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A
MANUAL OF UNSEENS

WITH HINTS, UNIVERSITY QUESTIONS
AND SOME ANSWERS

*PRIMARILY FOR THE MATRICULATION CLASSES
UNDER THE INDIAN UNIVERSITIES*

BY

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

1918

Printed by B. K. Dass at the Wellington Printing Works
10, Haladhar Bardhan Lane, Calcutta.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Introduction | 1 |
| I. Substance-writing—Prose | |
| Hints, Examples, and Exercises | 5 |
| (A) Fables and Tales | 17 |
| (B) Ramayan and Mahabharat | 34 |
| (C) Great Men and Great Women | 44 |
| (D) Education, Physical, Intellectual and Moral | 58 |
| (E) Miscellaneous | 71 |
| II. Substance-writing—Poetry | |
| Hints, Examples, and Exercises | 83 |
| III. Story-telling and Thought-developing | |
| Hints, Examples, and Exercises | 118 |
| IV. Matriculation Questions in English | |
| (Unseens) of Indian Universities | 130 |

INTRODUCTION.

Importance of the Study of English :—The importance of the study of English in Indian schools cannot be exaggerated. Success in all the Arts Examinations of Indian Universities, and even in the learned professions and the ordinary avocations of life partly depends in India on a sound knowledge of English.

2. **Knowledge of English of the Matriculation Students** is far from satisfactory. An Indian student generally spends seven or eight years in a high school, and all the time devotes his energies mainly to the study of English. Still the knowledge of English of the Matriculation students is in many cases far from satisfactory, and at the Matriculation examination the percentage of failure is high in English from year to year.

3. **Remedies Suggested :—**The vast majority of our students without having any opportunity of mixing with Englishmen, have to learn the English language through books alone, and thus labour under a great disadvantage. To improve their knowledge of English, the students should first of all increase the range of their reading, making it a point to read if possible one good book every month, and at the same time make their reading varied. English literature is an inexhaustible mine of gems of "purest ray serene." Every student should read, according to his taste, and under the guidance of his teacher, some of the best productions of the different branches of English literature, and make the best possible use of the school-library. It must always be borne in mind that a sound knowledge of English depends not on the number of the best books read, but on the way they are read. The student should read some of the best books himself to enrich his mind with the noblest thoughts,

to equip himself for the battle of life, and always with a view to forming a good style of writing. After carefully reading a book, he should answer as many questions on it as he can, and preserve the answers neatly in a Note-book, remembering that "writing maketh an exact man." He should, in short, always endeavour to understand, as far as possible, everything himself by freely using the dictionary, and to express his ideas in correct and simple English.

4. Books recommended for use by the Students :—

Aesop's Fables.

Hitopadesha—1st and 2nd Series by Nesfield.

Baital Pachasi—by Nesfield.

The Pandav Princes—by Gandy.

The Wanderings of Rama—by Gandy.

The Last Exile of Sita—by Nesfield.

Stories from the Arabian Nights—by Martin.

Hughes—Tom Browne's School-days (abridged).

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.

Swift's Gulliver's Travels.

Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.

Cervantes—Don Quixote.

Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle.

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

L. B. De—Govinda Samanta or Bengal Peasant Life.

Addison's Spectator, Selections from.

Macaulay's Oliver Goldsmith.

Tolstoy's Essays and Letters.

Boswell's Life of Johnson (Macmillan's Pocket Classics).

From Log-Cabin to White House—by Thayer.

Plutarch's Life of Alexander by Fowler.

Todd's Rajasthan, Selections from.

Evenings at Home by Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld.

Cobbett's Advice to Young Men.

Todd's Students' Manual.

Adams—Secret of Success.

Smiles—Self-help.

Mazzini—Duties of Man.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Thomas a Kempis—Imitation of Christ.

New Testament—Bible Stories—Moulton.

Longmans' Junior School-Poetry Book.

Macmillan's Children's Garland.

5. **The Use of this Manual** :—From our experience of our students as also of Matriculation candidates, we are convinced that most of the students cannot, for want of early training, write the substance of a passage in a satisfactory manner. It is for this reason that we compiled **A Manual of Unseens for the Intermediate students** more than a year ago, and we believe that there is a greater need for a similar book for school students. In selecting the passages we have had in view the special needs of Indian students, physical, intellectual and moral. The passages, it is hoped, will arouse their literary curiosity, convince them of the greatness of their country, and at the same time present before them models of style. We feel certain that a student who has worked through the Exercises according to the Hints, and the Examples given in this book, will not only find it easy to pass the Matriculation examination in English, but his training will be of great use to him in passing the subsequent Arts Examinations in English. We only suggest that the book be begun in classes below the Matriculation class so that a student might learn early to write the substance of a passage.

Our best thanks are due to the Indian Universities for the Papers in English reprinted in this Manual, and our deepest

obligations are expressed to the Hon'ble Justice Sir Asutosh Mookerjee Saraswati Sastra-Vachaspati, Kt., C. S. I., M. A., D. L., D. Sc., Ph. D., F. R. A. S., F. R. S. E, etc., etc., Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Messrs. G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras, Proprietors, "Herald of Health," and the Principal, Presidency College for kind permission to use their copyright matter.

Cuttack, 1917.

PART I.

SUBSTANCE-WRITING—PROSE.

Hints, Examples, and Exercises.

This is a most important subject and we have no hesitation in saying that if a student can do this exercise satisfactorily, he will have little difficulty in passing his examinations in English, for to write a good "Substance" postulates (*a*) that a student understands in its entirety the passage set and (*b*) that he can express himself in English. It is thus a most useful exercise and one on which a great deal of intelligent work is required. Generally it is done badly by would-be matriculants, but there is no real reason why it should be. Perhaps the two commonest faults are (1) that the student does not write the 'substance' or 'purport' but rather an 'expansion' of the passage; (2) or he makes a poor 'paraphrase'—re-writing the original passage changing a word here and there. Let these faults be carefully guarded against; they are due to the fact that the student has not truly grasped the meaning of the word "substance" and what it entails. First of all it means an *abridgment*, a *summary*. The answer then will necessarily be shorter than the original passage. Secondly, the answer will deal with essentials only. Unimportant points will be omitted. Thirdly the answer will be expressed as simply as possible and for the most part in the student's own words.

How to write a substance.

(1) Read the passage through several times and get a thorough grasp of the whole.

(2) Jot down the essential points of the passage—one or two words will sometimes suffice for each important idea.

(3) Make a 'rough' copy first, and then see if you have included every important particular and if you can omit any thing that is unimportant.

(4) Then write the 'fair' copy—

Example. (1) Give in simple English the substance of the following passage :— (C. U. Matric., 1914.)

When a boy has finished his education, I would have him bear in his memory a stock of songs, which should cheer his toil for life—songs full of affection towards everything around him, literally filling his heart with love of his home, making him believe it to be, however humble, to him the happiest and most sacred spot on earth ; love of the very earth itself, which submits, to his rude handling, and repays the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow by filling his arms with the teeming abundance of its womb—love of the various domestic creatures that look up to him for their sustenance—love for nature in every form, making it always appear to him fair, whether it be in the storm or in the sunshine, in the gloom of winter or in the bloom of summer—always the same, glowing and joyful ; but however bright, ever showing him, beaming ever upon him, the face of a gracious and a bountiful God.

The following points cannot be omitted in the substance, so we put them down to remind ourselves when writing the answer :—

(1) When a boy has finished his education he should know a number of songs to cheer him through life—

(2) Such songs as would instil love for every thing around him, *e. g.* :—

(a) His home.

(b) The earth.

(c) Domestic creatures.

(d) Nature in all her forms manifesting God.

The "fair copy" substance would then appear something as follows :—

• When a boy has finished his education he should know a number of songs to cheer him in the difficulties of life : They should be songs such as would instil love, for everything around him—songs of home making it to him the happiest place on earth—songs of earth, the all-bountiful mother—songs inspiring love for the domestic animals—songs of nature in all her forms and in every form manifesting the Divine.

Note—No hard-and-fast rule can be given as to what length the substance should be. It will vary in different cases. But the original passage should be reduced to about one-half the length if possible. Study carefully the following further examples.

Examples.

(2) When Hyder Ali invaded the Carnatic there ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages in part were slaughtered ; others without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities ; but, escaping from fire, sword and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

(Calcutta University Matriculation, 1915.)

Answer. When Hyder Ali invaded the Carnatic indescribable woe ensued. Fire which consumed fields and buildings put to flight the inhabitants, some of whom were butchered, while others, in some cases, torn from their near and dear ones, were cruelly driven into captivity. Those who escaped from such calamities took refuge in the walled cities, but here they perished from hunger.

(3) We took our passage in a country ship to Calcutta, where we stayed only a few days, when we launched upon the broad bosom of the Hooghly. We were exceedingly struck with its imposing magnificence ; and who has ever directed his eye over the wide waters of this celebrated river, without being similarly impressed ! The varieties of features which it presents, the association it calls up, the busy activity of human pursuits which it constantly displays, are all highly interesting to the traveller, while the reverence in which it is held raises those unavoidable emotions that inspire almost a veneration for its consecrated waters. Upon the whole, this is, perhaps, the most distinguished river upon the face of the globe, whether we consider the lofty regions of perennial ice, never yet penetrated by mortal foot, in which its unknown source is concealed, the stupendous precipices over which it dashes in its progress to the plain, the natural impediments it surmounts, the extent of the country through which it flows, the distance to which its waters are transported by devout Hindus, its commercial importance, the veneration in which it is held by so many millions of people, or the fertility and populousness of the districts through which it winds its majestic way.

(Calcutta University Matriculation, 1915.)

Answer. After arriving at Calcutta where we stayed only a few days we went on the Hooghly. We were much impressed by its magnificence, as everyone who has cast his eyes over that river

must be. Its many-sided activities and its associations are very interesting while the reverence in which it is held inspire almost a veneration. Consider the river from many standpoints—its source in unexplored regions of perennial ice, the precipices it leaps, the natural obstacles it overcomes, the extent of country it flows through, the veneration in which it is held by countless millions, its commercial importance, the fertility and populousness of the districts it waters—and we arrive at the conclusion that this is the most famous river in the world.

(4) The beauty of the country was always delightful to me. Even as I strolled about birds'-nesting, the freshness of early morning, the sun coming up the sky, filling it with all lovely colours and with heavenly cheerfulness; the bright dew-drops hanging on every bush, and scattered glitteringly over the young grass; the sweet odour of leaves and flowers; the roses and jasmines coming out in their own time—filled me with a speechless joy. The aspect of dark woods and waters; the tall trees with their deep sighing sound; the cries and appearance of all sorts of birds and little wild animals; these were the things that kindled my imagination, and led me often many miles from home. But when I got into the peak, I could not sleep for joy and wonder. Such mighty towering rocks, crowned with hanging thickets and woods! Such clear, swift rivers rushing along beneath them; such wild high hills, and far-stretching uplands! Such mighty ranges, as it appeared to me, of dark forests!—I was never tired of gazing on them.

(Calcutta University Matriculation, 1915.)

Answer. The country-side seemed always beautiful to me. When I wandered about birds'-nesting, the early morning freshness, the rising sun filling the earth with gladness, the sparkling dewdrops, the sweet smell of the leaves and flowers—all filled me with an inexpressible joy. The sighing trees, the woods and waters,

the birds and animals often took me far from home ; and when I arrived in the Peak district, the high rocks crowned with copses, the rivers rushing below, the wild hills, the extensive uplands and the vast forests inspired in me such a joy that I could not sleep, for I was never tired of gazing on them.

