big puddles that soon filled the ruts and sunken places in the road. They swayed and jolted from side to side, and every time they went through a fresh puddle the wheels splashed the water all over poor Hari Das, and a steady stream of water trickled off the top of the *ekka* and ran down his back. All the frogs woke up and began to sing at the coming of the rain, and Hari Das felt they were all mocking him. The crickets and the

grasshoppers joined in the song and the rain fell as steadily as ever.

Then, just as the driver was shouting at the pony to run as if ten thousand evil spirits were behind him, something

"THE DRIVER, HARI DAS, AND HIS LUGGAGE WERE ALL MIXED UP TOGETHER IN THE MUD."

broke very suddenly, and the *ekka*, the driver, Hari Das, and his luggage were all mixed up together in the mud, while the pony, shaking himself free altogether, stood and looked at them. He also listened to the words of Hari Das and the driver, and they were not good words. But fate had been

kinder than it had seemed at the moment of the accident, when Hari Das had sat so suddenly in the mud and rain. They were almost at the door of a *dharamsala*, which he had often seen when travelling along the same road in finer weather. He left the driver of the *ekka* to pick up the pieces as best he could and went to the door of the shelter. It was locked. He banged loudly upon the door and shouted for some one to come. For a long time he got no answer, but at last he heard a sound inside, and a voice cried :

" Who is there ? "

Hari Das called again and ordered the keeper of the place to open the door to a poor traveller who had been caught in the rain.

" I cannot open the door," shouted the man inside, " I have no key."

" No key ? " answered Hari Das. " How then do you lock the door ? "

" Perhaps the traveller has a *silver* key," answered the cunning man inside.

Hiding the rage he felt, Hari Das pushed a rupee under the door and at once the door was unlocked from within and the traveller was admitted to the welcome shelter of the dry room.

" It rains," said the man who had picked up the rupee.

" It does," answered Hari Das. " I have travelled far and am wet. My box is outside. Please go and fetch it for me."

Grumbling to himself the man went out, and Hari Das shut the door behind him. He also locked it, and then began to take off his wet coat and to wring the water out of his other garments. Presently he heard a knock at the door.

" Who is there ? " he called.

"It is I," answered the man who had gone for the box. "Open quickly for the rain is beating upon me and I shall be very wet."

"I am sorry," answered Hari Das, "but I have lost the key."

"Lost the key?" shouted the man. "You must look for it and find it."

"I shall never find it," answered Hari Das, "but perhaps you have a *silver* one."

"Nay, brother, I have no silver keys," answered the man.

"Then you must look for one until you find it," returned Hari Das.

At length the man, finding that he had the worst of it, for Hari Das was in the dry room while he himself stood outside in the heavy rain, pushed under the door the rupee he had taken in the first place from the traveller.

Then the door was opened for him and, grumbling at the cleverness of Hari Das, he entered.

"If I were you, brother," said the traveller, "I should have a cheaper key to your door. It is annoying to lose one made of silver."

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

He that is down, needs fear no fall,
  He that is low, no pride:
He that is humble, ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little be it, or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

J. BUNYAN.

THE FAMOUS DOCTORS

IN the days of Akbar, amongst all the rich merchants who lived in Delhi was one named Ibrahim. So well did he prosper in every way that he was known throughout the city as "Ibrahim, the son of Good Fortune." Not only were his godowns packed with the richest and rarest silks and most precious and priceless jewels in all Delhi, but his house too was more like the palace of a prince than the home of a city merchant.

But he delighted in making his house more and more beautiful, for it was the setting for the most valued jewel of all, his wife, who was more beautiful than rubies and fairer than any pearls, however fine.

Ibrahim, the son of Good Fortune, was blessed above all men, and when his son was born it seemed that Good Fortune could hold no other gifts to shower upon him.

One morning he heard with dismay that his wife was ill, and in great pain. Nothing that her women could do was of any help, and it seemed that she was about to die.

"Hasten and call a doctor," he cried to one of her waiting maids. But the woman had wrapped her head in her *sari*, and in a hopeless way sat rocking to and fro with grief.

"Stay with her," he ordered, and rushed out of the house himself to find a doctor.

As the poor man ran into the road he met a fakir, who

begged him to stop. "Not now, not now," he cried, and would have passed on.

But the fakir laid hold of his coat. "Stay, oh Ibrahim, son of Good Fortune," he said, "I hold that which will aid you in your trouble."

"THE FAKIR LAID HOLD OF HIS COAT."

"What is that?" he asked quickly, as he tried to jerk his coat from the other's grasp. "A charm," replied the fakir. "A charm which will enable you to see the invisible."

Ibrahim shook his head and would have passed on his way, but still the fakir held him.

"For a small sum it is yours," said the fakir, and Ibrahim, to save more delay, bought the charm which the fakir hung round his neck, on a thin silken cord.

Then he hastened on his errand.

