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Although the complete text of Longfellow's "Rain in Summer" is given, it is suggested that lines 60-96 should be omitted. It is for this reason that no notes are given on these lines.

POETRY FOR SCHOOLS

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WITH APPRECIATIONS
AND NOTES

BY

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PREFACE.

It is a mistake to think that children cannot appreciate good poetry. If it is simple (and happily some of the simplest poems are the best), and if its meaning is made clear (for a child cannot be interested in what it does not understand), even the best poetry can give a child real pleasure. At first boys will, naturally, prefer narrative poems, and will feel more interest in the story than in the poetry: but their taste can be cultivated by wise and sympathetic teaching, until they come to appreciate simple poems of reflection and impression, and to see and enjoy the beauty of the poetry itself.

In making this small collection for Indian school-boys, I have been limited in my choice by the laws of copyright, and so have not been able to include any of the many charming modern poems suitable for children. But I think that, with, perhaps, a few exceptions, all the poems included are real poetry, and not mere verse. I have also done my best to break new ground and, while retaining some rather hackneyed old favourites, have tried to introduce to Indian students some poems that will be fresh to them.

I have kept in mind that the poems are to be studied by young Indian schoolboys, and have made the appreciations and notes as full and simple as possible.

Two of the poems (Nos. 22 and 36) are copyright.

H. MARTIN

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POETRY FOR SCHOOLS.

— 1 —

THE MAN WHO IS TWELVE YEARS OLD

There's a man that I know, and he lives near you,
In a town called Everywhere ;
You might not think he's a man from his hat
Or the clothes he may chance to wear ; 4
But under the jacket with many a patch
Is a heart more precious than gold —
The heart of a man 'neath the coat of a boy,
A man who is twelve years old. 8

He only is waiting to wear the crown
That already is made for his brow ;
And I pray that his mind will always be clean,
His body as pure as snow ; 12
His heart always fresh and sunny and warm,
And free from life's canker and mould,
And may he be worthy his waiting estate,
This man who is twelve years old. 16

We never may know what the future will make
Of the boys that we carelessly meet,
For many a statesman is now at school,
And presidents play in the street. 20
The hand that is busy with playthings now
The reins of power will hold ;
So I take off my hat and gladly salute
This man who is twelve years old.

M. SMILEY

- His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man. 12
- Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low. 18
- And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor. 24
- He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice. 30
- It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes. 36
- Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose. 42

" Good friend ! " said Hal, and sighed the while,
 " Farewell ! and happy be ;
 But say no more if thou'dst be true,
 • That no one envies thee. 28
 Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—
 Thy mill, my kingdom's fee !
 Such men as thou are England's boast,
 O miller of the Dee ! "

C. MACKAY

— 5 —

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song ;
 And if you find it wond'rous short,
 It cannot hold you long. 4

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene'er he went to pray. 8

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes ;
 The naked every day he clad
 When he put on his clothes. 12

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree. 16

This dog and man at first were friends ;
 • But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain some private ends,
 Went mad and bit the man. 20

Around from all the neighbouring streets
 The wond'ring neighbours ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man. 24

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye ;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die. 28

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That show'd the rogues they lied ;
 The man recover'd of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

O. GOLDSMITH

— 6 —

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

The mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter " Little prig."
 Bun replied,
 " You are doubtless very big ; 5
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace 10
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry :
 I'll not deny you make 15
 A very pretty squirrel track.
 Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

R. W. EMERSON

— 7 —

TRY AGAIN

'Tis a lesson you should heed, Try again ; If at first you don't succeed, Try again ;	4
Then your courage should appear, For if you will <i>persevere</i> , You will conquer, never fear, Try again.	8
Once or twice, though you should fail, Try again ; If you would at last prevail, Try again ;	12
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace Though we do not win the race ; What should we do in that case ? Try again.	16
If you find your task is hard, Try again ; Time will bring you your reward, Try again ;	20
All that other folk can do, Why, with patience, may not you ? Only keep this rule in view, Try again.	

W. E. HICKSON

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to
 grow—
 Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
 For he, sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-rubber
 ball,
 And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him
 at all. 8

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
 And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
 He stands so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
 I'd think shame to stick to Nursie as that shadow sticks
 to me! 12

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
 I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
 But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
 Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep
 in bed.

R. L. STEVENSON

— 10 —

ALADDIN

When I was a beggarly boy,
 And lived in a cellar damp,
 I had not a friend nor a toy,
 But I had Aladdin's lamp; 4

When I could not sleep for cold,
 I had fire enough in my brain,
 And builded with roofs of gold,
 My beautiful castles in Spain! 8

Since then I have toiled day and night,
 I have money and power good store,
 But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
 For the one that is mine no more; 12

Take, Fortune, whatever you choose :
 You gave, and may snatch again :
 I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
 For I own no more castles in Spain !

J. R. LOWELL

— 11 —

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. 6

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 ; 12

"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, 18

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 mare,
 He shot through the gateway, and rode down the street ;
 The Pasha sprang up at the clatter of feet ; 24

Two score troopers in harness stood ;
 "Mount," cried the Pasha, "and ride with a will,
 Bring me the mare back, take his blood ;
 The money is yours if the man you kill,"—
 Down the steep stony causeway they closed on him fast,
 But he gained the town gate and the desert at last. 30

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. 36

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 ? 42

"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."

SIR A. LYALL

— 12 —

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men ;

Wee folk, good folk, Trooping all together ; Green jacket, red cap, And white owl's feather !	8
Down along the rocky shore Some make their home, They live on crispy pancakes Of yellow tide-foam ; Some in the reeds Of the black mountain-lake, With frogs for their watch-dogs, All night awake.	12
High on the hill-top The old King sits ; He is now so old and gray He's nigh lost his wits. With a bridge of white mist Columkill he crosses, On his stately journeys From Slieveleague to Rosses ; Or going up with music On cold starry nights, To sup with the Queen Of the gay Northern Lights.	16
They stole little Bridget For seven years long ; When she came down again Her friends were all gone. They took her lightly back, Between the night and morrow ; They thought that she was fast asleep, But she was dead with sorrow. They have kept her ever since Deep within the lake, On a bed of flag-leaves, Watching till she wake.	20
	24
	28
	32
	36
	40

- By the craggy hill-side,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there. 44
 Is any man so daring
 As to dig them up in spite,
 He shall find the thornies set
 In his bed at night. 48
- Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men ; 52
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together ;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather !

W. ALLINGHAM

— 13 —

A TRAGIC STORY

- There lived a sage in days of yore,
 And he a handsome pigtail wore ;
 But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
 Because it hung behind him. 4
- He mused upon this curious case,
 And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
 And have it hanging at his face,
 Not dangling there behind him. 8
- Says he, "The mystery I've found,—
 I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round ;
 But still it hung behind him.

- Then round and round, and out and in, 12
 All day the puzzled sage did spin ;
 In vain—it mattered not a pin—
 The pigtail hung behind him.
- And right and left, and round about, 16
 And up and down and in and out
 He turned ; but still the pigtail stout
 Hung steadily behind him.
- And though his efforts never slack, 20
 And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
 Aías ! still faithful to his back,
 The pigtail hangs behind him.

W. M. THACKERAY

— 14 —

MY LITTLE DOLL

- I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world ;
 Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
 And her hair was so charmingly curled. 4
 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day ;
 And I cried for more than a week, dears,
 But I never could find where she lay. 8
- I found my poor little doll, dears,
 As I played in the heath one day :
 Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
 For her paint is all washed away, 12
 And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
 And her hair not the least bit curled :
 Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world.

C. KINGSLEY

— 15 —

THE STRANGER

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent ;
The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.
He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent,
His haggard look implored the tenderest care.
The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,
But spake no grace, nor bowed towards the east,
Safe sheltered here from dark and angry sky ;
The bounteous table seemed a royal feast. 8

But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare,
The patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod —
"Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer ?
Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God ?"
He answered, "Nay." The patriarch sadly said,
"Thou hast my pity. Go, eat not my bread." 14

Another came that wild and fearful night :
The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the skies ;
But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,
And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.
"Where is that aged man ?" the Presence said,
"That asked for shelter from the driving blast ?
What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast ?" 21
"Forgive me, Lord," the patriarch answer made,
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee.
"Ah me ! the stranger might with me have stayed,
But, O my God, he would not worship Thee."
"I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait ;
Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

W. BRUCE

— 16 —

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred. 4
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said;
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred. 8

II

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismay'd?
 Not tho' the soldiers knew
 Some one had blunder'd : 12
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die :
 Into the valley of Death 16
 Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them 20
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death, 24
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air, 28
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
 Plunged in the battery-smoke 32
 Right thro' the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd. 36
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them, 40
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell, 44
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them, 48
 Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd. 52
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

A. TENNYSON

P. S.

— 17 —

YUSSOUF

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
 Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
 Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
 Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;
 I come to thee for shelter and for food,
 To Yussouf, called through all our tribes "The Good'." 6

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
 Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
 As I of His who buildeth over these
 Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
 And at whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay'." 12

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
 And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold ;
 My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight ;
 Depart before the prying day grows bold."
 As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
 So nobleness enkindleth nobleness. 18

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
 Which shines from all self-conquest. Kneeling low,
 He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
 Sobbing, "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;
 I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son !" 24

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf ; "for with thee
 Into the desert, never to return,
 My one black thought shall ride away from me.
 First-born for whom by day and night I yearn,
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;
 Thou art avenged my first-born, sleep in peace !"

J. R. LOWELL

— 18 —

WRITTEN IN MARCH

The cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun ; 5
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest :
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising.
 There are forty feeding like one ! 10
 Like an army defeated,
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill ;
 The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon : 15
 There's joy in the mountains,
 There's life in the fountains ;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing,
 The rain is over and gone !

W. WORDSWORTH

— 19 —

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a man ; 4
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
 The Child is father of the Man ;
 And I could wish my days to be 8
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

W. WORDSWORTH

— 20 —

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Flower in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies :—
 Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but *if* I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

A. TENNYSON

— 21 —

TO A WATER FOWL

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way? 4

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along. 8

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side? 12

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
 The desert and illimitable air,—
 Lone wandering but not lost. 16

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

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest. 24

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart. 28

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. BRYANT

— 22 —

AN OLD DOLL

You know the stiff museum room,
That smells so dry and stale and close
And is as silent as a tomb,
With trim glass-cases set in rows
Displaying boring curios — 5

Mummies, the deadest of all things,
In painted coffins, ancient bones,
Old pots, quaint necklaces and rings,
Absurd bronze idols on bronze thrones,
Broken statues and lettered stones ; 10

Where everything is neat and prim,
All catalogued and ticketed
And ranged on shelves in order trim ;
One stares at them until one's head
Aches, they are all so dry and dead. 15

In such a place I wandered round
Idly, and looked at this and that
Until my eyes were tired, but found
Nothing but what was stale and flat ;
'Till, as before one case I sat, 20

One object from my vacuous mood
Roused me, and I was all agog ;
A small quaint figure carved in wood,
'That grinned at me, the cunning rogue,
And sent me to my catalogue. 25

What could it be ? A pigmy child,
'Ten inches high, with merry face
And outstretched arms, and eyes that smiled ;
What was it doing in that place,
Labelled and stuck up in a case ? 30

A wooden toy ! A baby's doll !
A strange thing in that fusty room
Of solemn relics ! And 'twas droll
That such a merry little gnome
Should come out of a dusty tomb. 35

Babies in ancient Egypt ? Toys ?
Children that laughed and cried and played,
Just like our modern girls and boys ?
'There must have been ; yet I'm afraid
'Tis hard to clothe the mummied dead 40

With flesh and blood, and realise
They once were living folk, who knew
Sorrow and joy, were fools and wise,
Toiled, suffered, loved, and hated too,
And were, in fact, like me and you. 45

To think some little dusky child,
Dandling it fondly to and fro,
Played with that doll, and crowed and smiled
'To see its quaint face grinning so,
Nearly three thousand years ago ! 50

And when that child was laid to rest,
As the long day began to fade,
He hugged the dolly to his breast,
While mother watched beside his bed,
And fondly kissed her 'sleepy-head'. 55

Most children long outlive their toys,
Which soon are broken, and forgot
In serious things and grown-up joys ;
Far other was that baby's lot —
The toy remains, the child is not. 60

" Found in a tomb " ! Ah ! once that toy
Was wet with tears a mother shed
Over the plaything of her boy,
No longer hers, whose poor wee head
Slept its last sleep upon the bed. 65

And when they laid within the tomb
The tiny mummy, by its side
The sorrowing mother in the gloom
Placed this wee dolly, while she cried,
And wished that she herself had died. 70

Three thousand years ago ! and yet,
Hearts beat then, loved and yearned and broke,
And eyes with loss and grief were wet,
Just as with us poor modern folk,
Who love, and lose, and know regret.