(5) You are to take as your badge, not the selfish daisy, but the noble unselfish oak, which in all its stages of growth, from the youngest to the oldest, does not blight anything with its shadow, but allows the grass and the wild flowers to grow up close to its trunk, and innumerable living things to find their home beneath and on its branches, and protects them all from the wind and the storm and the too scorching sunshine. Cultivate a hospitable nature like that, giving kindly welcome to everything that needs your help, seeking as you grow older to shelter with your shade as many of the exposed creatures of God as you can. And so your usefulness will grow with your growth, and increase with your years ; and your removal, when it comes in the end, will be, not the weeding out of a daisy from the blank space which it has made by its growth, but the uprooting of a great oak, the loss of whose shade and protection half the woodland feels for many a long day. (C.U. 1916.)

Answer. Take as your example in life not the daisy but the oak. The latter in all stages of growth does not harm anything with its shadow ; but many living things have their home in it and below it and are sheltered by it. Try to cultivate a nature like the oak's, and help those who are exposed to the rough winds of heaven. So shall your usefulness develop with years, and when your life on earth is spent, your removal will not be like the daisy's—unnoticed, but like the oak's—keenly felt for a long time.

(6) The most singular animal known in the Himalayas is the musk-deer, a creature timid and wild to excess ; it lives secluded from the sight of man, and indeed of every other animal but its

own species, inhabiting the most inaccessible heights and living among precipices that defy the approach of human foot, in a neighbourhood where the cold is intense and the snows are eternal. It is seldom seen at a height lower than twelve thousand feet above the sea, though sometimes forced to quit the heights in search of pasture, which is scanty in proportion as the snowy regions are approached. The musk-deer when full-grown is about the size of a calf six months old. This animal is extremely active and so shy that it is difficult to be met with, and no less difficult to be secured when killed. The musk is contained in a small bag under the belly. The musk-deer is so rare that whenever one is seen, the whole population of the district quit their homes to join in the chase. (C. U. 1916.)

Answer. The musk-deer is the most singular animal found in the Himalayas, and it is extremely timid and wild. It lives far away from man in the highest peaks amongst the eternal snows. It is seldom found at a height of less than twelve thousand feet unless it is obliged to seek pasture at a lower altitude. When full-grown, the musk-deer is about the size of a calf. It is very active and so shy that it is only on rare occasions met with—so rare indeed that when one is seen, the whole population of the district turn out to hunt it. The musk is contained in a small bag under the belly.

(7) The spread of education has had a democratic tendency. Those who are to have the prizes of life are chosen on their merits more than ever before. It must, however, always be borne in mind that character and integrity count in the marketplace among those merits as well as do knowledge and ability. For the man who possesses both capacity and character, and who, having selected his path, sticks to the plan of life un-deviatingly, the chances of success seem to me to-day very great. But wisdom means more than attention to the gospel of

getting on. Life will at the end seem a poor affair if the fruits of its exertions are to be no more than material acquisitions. From the cradle to the grave, it is a course of development, and the development of quality as much as quantity ought to continue to the last.

(Bombay University Matriculation, English—1914.)

Answer. The spread of education has been a democratising influence and men are now chosen for responsible positions more for their merits than previously. But let us not forget that character and integrity count equally with ability and knowledge. The man who possesses both capacity and character is almost sure to be successful, but life means something more than material gain. It means indeed development of character as long as life continues.

(8) The days of our short swift life have a great variety of fortunes in them. One day is bright and happy, and leaves pleasant memories behind ; another day is dull and listless, and we are glad when it is over. One day everything seems to go well with us ; another day all seems to go wrong, and nothing that our hand touches seems to prosper. Some days we have beautiful hopes and dreams, and are elated ; other days we have anxious fears and doubts, and are depressed. Our days are like little reed ships, one day sailing with the stream, carried pleasantly along, rejoicing in the clear smooth murmuring waters and the bright sky shining overhead ; another day drifting to the muddy bank, making no progress, against the current and the wind, and overshadowed by dense clouds overhead shutting out all sunshine. (Calcutta University, 1917.)

Answer. The days of our life are strangely different in character. One day is happy, another dull ; one day everything goes well, another everything goes equally wrong. On some days we have bright hopes and dreams, on other days dark doubts and

fears. We may compare our days to little reed ships which one day are carried happily over the smiling waters, but on another day make no progress against wind and stream, and drift helplessly to the muddy bank.

(9) The incident here related is peculiarly interesting, as showing the determination of young Roberts to qualify himself for any post which ambition might induce him to desire. He was keen to secure a particular appointment ; an opening unexpectedly presented itself, but his chances seemed to be of the poorest. It was essential that the candidate should know Hindustani. It is perhaps a little surprising that knowledge of the native tongue was not made a condition of employment in India, but it was not deemed necessary, and the result was that Roberts knew not a word. The appointment was going, however, and he was resolved by some means to secure it, if possible. How? By learning Hindustani. But there were less than three months in which to do so. Hindustani in three months! Truly we never know what we can do till we try. Roberts engaged a native teacher, shut himself up, studied Indian literature from morning till night, and when the time for examination came, passed triumphantly. Can't was a word eliminated altogether from Roberts' dictionary. (C. U. 1917.)

Answer. The following story shows the determination of young Roberts to qualify himself for any post which ambition prompted him to desire. Once an appointment which he was keen to secure fell vacant. It was essential that the candidate should know Hindustani. This Roberts did not know. Although there were only three months before the examination for the appointment, he shut himself up with a native teacher and studied Indian literature from morning till night with the result that he passed the examination. The word "Can't" was not in his vocabulary.

(10) If I am really the happy man you suppose me to be,

I will tell you, as far as I know myself, the secret of my happiness. You will perhaps smile, for I am not sure that your mind has taken the turn that might induce you to sympathise. But be assured that I am in earnest. I live in a state of fervent and incessant gratitude to God, for the favours and mercies which I have experienced throughout my life. The feeling is so strong that it often overflows in tears and is so rooted that I do not think that any misfortune could shake it. It leads to constant devotion and firm content, and though I am not free from those vexations and disturbances to which the weak temper of man is subject, I am guarded by that feeling against any lasting depression. (C. U. 1917.)

Answer. I will tell you briefly the secret of my happiness. All my life is spent in a state of gratitude towards God for the mercies I have experienced at His hands. This feeling is sometimes so strong that I am often moved to tears, and it is so firmly rooted in me that I do not think any misfortune could shake it. With this feeling uppermost in my mind, I am enabled to live contentedly and though not free from man's ordinary vexations, I am never depressed long.

(11) I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall; and condemned to this for life; yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a philosopher was here! Though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. Everything furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate. (C. U. 1917.)

Answer. I once saw in Flanders a slave who was chained, maimed and deformed, and obliged to toil from morning till night. Although he was condemned for ever to such a wretched life, yet he sang and would have danced but that he had only one leg. He was a true philosopher for in everything he saw the bright side. Some thought him a fool because he was insensible to his wretched condition, but many so-called philosophers would have found it impossible to imitate him.

(12) The Santals preserve two features of an early stage of civilisation. Though now for the most part settled cultivators, they excel in clearing forest and have special skill in converting jungle and waste land into fertile rice-fields. When through their own labour the spread of cultivation has effected denudation, they select a new site, however prosperous they may have been on the old, and retire into the backwoods, where their harmonious flutes sound sweeter, their drums find deeper echoes and their bows and arrows may once more be utilized. In the second place they are ardent hunters, as destructive of game as of jungle. The happiest day in the year is that on which they have a common hunt, when, armed with spears, axes, bows and arrows, clubs, sticks and stones, they beat through the jungle in thousands, killing every beast and bird they come across. In their ordinary dealings they display a cheerfulness which is refreshing to a European accustomed to the somewhat gloomy denizen of the plains. Their word is their bond, and a knot on a string is as good as a receipt. They are plucky to a degree

(C. U. 1917.)

Answer. There are two features of an early stage of civilisation found among the Santals. Firstly they excel in clearing forests and making waste land fertile. When, however, they have made rice-fields out of jungle they choose a new home in the backwoods where life seems sweeter to them. Secondly they are

very fond of hunting. It is the happiest day in the year to them when in a body armed with all kinds of weapons they beat through the jungle, killing every bird and beast they meet. To a European they appear much more cheerful than the inhabitants of the plains. They are extremely honest and somewhat plucky.

(13) It has been said that half the sorrows of life are included in the little words "Too late." It would be easy, looking only at the outside of things, to make especial application of this truth—easy to moralise on the vanity of human wishes and to show that our friend had clutched a bauble, which he had yearned for all his life, when he was past the power of enjoying its possession. But they who have read aright the character of the man will make no such application of the saying. If he had died that night the honours conferred upon him by the Crown would not have come too late. They would not have come too late to assure him that sooner or later, such honesty of purpose, such fidelity to the throne, such love for the people as had distinguished his career, will secure their reward. They would not have come too late to encourage others, and to be a lesson to the world. (C. U. 1917.)

Answer. Some one has said that half the sorrows of life are due to the fact that a man does not attain to the height of his ambition until "too late." Looking only on the outside of things we might from this dictum moralise on the vanity of human wishes; we might show that what a man had been yearning for all his life came "too late" for him to enjoy. But he who reads man's character rightly will not argue thus. If a man dies the very night the Crown confers honours on him, it is not "too late" to show him that his faithfulness has been recognised and rewarded, moreover his example will be an encouragement to others.

Exercises.

(A) FABLES AND TALES.

(1) Be a Man.

“ O, foolish one ! Make the lion your model, not the crippled fox. Be not dependent, like the fox, on what the lion leaves ; but strive like the lion to obtain some thing by thine own labour that thou mayest have some thing to leave to others who need thy help. A man who has the strength of a lion, but does nothing, is inferior to a dog.”

Whilst thou art young, take the hand of the aged and hold him up. Lean not upon others for support. He who does good to the people of God while he has the strength, gets his reward in both the worlds. J. C. Nesfield's—*The Wisdom of Sadi*.

(2) Forsake Not Duty.

“ My son,” said he, “ the day is now very near on which you are to ascend the throne ; but before you can do so, you must fulfil a custom which has been established for many ages, and which your father and all your ancestors submitted to ; in short, you must descend into this den with a dagger and fight yonder lion. This will test your courage and fortitude, and show whether you are really worthy of governing a kingdom. When the youngman heard this, he turned pale and almost fell to the ground. To seek safety he went from place to place, and at last said, “ I am one, who has fled from duty. I fled from a work which Providence wished me to perform ; but my sin followed me. I searched far and wide for my comfort but in vain ; trouble and disaster pursued me wherever I went. But I have repented and am now going back to retrieve my error, and meet the trial from which I once endeavoured to escape.”

Nesfield's—*Prince Azeid and the Lion*.

(3) Saladin the Lucky.

I, on the contrary, recollecting the lesson I had learned from the sensible foreigner, neither suffered my spirits to sink with superstitious fears of ill-luck, nor did I trust presumptuously to my good fortune. I took every possible means to secure myself. I never went to bed without having seen that all the lights and fires in the house were extinguished, and that I had a supply of water in the cistern. I had likewise learned from my Frenchman that wet mortar was the most effectual thing for stopping the progress of flames; I therefore had a quantity of mortar made up in one of my out-houses, which I could use at a moment's warning. These precautions were all useful to me: my own house, indeed, was never actually on fire, but the houses of my next-door neighbours were no less than five times in flames, in the course of one winter. By my exertions, or rather by my precautions, they suffered but little damage; and all my neighbours looked upon me as their deliverer and friend: they loaded me with presents, and offered more indeed than I would accept. All repeated that I was Saladin the Lucky. This compliment I disdain, feeling more ambitious of being called Saladin the Prudent.