As he drew near the street where the famous hakim dwelt, he saw a crowd of people, and, as he arrived near the house, the crowd became more and more dense, until, before the house, so many stood that he was unable to reach the door. People of all ages were there: old men, young men and boys; old women, young women, girls and tiny babies. Some were poor, but others were people of wealth, yet one and all stood round about the door and filled the narrow street. They made no sound, and although it was the middle of May and very hot, Ibrahim shivered, and had a sudden feeling of fear.

Unable to reach the door he stopped on the edge of the crowd, and seeing a man of the same age as himself, he spoke to him.

"Tell me, brother," he said, "what do ye all here? I am in great trouble and would have the hakim come forth with me quickly."

All the people gazed at him and seemed also full of sorrow. A sigh like the wind that stirs the leaves before the coming of the monsoon floated to Ibrahim from the crowd.

"Oh, my brother," answered the man, "we are the souls of all those who sought the aid of the hakim here. We are the spirits of the dead whose deaths lie at this man's door. He is more like a butcher or a thug than a doctor."

Then Ibrahim remembered the charm he had bought from the fakir and knew that he beheld the invisible. He turned and ran from the street seeking another hakim of great fame who was sometimes called to attend at the

court of Akbar. To his dismay he found that the crowd was even greater here, and, almost panic-stricken, he fled in search of another.

Up and down the city he ran, searching for a doctor, but always he found the crowd of souls of dead men, women, and children on guard before the door of these doctors, whose lack of skill had caused their death.

At length, having sought out all the doctors known to him, he inquired of a passer-by the name of a really good and worthy hakim. The man thought for a moment and said :

" I am a stranger here, but just now I spoke with one who told me he was a doctor, and lives in the next street to this."

Thanking him, Ibrahim turned away, and in despair went towards the house. To his joy and relief, he saw no crowd before the door of this hakim. There were but *two* souls standing there. Taking no notice of them, he said to himself, " After all, some who are ill *must* die, because their time has come and it is the will of Allah." He went into the house and begged the hakim to hasten with him— and without delay they returned to the merchant's house, the unhappy husband almost fearing to enter lest his wife should have died during the time he had been absent.

However, she seemed a little better, and the pain was becoming less severe. She lay ill and weak, but it was very soon clear that the danger was past.

All day the hakim stayed, in case of need, and as evening fell he made ready to depart, saying that the woman was on the way to health and strength.

Ibrahim was a generous man, and he gratefully loaded the doctor with gifts and much money.

Just as he was about to depart, the doctor turned to the merchant and said :

"Tell me, I pray thee, why didst thou call upon *me* to attend your house?"

Ibrahim, not wishing to reveal the true reason, replied: "Was it not a natural thing for me to do, O hakim? You are famous and known throughout the city of Delhi. All men talk of you, and even the passer-by in the street will direct another to turn his steps to your door."

"Indeed," answered the hakim. "I cannot understand my good fortune, but it is doubtless the will of Allah. I arrived but yesterday in your city, and until you called me I had only attended *two* people."

CANUTE AND THE TIDE

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered. Where was glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold.
Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent mould! . . .

"Yea, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do't.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my Lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat.
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore,
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THEIR MOST VALUABLE PROPERTY

THERE was once a king who was a very great soldier. He had a big army, and he was always glad when there was a chance of any fighting. His men were all well trained and always ready to meet any enemy. He became well known in all other countries, and, when every one knew what a good army he had, no one tried to enter his kingdom and make war.

The king, however, soon got tired of being left in peace. He was never so happy as when he was leading his brave soldiers in battle, so finding that no other men came to his

country to invade it, he made up his mind to go out himself with his army and besiege a certain city. He did not choose to go like a robber and seize some helpless little village, which he could take without much trouble. Instead of that, he marched against a city that was so well armed and defended that the people thought it was impossible for any one to take it from them.

All round the city was a very strong, high wall. It was such a thick wall that there was room for an army of soldiers to stand upon it and keep any enemy from entering down below. All along the wall, at certain places, were built square towers, from which soldiers could shoot arrows through long narrow slits in the stonework, where the wall protected them from any return shots made by the enemy. It had taken many years to build this strong wall, and the leaders in the city had thought of every possible plan to make it more and more secure. In certain places, over the gates, where the wall left an opening into the city they were especially careful, and on top of the wall, in those places, were piled up huge stones one upon another, so that while any enemy was battering away at the gates down below, the soldiers above could hurl these great stones down, which falling upon the men below, would kill them.

Sentries were always watching from the towers, so that no enemy could take them by surprise, and, as the wall went right round the city, they were guarded north, south, east, and west. There was no weak spot to which an enemy could bring an army in secret, and as the city stood in the middle of a wide plain, no one could come near without being seen long before he reached the gates.

The city was always ready for attack and so it was left in peace, just as the king was left in peace in his well-defended country. It was a very rich city. Merchants came there from far distant countries bringing rich stuffs and precious

things, and the king who had become tired of peace thought what a splendid thing it would be if he could march against the city and capture it. The more he thought about it the harder it seemed, and the harder it seemed the more he wanted to do it. He ordered his soldiers to get ready, and one day the sentries on the towers of the city wall saw a cloud of dust rising across the plain, many miles away. At first they could not understand it, and then, watching carefully, they saw that the dust was caused by a great advancing army. They sounded the alarm, and the peaceful city suddenly became filled with noise and haste. They had become so used to being left alone and at peace that they hardly believed men could be so bold as to march against their mighty wall. They did not let their surprise make them forget all they had to do, however, and men and women rushed to and fro getting ready for the attack. The gates were shut, and at once masons began to build up a wall on the inner side of them, so that there should be no opening to give an easy entrance to the enemy.