HENRY MARTIN

(*Copyright.*)

— 23 —

THE WINDMILL

Behold ! a giant am I !
 Aloft here in my tower,
 With my granite jaws I devour
 The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
 And grind them into flour. 5

I look down over the farms ;
 In the fields of grain I see
 The harvest that is to be,
 And I fling to the air my arms,
 For I know it is all for me. 10

I hear the sound of flails
 Far off, from the threshing-floors
 In barns, with their open doors,
 And the wind, and the wind in my sails,
 Louder and louder roars. 15

I stand here in my place,
 With my foot on the rock below,
 And whichever way it may blow
 I meet it face to face,
 As a brave man meets his foe. 20

And while we wrestle and strive,
 My master, the miller, stands
 And feeds me with his hands ;
 For he knows who makes him thrive,
 Who makes him lord of lands. 25

On Sundays I take my rest ;
 Church-going bells begin
 Their low, melodious din ;
 I cross my arms on my breast,
 And all is peace within.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

— 24 —

THE TIDE RIVER

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undeiled, for the undeiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child. 8

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
Darker and darker the farther I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
Who dare sport with the sin-deiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child. 16

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea ;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again. 24
Undeiled, for the undeiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

— 25 —

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY

- The noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide,
 When 'scap'd from literary cares,
 I wander'd on his side. 4
- My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
 And high in pedigree,
 (Two nymphs, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 That spaniel found for me) 8
- Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,
 Now starting into sight
 Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
 With scarce a slower flight. 12
- It was the time when Ouse display'd
 His lilies newly blown ;
 Their beauties I intent survey'd ;
 And one I wish'd my own. 16
- With cane extended far I sought
 To steer it close to land ;
 But still the prize, though nearly caught,
 Escap'd my eager hand. 20
- Beau* marked my unsuccessful pains
 With fixt consid'rate face,
 And puzzling set his puppy brains
 To comprehend the case. 24
- But with a chirrup clear and strong,
 Dispersing all his dream,
 I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
 The windings of the stream. 28

- My ramble finish'd, I return'd.
Beau trotting far before
 The floating wreath again discern'd,
 And plunging left the shore. 32
- I saw him with that lily cropp'd
 Impatient swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
 The treasure at my feet. 36
- Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,
 Shall hear of this thy deed,
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed ; 40
- But, chief, myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine
 To Him who gives me all.

W. COWPER

— 26 —

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

- Southward with fleet of ice
 Sailed the corsair Death ;
 Wild and fast blew the blast,
 And the east-wind was his breath. 4
- His lordly ships of ice
 Glisten in the sun ;
 On each side, like pennons wide,
 Flashing crystal streamlets run. 8
- His sails of white sea-mist
 Dripped with silver rain ;
 But where he passed there were cast
 Leaden shadows o'er the main. 12

- Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed. 16
- Alas ! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night ;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light. 20
- He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
“ Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,”
He said, “ by water as by land ! ” 24
- In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal’s sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around. 28
- The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds. 32
- They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock ;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled. 36
- Southward through day and dark
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain o’er the open main ;
Yet there seems no change of place. 40
- Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

— 27 —

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

- You know, we French stormed Ratisbon ;
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind. 8
- Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound. 16
- Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy ;
 You hardly could suspect —
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two. 24
- "Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 •Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him !" The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire. 32

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes ;
 "You're wounded !" "Nay," the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 "I'm killed, Sire !" And, his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

R. BROWNING

— 28 —

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun ;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine. 6

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found ;
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large and smooth and round. 12

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory. 18

"I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about ;
 And often when I go to plough
 The ploughshare turns them out.
 For many thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in that great victory." 24

- “ Now tell us what 'twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.” 30
- “ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That 'twas a famous victory. 36
- “ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head. 42
- “ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died :
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory. 48
- “ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun :
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory. 54
- “ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”
“ Why 'twas a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine ;
“ Nay . . nay . . my little girl,” quoth he,
“ It was a famous victory. 60

“And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win.”
 “But what good came of it at last ?”
 Quoth little Peterkin :—
 “Why that I cannot tell,” said he,
 “But ’twas a famous victory.”

R. SOUTHEY

— 29 —

TRUE GROWTH

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere : 4
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night —
 It was the plant and flower of Light. 8
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON

— 30 —

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. 4
 I breathed a song into the air, •
 It fell to earth, I know not where ;
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of song ? 8

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

— 31 —

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I ;
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
 The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit,—
 One little sandpiper and I. 8

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud black and swift across the sky ;
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white light-houses high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I. 16

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry ;
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery ;
 He has no thought of any wrong ;
 He scans me with a fearless eye,
 Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I. 24

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright !
 To what warm shelter can'st thou fly ?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky ;
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

CELIA THAXTER

— 32 —

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally And sparkle out among the fern, To bicker down a valley.	4
By thirty hills I hurry down, Or slip between the ridges, By twenty thorps, a little town, And half a hundred bridges.	8
Till last by Philip's farm I flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.	12
I chatter over stony ways, In little sharps and trebles, I bubble into eddyng bays, I babble on the pebbles.	16
With many a curve my banks I frèt By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy foreland set With willow-weed and mallow.	20

- I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
• But I go on for ever. 24
- I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling, 28
- And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel, 32
- And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever. 36
- I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers. 40
- I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows. 44
- I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ; 48
- And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

— 33 —

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 ! 5
- 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 10
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain ! 15
- The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain 20
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.
- From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise 25
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling 30
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain, 35
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, 40
With their dilated nostrils spread
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil. 45
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand, 50
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 55
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, 60
The poet sees !
He can behold

Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold 65
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold 70
 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 75
 Down to the graves of the dead,
 Down through chasms and gulfs profound
 To the dreary fountain-head
 Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
 And sees them, when the rain is done, 80
 On the bridge of colours seven
 Climbing up once more to heaven
 Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer
 With vision clear, 85
 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, 90
 Till glimpses more sublime
 Of things, unseen before,
 Unto his wondering eyes reveal
 The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
 Turning for evermore 95
 In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

— 34 —

THE SANDS OF DEE

“ O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands of Dee.”
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she. 6

- The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
 And never home came she. 12
- “ O ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drownèd maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea ? ”
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes of Dee. 18
- They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea :
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee.

C. KINGSLEY

— 35 —

DAYBREAK

- A wind came up out of the sea,
 And said, “ O mists, make room for me.”
 It hailed the ships, and cried, “ Sail on,
 Ye mariners, the night is gone.” +
- And hurried landward far away,
 Crying, “ Awake ! it is the day.”
 It said unto the forest, “ Shout !
 Hang all your leafy banners out ! ” 8

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
 And said, "O bird, awake and sing."
 And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
 Your clarion blow; the day is near." 12

It whispered to the fields of corn,
 "Bow down and hail the coming morn."
 It shouted through the belfry tower,
 "Awake, O bell, proclaim the hour." 16

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
 And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

H. W. LONGFELLOW

— 36 —

A CONTRAST

Along the road, sedate and slow,
 Lurches a ponderous buffalo,
 Pulling a rude, old-fashioned wain
 All loaded up with yellow grain;
 With groaning wheels and clanking chain 5
 It jolts o'er the ruts, and lumbering
 Crawls slowly on, a cumbrous thing
 That rumbles along and creaks and squeals
 On its clumsy, thick-rimmed wooden wheels.
 The old red-bearded zamindar 10
 Who drives it, spite of jolt and jar
 Squats half-asleep; but sometimes prods
 The stolid beast as it onward plods;
 Then nods and sleeps again. Just so,
 Over a thousand years ago, 15
 In just such carts his fathers rode;
 So little alters the ancient mode
 In India, where the past's dead hand
 Still grips this old, unchanging land.

- The air throbs with a roaring hum ; 20
 Down from the sky it seems to come,
 And looking upwards there I see,
 Glittering like a dragon-fly
 And droning like a monstrous bee,
 An aeroplane go sailing by 25
 Far away in the sunlit sky.
 Onward and upward doth it soar,
 A thing of beauty, speed and power ;
 It wheels and flashes in the light,
 Then downward swoops like a questing kite, 30
 And passes swiftly out of sight ;
 And slowly dies the distant drone,
 Faint, faintlier, until 'tis gone.
- I think, as again I look below
 On that old cart and buffalo, 35
 How, in this land of contrasts strange,
 The novelties of modern change
 With relics of the ancient days
 Are mingled ; new and old-world ways
 Meet, and the swift, new-fangled West 40
 Rubs shoulders with the slow old East.

HENRY MARTIN

(Copyright.)

— 37 —

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
 is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
 daring ;
 But O heart ! heart ! heart !
 O the bleeding drops of red !
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead. 8

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
 trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
 shores a-crowding,
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning ;
 Here Captain ! dear father !
 This arm beneath your head !
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead. 16

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will ;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
 and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
 won ;
 Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

W. WHITMAN

— 38 —

JOHNNY

Johnny had a golden head
 Like a golden mop in blow,
 Right and left his curls would spread
 In a glory and a glow,
 And they framed his honest face
 Like stray sunbeams out of place.

6

Long and thick, they half could hide
How threadbare his patched jacket hung ;
They used to be his mother's pride ;
She praised them with her tender tongue,
And stroked them with a loving finger
That smoothed and stroked and loved to linger. 12

On a doorstep Johnny sat,
Up and down the street looked he ;
Johnny did not own a hat,
Hot or cold tho' days might be ;
Johnny did not own a boot
To cover up his muddy foot. 18

Johnny's face was pale and thin,
Pale with hunger and with crying ;
For his mother lay within,
Talked and tossed and seemed a-dying.
While Johnny racked his brains to think
How to get her help and drink, 24

Get her physic, get her tea,
Get her bread and something nice ;
Not a penny piece had he,
And scarce a shilling might suffice ;
No wonder that his soul was sad,
When not one penny piece he had. 30

As he sat there thinking, moping,
Because his mother's wants were many,
Wishing much but scarcely hoping
To earn a shilling or a penny,
A friendly neighbour passed him by
And questioned him : Why did he cry ? 36

Alas ! his trouble soon was told :
He did not cry for cold or hunger,
Though he was hungry both and cold ;
He only felt more weak and younger
Because he wished so to be old
And apt at earning pence or gold. 42

Kindly that neighbour was, but poor,
 Scant coin had he to give or lend ;
 And well he guessed there needed more
 Than pence or shillings to befriend •
 The helpless woman in her strait,
 So much loved, yet so desolate. 48

One way he saw, and only one :
 He would — he could not — give the advice,
 And yet he must : the widow's son
 Had curls of gold would fetch their price ;
 Long curls which might be clipped, and sold
 For silver or perhaps for gold. 54

Our Johnny, when he understood
 Which shop it was that purchased hair,
 Ran off as briskly as he could,
 And in a trice stood cropped and bare,
 Too short of hair to fill a locket,
 But jingling money in his pocket. 60

Precious money—tea and bread,
 Physic, ease, for mother dear,
 Better than a golden head :
 Yet our hero dropped one tear
 When he spied himself close shorn,
 Barer much than lamb new born. 66

His mother throve upon the money,
 Ate and revived and kissed her son :
 But oh ! when she perceived her Johnny,
 And understood what he had done,
 All and only for her sake,
 She sobbed as if her heart must break.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

— 39 —

THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stones, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee. 7

The rich man's son inherits cares :
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee. 14

The rich man's son inherits wants :
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds and brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair !
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee. 21

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee. 28

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
 Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labour sings ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee. 35

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 A patience learned of being poor,
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee. 42

O rich man's son ! there is a toil
 That with all others level stands ;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft white hands,—
 This is the best crop from thy lands ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee. 49

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
 There is worse weariness than thine
 In merely being rich and great :
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee. 56

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last ;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

— 40 —

YOUNG AND OLD .

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green ;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen ;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away ;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day. 8

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown ;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down ;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among ;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

C. KINGSLEY

NOTES.

I. THE MAN WHO IS TWELVE YEARS OLD.

In his poem, "The Rainbow" (see No. 19), the English poet, Wordsworth, says, " The Child is father of the Man "; by which he means that all that will come out in the character of the grown man is already present, but not yet developed, in the child. Maurice Smiley (an American writer), in this poem, works out the same idea. He sees in every boy of twelve, the man into whom the boy will change in future years. The great men of to-day were once boys ; and some of the boys of to-day will some day be great men. So the poet takes off his hat and salutes the hidden greatness in boys, undeveloped, but there.

1. **he lives near you.** Any ordinary boy you know.

2. **Everywhere.** All boys found in all places.

5. **many a patch, i. e.,** though he is a poor boy, with old patched clothes.

7-8. Compare Wordsworth's line, " The Child is father of the Man."

9. **the crown,** the crown of manhood ; maturity.

14. **canker,** an insect that eats into and spoils the flower-buds. **Mould,** a kind of fungus that kills the wheat. " Life's canker and mould ", means all evil habits that spoil the character.

15. **his waiting estate,** the estate (of full manhood) that is waiting for him to inherit it.