Marie Edgeworth (1767—1849).

(4) Fortune Built on a Dead Mouse.

I was bent on making money, out of that mouse, and this is how I began. For two handfuls of grain I sold the dead mouse to a man who needed food for his pet cat. I ground up the grain, took a large pitcher of water, and stood at a place where four roads meet. There I gave some water and grain to some weary woodcutters who passed that way every day, hungry and thirsty. Each man paid me by giving me two pieces of wood out of the bundle that he was carrying. On account of

very heavy rains, dry fuel became scarce in that town ; so I was able to get a good price for all the wood that I had stored up. With that money I set up a shop which, though small at first, became by degrees larger and larger. In this way at last, by a great deal of care and thrift, I became rich, as you now see me.

Nesfield's—*Katha Sarit Sagar*.

(5) The Man, the Boy and the Donkey.

(Please all and you please none).

A man and his son were once going with their donkey to market. As they were walking along by its side a countryman passed them and said : “ You fools, what is a donkey for but to ride upon ? ”

So the man put the boy on the Donkey and they went on their way. But soon they passed a group of men, one of whom said : “ See that lazy youngster, he lets his father walk while he rides. ”

So the man ordered his boy to get off, and got on himself. But they hadn't gone far when they passed two women, one of whom said to the other : “ Shame on that lazy lout to let his poor little son trudge along. ”

Well, the man didn't know what to do, but at last he took his boy up before him on the donkey. By this time they had come to the town, and the passers-by began to jeer and point at them. The man stopped and asked what they were scoffing at. The men said : “ Aren't you ashamed of yourself for overloading that poor Donkey of yours—you and your son ? ”

The man and boy got off and tried to think what to do. They thought and they thought, till at last they cut down a pole, tied the donkey's feet to it, and raised the pole and the donkey to their shoulders. They went along amid the laughter

of all who met them till they came to a bridge, when the donkey, getting one of his feet loose, kicked out and caused the boy to drop his end of the pole. In the struggle the donkey fell over the bridge, and his fore-feet being tied together he was drowned. Jacobs—*Aesop's Fables*.

(6) **The Fowler and the Doves.**

(Union is Strength.)

The fowler ran from his hiding place, behind the bush, and would very soon have seized the birds and wrung their necks, if their king had not thought of a way by which they might escape. "Take the net in your beaks," said he, "and hold it off your wings, so that your wings may be free. Then at one and the same moment, and with one great effort, tear up the net and fly away with it." They did what he advised, and sprang suddenly up into the air, carrying the net with them.

Thus it was by means of union that the whole flock of the doves escaped. By all acting with one heart and soul they were able to tear up the net from the ground and fly away with it. Nesfield's—*Hitopodesh*.

(7) **The Hermit and the Mouse.**

(Ingratitude punished.)

There was a hermit who had acquired the power of doing wonderful things. He made it one of his first duties to show kindness to any animals which were too small and helpless to be able to defend or protect themselves. One day, as he sat at his frugal meal, a mouse fell to the ground from the beak of a crow, that was flying above his head. The little animal though stunned was not killed by the fall. He picked it up and fed it. Under such kind treatment it revived and soon became fat and playful. It was now plump enough to attract the notice of a cat,

who came suddenly upon it, but was held back by his protector. The hermit seeing the danger that it was in, changed it into a cat strong enough to protect itself against other cats.

The cat, however, was attacked by the dogs, who would not leave it alone, but hunted it down, and would have killed it, if the hermit had not changed it to a dog strong enough to fight any other dog that came near it. But alas! this dog though quite a match for other dogs, was no match for a tiger. To place the dog beyond reach of any further danger, the hermit changed it into a tiger.

The tiger said within himself, "As long as this saint lives, the story of my origin will be known and talked about. I must slay him and put an end to all this talk."

The holy man knowing what was in the tiger's mind, changed the tiger back into a mouse, and left it henceforth to take care of itself.

Nesfield's Hitopadesh.

(8) Origin of Opium

"O king, grieve not over the past. What is fixed by fate must come to pass. The queen, who has just been drowned, was not of royal blood. She was born a rat; I then changed her successively, according to her own wish, into a cat, a dog, a boar, an elephant, and a beautiful girl. Now that she is gone, do you again take into favour your former queen. As for my reputed daughter, through the favours of the gods I'll make her name immortal. Let her body remain in the well; fill the well up with earth. Out of her flesh and bones will grow a tree which shall be called after her *posto*, that is, the Poppy tree. From this tree will be obtained a drug called opium, which will be celebrated as a powerful medicine through all ages, and which will always be either swallowed or smoked as a wonderful narcotic to the end of time. The opium-swallower or smoker

will have one quality of each of the animals to which Postomani was transformed. He will be mischievous like a rat, fond of milk like a cat, quarrelsome like a dog, filthy like an ape, savage like a boar, and high-tempered like a queen.

L. B. Day's *Folk-tales of Bengal*.

(9) **Andromache Mourning the Loss of Hector.**

Thy son is but an infant child—son of unhappy parents, thee and me—nor shalt thou profit him, Hector, since thou art dead, neither he thee. For even if he escape the woful war, yet shall labour and sorrow cleave unto him hereafter, for other men shall seize his lands. The day of orphanage sundereth a child from his fellows, and his head is bowed down ever, and his cheeks are wet with tears. And in his need the child seeketh his father's friends, plucking this one by cloak and that by coat, and one of them that pity him holdeth his cup a little to his mouth, and moisteneth his lips, but his palate he moisteneth not. And some child unorphaned thrusteth him from the feast with blows and taunting words, "Out with thee! no father of thine is at our board."

Translation of Homer's *Iliad* by Lang and others.

(10) **A Darwesh Shunned a King.**

The Wazir who was in attendance on the king turned to the darwesh and said, "The king of this land passed by thee, why didst thou not do him homage, or give him at least some sign of respect?" "Tell the king," said the darwesh, "to look for such homage from those who expect favours from him; and let him also know that kings exist for the sake of their subjects, not subjects for the sake of kings. The sheep are not made for the shepherd, but the shepherd for the sheep." These words sank deep in the mind of the king. "Ask a boon of me,"

said the king. "The only service that thou canst render me," said the darwesh, "is to keep out of my way and not disturb me again." On this the king rejoined, "Give me some advice before we part," and he received the following answer: "while thou still hast the wealth and lands of the kingdom in thy possession, make a good use of them before they pass into the hands of another." *"Wisdom of Sadi."*

(11) **Murad the Unlucky.**

It happened one day that a lady, richly apparelled and attended by two female slaves, came to my brother's house to make some purchases. He was out, and I alone was left to attend to the shop. After she had looked over some goods, she chanced to see my china vase, which was in the room. She took a prodigious fancy to it, and offered me any price if I would part with it; but this I declined doing, because I believed that I should draw down upon my head some dreadful calamity, if I voluntarily relinquished the talisman. Irritated by my refusal, the lady, according to the custom of her sex, became more resolute in her purpose; but neither entreaties nor money could change my determination. Provoked beyond measure at my obstinacy, as she called it, she left the house. I repented, when it was too late; but I believed it is the part of the fatality attending certain persons, that they cannot decide rightly at the proper moment. When the opportunity has been lost, I have always regretted that I did not do exactly the contrary to what I had previously determined upon. Often, whilst I was hesitating, the favourable moment passed. Now this is what I call being unlucky.

Maria Edgeworth.

(12) **Man's Ingratitude.**

So they went to the foot of the tree and the snake enquired of it, "What is the reward of good?"

It replied: "Among men the reward of good is evil, and the return for benefit is injury. Here is my proof. I have sprung up, as you see, in this uncultivated tract of land. I grew up from a seed, no labour was spent upon me, no care was taken of me. I stand on one leg in the service of every one who comes and goes. When a child of Adam comes here oppressed with the heat of the sun or wearied with travelling in the desert, he rests for an hour or two under the shade that I give and has a sleep. He pays nothing for it. When he opens his eyes and looks about him, he says, "That bough there will do for the handle of an axe, and that other one over there for the handle of a spade: some good planks might be cut out of the trunk, enough to make several strong doors." In spite of all the benefits which they get from me, this is the kind of return that I am to have. Some day, without doubt I shall be cut down and sawn to pieces.

Nesfield's—*Anwari-i-Suhaili*.

(13) **A Father Unknowingly Slew His Son in Combat.**

Again the combatants met. The final issue was now to be determined. Shorab felt angry at being deceived in the last contest and taunted his antagonist, saying, "Dost thou confront me again, old man, after thy experience of yesterday? Truth counts for nothing with thee. Perhaps some further trick is in thy mind to-day. I have spared thee twice on account of thine age, but this time thou shalt not escape." "Youth," said the veteran warrior, "is proud and confident. A cautious warrior abstains from boasting. Perhaps this arm, old as it is compared

with thine, will curb the arrogance which inflames thy soul." They struggled as before and this time Rustam prevailed. He threw Shorab under him, but being afraid, that he would not have strength enough to keep him down, he drew out his dagger and plunged it without losing a moment in the side of the unhappy youth.

Nesfield's—*Shorab and Rustam.*

(14) **Androcles.**

(*Gratitude is the sign of noble souls.*)

A slave named Androcles once escaped from his master and fled to the forest. As he was wandering about there he came upon a lion lying down moaning and groaning. At first he turned to flee, but finding that the lion did not pursue him, he turned back and went up to him. As he came near, the lion put out his paw, which was all swollen and bleeding, and Androcles found that a huge thorn had got into it, and was causing all the pain. He pulled out the thorn and bound up the paw of the lion, who was soon able to rise and lick the hand of Androcles like a dog. Then the lion took Androcles to his cave, and every day used to bring him meat. But shortly afterwards both Androcles and the lion were captured, and the slave was sentenced to be thrown to the lion, after the latter had been kept without food for several days. The Emperor and all his court came to see the spectacle, and Androcles was led out into the middle of the arena. Soon the lion was let loose from his den, and rushed bounding and roaring towards his victim. But as soon as he came near to Androcles he recognised his friend, and fawned upon him, and licked his hands like a friendly dog. The Emperor, surprised at this, summoned Androcles to him, who told him the whole story. Whereupon the slave was pardoned and freed, and the lion let loose to his native forest.

Jacobs—*Aesop's Fables.*

(15) The Income of a Village Schoolmaster in Bengal.

The schooling fee was, on the average, one anna a month per boy. Supposing the village schoolmaster had thirty or thirty-two boys—I don't believe he ever had more—his monthly income would amount to two rupees. Besides this, he had a system of "requisitions." Most of the boys, when they came to the afternoon school—for the school was held first from early in the morning till about eleven o'clock, and again from three o'clock in the afternoon till candlelight—brought from their houses for their teacher either a betel-leaf, or a betel-nut, or a small ball of tobacco. In addition to these daily donations, every boy was expected to give him once a month a 'sida' which consisted of a quantity of unboiled rice, with a suitable accompaniment of vegetables, split pulse, mustard-oil, salt, and even clarified butter. All this, no doubt, made a considerable addition to his income, yet it was quite insufficient to support the pedagogue, his wife and two children; the deficiency was supplied by the produce of about ten bighas of land, which, as he was unable to cultivate them himself, he held in partnership with a neighbouring husbandman.

L. B. Day's *Bengal Peasant Life*.

(16) The Income of a Village Schoolmaster in Sleepy Hollow.