Men and women all went to the walls, and they all helped in making ready for their defence. Women lighted huge fires and men brought oil to be boiled in big iron boilers. Even children tried to help by carrying up stones as large as they could lift, because they wanted to share in the work of defending the city. Men sharpened their weapons, and all the time the enemy came nearer and nearer. Then the next morning, the watchers on the walls saw that the army had set up their tents and were encamped all round the city just out of reach of arrows, stones, and spears from the walls. And for some days the king and his officers watched those strong walls, and walked round and round the city making plans for the attack. On the walls the defenders took care not to show themselves

too much, as they did not want the enemy to know how strong the defending force was.

Then early one morning, as soon as there was enough light, the king's soldiers rushed to the attack. They had ladders for climbing up the walls; they had huge iron engines called battering-rams which they drove against the stone wall to make a hole and in time knock the wall down; they had high movable towers, with platforms where soldiers could stand and shoot down from above the walls; they had wonderful catapults which hurled huge stones with great force. These were the days before men used the cannons and rifles that they use now in warfare.

The defenders hurled down their heavy stones and poured boiling oil on the crowded men below them, while the archers shot down clouds of arrows until the dead were piled up around the walls. When night came the attack stopped, but, in spite of all their bravery, it seemed as if the king's soldiers had done nothing at all towards taking the city.

The next day it was the same, and the day after that; indeed every attack they made had the same result. They could not do any serious damage to the wall because the defenders allowed them no chance of remaining near enough to do much. They tried attacking one point at a time with all their force. That had no result. Then they tried attacking several points at once, but the defenders merely spread themselves out in the same way, and so that had no result either.

At last the king saw that he would never take the city by these means; the defenders were too well placed, and the walls too strong. He was no nearer taking the city than when he started, and very many of his brave soldiers were dead. If he went on, day after day, it would only end in the destruction of his whole army. So he ordered

no more attacks on the walls; he said he would take the city "from within."

This meant that his soldiers remained on guard all round the city walls, and if the defenders would allow no one to go in, on the other hand the enemy would allow no one either to come out or go in.

The king was prepared to live in camp with his soldiers for two years or more if it were necessary. He knew that in time the city must fall because the people would starve when they had no food left and no fresh supplies could reach them.

Within the city they divided each day's food with care, and every person had his equal share with the others. In this way they hoped to withstand the siege for so long that the king would have to march away; perhaps he would have trouble in his own country now that he and his soldiers were not there. For many long weeks things went on in this way; months went by and the enemy still surrounded the city.

Women and children fell ill and died of hunger, and men became so weak that they defended their walls as in a dream, helped to do so by their strong wills and by hatred of the enemy who had brought all this misery on them.

At length they knew they could hold out no longer. Sorrowfully the leaders of the city met together, and after much sad talk they agreed that they must send out a messenger to the king and say they were forced by hunger and illness to give in.

So in the morning a sentry standing at the edge of the camp saw one man come from the city. He watched him being let down over the wall, and, as he came straight towards the camp, the sentry knew he had come with a message. He was taken before the king, who asked from whom he had come.

"From the fathers of the city, O king," he said.

"What have you to say to me?" asked the king.

"This is the message," answered the man. "Until you marched against us with your army, we lived in a peaceful, happy city. Our merchants were rich, our stores were full, our men were strong, and our women and children were beautiful. You came to attack us, and you have seen our defence. No soldiers could have been braver, and no women or children could have put up with greater misery and hardship. Silver and gold and precious jewels have we still, but of what use are they to people who have no food? The city is a city of death, and we can fight no more, for our men are too weak to stand at their posts. Therefore, O king, I come to tell you that the city is yours."

The king listened to these words in silence, and for some minutes did not reply. Then he said:

"My soldiers will enter your city the day after to-morrow. I do not wish to harm the women. They may go away to-morrow in peace, and as a sign that I respect the bravery of your defence I will allow each woman to carry away her most valuable possession."

This was really very generous of the king, because in those olden times, whenever a city was captured, it was always a rule that the men who lived there must be killed, and their possessions be taken by the conqueror.

The messenger went back to the city, to where the leaders of his people were waiting to hear the words of the king.

All night long the women talked together and made up their minds what to carry away with them. The king had said they should go in peace, each carrying her most valued possession.

On the morrow the soldiers in the camp saw the city

gates open and the women march out, each one staggering along with a heavy load on her back. The soldiers looked and looked again. Even the king stood staring with the rest. Each woman was carrying her husband on her back, for he was her most valued possession.

The king kept his word and allowed them to go in peace.

THE END

Printed by R. & R. Clark, Limited, *Edinburgh.*