19-20. , Boys now at school, and playing in the streets, may be statesmen and presidents when they grow up. (The head of the United States of America is called the President.)

22. The reins of power will hold, *i. e.*, he will be a man in authority to guide and rule the country. (The driver of a carriage *holds the reins*, by which he guides and controls the horses.)

2. THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

This is a charming old English song, the writer of which is unknown. The poet, whoever he was, must have known and loved country life. Life in the country is happier, he says, than life in the town; and the simple villagers, who "follow the useful plough", are more contented than the richly dressed courtiers.

2-3. PROSE ORDER. How pleasant and fair (it is) to walk in the (open) air, in moderate cold and heat, in every field of wheat, (when) the fairest of flowers (are) adorning the bowers and the brow of every meadow.

3. the air, the open air; the pure, fresh air of the country.

5. bowers, arbours, summer-houses.

6. brow, properly, "forehead". The front or top of the meadow.

7. courtier, one who attends a king's Court. Such a one would be richly dressed in velvet and silk.

8. who clothe in grey, who wear ordinary grey woollen clothes.

7-9. The simple, homely villagers, who do useful work, are happier and more contented than the rich and finely dressed courtiers.

10. the morning lark. The sky-lark is a common English bird, that flies up to a great height in the sky and sings the whole time it is on the wing. It leaves its nest at dawn. So, very early in the morning.

12. folding, driving their sheep into the sheep-folds, or sheep-pens, for the night.

13. park, properly, a gentleman's estate, planted with trees and covered with well-kept grass. Here, fields and meadows.
16-18. The villagers who farm the land and take an interest in their useful work, are happy and contented.

3. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

This is a well-known poem by the popular American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) Its subject is the dignity of honest manual labour; and it gives a fine description of an upright, sober, industrious working-man, who takes a pride in his work.

1. chestnut tree, a large tree common in America and England, that bears a kind of nut. (*Spreading*, because the branches spread out all round the trunk, and give good shade below.)

2. smithy, a blacksmith's shop, or work-room, where he heats the iron in his forge (furnace), and shapes it into horse-shoes on his anvil.

4. sinewy, muscular, strong. (A sinew is a muscle.)

5. brawny, strong, muscular. (Brawn is muscle.)

7. crisp, curly.

8. the tan, the brown bark of a tree. (His face is *tanned*, or browned, by the heat of his forge.)

9. honest sweat, sweat caused by honest labour.

11-12. He can boldly face everyone, for, though he may be poor, he is independent, and is not in debt to anyone.

13. week in, week out, all the time, every week.

14. bellows, the leather bag by which air is blown in to the fire to make it burn brightly.

15. sledge, sledge-hammer: a heavy hammer with which the blacksmith beats the red-hot iron on the anvil.

16. *I. e.*, with regular and slow beat.

17-18. The clang of the hammer on the anvil sounds like the regular clang of the church-bell, rung by the sexton (grave-digger) at sunset.

21. *forge*, the blacksmith's fire.

23-24. The red sparks that are blown out of the fire by the wind of the bellows, are compared to the *chaff* (husks of corn) blown away by the wind when the corn is being threshed.

25. *Sunday*, the sacred day of the week among Christians, when all work stops, and good people go to the churches to pray and worship God.

27. *parson*, the clergyman, minister.

29. *choir*, band of singers that led the congregation in singing hymns in the church.

32. *Singing in Paradise*. The blacksmith's wife is dead, and he thinks of her singing praises to God in Heaven among the angels.

33. *He needs must*. When he hears his daughter's voice, he is reminded of his dead wife, and cannot help thinking of her. (*Needs* is an adverb, and means " necessarily ".)

39-40. Every day he finishes the day's work, and does not, like lazy people, put it off until to-morrow.

41-42. He can sleep at night with a good conscience, because he knows that in the day he has done something which he had set himself to do.

43. The poet addresses the Village Blacksmith.

45-48. Just as the blacksmith softens the iron in his forge and shapes it on his anvil with his hammer, so we must by hard labour and earnest endeavour, form our characters in the struggle of life.

45. *flaming forge*, burning fire or furnace.

47. *sounding anvil*. The *anvil* is a heavy block of iron on which the blacksmith hammers the red-hot metal into shape. *Sounding*, because of the noise made by the hammer beating upon it.

4. THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

Charles Mackay (1814-1889), a Scottish journalist, wrote a number of cheery songs which were very popular in his day. This poem is a good specimen of his genial and hearty style, and teaches the lesson of happy contentment in a simple and kindly way. Notice how well a story can be told in short and easy words. Nearly all the words in the poem are of one syllable, and only one (" nobody ") is of more than two.

1. hale, healthy.
2. the river Dee, a river in Cheshire (England), that flows into the sea near Chester.
4. blithe, merry, happy.
5. burden, refrain ; or subject of the song.
9. old King Hal. " Hal " is short for Harry, and Harry is the familiar form of Henry. There were eight kings of England called Henry. If any one of them is meant here, it is probably Henry V, who was a popular king and called by his people; " Good King Hal ". But perhaps no particular king is referred to.
11. could my heart, if my heart could.
17. doff'd, took off (*do-off*).
25. the while, *i. e.*, while he said it.
29. mealy cap, the miller's cap white with flour (meal).
30. my kingdom's fee, the price of my kingdom.
31. England is proud of its sturdy, independent, honest and contented workmen.

5. ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

This amusing poem, by Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), is taken from his famous story, " The Vicar of Wakefield ". It is just a bit of fun ; but it reminds us that things sometimes turn out in a way we do not expect.

2. Give ear unto, listen to.

5. Islington, a part of London.

7-8. "To run a godly race", means to live a pious life. This man was pious, at any rate when he went to church!

11-12. To clothe the naked is a pious act of Christian charity; but the only naked person this man clothed was himself!

15. mongrel, a common dog of mixed breed.

whelp, a young dog (same as " puppy ").

hound, a dog of some special breed, such as the fox-hound, the deer-hound, etc.

16. curs of low degree, very common and worthless dogs.

18. a pique, a quarrel.

19. to gain some private ends, for some selfish purpose of its own. (As if the dog went mad on purpose to hurt the man !)

29. To every Christian eye, in the eyes of all Christians.

30. rogues, the rascals (spoken humorously) who had prophesied the man's death.

6. THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

This poem is by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), an American writer, who is more famous for his *Essays* and philosophy than for his poetry. He was not often humorous in his poetry; and, though this poem is humorous, it has a serious lesson. It teaches us that God has not made us all alike. We have different gifts; and each must do the work for which he is fitted, and not despise others who have not the gifts he has. As the Squirrel says, " Talents differ ".

3. prig, a conceited person, who thinks he is better than others.

4. Bun, short for " bunny ", a pet name generally used of a rabbit. Here it means the Squirrel.

6-9. As the proverb says, "It takes all sorts to make a world". That is, it is a good thing all people are not exactly alike, for the world needs people of different gifts and abilities. •

sphere, world.

14. *spry, active, quick.*

16. *squirrel track, a run, or suitable ground, for squirrels to live on*

17. *Talents, gifts ; different kinds of ability.*

all is well, etc.—God has arranged everything wisely, and to serve its proper purpose in the world.

18. *carry forests, as a mountain does.*

19. *a nut, the favourite food of squirrels, which they crack with their teeth.*

7. TRY AGAIN.

These simple verses by W. E. Hickson (1803-1870), an American writer, are not exactly poetry ; but they teach the useful lesson of perseverance in a hearty and vigorous manner.

1. *heed, pay attention to ; learn.*

5. *You will show your courage by persevering in spite of failure and discouragement.*

9. *Though you should fail once or twice.*

13-14. *We need not be ashamed if we fail, so long as we really try with all our might to succeed. The real disgrace lies in not trying.*

8. ABOU BEN ADHEM.

This well-known poem by Leigh Hunt (English poet and essayist, 1784-1859) teaches the beautiful lesson that he who loves his fellow-men, loves God. As a Bible writer says :

“If a man says, ‘I love God’, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen. And this commandment we have from Him, that he who loveth God loveth his brother also.”

1. **Abou Ben Adhem**, said to have been a King of Balkh. **may his tribe increase**, a form of benediction common among Muhammadans. (“May” expresses a wish.)

2. **a deep dream of peace**, quiet sleep and pleasant dreams.

4. **Making**, refers to the moonlight. The moonlight shining through the windows made the room beautiful (*rich*), and as white and fair as a lily.

6. Abou dared to speak to the angel because his heart was at peace, and free from any sense of guilt.

7. **presence**, the angel who was present in the room.

8. **The vision**, the angel (whom Abou saw in a vision). **raised its head**, from bending over the book, writing.

9. **a look made of all sweet accord**. The kind look on the angel’s face expressed the peace and harmony (*accord*) of his nature.

11. **And is mine one?** Is my name written in the book as one who loves God?

“**Nay, not so.**” No: your name is not in my book.

12. **spoke more low**, as one who is discouraged and ashamed.

13. **cheerly, cheerfully**.

14. **Write me as one**. Write down my name as that of one, etc.

16. **wakening light**, a light so strong that it waked Abou up.

17. **whom**, of those whom.

love of God had bless’d, *i.e.*, the names of those who were blessed because they loved God.

18. led all the rest, was at the top of the list. (Though the angel could not see it at first, he was taught by God that Abou Ben Adhem loved God best because he loved his fellow-men so much. God held Abou's love, which showed itself in his practical love for men, in higher esteem than the love of those who loved Him only.)

9. MY SHADOW.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) wrote stories and essays, and delightful poems for children. This poem of his expresses a pretty fancy, such as any child might have, about his shadow. No doubt children often have such fanciful ideas; but it takes a real poet to catch them and express them in such a charming way.

2. Of course a shadow is of no practical use.

4. If the light is behind you when you jump into bed, of course you will see your shadow on the wall opposite jumping with you.

7. In the early morning, or at sunset, shadows stretch out a long way because the sun is low down and its rays are horizontal. (India-rubber is elastic, and can be pulled out.)

8. At midday, when the sun is overhead, you have no shadow—or only a small pool of shadow round your feet.

10. By following him closely when he plays.

12. Nurse, his nurse.

14. buttercup, a common English yellow wild-flower, that grows by the thousand in every field.

15-16. Of course your body casts no shadow in the early morning before the sun rises.

15. ' arrant, thorough, downright.

sleepy-head, sleepy, lazy person.

10. ALADDIN.

Every boy must know the story of Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp, in "The Arabian Nights". When Aladdin rubbed his magic lamp, a powerful Jinn, the Slave of the Lamp, appeared, and by magic did whatever Aladdin ordered. James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), in this little poem, means by Aladdin's Lamp the child's power of imagination, by which it can call up all kinds of beautiful visions and dreams and fancies. The poem is short, but it contains a lot of thought. A book might be written to show that the dreams of youth are worth far more than all the money one may collect in old age. But Lowell has expressed it all in sixteen lines.

1. **beggarly**, very poor.
2. **cellar damp**, a damp underground room.
4. **Aladdin's lamp**, the power of imagination. (See above.)
6. **fire enough in my brain**, enthusiasm, interest; the fire of imagination, that made him forget the cold.
8. **castles in Spain**. To build "castles in Spain", or "castles in the air", means to imagine or dream about beautiful things: to make grand plans for the future.
9. **since then**, since I became a man.
11. **lamps of silver bright**, *i. e.*, all his riches and grand furniture.
12. **the one**, Aladdin's lamp: the dreams and fancies of youth.
13. **Fortune**. He speaks to Fortune (destiny, luck) as though it were a person. (The old Romans worshipped Fortune as a goddess.)
14. **snatch again**, *i. e.*, take away the gifts it gave.
15. I should not mind losing all my wealth and comforts.
16. I have lost the dreams of my youth, my childish imaginations, which were worth more to me than all the material wealth I have gained.

II. A HARD BARGAIN.

The amusing poem about the cleverness of an Arab in driving a hard bargain, is by Sir Alfred Lyall (1835-1911), who had a long experience of the East as an official in India.

1. the Fadelî Sheikh, a Sheikh is the Chief of an Arab or Bedouin tribe; the Chief of the Fadêli tribe.
2. Pasha, Turkish official of high rank.
clean-bred, *i. e.*, of unmixed strain; pure stock.
3. All radiant bay. Its colour was a bright brown (*bay*), and its skin gleamed and shone.
snow-white flake. A white spot on the fore-head, like a flake of snow. (See line 21—"the star on her stately head".)
4. pure blood. (See note above, on line 2.)
6. a steed for the Khaliph, a horse fit for the Khaliph (the Head of the Muhammadan religion).
7. chaffering, bargaining.
9. stay, endure, hold out a long time.
10. the Stamboul Turk, the Turkish Pasha of Constantinople.
12. *I. e.*, he gave Abdul Kareem his price, and bought the horse.
13. extortionate, very large; excessive.
double your due, the price is twice as much as you ought to have for the horse.
14. Bedouin, Arab. The Bedouins are the wandering tribes of the Arabian desert
- 15-16. *I. e.*, a Muhammadan ought not to cheat a brother Muhammadan as a mean Jew would; and an Arab who worships the One God should not worship (be greedy for) gold.
17. booty, loot: the money the Pasha paid, but which he felt had been stolen from him.
20. the pride of my house, *i. e.*, the mare. Arabs are very proud and fond of their horses.