The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to the country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighbourhood, with all his worldly

effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief. That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and school-masters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself useful and agreeable.

Sketch Book.

Irving—(1783-1859.)

(17) Man's Ingratitude.

“If thou enquirest about men,” said the buffalo, “my answer is that among men it is the custom to repay good with evil. I will tell you my own history. In my young days I was the property of a man who kept me on his farm. Every year I gave birth to a buffalo calf and filled his house with milk and butter. It was I in fact, who supplied the means on which he lived. He took all my calves away from me year after year and sold them. When I grew old and no more calves were born, he gave up looking after me, and turned me out of the stall, and set me loose in this plain to take care of myself. Here I have been grazing for some time past, and have become fat as you see. Yesterday my old master came, and seeing how plump I had become, he brought a butcher who carried a long sharp knife, and sold me to him. To-day they are going to take me to the slaughter-house and cut me up into several pieces for sale. This is to be the reward for all the good that I have done in my past life.”

Nesfield's—*Anwari-i-Suhaili.*

(18) Bengali Ghosts.

Of Bengali ghosts, that is, the spirits of Bengali men and Bengali women, there is a great variety; but there are five classes which generally make their appearance, if not in cities and towns—for they seem altogether to have left the seats of enlightenment and civilisation—at least in the villages of Bengal.

The first and most honourable class of ghosts are those which pass by the name of 'Brahmadaityas,' or the spirits of departed Brahmans. Unlike other ghosts, they do not eat all sorts of food, but only those which are considered religiously clean. They never appear, like other ghosts, to frighten men, such an object being beneath their dignity. They are for the most part inoffensive, never doing harm to benighted travellers, nor entering into the bodies of living men or women. Another class of ghosts, and they are by far the most numerous class, are simply called '**bhutas**,' that is, spirits. They are the spirits of departed Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras. They are tall as palmyra trees, generally thin, and very black. At night, especially at midnight—the hour and power of darkness—they go about in the villages and fields, frightening night-walkers and belated travellers.

Bengal Peasant Life.

(19) **Birbar—a Devoted Servant.**

Birbar returned to his house, and the king, unperceived followed him there. It was now midnight, the wife, the son and the daughter were all asleep. Birbar awakened his wife and gave her full particulars of all that had passed. She then awakened her son, and put the case before him. 'Son,' she said to him, 'by sacrificing your head the king's life will be saved, and the Government, too, will endure. Are you willing?' 'Mother,' said he, 'I am willing for several reasons. In the first place, it is your command; in the second it is for the benefit of my lord, the king; in the third it is for my benefit; for if this body of mine can be made of use to a deity, what greater blessing or what higher honour could be conferred on me?' Birbar once more addressed his wife and said, 'If thou art willing to give up thy child, I will take him away and sacrifice him for the king.' 'I have no concern,' she answered, 'with

son, daughter, brother, father, mother or any other kinsfolk. It is from you, and you only, that my happiness comes. It is written in our law that a woman is neither sanctified by temple-offerings nor by religious rites ; that her duty consists in serving and honouring her husband. Whatever virtues she may practise in this life, if she does not obey her husband and think of him first in all things and at all times, she will fall into hell in the life to come.'

J. Nesfield's—*Baitál Pachisi*.

(20) **Good Men Like Trees Live for Others.**

Trees give shade for the benefit of others ; and while they themselves stand in the sun and endure the scorching heat, they produce the fruit by which others profit. The character of good men is like that of trees. What is the use of this perishable body, if no use of it is made for the benefit of mankind ? Sandal-wood—the more it is rubbed, the more scent does it yield. Sugar-cane—the more it is peeled and cut up into pieces, the more juice does it produce. Gold—the more it is burnt, the more brightly does it shine. The men who are noble at heart do not lose these qualities even in losing their lives. What matters it whether men praise them or not ? What difference does it make whether riches abide with them or not ? What does it signify whether they die at this moment or whether their lives are prolonged ? Happen what may, those who tread in the right path will not set foot in any other. Life itself is unprofitable to a man who does not live for others. To live for the mere sake of living one's life is to live the life of dogs or crows. Those who lay down their lives for the sake of a Brahmin, a cow, a friend or a wife, or even for the sake of a stranger, will assuredly dwell for ever in a world of bliss.

Baitál Pachisi.

(21) **Portia a Daniel.**

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh ; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that ? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "It is not in the bond." "Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge ! A Daniel is come to judgment !" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare."

Tales from Shakespeare—Lamb, (1775-1834).

(22) **Fatima—An Angelic Woman.**

He had heard, too, all the persons of repute in the city talking of a woman called Fatima, who was retired from the world, and of the miracles she wrought. As he fancied that this woman might be serviceable in the project he had conceived, he made more minute inquiries, and requested to be informed more particularly who that holy woman was, and what sort of miracles she performed. What ! said the person whom he addressed, have you never seen or heard of her ? She is the admiration of the whole town, for her fasting, her austerities, and her exemplary life. Except Mondays and Fridays, she never stirs out of her little cell. And on those days on which she comes, into the town, she does an infinite deal of good ; for there is not a person who is diseased but she puts her hand on them and cures them.

Arabian Nights (Macmillan & Co.)

(23) **The Duke in Banishment.**

When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently and say, "these chilling winds which blow upon my body, are true counsellors: they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition: and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that, howsoever men speak against adversity yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw useful moral from everything that he saw, and by the help of this moralizing turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing. *Tales from Shakespeare.*

(24) **An Ojha or Exorcist.**

The exorcist came, and wanted in the first instance to ascertain whether the woman was a real woman or a ghost. For this purpose he lighted a piece of turmeric and set it below the nose of the supposed woman. Now this was an infallible test, as no ghost, whether male or female, can put up with the smell of burnt turmeric. The moment the lighted turmeric was taken near her, she screamed aloud and ran away from the room. It was now plain that she was either a ghost or a woman possessed by a ghost. The woman was caught hold of by main force and asked who she was. At first she refused to make any disclosures, on which the Ojha took up his slippers and began belabouring her with them. Then the ghost said with a strong nasal accent—For all ghosts speak through the nose:—that she lived on a tree by the side of the tank, that she

had seized the young Brahmini and put her in the hollow of her tree because one night she had touched her, and that if any person went to the hole the woman would be found.

Folk-tales of Bengal.

(25) **How a Bad King Became a Good One.**

(Do unto others as you would be done by.)

One day, when I was out for a hunt, I saw a dog chase a fox and crunch the bone of one of its legs between its teeth. The fox was scarcely able to creep into its hole alive. Very soon afterwards that same dog received a blow from a man, who flung a stone at it and broke its leg. The man had not gone many steps before his leg was broken by a kick from a horse. The horse had not gone far before its leg slipped into a hole, where it was tightly held by the root of a tree and broken. Seeing all this I came to my senses and said, "Dig not a pit for others, lest thou fall into it thyself. Do unto others as you would be done by. The evil that I do to others will some day fall upon myself."

Anwari-i-Suhaili.

(26) **Dog-Worship.**

'This conduct of yours' said the young merchant, 'is to my mind repulsive.' Man is the noblest of God's creatures and dogs are not pure or clean in their ways. To make the noblest of God's creatures eat the leavings of one of the impurest of animals is sacrilege. Is there any religion or creed in which such sacrilege is allowed? They are your prisoners, it is true. Is not that enough? In other respects they are your equals,—human like yourself. Now, a doubt arises in my mind whether you are a Musalman. How can I know what you are? Apparently you worship the dog. I cannot touch your dinner until this doubt is removed.

Nesfield's—*The King and the Rubies.*

(27) Dog-Worship Explained.

I have now described, O king, the last attempt made by my brothers to take away my life. There is a common saying, that the first and second fault may be pardoned, but the third must be punished. My life was not safe so long as these brothers were at large. I decided therefore, that henceforth they must be kept under lock and key, and that is why you see them brought here to-day in iron cages. If they were shut up in jail they might escape and plot further mischief against me ; or if they could not escape, they might perish from want of food and drink, as prisoners sometimes do who have no friend in the jail to look after them.

The honour, O king, which I pay to this dog is on account of its fidelity to me. He never left me and he three times saved my life. A faithful dog, who saves his master's life at the risk of his own, is more to be esteemed than a man who has no gratitude and who seeks to destroy the life of his brother.

The King and the Rubies.

(28) The Ghatak or Match-maker.

As in India, young men and young women do not themselves choose their partners in life, they have to depend on the good offices of this happy functionary, who, however, bears his commission not from the parties themselves but from their parents and guardians. His occupation is one of the pleasantest in the world ; and what occupation can be more pleasant than to be daily conversant with amiable bridegrooms, and blooming brides, to tie the knot of holy matrimony, and to be thus instrumental in the promotion of human happiness? This worthy functionary's character is as amiable as his occupation is pleasant. He possesses the highest Christian virtue in perfection

irasmuch as he possesses an unlimited measure of that charity which covers a multitude of sins. He has never been known to find any fault with any young man or young woman of marriageable age. The spinster may be as ugly as one of Shakespeare's witches, and the young man may be as deformed as deformity itself, the 'ghatak' sees no defect in either. The one, in his eye, or at any rate in his mouth, is as beautiful and gentle as *Lakshmi* and the other as handsome and accomplished as *Kartikeya*.

Bengal Peasant Life.

(29) **The Darwish Who Became Worldly-minded**

By degrees the man himself began to alter. From being a saint, whose thoughts were fixed on the world to come, he became attached to the affairs of this world and fond of temporal power. The king, finding that the kingdom prospered under his management, placed the reins of Government almost entirely in his hands. When left alone to commune with his own thoughts, he shed tears of penitence. But in the morning, when suitors again flocked to his hermitage, the love of worldly power took hold of his mind once more, and all desire of going back to his old life left him. He became, in fact, more firmly attached to the affairs of this world than he had ever been before. In order to get more and more power placed in his own hands, he dismissed several men from the office which they had long been holding under the king.

Anwari-i-Suhaili.

(30) **Dying Sarala (an Ideal Wife).**

Sarala was fully conscious now, as people on their deathbed sometimes are before they pass away. "Why do you weep?" she said, looking up to Bidhubhusan's face.

"Sarala, Sarala, you are going to leave us and the world for

ever, and you ask why I am weeping !” exclaimed Bidhubhusan in the greatest agony of heart.

A celestial calm rested on the face of Sarala, which even moved the doctor. “ My end is near,” she said, “ but it is not true that I have been unhappy. A woman is happy if she has a kind husband and loving children. In my husband and in my child I have been happy, as happy as any one could wish to be. I had such concern while you were away ; but now that you have come home I shall die in peace.”

“ Don’t talk like that, Sarala, Oh don’t, or my heart will break.”

Dakshina Charan Roy’s English Translation of *Svarnalata*.

(B) RAMAYAN AND MAHABHARAT.

(31) Oudh under Dasarath.

The fair city of Ayodhya stood brave and proud upon the banks of a beautiful river which mirrored in its pellucid depths—the towers, domes and turrets at whose foot its peaceful people dwelt in purity of soul, without envy or lying. All had cattle and grain and gold, and the grip of poverty and the pangs of famine were unknown. None were beggars and none lived by fraud or theft ; all were neighbourly. In this city too, promises made were truly performed. Men broke not their covenants and wives were faithful to their vows, and from every cottage men of pious poverty were given sustenance. The twice-born had subdued the evil passions which infest all men, desire of wealth, and sloth. The holy Bramhans, claimed respect of all. Three quarters of his earthly life a Bramhan spent in meditation ; he stood pre-eminent, the instructor of kings, the scribe and doctor of law. Second in rank were the warriors and rulers. Husband-men and merchants revered the priests and

rulers and plied their trades—tillage, commerce, and the lending of money at interest. The Sudras, toilers all, laboured and were proud of their work. Each of the four castes worshipped God and honoured guests with fitting ceremony as enjoined by holy writ. Such was the ruling of Oudh in the days of Dasaratha.