23. **shot**, galloped swiftly (like a shot from a gun).

25. **troopers**, horse-soldiers. (**Harness**, armour ; so, ready for immediate action.)

29. **causeway**, paved road.

31. **canters**, gallops easily. (A canter is a slow, easy gallop.)

34. The distance between the pursued and the pursuers was only the length of ten lances (or ten times the length of one lance).

35. **mare's quarter**, the horse's flank or side.

lowering his hand, to slacken the reins, and let the horse go as fast as it liked.

36. **Sailed**, went smoothly and swiftly, like a ship over the sea.

40. **unstained coat**, the mare's coat (of hair), or skin, was quite clean, in spite of her long run.

41. **lighted**, alighted ; dismounted.

girth, the strap by which the saddle is fastened to a horse.

43. **shown you her paces**, shown you how fast she can go. **proved her blood**, proved of what pure stock she is.

44. **her mettle to try**, to test her spirit and courage. ("A man of mettle" is a brave man.)

46-47. Would you like to have your money back and not buy the horse, or shall I keep the money and give you the horse, or do you want to test the horse again by another race over the desert ?

heat, here means a trial race. (Where there are many competitors, groups of racers compete in so many *heats*, the winners of which compete in the final race.)

course, race-course ; run. •

48. The Pasha is at last convinced that the mare is really worth the big price he paid for her ; so he keeps her.

12. THE FAIRIES.

Every nation has its fairy-tales, many of which are very old and very charming. In the old days, even grown-up people believed in the fairies,—the ‘little folk’, or the ‘wee-folk’, as they were called in England. And even in these modern days, you may find country folk in out-of-the-way places who believe in them still. It is not at all a bad thing for children to believe in them; for fairy-tales help to keep alive the sense of wonder, which is an important part of education. William Allingham (1824–1880) was an Irish poet; and Ireland is famous for its fairy-stories. In this poem, one of the most beautiful of the poems about fairies, he well expresses the superstitious fear of fairies that the Irish country-people had. For though there were good fairies, there were also bad ones: and all were believed to have magical powers.

1. airy, windy; breezy.

2. rushy glen, small valley, where reeds and rushes grow by the stream.

4-5. little men,—wee folk,—good folk. All popular names for fairies.

6. Trooping, marching along in bands.

7-8. Fairies are often represented as tiny men (a few inches high) dressed in green jackets, and red caps with feathers in them.

11-12. pancakes, thin flat cakes fried in a frying pan.

crispy, crisp; well baked. (The fairies on the sea-shore eat pancakes made of the foam of the waves.)

13. reed, a kind of coarse grass that grows in or near water.

15. frogs for their watch-dogs, because frogs croak at night, as watch-dogs bark.

18. The old King, the King of Fairies.

22-24. Columbkil, Slieveleague, Rosses, places in Ireland.

28. **Northern Lights**, the *Aurora Borealis*: the beautiful lights (due to electricity) seen in the sky in the Arctic regions.

29. **They stole little Bridget** Country people believed that the fairies were very fond of stealing human children and taking them away to Fairy-land. ('Bridget' is a common girl's name in Ireland.)

31. **down again**, from Fairy-land.

34. **Between the night and morrow**, in the twilight of dawn.

35. **They**, the fairies.

39. **flag-leaves**. The flag, or Iris, is a kind of lily that grows near water.

41. **craggy**, rocky.

43. **thorn-trees**, the hawthorn, or May-tree, the wood of which was supposed to have magical powers.

47-48. The fairies will thus punish him for digging up their trees. (**Thornies**, thorns, of the thorn-trees.)

13. A TRAGIC STORY.

These funny verses were written by the famous English novelist, W. M. Thackeray (1811-1863).

1. **sage**, wise or learned man.

of **yore**, of old. (The word *yore* is connected with "year".)

2. **pigtail**, a long plait of hair hanging from the back of the head down the back, such as Chinamen used to wear.

5. **mused**, thought, meditated.

9. *I. e.*, I have found out how to solve the problem.

14. *I. e.*, it did not matter at all what he did. (A *pin* here means a very small amount—nothing.)

21. **twirl**, turn round rapidly. (**Tack**, change his course; turn round in the opposite way.)

14. MY LITTLE DOLL.

This little poem is taken from a delightful fairy-tale, called "The Water Babies", by Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), who was both novelist and poet. The child still thinks her doll "the prettiest doll in the world", even when it is broken and spoilt, just because it is her old doll. So real love is not changed by misfortune.

6. **the heath**, or heather; a bushy plant, bearing purple flowers, that covers the sides and tops of many hills in England.

15. **For old sakes' sake**, for the sake of old times; in memory of the past.

15. THE STRANGER.

The legend told in this poem teaches the long-suffering patience of God with sinners, as contrasted with the intolerance of even good men. Abraham could not tolerate the presence of an unbeliever in his tent for one night; but the merciful God bears with him for many years, to give him a chance of repentance.

1. **Abraham**, the founder of the Jewish nation, who forsook idol-worship and found the one true God. His story is told in the Book of Genesis in the Bible, where he is called "the Friend of God". The Muhammadans call him the Prophet Ibrahim.

3. **spent**, exhausted. (**Well-nigh**, nearly.)

4. **haggard**, wild-looking. (His thin and ill appearance showed he needed food and care.)

6. **grace**, the words of thanks and blessing spoken by pious people before eating. (*Grace* properly means thanks, gratitude.)

8. **a royal feast**. To the starving man, the food seemed as good as a feast for a king.

9. **Fare**, food.

10. **The patriarch.** Abraham. In Jewish history Abraham, his son Isaac, and his grandson Jacob, are called the three Patriarchs. Patriarch means, literally, "father-ruler"—the head of the family.

his rod, staff, walking-stick.

14. *I. e.*, I pity you, because you are starving : but I cannot allow an unbeliever to eat bread at my table.

19. **the Presence**, God, who appeared to Abraham in vision.

26. I have borne with him patiently for a long time, and am still waiting patiently for him to turn to Me.

27. **in thy gate**, within thy gates ; *i. e.*, in your house, or tent.

16. THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

The famous charge of the Light Brigade, a small cavalry force of 673 men, took place at the Battle of Balaclava, in the Crimean War, on October 25th, 1854. During the battle, Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, sent an order to Lord Lucan, the Commander of the Cavalry, which was misunderstood ; and the Light Brigade was ordered to charge the Russian forces and capture an impregnable position. "Some one had blundered," and all knew it ; but Lord Cardigan, the Commander of the Light Brigade, obeyed the order without hesitation, and they charged, knowing they were riding to certain destruction. The Brigade was almost wiped out by the Russian guns, and only 195 men answered the roll-call when the charge was over. "Blundering and loss of temper had thus cost the English in the course of twenty minutes two-thirds of their Light Cavalry." It was a terrible mistake ; but the glory of that wild charge will never fade. Lord Tennyson, the great English Poet (1809-1892), has given deathless fame in this fine poem to the brave soldiers who went forward fearlessly in obedience to commands, knowing they were going to almost certain death.

1. **Half a league.** A league is three miles.

3. **valley of Death.** The Light Brigade was ordered to charge up the whole length of a valley to capture a battery of Russian guns at its extreme eastern end. The Russians held the hills on both sides ; so the English cavalry were exposed to the fire of the Russian guns on both sides, and in front. So the valley was indeed a "Valley of Death" to them.

4. **the six hundred,** in round numbers. The exact number of the Light Brigade, men and officers, was 673.

6. **he,** Lord Cardigan, commanding the Light Brigade, who led the charge at the head of his men.

12. **Some one had blunder'd.** It is not quite certain who it was. Either Captain Nolan, who was sent with the orders by the Commander-in-Chief to Lord Lucan, or Lord Lucan himself, misunderstood the orders. Probably the mistake was Lord Lucan's, who was an able but self-willed officer. It is known that hot words passed between him and Captain Nolan. As the historian says, the terrible loss of life was due to "blundering and bad temper".

13-15. **Theirs not to make reply,** etc. It was not their business as soldiers to answer back or dispute the order, even though they knew a mistake had been made. They had only to do their duty and face death.

18. **Cannon,** used collectively for guns.

18-22. (See note on line 3, "Valley of Death".)

21. **Volley'd,** fired together.

thunder'd, exploded with a noise like thunder.

24. **the jaws of Death.** Death is personified as a monster waiting with open mouth to devour them.

25. **the mouth of Hell.** Hell stands for agony and destruction. It is also personified as a devouring monster.

27-28. **Their naked swords flashed in the sun as they were drawn and waved in the air.** (**Sabres,** curved cavalry swords.)

29. **Sabring**, smiting and killing with their sabres.
 gunners, those who were serving the Russian guns.
30. **Charging an army**. The small troop dashed into the midst of the Russian army.
32. **battery**, a collection of guns.
33. **the line**, the Russian line of troops.
34. **Cossack**, the Cossacks were the Russian Cavalry.
35. **Reel'd**, staggered under the sword blows.
36. **Shatter'd and sunder'd**, broken and separated.
38. **Not the six hundred**. Only 195 came back.
- 39-43. This verse begins like verse 3. Verse 3 describes the charge of the Brigade up the valley between the lines of Russian guns; this verse describes the retreat, or ride back. Before, there were Russian guns "in front of them"; now, they are "behind them".
50. **When can their glory fade?** *I. e.*, their glory can never fade or be forgotten.

17. YUSSOUF.

The story so well told in this poem by James Russell Lowell, gives a fine example of noble forgiveness. A stranger begs for food and protection from an Arab Sheikh, Yussouf, who shows him true Arabian hospitality, without asking any questions. When the stranger, touched by Yussouf's kindness, takes his leave the next morning, he confesses that he was the man who had killed Yussouf's son. According to the custom of Arab feuds, Yussouf should have at once killed the man and so avenged his son's death. But instead, he avenges his son by forgiving the penitent murderer. As the Bible says, "Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good."

2. **outcast**, an outlaw from his tribe.

3. **bow of power is bent, *i. e.*, he is like a man about to be shot with the arrow of a powerful archer. (*I. e.*, his enemies were pursuing him to kill him.)**

4. **hath not where to lay his head, has no place where he may rest. (A reference to Christ's words: "The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.")**

7-8. *I. e.*, God has given me this tent of mine; and so I am bound to let any brother man who needs food and shelter, use it, for it is really God's tent.

9-10. As God gives me freely all I have, so I must share it freely with you.

10-11. God spreads his great tent, the sky, over all our little tents.

12. As God never refuses mercy to any man, so I must show mercy to you.

16. **before the prying day grows bold, *i. e.*, before the sun rises and gives light for your enemies to see you.**

17-18. The noble hospitality and kindness which Yussouf showed to the stranger, awakened noble feelings in the stranger's heart, just as the flame of one lamp may kindle another lamp without becoming any less itself.

19-20. The stranger's resolve to confess, which was prompted by Yussouf's generous treatment of him, lit up his face and made it look noble.

23. **I will repay thee, *i. e.*, I will pay back your kindness to me, by confessing the wrong I have done you, and so giving you the chance of avenging your son's death by killing me.**

27. **My one black thought, *i. e.*, revenge.**

28. **First-born. He addresses his dead son, as if he were present.**

29. God has arranged all this in His justice, and has thus saved me from the sin of taking vengeance.

30. **Thou art avenged. The forgiveness of a penitent sinner is a better form of vengeance than punishment. As Christ said, "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you."**

18. WRITTEN IN MARCH.

The month of March is the beginning of the Spring season in England. The winter, with its storms and frosts and snow, is over, and the bare trees begin to leaf again; the new green grass begins to spring up in the fields, the first flowers appear, and the birds begin to nest. It is a happy time; and the great English poet, William Wordsworth (1770-1850), has caught and beautifully expressed the joy of the season in this charming little poem.

2. **The stream is flowing**, which was frozen in the winter.

3. **twitter**, the birds begin to sing again, for it is the nesting season. (The word *twitter* imitates the sound of small birds chirping.)

4. **glitter**, shine in the sun, which is hidden in the winter.

10. **like one**. All the cows are feeding in the meadows together, with their heads all one way.

13. **fare ill**. The snow has all disappeared in the valleys, and even on the tops of the hills it is being melted away by the sun's heat.

15. **whooping**, shouting (in joy).

anon, properly means 'soon'. Here, "anon, anon" seems to mean, 'every now and then', like 'ever and anon'.

19. **prevailing**, *i. e.*, over the clouds. In winter the sky is generally hidden by grey clouds: now the clouds are gone, and the blue sky appears.

19. THE RAINBOW.

This is a very small poem, but it is one of the best known poems of William Wordsworth, the great English poet. It contains the line "The Child is father of the Man", which is so often quoted. (See note on No. 1.) Wordsworth says that the sight of the rainbow has always given him joy, and he

hopes it will give him the same joy when he grows old. "The Child is father of the Man", in the sense that a man will continue to love what he learnt to love as a boy. The rainbow here is simply one example of the beauties of Nature; and the poet means that all beautiful natural things give him joy.

1. My heart leaps up, *i. e.*, with joy. I feel glad.

3. when my life began, *i. e.*, when he was a child.

5. So be it, so it may be.

6. Or let me die! He means that he would rather die than lose his love of the beautiful things in Nature when he grows old.

7. All that will come out in the character of the full-grown man is already present, but as yet undeveloped, in the child. In the same way we may say that as the oak-tree is latent in the acorn, the acorn is the father of the oak.

8-9. "He is carrying on the idea of fatherhood; in this sense every to-day is the child of yesterday" (as the man is the child of the child) "and should show filial piety towards it." (Wheeler.)

natural piety. The original meaning of pious was "filial": and *piety* meant the duty of a child to its father. Wordsworth means that as his manhood is the child of childhood, he must as a man reverence and love the things he loved and revered when he was a child.

20. FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL.

Here is a tiny poem; but how much deep meaning has Lord Tennyson packed into these six lines! The poet Wordsworth wrote a poem about a very commonplace, unimaginative man, called Peter Bell, about whom he says:—

- "A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more".

And to most of us a common weed means nothing at all. But to a poet, or a man of thought and imagination, it means much. Wordsworth himself said :—

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

And Tennyson sees in a common little flower picked out of a crevice in a wall, a profound mystery. He says that if he could fully understand what the common flower is, the mystery of its life, he could solve the mystery of man and even of God.

1. crannied wall. A cranny is a crevice, or small hole; so, an old wall full of crevices, in which little plants grow.

3. root and all, the whole plant.

5. What you are, its life and growth; why it exists; its place and purpose in the universe; especially, that mysterious force, Life, which even the greatest scientist cannot explain.

6. If we could fully understand the mystery of life in the plant, we should understand life in man, and the Source of all life, God.

21. TO A WATER FOWL.

This fine little poem is by an American poet, William Crullen Bryant (1794-1878). He watches a water-fowl (wild duck, or goose, or other water-bird) flying high up in the sky in the evening. He knows it is migrating from one part of the country to another, and wonders how it knows its way for perhaps hundreds of miles through pathless space. He says God must be guiding it; and as God guides the birds, so God will guide him through life.

2. When the sky and clouds are lit up by the sunset.

3. their rosy depths, the deeps of space (the sky) lit up with the red light of the setting sun.

5-6. The bird is too high up in the sky to be shot by a fowler.

7. The bird looks black against the red light in the sky.
9. **plashy**, marshy, swampy.
10. **weedy lake**, lake where weeds (reeds and rushes and water-plants) grow.
 marge, margin ; bank.
12. **chafed ocean side**, the sea-shore which is constantly being worn away (*chafed* or rubbed) by the waves.
13. **a Power**, God.
14. **pathless coast**, the region of the sky, where there are no roads to guide the bird.
15. The air is *desert* (deserted, lonely), and *illimitable* (boundless, without limit).
16. **Lone wandering**, wandering alone.
17. **fann'd**. A bird in flying beats the air with its wings ; so they are compared to fans.
18. **the cold thin atmosphere**. The air at a great height above the earth is rare, or thin and cold.
19. **stoop not**, do not descend.
22. **a summer home**, many kinds of birds (*e. g.*, the swallow) are migrating birds ; *i. e.*, they pass the Spring and Summer in northern lands, and then fly south to escape the cold, and winter in warm southern lands.
23. **scream**. The voices of most water-birds are loud and harsh.
25. **the abyss of heaven**, the great depths of space.
26. **swallow'd up thy form**, *i. e.*, he can no longer see the bird because it has gone to such a great distance in space.
29. **from zone to zone**, region to region. (We speak of the frigid zone, the temperate zone and the torrid zone, of the earth.)
30. **thy certain flight**. The bird's flight is certain because it is guided by God.
31. **the long way**, life.

22. AN OLD DOLL.

The ancient Egyptians were a highly civilised people 5000 years before Christ—*i. e.*, nearly 7000 years ago. Owing to the dry climate of Egypt, and the curious burial customs of the ancient Egyptians, thousands of their beautiful works of art and the useful things they made have survived all these thousands of years, and are constantly being found in their tombs by explorers to-day. For Egyptians used to embalm the bodies of their dead, and placed with them in the rock-hewn tombs many of the dead people's possessions—such as clothes, jewellery, vases, ornamental boxes, tools, weapons, and many other things. In some of these ancient tombs the mummies (embalmed bodies) of children have been found ; and with them children's play-things, toys and dolls.

It is the sight of an ancient Egyptian child's wooden doll in a case in a museum, that suggests the thought that human nature was the same thousands of years ago as it is now. In those ancient times, just as now, children played with toys, and their mothers loved them as modern mothers love their little ones, and felt the same terrible grief at their death as we do to-day.

4. trim, neat ; orderly.
5. boring curios, curiosities that do not interest one.
6. Mummies, embalmed bodies of ancient Egyptians.
9. Absurd, funny-looking.
10. lettered stones, stone slabs on which inscriptions have been cut.
11. prim, formal.
12. catalogued and ticketed. Things in a museum are labelled, and entered in the catalogue, or classified list of curiosities.
19. stale and flat, uninteresting.

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21. **vacuous mood**, empty, bored frame of mind.
22. **agog**, on the alert ; wide awake ; eager.
24. **the cunning rogue**: "rogue" is used in an amused and affectionate sense. The doll was clever because he interested the visitor with his smiling face.
25. **sent me to my catalogue**, *i. e.*, to find out what the figure was.
26. **pigmy**, very small ; like a dwarf.
- 29-30. The merry little figure seemed out of place in a solemn, dry museum.
32. **fusty**, stuffy ; close.
33. **droll**, strange ; odd ; funny.
34. **gnome**, a kind of fairy. The fairies were "the little folk", and it is the small size of the doll that suggests the name here.
- 36-38. At first it seems strange that there were babies and children and toys so many thousands years ago in that ancient land.
- 40-41. It is hard to imagine these dry mummies as living people, with the same feelings as human beings to-day.
46. **dusky**, dark-skinned.
47. **Dandling**. To dandle, means to dance a child up or down in one's arms, or on one's knee.
48. **crowed**, made little laughing noises, as small children do when happy.
55. 'sleepy-head', sleepy child.
60. The child died three thousand years ago : the doll still exists.
61. "Found in a tomb." This is what was written in the museum catalogue about the doll.
67. **The tiny mummy**. The little embalmed body of the dead child.
72. **yearned**, were filled with loving longing.

23. THE WINDMILL.

The people of India are familiar with watermills for grinding corn ; but probably very few in this country have seen a windmill. Windmills used to be common in England, where they were used, like watermills, to grind corn. But they are dying out, and not many are to be seen in England to-day. A windmill is a tall tower made of stone, brick or wood. To the upper part of the tower, which can be turned round in any direction, are fastened what are called the "sails" of the windmill, which spring, like the spokes of a wheel, from a strong horizontal beam of wood or iron. The four "sails" so arranged, look like an electric fan, or the screw of a steamer, only ever so much longer. When the wind blows straight on to these "sails", they revolve, and so turn the beam to which they are fastened : and this turns the grindstones in the mill, which grind the corn.

In this poem, Longfellow makes the Windmill talk and tell its own story, as if it were a living person. The Windmill says :— I am a giant and I grind the corn of my master, the farmer. All the corn of the harvest is brought to me, and I make it into flour. I stand here steadfastly, and meet the wind face to face. My master feeds me, for he knows I make him rich. On Sunday I rest, like all good Christians.

1. a giant. A windmill is 20 or 30 feet high : and its sails make it look at a distance something like the figure of a man with his arms stretched out. (Don Quixote, the mad Spanish Knight, mistook windmills for giants, and charged them.)

3. my granite jaws, the grindstones. (*Granite* is a very hard stone.)

9-10. The revolving sails of the windmill look like the arms of a man lifted up in joy.

11. flails, instruments used for threshing corn.

13. **barns, sheds for storing corn and hay.**
17. **The foundation of the windmill is solid rock.**
18. **it, *i. e.*, the wind.**
19. **face to face.** The revolving top of the tower is turned to face the wind, so that the wind may turn the sails.
21. **we, *i. e.*, the windmill and the wind, which are represented as fighting each other (see line 20: "his foe").**
23. **feeds me with his hands, *i. e.*, pours the grain in between the revolving grindstones.**
- 24-25. **The windmill boasts that it brings its master wealth.**
26. **Sundays.** Sunday is the day of rest and worship in Christian countries.
27. **Church-going bells.** On Sundays the bells of the churches are rung to call people to public worship.
28. **melodious din, soft musical sound.**
29. **The sails of the windmill are motionless, and look like a man's arms crossed over his chest.**
30. **peace within.** The mill is not working, and the noise of the grindstones has stopped. (The windmill is compared to a man resting with his arms crossed, and with peace in his heart.)

24. THE TIDE RIVER.

This poem, like "My Little Doll", is from Charles Kingsley's fairy-story, "The Water Babies". It describes the course of a river, which in its upper reaches is "clear and cool", and "undefiled". When it becomes a large river and flows through busy towns, it becomes "dank and foul", and "defiled". But all its impurities are cleansed when, "strong and free", it reaches the sea, where again it is "undefiled" and fit for mothers and children to bathe in. Though the poet never says so, there seems to be a hidden meaning in the poem, and it may be taken as a parable of man's life from his

pure and innocent childhood, through his sin-stained manhood, to the purification of the soul in eternity (the infinite main). But apart from any deeper meaning, the poem is a delightful description of a real river. (Compare Tennyson's "The Brook, No. 32.)

The first verse describes a rushing stream flowing from the hills through the country.

1. **clear and cool**, *i. e.*, the water of the stream before it reaches the dirty town is clear and cool.

2. **laughing shallow**. In shallow places the running stream makes a laughing noise as it rushes over the gravel and rocks. **dreaming pool**, still, quiet pools in deep places.

4. **shining shingle**, wet pebbles and gravel gleaming in the sun.

foaming weir. A weir is a barrier to stop the water running away too fast, and over it the river foams in a little waterfall.

5. **crag**, cliff; high rock.

ouzel, a kind of small bird that lives near streams, and sings sweetly.

6. **the ivied wall**, etc., the wall of an old village church, covered with ivy (an evergreen creeper).

7. **Undeified**. At this stage the water is pure, and so fit for women and children to bathe in.

8. **Play by me**. The river speaks.

In the second verse, the foul and dirty state of the river which runs through large smoky towns, is described.

9. **Dank**. Damp and smelly and unwholesome.

10. **murky cowl**, *murky* means dark, gloomy; a *cowl* is properly the hood worn by a monk, covering the whole head, and so here means the covering of smoke that darkens the manufacturing town.

12. **wharf**, place for unloading the cargoes of ships. **sewer**, large drain.

13-14. . The bigger the river gets and the more it is used by men in their trade and manufactures, the fouler it gets.

The third verse describes the river when it approaches the sea, where it is cleansed by the daily tides. It is now a "tide-river", *i. e.*, that part of the river that is near the sea and is daily flooded by the high tides of the sea.

17. strong and free, running with a mass of water and a rapid current; and free from restrictions men had put upon it (such as weirs and "floodgates").

21. leaping bar. Rivers form sand-banks and mud-banks at their mouths, on which the waves break and "leap". These are called the "bar" (barrier) of the river.

22. taintless tide, the pure, clean sea.

23. the infinite main, the boundless ocean.

24. The purified river is compared to the sinful soul purified by repentance and God's forgiveness.

25-26. The river, purified by the sea-tides, is now again fit for mothers and children to bathe in.

25. THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

The life of the poet, William Cowper (1731-1800), was a very sad one. He suffered from ill-health all his life, and was now and then attacked by fits of madness, and at last died mad. But he was a brave soul, and wrote many cheerful, and some very funny, poems. He was a tender-hearted man, and was very fond of keeping tame animals and birds as pets. He was specially fond of his tame hares, and his dog. In this simple poem he tells a pretty story of the affection and intelligence of his dog, *Beau*.

2. Ouse's silent tide, the noiseless waters of the slow-moving river Ouse. Cowper lived in the little town of Olney, in Buckinghamshire (England), during the latter part of his life, under the care of an old friend, Mrs. Unwin.