Gandy's Wanderings of Rama.

(32) The Glorious Reign of Rama.

So began the long and prosperous reign of Rama and Sita which the bards agree in recording as the golden age of Ayodha, for they say :

Untimely death visited not the subjects of Rama, they enjoyed freedom from disease, women bewailed no husbands or children lost. No robbers, cheats or false dealers were found throughout the length and breadth of the land, for each man loved his neighbour, as himself. Trees yielded their fruit as each season came, harvests never failed to fill the granaries to overflowing, and the people were happy in their labour.

The Wanderings of Rama.

(33) Yudisthira Answers the Spirit.

The spirit questions : What is the chief of virtues ? Which is the most fruitful ? What best can ease deep grief ?

The king replies : Charity is the best of virtues. Reverence is the most fruitful. Conquest of self gives rest.

The spirit questions : What enemy is hardest to conquer ? What disease lasts as long as life ? Who is the most upright man ? Who is the most wicked ?

The king replies : Anger is man's worst foe. The pain of greed never forsakes the heart which holds it. He who loves best is holiest. A cruel man is most wicked of all.

The spirit questions : Is a man holy by birth-right ? Does

he make himself holy by reading of the sacred books or by living a true life ?

The king replies : No man wins holiness except by his conduct. If a man of evil nature knew the holy books right through, he would still be evil.

Richard Wilson—*The Indian Story Book.*

(34) **Duryodhan would not Part with an Inch of Land.**

‘Should we play the battle-game and lose it, what matter ? Heaven’s doors of gold will open for the warrior who meets his death in battle. If undefeated we should fall on the plain, the arrows will not sting us and death will be pleasant. What did the ancient sage say of the Kshatra ? The Kshatra is not afraid of his enemy in the fight, he breaks like hardened timber, does not bend and cannot yield : unto no one, except priest and preceptor will he bend his head. Indraprastha, which in a weak moment my father gave to Yudhisthir will never be his again while I and my brothers are alive. Dhritarashtra shall continue to rule one undivided kingdom. On those conditions we will sheathe our swords in friendship. Whereas in days gone by the monarchy was unwisely split in two, it is now united and shall never be divided again. That then is my answer. Its words are plain. The sons of Pandu ask in vain for any portion of the Kuru empire. So help me, righteous gods in heaven, they shall have neither town nor village, mart nor hamlet, no not so much as a needle-point would cover !’

Gandy’s—*The Pandava Princes.*

(35) **Horse Sacrifice.**

An Aswamedh or horse sacrifice was the greatest kind of sacrifice that a monarch in ancient India could undertake, and

none but a sovereign of wide domain and very high rank could venture to perform it.

At such a time Brahmans were invited to attend from all parts of the kingdom or empire ; hermits, rishis, and sages were invited to come from the surrounding forests ; and princes from the neighbouring kingdoms. All visitors were received and maintained as guests of the king so long as the sacrifice lasted, and when the sacrifice was over they were dismissed with valuable gifts.

The horse selected for the purpose was allowed to wander wherever it willed for one whole year. If during that year it was seized by any prince, this implied that the prince who had seized it was ready to challenge the sovereignty of the king who owned it. But if no one seized it, the horse was considered fit to be sacrificed, and the ceremony was performed.

During the year in which the horse was allowed to wander, messengers were sent round to all whom the king wished to invite, and buildings or tents of various kinds and sizes were made ready for receiving them.

A sovereign might have various reasons for celebrating a horse-sacrifice. It might be done for the purpose of asserting his sovereignty among neighbouring princes. Or it might be done in the hope of obtaining some special favour from the higher powers, as when Dasaratha, the father of Ram, sacrificed a horse in order to obtain the birth of sons.

Nesfield's—*The Last Exile of Sita.*

(36) Krishna's Advice to Yudhishtira

Krishna stopped and turned to them, giving his parting words, in a calm and clear voice, 'Mighty king, guard thy fair kingdom with sleepless care. Watch thy subjects' welfare like a father and with all a father's love. Be to them like the rain

drop to the thirsty ground. Be the tree of shelter in the heat. As the blue sky bends over the earth, so be kind to thy subjects. Rule thy kingdom virtuously and with a mind that knows not passion or pride.' *The Pandava Princes.*

(37) **Vidur's Advice.**

It is ordained, Yudhisthir, that this exile must be for your good. It is a trial and severe devotion, appointed to chasten and to heal you. Free your heart from sin and greed. Let your righteousness shine gently as the moon's light. In patience emulate the earth, radiate your good influence like the rays of the sun. May your strength be beyond resistance like a strong wind. However great your sorrow, learn a lesson from it. While you live in exile continue righteously. I trust you will return safe and happy, and that these old eyes will see you, with every human temptations surmounted, wearing the God-given crown of virtue. *The Pandava Princes.*

(38) **Rama Refused to Take Another Wife.**

"Great king," said the family priest, "our sacred law-books direct that the rites of religion cannot be properly accomplished by a king without the help of his wife. For the performance of the horse-sacrifice it is ruled that for the whole period of one year, during which the horse is wandering abroad, the king who gives the sacrifice must have a drawn sword placed between himself and his wife at night-time, and that he must not even touch her. As you have no wife, how can this rule be complied with?" When Rama heard this, his face fell and the tears rose to his eyes. He remained for sometime downcast and silent. Then drawing a deep sigh he turned to Vasistha and said: "O Store-house of Virtue, I had not thought of this before. Now tell me if you can what I should do."

“I see no way out of the difficulty,” said the priest, “but that you should take another wife.”

At the thought of taking another wife Ram's whole nature immediately rebelled. Here the greatness of his charities shone out at once. The more Vasistha urged him to adopt this course, the more determined he was to reject it.

The Last Exile of Sita.

(39) Krishna to Arjun in the Battlefield.

The wise neither grieve for the dead nor for the living. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth, nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. The man who believeth, that it is the soul which killeth, and he who thinketh the soul may be destroyed, are both alike deceived ; for it neither killeth nor is it killed. The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away. It is eternal ; therefore, believing it to be thus, thou shouldst not grieve.

The Pandava Princes.

(40) Sita Follows Rama in His Exile.

Sita, sweet and gentle though she was, had quite other conceptions of her duty in the case. She waived all thoughts of comfort in a palace while her lord would be facing danger and death. Does my husband speak the words of Rama? And will he, though banished, forsake his wedded wife? Nay, I accept not such counsel for it is not meet from the lips of a pince and a warrior. The faithful woman will go with her husband, to the uttermost parts of the earth. The wife's estate is not to be guided by thoughts of sires, or sons, or brothers—her fate is that of her lord. If, then, Rama goes forward into the thicket, Sita shall go first to make his path smooth. Therefore reject all fears on my account. The wife makes her

home by her husband's side, and clings to him as the shadow to the substance. I fear nothing with thee, for matchless is Pama's skill. Together we shall wander over hills and through glades, threading the narrow way across the forest and swimming the pellucid stream. Thus shall we spend the years in peace and happiness.

The Wanderings of Rama.

(41) Draupadi's Courage.

With dress disarranged and hair trailing down, Draupadi dragged herself along after Duh-sasan. 'Fathers,' she cried, 'forgive me for this disrespectful appearance. Duh-sasan, refrain from touching me: a woman's hair is sacred. Honoured sires, I beseech you to protect me. Are you not afraid of vengeance from on high? There is my husband Yudhishthir; no sin stains his soul. What! Is there none of you will save me from shame? Is there no chief here will save a woman's life? Is there no hand or voice to defend a wife who esteems her honour higher than her life? Alas, the glory of the Kurus is gone; the name of Bharat is disgraced for ever, the Kshatras' prowess is a thing of naught. If it were not so, why would a Kuru warrior merely look on at the shaming of a woman? Why do not your weapons gleam in the cause of a faithful queen? Is Vishma's goodness gone? Has Drona lost his ancient power? Has the monarch of the Kurus ceased to care and to battle for the just? Why do ye silently look on? Why are your eyes fixed and still and expressionless as those of the dead, and your right arms, are they palsied while you witness the shameful deed of the Kuru?

The Pandava Princes.

(42) Sita's Ordeal of Fire.

Sita, fearing Rama entertained some doubts of her constancy, begged him with tearful eyes to dispel them as they were entirely

unfounded. But suspicion is hard to fight against, and Sita felt it was hopeless. At last she bade Lakshman build her a funeral pyre, saying she could not live while her honor was clouded. All the time Rama's eyes did not stir and his face betrayed no feeling, yet within he experienced sore anguish : this was Sita's terrible trial, and she elected to undergo the ordeal of fire to prove her purity or depart from a world of calumny.

Lakshman, greatly agitated, built the fire of logs, and the princess of the house of Videha called upon the God of fire, who tests and purifies all things, and separates the dross from the pure, 'If my thoughts, words and deeds have been those of a faithful woman—may the Fire protect me !'

Boldly and proudly then the princess of righteous Janaka, walked on and up the pyre, into its hottest flames, and a thousand witnesses shook in agony as she sank and disappeared amid the red fire.

The Wanderings of Rama.

(43) Sita to Lakshman.

Sita said :—“O Lakshman, blame neither thyself nor thy elder brother. Go back to him forthwith, and say what you can to relieve his mind. Tell him from me that I know he has acted from a sense of duty in banishing me as he has done. It is the first duty of a king to satisfy his subjects in all things though it may cost him his happiness, and even his life. Tell him that if through his fear of the people's reproaches it is necessary for me to live apart from him, he will none the less be always in my thoughts. Tell him, too, that I shall strictly attend to all the religious rites and duties observed in the sacred retreat to which he has sent me so that in the next birth he may still claim me as his wife.’

Having so said, she took hold of Lakshman's hands ; then with streaming eyes and broken voice she added : “Give me

your oath, O Lakshman, that you will attend to him henceforth as carefully as you have been wont to do in past years; tell him (what you know to be true) that I have not spoken one word of reproach or blame against him for his having sent me away, that I am still his wife in spite of the distance that has been placed between us, and that my only happiness (if I continue to live at all) will be to hear that he is happy himself among his kindred and his subjects.

The Last Exile of Sita

(44) Sita Translated.

But Sita's soul rebelled against being forced to submit to such an unexpected insult. She who had never once failed or faltered in the purity of her love, could not stoop to plead her cause before a mixed assembly of ignorant strangers. With all the strength of voice that still remained to her wasted form she said: "O Mother Earth, if from the day of my birth I have led a spotless life—if I have laboured to act my part in purity of devotion and have been a true and faithful wife, spare me the shame of these reproaches and take me unto thyself."

Suddenly the ground opened and there appeared a throne of marvellous beauty, on which *Prithivi*, the goddess of Earth, was seated. She took Sita by the hand and said, "Welcome, my daughter," and placed Sita by her side. The sinless but dishonoured queen, seated on the throne of Prithivi, slowly descended into the earth, and as she descended, a shower of flowers fell upon her head from the bright beings of the upper world.

Among the thousands who witnessed this sight every one was now convinced of the innocence of the ill-used Sita. But it was too late; she had left the habitations of men for ever.

The Last Exile of Sita.