3. He was taking a walk after working hard at his writing.
4. his side, *i. e.*, its (the river's) side, or bank.
5. Spaniel, a breed of dog (so called from having first come from Spain). Spaniels are good water-dogs, and are trained to fetch ducks, etc., which are shot and fall in the water.
6. high in pedigree, of very pure breed, whose descent can be traced and recorded in a genealogical table.
7. nymphs, he means simply ladies. The dog had been given him by two charming lady friends.
9. wanton'd, played.
lost in flags and reeds, being lost to sight among the wild plants growing near the river.
11. The dog in play chased the swallows (swift-flying birds) over the fields.
14. lilies newly blown, water-lilies just come into flower.
16. I wished to have one water-lily for myself.
21. pains, efforts.
Beau, the dog's name. It is the French word for ' beautiful ' ; and is pronounced ' Boh ' .
22. fixt consid'rate face. The dog stared steadily at his master trying to reach the water-lilies, and seemed by his look to be considering the matter very carefully.
23. puppy brains, his young mind. (*Puppy*, a young dog.)
25. chirrup, a call, or whistle, to his dog.
26. Cowper called the dog to follow him, and this made it forget its thoughts about the water-lilies.
31. floating wreath, the garland of water-lilies floating on the surface of the water.
32. plunging, jumping into the river and swimming away.
33. cropp'd, cut off ; gathered. (The dog seized the water-lily in his mouth and swam back with it to his master.)
38. Shall hear, *i. e.*, he would tell the story in a poem so that all should know it.

39-40. The dog shall humiliate and put to shame men, who think they are so superior, because it showed such intelligence, love and loyalty.

mortify, humiliate, put to shame.

41. chief, chiefly ; *i. e.*, I will first of all take the lesson to myself.

enjoin, order ; command.

42. Awake, alert to obey the call of duty.

41-44. I will first of all take the lesson to myself, and, being alive to my duty, will try to serve God with my love as promptly as my dog has served me with his.

26. SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert (1539-1583) was an English sea-man and adventurer in the days of Queen Elizabeth. He made several voyages of discovery to what was called then the New World (America). In 1583 he took possession of Newfoundland in the name of the Queen. But he met with misfortune, and lost several of his ships, till he had only two left, the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel*, in which he himself sailed on the return voyage. The ships met with stormy weather, and were much damaged; and at last the *Squirrel* sank with all hands on the night of September 9, 1583. The *Golden Hind* reached England, and gave an account of the loss of their Admiral and his ship. "When the wind abated", says a historian, "and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern" (of the *Squirrel*), "with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people in the *Hind* to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land'. In the following night the lights of his ship suddenly disappearedNothing more was seen of the Admiral."

Longfellow has taken this story of the death of the brave Elizabethan sailor, and told it again in this poem. He attributes the sinking of the ship to icebergs. But the interest of the poem is the calm courage with which Gilbert faced death.

1. **fleet of ice**, floating icebergs.

2. **the corsair Death**. Death is represented as a corsair, or pirate, and his fleet of ships were the icebergs.

7. **pennons wide**, large flags.

8. **streamlets**, the water from the melting ice rushing down the steep sides of the icebergs.

9. **His sails**. Icebergs are generally surrounded by fog; and the white fog is fancifully called the white sails of iceberg-ships of Death.

12. **Leaden shadows**, shadows as grey as lead. (Shadows cast by icebergs and the mist.)

the main, the ocean.

13. **Campobello**. An island of New Brunswick, Canada.

16. **the land-wind**, the wind blowing off the land.

21. See introductory note.

22. **The Book**, the Bible. (The word "Bible" is from the Greek word *biblion*, a book.)

25. **the first watch**. Sailors divide the night into "watches", taking turns to be on duty for so long during the night.

28. **The fleet of Death**, the icebergs.

30. **the shrouds**. Shrouds are a ship's rigging; here it means the mists about the icebergs (see verse 3). The moon and one star appeared through the mists.

31. **Every mast**, the top of every iceberg.

32. **to rake**, to scrape, scratch. (The icebergs were so high that their tops seemed to brush the clouds in the sky.)

33. **They grappled**. In naval warfare in the old days, sailing-ships used to be fastened together (*grappled*), so that the opposing crews could fight hand to hand on the decks. A ship captured in battle was called "a prize". (The *prize* in this case was Gilbert's ship, the *Squirrel*.)

35. the shock, of the ship striking the icebergs.

36. the ground-swell, the heaving of the sea after a storm. This would drive the icebergs against each other and against the ship. •

38. They drift, *i. e.*, the icebergs and the wrecked ship, locked together.

40. no change of place. They were actually moving, but, the sea looking always the same, they seemed to make no progress.

43. the Gulf-Stream, the warm sea-current that flows out of the Gulf of Mexico across the Atlantic Ocean. (When the icebergs reached that warm water, they melted, and vanished like a dream.)

27. INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

Most of the poems of the great poet, Robert Browning (1812-1889), are so packed with thought that they are not easy reading. But this one, like his famous "Pied Piper of Hamelin", tells an interesting story fairly simply and in a very telling way. The "incident" is a true story, though the messenger was really a grown man and not a mere boy. The story shows the devotion with which Napoleon Buonaparte, the great French Conqueror, was served by his soldiers, and of what proud heroism men are sometimes capable. Dying of his wounds received in the battle, a young soldier rides up to the Emperor to announce that the battle is won. Napoleon says to him, "You are wounded". With a proud smile the young soldier answers, "I'm killed, Sire!", and falls dead at the Emperor's feet.

1. we French. A French soldier is supposed to be telling the story.

stormed, took by storm, *i. e.*, by a sudden attack.

Ratisbon, a city in Bavaria, in Germany. After the battle of Eggmühl (1809), the defeated Austrian army retreated to Ratisbon, where the pursuing French defeated them again, and took the town. It was a five days' struggle, marked by Napoleon's great skill as a general.

3. **mound**, low hill.

5-8. This was a favourite attitude of Napoleon.

5. **neck out-thrust**, with head forward.

you fancy how. You can well imagine how he looked.

6. **arms locked behind**, with his hands clasped behind his back.

7. **prone brow**. *Prone* means falling forward, so projecting. Prominent forehead.

8. **Oppressive with its mind**, heavy with the great brain; or, burdened with weighty thoughts.

9. **mused**, thought.

9-10. **My plans That soar**, lofty, far-reaching schemes. (Napoleon's ambition was to conquer all Europe.)

10. **to earth may fall**, *i. e.*, may fail.

11. **Lannes**, Marshal Lannes, one of Napoleon's famous generals. He was leading the assault on Ratisbon.

12. **Waver**, falter; lose courage.

13. **the battery-smokes**, the smoke of the guns. (A battery is a collection of cannon.)

14-15. **bound on bound Full-galloping**, galloping at full speed.

16. **the mound**, where the Emperor, Napoleon, stood watching the battle.

17-19. PROSE ORDER. Then a boy flung (himself) off (his horse) in smiling joy, and held himself erect by just (*only*) his horse's mane.

17. **in smiling joy**. He was glad to have lived just long enough to be able to bring his Emperor the good news of victory.

19. **By just**, (supporting himself) only by. (If he had not held on to the mane of his horse, he would have fallen.)

20. You hardly could suspect, *i. e.*, that he was mortally wounded.

23. You looked twice, *i. e.*, he seemed so gay and active that at *first-sight* you could not believe him to be mortally wounded.

24. all but, almost.

27. The Marshal, Marshal Lannes.

28. anon, soon.

29. your flag-bird, the French flag, on which was pictured the French Eagle.

30. to heart's desire, according to my heart's desire; to my great joy.

31. Perched him, planted the flag. (The word "perched" is used because he thinks of the *bird* on the flag.)

The chief's eye flashed. The Emperor's eyes sparkled with joy and pride.

32. Soared up, his ambitious schemes rose again like a flame of fire; his hopes burnt brightly.

33-36. Just as the bright eyes of a mother-eagle are dimmed with sorrow at the sight of her wounded eaglet, so the fierce joy in Napoleon's eyes was softened by pity when he saw that his young soldier was wounded.

34-35. as sheathes A film, *i. e.*, as a film sheathes.

film, very thin skin. Sheathes, covers, as with a sheath. (Birds can draw a thin transparent skin over their eyes. But the meaning here is that the eye is dimmed with pity.)

36. bruised, injured by a blow.

eaglet, young eagle.

breathes, breathes with difficulty; gasps in pain.

38. Touch'd to the quick, his pride being hurt. (The *quick* is the very tender flesh under the nails.)

39. Sire, Your Majesty. Napoleon had become the Emperor of the French in 1804.

40. Smiling, because he was proud and happy to die for his Emperor.

28. AFTER BLENHEIM.

The preceding poem (No. 27) illustrates some of the glory and heroism of war. In this poem, Robert Southey (1774-1843) shows the other side,—the destruction and misery war always causes, and the senselessness of war. Old Kaspar calls the battle of Blenheim “a famous victory”; but he cannot tell what good came of it, nor “what they fought each other for”; but he does tell of the slaughter and all the horrors that it brought upon the poor people.

The battle of Blenheim was one of the great battles between the English (and their allies) and Louis XIV of France. It was fought in 1704, and ended in the complete victory of the English and allied armies under the great General, the Duke of Marlborough, and Prince Eugene. Blenheim is a village in Bavaria, in Germany.

2. **Old Kaspar.** A Bavarian farmer, whose father was living at Blenheim (see verse 7) when the battle was fought there.

5. **sported, played.**

9. **rivulet, small stream.**

14. **expectant, anxious to know what it was.**

19. **them, skulls.**

23. **many thousand men.** About 36,000 were killed and wounded in the battle.

28. **wonder-waiting eyes,** a look that showed she was waiting to hear some wonderful story.

32. **put.....to rout,** utterly defeated; put to flight.

34. **make out, understand.**

35. **quoth, said.**

38. **hard by, near; close by.**

41. **child.** Kaspar means himself.

45. **childing mother, woman with child.**

50. **the field was won, i. e., the battle-field; the battle.**

55. the Duke of Marlbro', John Churchill, First Duke of Marlborough (1650-1722), the great English General who led the English and allied armies against the French during the reign of Louis XIV of France. He was probably the greatest commander England ever produced.

56. Prince Eugene, Eugene, Prince of Savoy (1663-1736). He was a great soldier, and held command with Marlborough at Blenheim of the armies of the allies (England, Germany, Holland and Denmark). Bavaria fought on the side of France.

57-68. Notice that to the old peasant Kaspar, the battle was only " a famous victory ". He regards all the slaughter and the misery it caused as ordinary and necessary things. But to the innocent children, the glory of the victory is nothing: they are chiefly impressed by the horror of war (" Why 'twas a very wicked thing ! "), and the uselessness of it (" But what good came of it at last ? "). The old man is puzzled and has no answer to make, except that " It was a famous victory ". It will be a good thing for the world when all men look upon war as these children did — as a very wicked and senseless thing.

29. TRUE GROWTH.

This little poem is really one verse (the 7th) from a long poem with a very long title: " To the immortal Memory and Friendship of that noble pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison. " This poem was written by Ben Jonson (1573-1637) who was a poet and dramatist in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and a contemporary and friend of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson, of course, did not give a title to this poem, as it was only one verse in a long poem; but it is sometimes called *True Growth*, and sometimes *The Noble Nature*. The former seems to be the better title; for the whole idea of the poem is that true growth is not a matter of size or time, but of perfection of quality.

A lily, which is a small and short-lived flower, may be as perfect as a great oak-tree, which lives for centuries. So a short life may be morally more beautiful than a long one; and an obscure and unknown man may have a finer character than many whom the world calls great men.

2. bulk, size.

3. Or (is it) standing long, (for example for) three hundred years, (that doth make) an oak (better be).

4. To fall a log at last, *i. e.*, only to fall as a ("dry, bald and sere") log at last.

bald, bare; without leaves.

sere, dry; dead. (Compare "the sere and yellow leaf".)

5. of a day, that lasts only a day.

6. Is fairer far, is much more beautiful than the old oak.

8. flower of Light, a flower produced by and showing, in its beautiful colours and delicate texture, pure Light.

9. We can see true beauty in things of small size.

10. in short measures, short periods or measures of time.

30. THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

In this well-known little poem, Longfellow teaches a great truth. Nothing we can do, or think, or say, is in vain, though at the time we may not be able even to guess at the consequences. Everything will have far-reaching effects, for good or evil. Just as an arrow shot at random into the air will fall to earth somewhere, and just as the song we sing may reach ears and hearts of which we at the time know nothing, so all the deeds we do and the thoughts we express will affect others unknown to us, and will unconsciously affect our own lives as well.

7-8. *I. e.*, we cannot trace the effects of the song we sing.

11-12. *I. e.*, the song the poet sang had so influenced someone as to make him his friend.

31. THE SANDPIPER.}

This poem is by an American poet, Celia Thaxter, who was born in 1836 and died in 1894. Her father was for many years a lighthouse keeper, and she was especially fond of the sea. Many a time as a girl she must have done what she describes in the poem—gone along the sea-shore gathering driftwood for the fire at home.

The sandpiper is a lively little shore-bird, that runs and flies along the beach just above the line where the waves break, searching for shell-fish. The poet draws the same lesson as Bryant draws in his poem, "To a Water Fowl" (No. 21); namely, she and the bird are both in God's care.

"For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?"

1. narrow beach, "narrow", because the tide is up (see line 6).
4. driftwood, pieces of wood that have drifted ashore and been cast up on the beach by the waves.
bleached, whitened by sea and sun.
5. reach their hands for it, run up the shore towards it as if to catch it.
9. sullen, dark, gloomy-looking.
10. Scud, move rapidly, driven by "the wild wind".
11. misty shrouds, shrouds of white mist. (A shroud is the sheet or cloth in which a dead body is wrapped.)
14. close-reefed vessels, ships with sails furled, driven by the wind.
19. fitful song, song sung at intervals, or now and then.
20. fluttering drapery, her dress flapping about in the wind.
21. He is not afraid of me, for he never thinks I shall harm him.
22. scans me, looks at me.

23. **Staunch**, loyal, true.

26. **loosed storm**. The preceding verses have pictured a dull cloudy day, with a strong wind and rough sea. A storm is working up, and soon it will be let loose and will break furiously.

29. **wroth**, adverb, "angrily" (rushes angrily).

32. THE BROOK.

These verses occur in a much longer poem, called "The Brook", by Tennyson, which is about a young Englishman, called Edmund, who died at Florence, quite worn out travelling to Naples! His story is told by his brother, Lawrence Aylmer, now grown old, who remembers some verses written by poor Edmund long before.

" 'O brook', he says,

'O babbling brook', says Edmund in his rhyme,

'Whence come you?' and the brook (why not?) replies,

'I come from haunts of coot and hern', etc."

The brook or stream is "personified"; *i. e.*, it is made to speak about itself as though it were a conscious person, and tells its own story. (Longfellow does the same thing for the "Windmill" in his poem No. 23.) It is a true and beautiful description of many an English stream. (Compare Kingsley's "Tide River", No. 24.)

1. **haunts**, places which coot and hern frequent: where they live. (To *haunt* means to frequent, or visit often.)

coot, water-hen; a swimming and diving bird, that lives on lakes and in marshes.

hern, heron, another water-bird.

2. **sally**, rush. (A sally is properly a sudden attack made by besieged garrison on the besiegers.)

3. **sparkle**, flash in the sunshine.

4. **bicker**, ripple; make a murmuring sound. (To *bicker* means, properly, to quarrel or wrangle. Hence it comes to mean the sound of people talking loudly together: compare, "babble".)

6. **ridges**, back of hills.

7. **thorps**, villages.

9. **Phillip's farm**, Philip is a farmer mentioned in the poem.

"And there

Stands Phillip's farm where brook and river meet."

10. **brimming**, very full; with water up to the brim.

11-12. These lines come as a "refrain" after four verses (3, 6, 9, 13). Men are born, live their short lives, and then die, and others take their places; but the brook runs on for ever and does not change.

13. **chatter**, literally, talk noisily; the noise made by running water.

stony ways, the rocky bed of the stream; boulders and pebbles.

14. **sharps and trebles**, shrill, high-pitched notes.

15. **eddying bays**, bays, or recesses in the bank, where the current forms eddies, or little whirlpools.

16. Notice how the *sound* of the words expresses the sound made by the running water. (**Babble**, to chatter, talk — an imitative word: **Pebbles**, small stones rounded and smoothed by running water.)

17. **fret**, literally, rub, chafe; so, wear away.

18. **fallow**: fallows are fields which are allowed to lie "fallow", *i. e.*, unsown; resting.

19. **fairy foreland**, little or miniature cape, or headland.

[**Fairy**, as an adjective, often means small and delicate, because the fairies (the little folk) were supposed to be very tiny.]

20. willow-weed and mallow. English wild-flowers that grow near water.

25. The winding course of the stream.

26. a blossom sailing, a fallen flower floating off the surface of the water.

27-28. trout...grayling, kinds of fish found in English streams.

29. a foamy flake, a flake of foam. (A *flake* means a very small thin piece: generally used of snow-flakes.)

31. a silvery waterbreak, a ripple, or little wave, white (*silvery*) with foam. A rush or rapid of water.

32. the golden gravel, the yellow sand and stones at the bottom of the brook. (*Gravel* is a mixture of small stones and sand.)

33. And draw them, *viz.*, floating blossoms, fish and flakes of foam.

37. lawns, well-kept grass-plots.

38. hazel covers, thickets of hazel-bushes (nut-bearing bushes that grow wild in the woods).

39. forget-me-nots, a pretty little blue wild-flower, that grows on the banks of streams. It was often given by one lover to another as a keep-sake, or reminder, with the words " Forget-me-not ! "

41. I gloom, I glance. Sometimes I look dull under the dark shade of trees, sometimes bright in the open sunlight.

42. skimming swallows, swallows fly low over the surface of water, catching flies. (To *skim* means to just touch the surface lightly.)

43-44. netted sunbeam, the sunlight on a stream is reflected on the sandy bottom, where the water is shallow, by the little waves and ripples, in a pattern like a net (criss-cross).

46. brambly wildernesses, waste land covered with brambles, or black-berry bushes—a wild, thorny plant bearing sweet black fruit.

47. **shingly bars**, barriers of gravel and small stones brought down and piled up by the current of the stream. (*Shingle* is small pebbles, or rounded stones.)

48. **mý cresses**, beds of water-cresses, a plant that grows in shallow running water, the leaves of which are eaten as a salad.

33. RAIN IN SUMMER.

In this poem Longfellow catches and conveys to us all the refreshment a shower of rain brings to a hot, dried up and dusty countryside in the Summer. One can almost hear the rain drumming on the roofs and pattering on the window-panes, and smell the cool, fresh, damp breeze, and see the thirsty fields drinking up the welcome water. The rain brings relief to the sickman in his hot room, gives endless fun to the school-boys, relief to the toiling oxen, satisfaction to the farmer, and joy to all.

3. **flery**, hot in the blazing sunshine.

6-7. The rattle of the rain on the roof of the houses sounds like the clatter (rattling noise) of the hoofs of galloping horses.

9. **spout**, the pipe for carrying the rain-water off the house roof.

14. **gutter**, the channel along the side of a road to carry away rain-water.

17. **twisted brooks**, winding streams.

20-21. The rain-cooled and clean air reduces his fever, and takes away his restlessness.

25. **wonted**, accustomed, usual.

28. **mimic fleets**, paper-boats, in imitation of real ships.

29-31. The paper-boats are swamped in the little whirlpools in the gutters, made by the swift rush of the rain-water.

34. Like a leopard's, etc. The dried up plain, with its patches of brown and yellow grass, is compared to the spotted yellow and black skin of a leopard. (**Tawny**, a dark yellow colour.)

38. furrowed land, ploughed land. (A *furrow* is the trench or long ditch dug by the plough.)

39. toilsome, heavily worked.

40. the yoke-encumbered head, their heads bowed down by the weight of the yoke, or wooden collar.

41. dilated nostrils spread, opening wide their nostrils to smell and breathe in the sweet, cool air.

42. inhale, breathe in.

43. clover-scented gale, the wind bringing the sweet scent of the clover-flowers. (*Clover*, a small plant with pink, or white, sweet-scented flowers, which is grown in fields as fodder for cattle.)

45. smoking soil, steaming wet earth.

47. lustrous, bright, shining. (A cow has beautiful large brown eyes.)

57-59. The farmer does not care about the beauty of the scene; he thinks only how good the rain is for his crops, and so for his pocket.

34. THE SANDS OF DEE.

This poem by Charles Kingsley occurs in his novel "Alton Locke". The hero, Alton Locke, saw a picture in the house of a friend: "A wild waste of tidal sands, with here and there a line of stake-nets fluttering in the wind—a gray shroud of rain sweeping up from the westward, through which the low red cliff glowed dimly in the rays of the setting sun—a strain of horses and cattle splashing slowly through shallow desolate pools and creeks." His friend said that he had seen

the spot represented at the mouth of the river Dee, in Cheshire; and then he told "a tale of a girl, who, in bringing her father's cattle home across the sands, had been caught by a sudden flow of the tide, and was found next day a corpse hanging among the stake-nets far below". That same night, before Alton Locke went to sleep, "that picture of the Cheshire sands, and the story of the drowned girl, shaped itself into a song"—namely, this poem.

The mouth of the Dee is a wide stretch of sand at low tide, but is covered with the sea at high tide. In the poem, Mary, a farmer's daughter, is sent to call the cows home across these sands at low-tide. But a sea-fog came rolling up and hid the shore from her, so that she lost her way: and before she could get across, the rising tide caught her, and she was drowned. Her body was found next day entangled in the fishermen's nets.

It is a tragic story, pathetically and dramatically told.

1-4. These words are supposed to be spoken by Mary's father, telling her to fetch home the cows, which had been feeding on the other side of the river, across the sands to the farm.

5. **The western wind.** The Dee flows eastwards to the sea; so a west wind would be blowing the tide in towards the land.

dank, wet, moist. A strong wind carries the foam and spray of the breaking waves with it.

7. **western tide,** the rising tide, flowing in from the west.

7-8. The repetitions (*up along the sand, o'er and o'er the sand, round and round the sand*) express the gradual and steady approach of the rising tide.

11. **The rolling mist,** the white sea-fog rolling up before the wind from the sea.

13-16. The words in this verse are supposed to be spoken by the fishermen who, the next day, found Mary's drowned body

entangled in their nets. From a distance they see something yellow floating on the sea above their stake-nets, and they wonder what it can be—perhaps it is sea-weed, or some fish—no, it looks like floating hair. And as they get nearer in their boat, they see it is hair—the golden hair of a drowned girl!

13. O!, a cry of surprise, as they first catch sight of the yellow thing floating on the water.

14. A tress, a lock, or plait, or length (of hair).

16. the nets. These would be stake-nets; *i. e.*, nets fastened to upright stakes or poles sunk in the sand at low tide.

17-18. The golden hair caught in the nets was more beautiful than the finest salmon (a large and fine fish) that was ever netted in the river Dee.

18. stakes (see note on line 16).

19. They rowed her in, they took her body into their boat, which they rowed across to the shore.

20-21. Of course, foam, or the sea, is not really *cruel* or *hungry*: but we think of it so when it wrecks ships and drowns human beings.

22. her grave. They took the body back to her home, and it was buried near the sea-shore.

23-24. Sailors and fishermen are very superstitious. They believed they could sometimes hear Mary's ghost at night calling the cattle home, as she did when she was alive.

35. DAYBREAK.

In this beautiful little poem, Longfellow describes the dawn. The early morning sea-breeze is represented as coming as a herald to announce the approach of the new day and to rouse the world to welcome it. It drives the night mists away, tells the sailors the night is over, calls to the trees of the forest

to shout a welcome to the dawn, rouses the birds from their sleep to sing, calls on the cornfields to hail the coming morning, and the church-bell to ring out the signal of the day. But when it blows over the graveyard, where the dead lie sleeping, it sighs, for it is not yet time for the dead to awake.

2. The morning wind blows away the fog and mist that had covered the sea all night.

4. **mariners, sailors.**

8. **leafy banners.** The leaves of the trees described as flags which people hang out to welcome some king or hero.

9. **folded wing,** wings folded up in sleep.

11. **chanticleer, the cock.** The word comes from *chant* (sing) and *clear*, "the clear-singer".

12. **clarion, a kind of trumpet.** Cocks begin crowing even before dawn, and their call is thought of as the blowing of trumpets to announce the coming of the day.

13. **whispered.** The word represents the rustling sound made by wind passing over a cornfield.

14. **Bowdown.** The nodding of the corn under the pressure of the wind is prettily represented as the bowing down of subjects in respectful welcome of a king.

15. **the belfry tower, the bell-tower;** the church-tower in which are hung the bells, which are rung to call people to worship. In the tower is also the clock, which strikes the passing hours. The wind calls on the clock-bell to chime, and so announce the hour of dawn.

17. **churchyard, the graveyard round the church.**

with a sigh, a sigh of sadness, because the dead cannot welcome the new day.

18. **Not yet!** *i. e.*, it is not yet time for the dead to awake. They must still lie quiet in their graves.

36. A CONTRAST.

India is, no doubt, changing : but it is still a land where one can see the old alongside the new. Indians are familiar with railway-trains, motor-cars, telegrams and telephones ; but in the villages, life goes on still much as it did many centuries ago. There the houses, dress, manners and customs of the people are on the whole unchanged ; and they still use the same kind of ploughs and bullock-carts as their ancestors did in a past age. This little poem draws a contrast between the old-fashioned Indian bullock-cart, which can be seen any day lumbering slowly along the roads, and that very modern Western invention, the aeroplane, with the sight of which even the Indian villager is now familiar.