(45) **The Ideal Sita.**

The height of ambition of a woman is to be like Sita : the pure, the all-suffering ! when you see these ideals, you can at once find out the real condition of life in India—suffering Sita stands, as it were, for the race. Sita is typical of India, the idealized India. And whether she ever lived or not, whether the story is true or not, it does not matter much. We know that the ideal is there. There is not another mythological story which has gone amongst the whole nation, entered into their very life, and tingles in every drop of blood of the race, as this ideal of Sita. Sita is the name in India for everything that is good, pure and holy ; everything that in woman we call woman—the patient, all suffering, ever-faithful, ever pure wife. Through all the suffering she had, there was not one harsh word against Rama. She took it as her own duty and performed her part of the duty. Think of the terrible injustice of her being exiled into the forest. But Sita knows no harshness. That is again, the Indian ideal. Says the ancient Buddha : “And when a man hurts you ; if you turn back to hurt, that would not cure the first injury ; it would only create in the world one more wickedness.” Sita was a true Indian in that. Sita never returned injury.

Extract from a lecture on the *Ramayana* by Swami Vivekananda, published by kind permission of Messrs. Natesan & Co.

(C) GREAT MEN AND GREAT WOMEN.

(46) **Christ.**

From the first day to the last, he (Christ) is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle. What a proof of the divinity of Christ ? With an empire

so absolute, he has but one single end, the spiritual amelioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union of that which is true, the holiness of the soul. Christ speaks and at once generations become his by stricter closer ties than those of blood —by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flame of a love which consumes every other love. Christ's greatest miracle, undoubtedly, is the reign of charity.

Napoleon (1769-1821)

(From Abbot's Life of Napoleon).

(47) Siddhartha Forsakes His Wife.

Through many hours of contemplation it was borne in upon the heart of Prince Siddhartha that his life within the palace of pleasure, guarded by the lofty wall and shut in by the triple gate, was utterly unworthy of him. He was at heart by no means weary of his lovely home, but the sorrows of the outer world called him insistently, urged him to leave all that was pleasant and enervating and to take a part in righting wrongs and relieving the burden of the world. The great decision was reached one night when all but the prince were sunk in peaceful slumber. The midnight sky sparkled with countless stars, and the cool air fanned the flushed cheeks and the brow of the prince, as he took his solemn vow of renunciation, while Yasodhara slept.

“O summoning stars, I come ! O mournful earth !
 For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
 My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights.
 My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen !
 Harder to put aside than all the rest !
 Yet thee, too, I shall save, saving this earth ;

... ..

Now I am fixed, and now I will depart

Never to come again, till what I seek
Be found—if fervent search and strife avail.”

The Indian Story Book.

(48) Message of Ramkrishna Paramhansa.

Do not care for doctrines, do not care for dogmas, or sects, or churches or temples ; they count for little compared with the essence of existence in each man which is spirituality, and the more that this is developed in a man, the more powerful is he for good. Earn that, first acquire that, and criticise no one, for all doctrines and creeds have some good in them. Show by your lives that religion does not mean words, nor names, nor sects but that it means spiritual realization. Only those can understand who have felt. Only those that have attained to spirituality can communicate it to others, can be great teachers of mankind. They alone are the powers of light. To proclaim and make clear the fundamental unity underlying all religions was the mission of my Master. Other teachers have taught special religions which bear their names, but this great teacher of the nineteenth century made no claim for himself, he left every religion undisturbed because he had realized that, in reality, they are all part and parcel of one Eternal Religion.

An extract from a speech of Swami Vivekananda

Printed by Messrs. Nateson & Co.

**(49) God According to Kabir is to be Found
Everywhere.**

Those who sought Him needed not to go far ; for He awaited discovery everywhere, more accessible to “the washerwoman and the carpenter ” than to the self-righteous holy man. Therefore the whole apparatus of piety, Hindu and Moslem alike—the temple and mosque, idol and holy water, Scriptures and priests—

were denounced by their inconveniently clear-sighted poet as mere substitutes for reality; dead things intervening between the soul and its love—

The images are all lifeless, they cannot speak; I know, for I have cried aloud to them.

Extract from Evelyn Underhill's Introduction to
Sir Rabindranath Tagore's
" *One Hundred Poems of Kabir.*"

(50) **The Teaching of Sadi.**

The vanity of worldly pursuits, and the true vocation of man, are everywhere insisted upon. In Sadi's code of morals, mercy and charity are not restricted, as by some bigoted Muhammadans, to true believers. Evil, it is said, should be requited with good. Sadi not only preached the duty of contentment and resignation, but practised what he preached. In a life prolonged to twice the ordinary period allotted to man, he showed his contempt for riches, which he might easily have amassed, but which, when showered on him by the great, he devoted to pious purposes; being minded that: 'The poor man's patience better is than gold.' Thus, when the Prime Minister sent him a present, he expended it in erecting a house for travellers.

Edward B. Eastwick—*Preface to the Gulistan.*

(51) **Rana Pertab.**

Had Mewar possessed her Thucydides or her Xenophon, neither the wars of the Peloponnesus nor the retreat of the "Ten Thousand," would have yielded more diversified incidents for the historic Muse, than the deeds of this brilliant reign amid the many vicissitudes of Mewar. Undaunted heroism, inflexible fortitude, that which "keeps honour bright," perseverance,—

with fidelity such as no nation can boast, were the materials opposed to a soaring ambition, commanding talents, unlimited means, and the fervour of religious zeal ; all however, insufficient to contend with one unconquerable mind. There is not a pass in the alpine Aravali that is not sanctified by some deed of Pertap,—some brilliant victory, or oftener, more glorious defeat. Huldighat is the Thermopylæ of Mewar ; the field of Deweir her Marathon.

Todd's *Rajasthan*.

(52) **Wireless Telegraphy.**

The first practical system of wireless telegraphy was invented and carried out by a young Italian engineer of the name of Marconi. Strictly speaking, it may be said that Marconi discovered nothing. What he did was to apply the scientific discoveries of his predecessors and make them practically useful. Wireless telegraphy has been the means of preventing great disasters at sea by enabling vessels in distress to summon the aid of other vessels. E. F. Fournier—*Wonders of Physical Science*.

(53) **Rabindranath Tagore's Love of Nature in Infancy.**

From the very first time I can remember I was passionately fond of nature. Ah, it used to make me mad with joy when I saw the clouds come up in the sky one by one. I felt, even in those childish days, that I was surrounded with a friend, a companionship, very intense and very intimate, though I did not know how to name it. I had such an exceeding love for nature, I cannot tell how to describe it to you, but nature was a kind of loving companion always with me, and always revealing to me some fresh beauty.

Ernest Rhys—*Rabindranath Tagore*.

(54) **The Message of Rabindranath Tagore.**

The union of nations, the destroying of caste, religious pride, race-hatred and race-prejudice--in a word, the "making of man," there lies his human aim. 'It is,' he says, 'the one problem of the present age and we must be prepared to go through the martyrdom of sufferings and humiliations till the victory of God in man is achieved.

Ernest Rhys.

(55) **Madame Caroline Werckner—A Heroic English Woman.**

"At a large German station, which almost all the prisoners' trains pass through, a lady went every night during all that long, long dreadful winter, and for the whole night, to feed, and warm, and comfort, and often to receive the last dying words of the miserable French prisoners, as they arrived in open trucks, some frozen to the bottom, some only as the dead, others to die in the station, all half-clad and starving. Some had been nine days and nights in these open trucks, many had been twenty-four hours without food. Night after night, as these long, terrible trainsful dragged their slow length into the station, she kneeled on its pavements, supporting the dying heads, receiving their last messages to their mothers; pouring wine or hot milk down the throats of the sick; dressing the frost-bitten limbs; and, thank God, saving many. Many were carried to the prisoners' hospital in the town, of whom about two-thirds recovered. Every bit of linen she had went in this way. She herself contracted incurable ill-health during these fearful nights. But thousands were saved by her means."

Florence Nightingale (1820-1910).

(56) **A Daughter of the Rana of Oodipur,—A Heroic Rajput Wife.**

Bernier, who was present, says, "I cannot forbear to relate the fierce reception which the daughter of the Rana gave to her husband, Jesswunt Sing, after his defeat and flight. When she heard he was nigh, and had understood what had passed in the battle; that he had fought with all possible courage; that he had but four or five hundred men left; and at last, no longer able to resist the enemy, had been forced to retreat; instead of sending some one to condole him in his misfortunes, she commanded in a dry mood to shut the gates of the castle, and not to let this infamous man enter; that he was not her husband; that the son-in-law of the great Rana could not have so mean a soul; that he was to remember, that being grafted into so illustrious a house, he was to imitate its virtue; in a word, he was to vanquish, or to die. A moment after, she was of another humour; she commands a pile of wood to be laid, that she might burn herself." "By which story one may see," says Bernier, "a pattern of the courage of the women in that country."

Rajasthan.

(57) **Edison.**

Edison was born in the year 1847. He never went to school. All the education he ever got was given to him by his mother. At the age of twelve he was put to work on a railway. Having a great deal to do with newspapers, he managed to pick up the art of printing, and by and by he printed a newspaper of his own in a luggage van. One day he rescued a station master's child which was nearly run over by a train. The station master out of gratitude taught him how to work the telegraph, which had been introduced just then. Young Edison

acquired great skill at the telegraph, and was soon employed as a telegraphist. *Wonders of Physical Science.*

(58) **Howard's Prison-reform.**

The career of John Howard was throughout a striking illustration of the same power of patient purpose. His sublime life proved that even physical weakness could remove the mountain in the pursuit of an end recommended by duty. The idea of ameliorating the condition of prisoners engrossed his whole thoughts and possessed him like a passion, and no toil, nor danger, nor bodily suffering could turn him from that great object of his life. Though a man of no genius and but moderate talent, his heart was pure and his will was strong. Even in his own time he achieved a remarkable degree of success; and his influence did not die with him, for it has continued powerfully to affect not only the legislation of England, but of all civilized nations, down to the present hour.

Self-help.

Smiles (1812-1904).

(59) **Johnson's Manliness**

Mr. Bateman's lectures were so excellent, that Johnson used to come and get them at second-hand from Taylor, till his poverty being so extreme, that his shoes were torn out, and his feet appeared through them, he saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ-church men, and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money, and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation.

Boswell's Johnson.

(60) **Alexander's Reproof of Luxury.**

Furthermore, Alexander perceiving on a time, that his friends became very dissolute and licentious in diet and life,

that there were also that used precious perfumes and sweet savours when they bathed themselves, more than there were that rubbed themselves with oil, that they had fine chamberlains to rub them in the bath, and to make their beds soft and delicate: he wisely and courteously rebuked them and said: "I marvel," said he, "that you which have fought so often in great battles, do not remember that they which travel, do sleep more soundly, than they that take their ease and do nothing: and that you do not mark that comparing your life, with the manner of life of the Persians, to live at pleasure is a vile thing, and to travel is princely. And now I pray you, can a man take pain to dress his own horse, or to make clean his lance or helmet, that for slothful curiosity's sake, disdaineth to rub his own body with his fingers?"

North's Translation of Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*.

(61) Gladstone's Ambition.

"Well," Gladstone said, "I do not think that I can tax myself in my life with ever having been much moved by ambition." If ambition means love of power or fame for the sake of glitter, decoration, external renown, or even dominion and authority in their own account—and all these are common passions enough in strong natures as well as weak—then his view of himself was just. He had none of it. Ambition in a better sense, the motion of a resolute and potent genius to use strength for the purposes of strength, to clear the path, dash obstacles aside, force good causes forward—such a quality as that is the very law of the being of a personality so vigorous, intrepid, confident, and capable as his.