1. **sedate**, sober ; dignified.
2. **Lurches**, sways from side to side.
ponderous, heavy and clumsy.
3. **rude**, rough.
wain, waggon ; cart.
5. **clanking**, a word imitative of the ringing or jingling noise of metal.
6. **lumbering**, moving heavily and clumsily.
7. **cumbrous**, clumsy and awkward.
8. **rumbles**, makes a heavy thunderous noise.
11. **spite of**, in spite of.
jolt, a sudden jerk.
jar, a shock.
13. **stolid**, unemotional.
plods, steps heavily and slowly.
16. **his fathers**, his ancestors ; forefathers.
17. **mode**, manner, custom.
18. **the past's dead hand**, the dead hand of the past ; *i. e.*, the hold of ancient customs started by generations now dead.

23. a dragon-fly, a large insect brightly coloured (generally green or blue) with four wings.
24. droning, making a humming noise.
27. soar, fly upwards.
29. wheels, flies round in circles.
30. questing, hunting.
40. new-fangled, new fashioned; modern.
West, Western, or European, civilization.
41. Rubs shoulders with, associates with; is found in close connection with.
East, ancient Eastern civilization.

37. O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

This fine poem was written by Walt Whitman (1819-1892), a well-known American poet, in memory of Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), the greatest President the United States of America have ever had. Lincoln was a poor farmer's son, but by sheer ability, pluck and hard work he became the most influential man in America, and at last President. He was noted for his honesty and high moral character. During his Presidency the American Civil War (April, 1861 to April 9, 1865) broke out between the Northern and Southern States. Lincoln, who had long condemned slavery in the Southern States, made its abolition part of the object of the War; and the victory of the North in 1865 meant the end of slavery in America. But five days after the war ended and Lincoln had seen the triumph of his cause, he was shot by an assassin at Washington in a theatre in the midst of his family. In this poem Whitman mourns the death, in the moment of victory, of this great and noble man. He describes it under the figure of a ship returning to the harbour after a terrible voyage, with the body of its dead Captain on its deck. This is a parable.

The ship is the United States—"the ship of State"; the Captain is Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States; the ship's "fearful trip" is the Civil War through which the country had just passed.* The poet, as a loyal citizen of the United States, speaks as one of the crew of the ship mourning the death of his Captain.

1. **my Captain**, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

our fearful trip is done, the ship's dreadful voyage is over; *i. e.*, the Civil War has come to an end.

2. **weather'd**, has survived the bad weather; has come safe through the storm.

rack, driving clouds; destruction or ruin.

the prize we sought, the object for which we fought in the war.

3. **port**, harbour.

the bells, the church bells ringing to celebrate the victory.

exulting, rejoicing; triumphing.

4: **While follow eyes**, while the eyes of all the people follow (*i. e.*, watch).

the steady keel, the ship entering the harbour, now sailing steadily in calm water, though before it was storm-tossed. (The *keel* is properly the great beam at the bottom of a ship upon which the ship is built; so, the ship itself.)

grim, terrible. (It is a war-ship, that has fought the enemy.)

5. **O heart! O my heart!** (An exclamation of sorrow.)

6. **bleeding drops of red**, the red blood of the dead Captain on the deck.

10. **the flag is flung**, the flag is unfurled in welcome and triumph.

the bugle trills, the trumpet sounds.

11. **bouquets**, bunches of flowers.

the shores a-crowding, the shores are crowded with people (waiting to welcome you home).

12. the **swaying mass**, the great crowd of people moving to and from in their excitement.

14. *I. e.*, let me put my arm under your head to raise you up.

15. It is some dream, it cannot be true ; it must be only a dream.

18. **My father**, a more loving name than Captain. (Lincoln was truly the father of his people.)

19-20. The War is victoriously over, and the country is safe.

20. with object won, *i. e.*, the Northern States, by winning the War, had achieved the object they had in view.

21-24. Let all the nation rejoice over the victory and the end of the War ; but I cannot rejoice, for I am so filled with grief at the death of my Captain.

38. JOHNNY.

Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-1894) was perhaps the greatest English poetess in the 19th century. Most of her poems are religious ; but in this one she tells a simple and pathetic story of the love between a mother and her son. Johnny and his mother were very poor ; and when she fell ill, there was no money to buy her medicines and comforts. The poor boy was in great trouble because he could not get what his sick mother needed ; but, on the hint of a friendly neighbour, he ran off to a barber's shop and sold his golden curly hair. With the money, he bought what the sick woman needed, and she in time got better. But when she saw her boy's shaved head, she cried, realising what a sacrifice he had made for her.

1. **Johnny**, the familiar form of the name John.

a **golden head**, a head of yellow hair.

2. **mop**, thick brush.
 in blow, blown out by the wind.
4. **in a glow**, the golden hair seemed to shine like light.
5. **framed**, surrounded his face as a frame surrounds a picture.
6. **out of place**, that had wandered away from their place (the sun).
7. **half could hide**, they were so long that they hung half-way down his back, and so partly concealed the shabbiness of his coat.
8. **threadbare**, worn ; thin.
 patched, mended with patches (pieces) of cloth.
9. His mother was very proud of her son's pretty hair.
22. **Talked**, talked nonsense in her delirium of fever.
 tossed, moved restlessly in her bed.
23. **racked his brains**, thought hard ; puzzled.
25. **physic**, medicine.
28. **scarce**, adverb (scarcely), qualifying " suffice ".
31. **moping**, sad, troubled.
- 40-42. Because he wanted to be a man able to earn money, he felt all the more that he was only a weak, inexperienced boy.
42. **apt**, fit ; clever.
44. **Scant coin**, very little money (*Scant* is the same as " scanty ", few, small.)
46. **befriend**, help.
47. **strait**, straits ; difficulty ; trouble.
- 50-51. He did not like to advise Johnny to sell his hair, and yet he knew that was the only way in which he could get money.
52. **curls of gold would**, curls of gold which would.
 fetch their price, bring money in exchange for them if they were sold.
53. **clipped**, cut off.
58. **in a trice**, in a few moments ; very quickly.

cropped, with his hair cut off.

59. The hair that was left on his head was so little that it would not have been enough to fill a locket.

(**Locket** — a small gold or silver case in which a person would keep a little of the hair of one he loved as keepsake.)

60. **jingling money**, coins making a ringing sound as they were rattled against each other in his pocket.

61-63. The money he got in exchange for his hair was more precious than the hair to him, because with it he could buy tea and bread, medicine and ease from pain for his mother.

64. **our hero**, Johnny, the hero of the story.

dropped one tear, felt a little sad ; cried a little.

65. **close shorn**, with hair cut off short.

67. **throve**, did well ; got better.

upon the money, on the food and medicine bought with the money.

72. **sobbed**, wept. (Partly because her boy had lost the hair she was so proud of, and partly because she was touched by his unselfish love.)

39. THE HERITAGE.

A heritage is property that you inherit from your ancestors. In this poem, Lowell contrasts what the rich man inherits with what the poor man inherits. In the first three verses, he describes the heritage of a rich man's son—land, houses, money, ease, physical softness, and fashionable clothes ; but he also inherits care and anxiety, unsatisfied desires, and weariness of life. All this, he says, is a very poor heritage.

In the next three verses, he describes the heritage of a poor man's son — physical strength, courage, useful work, simple wants, a position earned by merit, contentment, patience, power to bear sorrow, and sympathy with his fellows. All this, he says, is a heritage fit for a king.

In the next verse he shows how the rich man, by devoting himself and his wealth to unselfish labour for his fellowmen, can win a noble heritage; and in the next, he warns the poor man against despising his humble lot and envying the rich.

In the last verse, the poet reminds us that death puts rich and poor on the same level at last; and that both can equally be sons of God during life by using their heritage well.

2. **piles of brick, and stone**, stone and brick houses.

3. **soft, white hands**, hands not roughened and stained with manual labour.

4. **tender flesh**, *i e.*, he is so cared for and protected that he is not hardened to stand the cold.

5. He must always be in the fashion and wear new clothes.

6-7. These two lines, or lines like them, come as a refrain at the end of each verse.

7. **to hold in fee**, to possess; to have a right to.

10. If his money is invested in shares in commercial companies, he may lose it all if the companies fail. (**Bubble shares**. The shares are compared to bubbles which may burst by a slight wind or breath.)

11-12. As his hands have never done any work, they could not earn him a sufficient income to satisfy all his wants.

12. **serve his turn**, be of any use to him; supply him with all he wanted.

15. **wants**, his luxurious life has created in him many and expensive desires.

16. **dainty fare**, delicate, rich food.

17. **sated**, over-satisfied; satiated.

pants, panting breath when doing hard work.

18. **hinds**, labourers.

19. **wearies**, feels tired and bored (even when sitting in his comfortable chair).

23. **sinewy**, strong. (A sinew is a muscle.)

24. **frame, body.**
25. **King of two hands**, master of strong, trained and skilful hands in skilled labour.
28. **A king might wish**, so rich that even a king would be proud to possess it.
30. Simple wants that can be more than satisfied by very simple things.
31. A position in society assigned to him according to his worth as proved by his work.
- 32-33. *I. e.*, he finds his real happiness in his work.
38. **Courage**, courage to bear sorrow.
39. **fellow-feeling**, sympathy.
40. **bless his door**, because at his door the outcast receives from him sympathy and practical help.
- 43-44. **a toilstands**, a kind of work which is as honourable as all other kinds of work, namely "large charity".
45. **Large charity**, deeds of kindness to those who need help. (**Large** means large-hearted, generous ; or wide-spread.)
46. **whiten**, make more honourable.
47. **the best crop**. Charity brings him who shows it more true riches than all the harvests gathered from his land.
49. **Worth being rich**. It is worth while possessing wealth when your wealth enables you to help the poor.
50. **scorn not**, do not despise, or be ashamed of, your poverty.
51. **worse weariness**, the weariness of spirit (see lines 17 and 19). The poor man's weariness is weariness of body through hard work ; the rich man's weariness is weariness of spirit with having nothing to do.
53. **gives, makes**. (Honest work makes a man morally better.)
54. **Rest after hard work is very pleasant and blessed.**
fragrant, literally sweet-smelling ; so welcome, sweet.
benign, blessed.

56. It is worth being poor to know honest toil and rest after toil.

57-58. Both the rich and the poor are made equal by death, for all that either can inherit or possess in the end is a grave in the earth six feet long.

57. sod, grass-land.

59-61. Lowell probably had in mind a passage from the Bible in which Paul, the Christian apostle, says: "We are the children of God; and, if children then, heirs; heirs of God." (Romans, 8. 16-17.)

60. Prove title to, prove your legal right to.
your heirship vast, your great heritage, or inheritance (*i. e.*, to be counted as the sons of God).

61. By record, living a life full of good deeds and honest work, which will be recorded and remembered when men come to be judged.

63. It would be worth giving up one's life to gain such a heritage.

40. YOUNG AND OLD.

This poem of Charles Kingsley (also taken from his "Water-Babies") forms a fitting close to this collection of poems for boys; for it reminds us what a precious possession youth is, and how soon it must be lost. All the more reason, therefore, that we should use our youth to the full, and get all the joy and blessing out of it that we can; for it soon passes away, and in old age we may have to regret lost opportunities.

The first verse describes the joyousness of youth and its fine dreams and adventurous spirit. The second verse describes old age, when a man is tired and disillusioned, and has lost his taste for the joys of life. Compare the thought in Lowell's poem, "Aladdin" (No. 10).

2. **the trees are green**, as they are in the Spring-time.

3. **every goose a swan**, *i. e.*, to a boy everything seems finer than it really is, and full of romance. The common geese look like beautiful swans. (It is common to say of a man who exaggerates the value or beauty of the things he has—"All his geese are swans".)

4. **every lass a queen**, to the romantic youth, every girl he meets is as beautiful and splendid as a queen.

5. **hey**, an exclamation of joy, like hurrah! (Hurrah for boot and horse!) so, welcome boot and horse. (The poet means that young men are full of the spirit of adventure and want to ride out and see the world.)

boot and horse, *i. e.*, they want to put on their riding-boots and mount their horses.

7. **Young blood**, the energy and restlessness of youth.
must have its course, must have freedom to go its own way.

8. A proverbial expression—"Every dog has his day!" *i. e.*, even a dog has a right to make the most of his life or has some time in his life when he can have his own way.

10. **the trees are brown**, as they are in the Autumn. (Note that the Spring stands for youth, and the Autumn for old age.)

11. **stale**, uninteresting and flat.

12. **wheels run down**. The figure is of a clock that wants winding up; the wheels go slowly, and are about to stop. Old age is like that.

13. **Creep home**, crawl back home slowly (because you will be old and feeble). How different from the lad riding away from home to see the world (see lines 5 and 6)!

14. **The spent**, exhausted, worn out.
maimed, crippled; those who have been hurt and wounded in the fight of life.

15. **God grant**. May God grant that.

15-16. You will be lucky if you are not all alone in your old age, by having survived all the friends of your youth.