John Morley—*Life of Gladstone*.

(62) **Sir Walter Scott as a Novelist.**

In Europe, as in England, Walter Scott remains as yet the last in the series of the great creative spirits of the human race. No one of his successors, however clear be the genius and the partial success of some of them, belongs to the same grand type of mind, or has now a lasting place in the roll of the immortals. Such is Scott, who, we may say has done for the various phases of modern history, what Shakespeare has done for the manifold types of human character.

Frederick Harrison.

(63) **Napoleon's Resolute Determination.**

One of Napoleon's favourite maxims was "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." His life, beyond most others, vividly showed what a powerful will could accomplish. He threw his whole force of body and mind direct upon his work. Imbecile rulers and the nations they governed went down before him in succession. He was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies—"There shall be no Alps." "Impossible," said he, "is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools."

Self-Help.

(64) **Carlyle's Poverty.**

Carlyle lived and worked in poverty, in most honourable poverty, most nobly accepted and even welcomed. There is nothing finer in literary history than the stern resolution with which he clung to a life of simplicity. Here, again, one must not exaggerate. His real difficulties about money lasted at most four or five years. During the greater part of his life he had nearly all that he seriously needed. At no time did his mode of living fall below the standard of comfort to which he had been accustomed.

Frederick Harrison.

(65) Charles Bradlaugh.

Without any of the advantages of birth, education or association and in spite of poverty, persecution and suffering, he rose to be one of the choice spirits of his time. He was the embodiment and impersonation of self-help and self-sacrifice. From an ordinary errand boy he rose to be one of the most powerful public men of his generation. From the day his parents turned him out of doors, a stripling lad new to the world, down to his last moments he knew no rest. His life was one long struggle against adversity. But his energy, force of character, his genius, his courage and his perseverance conquered all prejudices, and to-day his name finds an honourable place in the pages of his country's history.

From the Life of Charles Bradlaugh by Natesan and Co.

(66) Jeswant Sing.

The life of Jeswant Sing is one of the most extraordinary in the annals of Rajputana, and a full narrative of it would afford a perfect and deeply interesting picture of the history and manners of the period. Had his abilities, which were far above mediocrity, been commensurate with his power, credit, and courage, he might, with the concurrent aid of the many powerful enemies of Arungzebe, have overturned the Mogul throne. Throughout the long period of two and forty years, events of magnitude crowded upon each other.

Rajasthan.

(67) Gladstone's Industry.

Gladstone could do in four hours what it took any other man sixteen to do, and he worked sixteen hours a day. Nor was it mere mechanic industry; it was hard labour, exact, strenuous, engrossing, rigorous. No soldier held with sterner

regularity to the duties of his post. Needless to add that he had a fierce regard for the sanctity of time, although in the calling of the politician it is harder than in any other to be quite sure when time is well spent, and when wasted. His supreme economy here like many other virtues, carried its own defect, and coupled with his constitutional eagerness and his quick susceptibility, it led at all periods of his life to some hurry. To one correspondent he writes—"I hope you do not think my 'holiday' at Hawarden has proved my idleness, for I think ten hours a day has been a moderate estimate of my work here on public business, to which some other matters have had to be added."

Life of Gladstone.

(68) Dewuldevi, a Heroic Rajput Mother.

"Would that the gods had made me barren," said Dewuldevi, "that I had never borne sons who thus abandon the paths of the Rajput, and refuse to succour their prince in danger!" Her heart bursting with grief, and her eyes raised to heaven, she continued: "Was it for this, O universal lord, thou mad'st me feel a mother's pangs? Unworthy offspring! the heart of the true Rajput dances with joy at the mere name of strife." The young chiefs arose, their faces withered in sadness.

Rajasthan.

(69) Gladstone Refused the Offer of an Earldom.

He (Gladstone) remains, however of the belief that he ought not to avail himself of this most gracious offer. Any service that he can render, if small, will however, be greater in the House of Commons than in the House of Lords, and it has never formed part of his views to enter that historic chamber, although he does not share the feeling which led Sir R. Peel

to put upon record what seemed a perpetual or almost a perpetual self-denying ordinance for his family.

John Merley.

(70) **Mr. Gandhi—an Ascetic.**

He lives the life of an ascetic, eating the simplest fruits of the earth, sleeping on a plank of bed, in the open air, even in the midst of winter, and cares nothing for personal appearance. He has reduced himself to a condition of voluntary poverty, and it is understood that he now contemplates giving up the practice of law, believing that he has no right to obtain his livelihood from a profession that derives its sanction from physical force. He acknowledges no binding ties of kin or custom but only of religious obligation. He has tested his freedom from caste-prejudice by tending the wounds of a kaffir savage with his own hands. With him religion is everything, the world and its opinion nothing. He does not know how to distinguish Hindu from Mahomedan, Christian from infidel. To him all alike are brothers, fragments of the Divine, fellow-spirits struggling for expression. All he has he gives. With him, self-surrender, and absolute sacrifice are demands of his very nature. In actual fact he is a man of religion. His deep spirituality influences all around, so that no man dares to commit evil in his presence.

Natesan's Life of Gandhi.

(71) **Dr. J. C. Bose and Dr. P. C. Roy.**

In a sense we owe these laboratories to Dr. J. C. Bose and Dr. P. C. Roy, whose name will go down to posterity linked together as the two men who won for scientific work in India complete recognition. In support of what I am saying I may recall the words used by His Excellency Lord Carmichael. In

opening these laboratories in 1913, His Excellency said: "Good scientific work benefits not only the place where it is done but the whole world. By building these laboratories you have shown that you recognize the value of the work done by my friends, Dr. J. C. Bose and Dr. P. C. Roy, and that you recognize it in a way in which all truly scientific men would soonest see their work recognized by furnishing those distinguished men with better facilities to carry on their researches.

An extract from a speech delivered by Principal James, printed in the *Presidency College Magazine*.

(72) Mr. Gandhi's Forgiveness.

Though he had been bleeding from open wounds, and was tossing feverishly upon a sick-bed, he (Mr. Gandhi) issued the following manifesto to the Indian community, which had, for the moment, been taken aback by the suddenness of the assault :—

Those who have committed the act did not know what they were doing. They thought that I was doing what was wrong. They have had their redress in the only manner they know. I therefore request that no steps be taken against them. Seeing that the assault was committed by a Mahomedan or Mahomedans, the Hindus might probably feel hurt. If so, they would put themselves in the wrong before the world and their maker. Rather let the blood spilt to-day cement the two communities indissolubly—such is my heartfelt prayer. May God grant it.

Natesan's Life of Gandhi.

(D) EDUCATION, PHYSICAL, INTELLECTUAL
AND MORAL.(73) **How to Live.**

Health, without which life is not worth living, you will hardly fail to secure by early rising, exercise, sobriety, and abstemiousness as to food. Happiness, or misery, is in the mind. It is the mind that lives; and the length of life ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas, and not by the number of our days. Never, therefore, esteem men merely on account of their riches, or their station. Respect goodness, find it where you may. Honour talent wherever you behold it unassociated with vice; but honour it most when accompanied with exertion and especially when exerted in the cause of truth and justice; and above all things, hold it in honour, when it steps forward to protect defenceless innocence against the attack of powerful guilt.

Advice to Young Men.

Cobbett—1762-1835.

(74) **Parental Responsibilities.**

The restoration and uplifting of humanity begins in the home. The work of parents underlies every other. Society is composed of families and is what heads of families make it. Out of the heart are "the issues of life," and the heart of the community, of the church and of the nation is the household. The well-being of society, the success of the church, the prosperity of the nation, depend upon home influences.

Mrs. M. P. Menkel

"*Herald of Health*" for April, 1910.

(75) **Fresh Air.**

We should recognise that a third of our time is spent in our sleeping apartments. It is at this time we throw off the surplus ashes produced by the day's work, and also take into every cell fuel for future use. Fresh air is much needed at night time for both purposes. The notion that night air is injurious and should be excluded from the room, is quite a thing of the past. The freer the interchange of the bed-room with the outside air, the better. Abundance of fresh air day and night wonderfully reduces the liability to almost every disease. It may take time to accustom ourselves to it, but we will be repaid both in activity of mind and health of the body.

Howard James

"Herald of Health," December 1913.

(76) **Physical Labour—a Blessing.**

The amount of good we get out of work depends in a great measure upon the good we see in it, and the amount of physical and mental energy we invest. Therefore the wise man said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do it with thy might*" or put your heart into all you do. Though walking is the best of all exercises, very little good will result from a listless, aimless walk; but if with cheerful spirit, one throws his life into a brisk walk in the open air, with shoulders back and head erect, expecting adequate returns for the investment of time and strength, he will never be disappointed. The life current will flow more freely and every organ of the body will be benefited thereby. Not only does physical exercise build up, develop and strengthen the muscles, but it also develops the brain.

D. H. Kress

"Herald of Health" for July 1914.

(77) **Cleanliness.**

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, says the old proverb, and the modern discoveries in medical science not only confirm the old adage, but explain clearly the reason, and show why it is so. We now know that many diseases are not primarily due to any abnormal condition, but are actual invasions by other organisms; that cholera, small-pox and other diseases cannot originate of themselves but that the germs must be planted in us. Hence the great importance of cleanliness, not only in ourselves, but in the houses we live in, the clothes we wear, the water we drink, and the air we breathe.

Lord Avebury—*The Use of Life.*

(78) **The Cricket.**

'The master answers, 'I'm beginning to understand the game scientifically. What a noble game it is, too!'

'Isn't it? But it's more than a game. It's an institution,' said Tom.

'Yes,' said Arthur, 'the birthright of British boys old and young, as trial by jury is of British men.'

'The discipline and reliance on one another which it teaches is so valuable, I think,' went on the master, 'it ought to be such an unselfish game. It merges the individual in the eleven; he doesn't play that he may win, but that his side may.'

'That's very true,' said Tom, 'and that's why football and cricket, now one comes to think of it, are much better games than others where the object is to come in first or to win for oneself, and not that one's side may win.'

'And then the Captain of the eleven!' said the master, 'what a post is his in our school-world! almost as hard as the

Doctor's ; requiring skill and gentleness and firmness, and I know not what other rare qualities.'

Tom Brown's School-days

Hughes (1828—1896).

(79) True Wisdom.

If we thought and searched over the Universe—ay, I believe, only over this one little planet called Earth—for millions on millions of years, we should not get to the end of our searching. The more we learnt, the more we should find there was left to learn. All things, we should find, are constituted according to a Divine and wonderful order, which links each thing to every other thing ; so that we cannot fully comprehend any one thing without comprehending all things ; and who can do that, save He who made all things ? Therefore our true wisdom is never to fancy that we do comprehend : but to remember that those who say they understand, show, simply by so saying, that they understand nothing at all. All we can do is, to keep up the child-like heart, humble and teachable, though we grew as wise as Newton.

Madam How and Lady Why.

Charles Kingsley—1819-1875.

(80) Scientific Education must be Practical.

But if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical. That is to say, in explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature, you must, as far as possible, give reality to your teaching by object-lessons ; in teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself ; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own

knowledge. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled, by the absolute authority of nature, to believe that which is written in books.

Huxley (1825-1895) *Science and Education*.

(81) Education of Our Women.

That is why you men of India are to-day what you are : because your fathers in depriving your mothers of that immemorial birthright have robbed you their sons, of your just inheritance. Therefore I charge you, restore to your women their ancient rights, for, as I have said it is we, and, not you, who, are the nation-builders, and without our active co-operation at all points of progress, all your congresses and conferences are in vain. Educate your women, and the nation will take care of itself, for it is true to-day as it was yesterday, and will be to the end of human life that the hand that rocks the cradle is the power that rules the world.

An extract from a speech of

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu printed in
her *Life* by Natesan and Co.

(82) The Schools of Lilliput.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, clemency, modesty, religion, and love of their country ; they are always employed in some buisness, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions consisting of bodily exercises.

Swift (1667-1745) *Gulliver's Travels*.

(83) **The Asram or Forest School of Ancient India.**

The earliest shape taken of the philosophic school or University is found in the *Asram*, or forest school of ancient India. According to an old custom, the youth in his student days left home and went to stay with the *Guru* or wise man in his hermitage, there to lead the simple ascetic life of the learner and disciple, and to live close to the very heart of mother nature, away from all the excitements of the cities. This old ideal of education appealed very strongly to Rabindranath. Recently he has said, "We do not want now-a-days temples of worship and outward rites and ceremonies, what we really want is an *Asram*. We want a place where the beauty of nature and the noblest pursuits of man are in a pleasant harmony. Our temple of worship is there, where the outward nature and the human soul meet in union. Our only rites and ceremonies are self-sacrificing good works."

Ernest Rhys—*Rabindranath Tagore*.

(84) **Neglect of Literature.**

What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body; now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price for it! No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and re-read and loved and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book.

Sesame and Lilies. Ruskin, 1819-1900.

(85) How to Read the Best Poets of the World.

The immortal and universal poets of our race are to be read and re-read till their music and their spirit are a part of our nature ; they are to be thought over and digested till we live in the world they created for us ; they are to be read devoutly, as devout men read their Bible and fortify their hearts with psalms. For as the old Hebrew singer heard the heavens declare the glory of their Maker, and the firmament showing his handiwork, so in the long roll of poetry we see transfigured the strength and beauty of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles, the long life-history of our common kinds.

Choice of Books—Harrison.

(86) Taste for Reading.

Were I to pray for a taste that should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man ; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books.

Sir John Herschel—(1792-1871).

(87) An Ideal University.

In an ideal University, as I conceive it, a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge, and discipline in the use of all the methods by which knowledge is obtained. In such a University, the force of living example should fix the student with a noble ambition to emulate the learning of learned men, and to follow in the foot-steps of the explorers of new fields of knowledge. And the very air

he breathes should be charged with that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning; a nobler gift than the power of increasing knowledge; by so much greater and nobler than these, as the moral nature of man is greater than the intellectual; for veracity is the heart of morality.

Huxley—*Science and Education*.

(88) A Gentleman.

What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fire-side; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty.

The Four Georges.

Thackeray—1811-1863.

(89) Culture.

Culture is the moral and social passion for good; it is the study and perfection, and this perfection is the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality. It teaches us to conceive of perfection as that in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites the two noblest of things—Sweetness and Light.

Frederick Harrison's *Culture, a dialogue*.

(90) Discipline.

Above all things, let us maintain order, discipline and obedience to the commanders, upon which our entire hope of

safety depends. Let every man promise to lend his hand to the commanders in punishing any disobedient individual ; and let us thus show the enemy that we have ten thousand persons (like Klearchus), instead of that one whom they have so perfidiously seized. Now is the time for action. If any man, however obscure, has any thing better to suggest, let him come forward and state it ; for we have all but one object—the common safety.

The History of Greece.

Grote—1794-1871.

(91) **Prompt Obedience.**

The most unruly boys, weak in themselves --for unruliness is weakness—when they have to submit, it brings out all the good points in their characters. These boys, so easily led astray, they put themselves under the severest discipline, and after training sometimes come out the best of us all. The qualities which, when let alone, run to seed and do themselves and others nothing but harm, under proper discipline make fine fellows of them. And what is it to obey ? To obey means to do what we are told, and to do it at once. With the nurse, as with the soldier, whether we have been accustomed to it or not, whether we think it right or not, is not the question. Prompt obedience is the question. We are not in control but under control. Prompt obedience is the first thing.

Florence Nightingale's *Address to her Nurses.*

(92) **How to Steady a Boy.**

Five minutes afterwards the master of their form knocks at the Doctor's study-door. "Come in!" and as he enters, the Doctor says, "I want to speak to you about two boys in your form, East and Brown: I have just been speaking to them. What do you think of them?"

“Well, they are not hard workers, and very thoughtless and full of spirits—but I can’t help liking them. I think they are sound good fellows at the bottom.”

“I’m glad of it. I think so too. But they make me very uneasy. I should be sorry to lose them, but I shan’t let them stay if I don’t see them gaining character and manliness. In another year they may do great harm to all the younger boys.”

“Oh, I hope you won’t send them away,” pleaded their master.

“Not if I can help it. But now I never feel sure, after any half-holiday, that I shan’t have to flog one of them next morning, for some foolish, thoughtless scrape. I quite dread seeing either of them.”

They were both silent for a minute. Presently the Doctor began again—

“They don’t feel that they have any duty or work to do in the school, and how is one to make them feel it?”

“I think if either of them had some little boy to take care of, it would steady them.”

Tom Brown’s School-days

Abridged by Macfarlane.

(93) **Self-Help.**

God will help us, but at the same time it is necessary that we should help ourselves; he will give his blessing to our exertions, but we cannot expect that miracles will be performed for us; and if we remain as we now are, inactive, and taking no steps to meet the danger which threatens us, we cannot expect the divine assistance. We have had a heavy shock, but it is now time that we recover from it, and put our own shoulders to the wheel.

Masterman Ready—

Captain Marryat, 1792-1842.

(94) **Goodness versus Ability.**

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities ; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery, to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age ; but they suppose, truth, justice, temperance, and the like to be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience, and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments, could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified ; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply and defend his corruptions.

Gulliver's Travels.

(95) **How to be Happy.**

But we can not expect to be happy, if we do not lead pure and useful lives. To be good company for ourselves we must store our minds well ; fill them with pure and peaceful thoughts, with pleasant memories of the past, and reasonable hopes for the future. We must, as far as may be, protect ourselves, from self-reproach, from care, and from anxiety. We shall make our lives pure and peaceful by resisting evil, by placing restraint

upon our appetites, and perhaps even more by strengthening and developing our tendencies to good.

Lord Avebury—
The Pleasures of Life.

(96) **The Value of Cheerfulness.**

The value of cheerfulness as a curative measure was recognised as far back as the days of Solomon. Inspiration has left on record by the pen of this sacred writer the following epitome of a great truth. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit—drieth the bones" * * * If there is one thing more than another which helps to promote the health of body and soul, it is a spirit of cheerfulness, gratitude and praise. If there is one thing more than another which helps to wreck our digestive and nervous systems, it is a spirit of worry, complaining or discouragement. * * * Take the words of our Saviour "Be of good cheer" and follow the example of the early Christians. "They did eat their meat with gladness."

W. W. Worster, A.M., M.D.

(Extract from the *Herald of Health*.)

(97) **Religion, Our Truest Comfort in Life.**

The consolations of philosophy are very amusing but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery; and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. To religion, then, we must hold in every circumstance of life for our truest comfort.

The Vicar of Wakefield.

Goldsmith (1728-1774.)

(98) **Sweet are the Uses of Adversity.**

Think not thyself wholly forsaken though for a time I have sent thee some tribulation or even have withdrawn thy desired comfort, for this is the way to the kingdom of heaven. And without doubt it is more expedient for thee and for the rest of my servants, that ye be exercised with adversities than that ye should have all things according to your desires. If I send the affliction or any cross whatsoever, repine not nor let thy heart fail thee. If thou be wise, and consider this rightly, thou wilt never mourn so dejectedly for any adversity but rather rejoice and give thanks.

Imitation of Christ.

Thomas a Kempis (1380-1471.)

(99) **Love Your Enemies.**

But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you. To him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and from him that taketh away thy cloke withhold not thy coat also. Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. And if ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? for even sinners love those that love them. And if ye do good to them that do good to you what thank have ye? for even sinners do the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? even sinners lend to sinners, to receive again as much. But love your enemies, and do them good, and lend, never despairing; and your reward shall be great and ye shall be sons of the Most High; for he is kind towards the unthankful and the evil. Be ye merciful, even as your Father is merciful.

Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

(100) **Christianity is Active Morality.**

The Christian moral reformation may indeed be summed up in this—humanity changed from a restraint to a motive. We shall be prepared therefore to find that while earlier moralities had dealt chiefly in prohibitions, Christianity deals in positive commands. And precisely this is the case, precisely this difference made the Old Testament seem antiquated to the first Christians. They had passed from a region of passive into a region of active morality. The old legal formula began "*thou shalt not,*" the new begins with "*thou shalt.*" The youngman who had kept the whole law—that is, who had refrained from a number of actions—is commanded to do something, to sell his goods and feed the poor. A new continent in the moral globe was discovered. Active morality took its place by the side of Passive. To the duty of not doing harm, which may be called justice, was added the duty of doing good, which may properly receive the distinctively Christian name of Charity.

Sir J. R. Seeley (1834-1895).

"*Ecce Homo.*"

(E) MISCELLANEOUS.

(101) **Need of Principles.**

What is our one thing needful? To have high principles at the bottom of all. Without this, without having laid our foundation, there is small use in building up our details. That is as if you were to try to nurse without eyes or hands. We know who said, If your foundation is laid in shifting sand, you may build your house, but it will tumble down. But if you build it on solid ground, this is what is called being rooted and grounded in Christ.

Florence Nightingale.

(102) **Spirituality.**

It is the bounden duty of every human being to contribute something individual and distinct to the sum total of the world's progress to justify his existence, and is there any among you so small in spirit that he will not realise the dictum that Plato sent forth into the world—Man know thyself. Self-knowledge is only the first step in the ultimate destiny of man. You, sons of India whom I speak to to-day, and you daughters whom I am also addressing, know that you are responsible for the call upon you for ennobled lives, not merely for the glory and prosperity of your country, but for the higher patriotism that says the world is my country and all men are my brothers. You must ask for the larger vision that looks beyond the fleeting pomps and glories of to-day and knows that the destiny of the souls lies in immortality and eternity.

An extract from a speech of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu printed in her life by Natesan & Co.

(103) **True National Greatness.**

I believe that there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. Military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire, are, in my view, all trifles light as air, and not worth considering unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage: and unless the life of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed

there on the feelings and conditions of the people, rely on it, you have yet to learn the duties of Government.

An extract from a speech of John Bright (1811-1889).

(104) **Action—The Object of Life.**

Bright and glorious is the day before you ; white and full are the fields that wait for you ; girded and strong are the companions who will go with you ; beautiful upon the mountains shall be your feet, wherever they carry tidings of mercy. The state of the world is such, and so much depends upon action, that everything seems to say loudly, to every man, " Do something "—" do it "—" do it." Keep your heart with all diligence ; break away from every sin ; repent of every sin ; live unto God ; and your reward shall be what " ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

The Student's Manual

—Rev. John Todd.

(105) **The Telephone.**

The telephone enables us to send the speech itself over several hundred miles, over distances which the most powerful light from the highest lighthouse could not cover. That any one can speak into an instrument in London, and that at the same time a friend in Paris can hear his voice, and understand what he is saying, is a thing so wonderful that a person must have tried it for himself before he can quite believe it. Yet what is wonderful about it is not so much the fact of speech being communicated, as the distance across which the communication is made. It was not till 1876 that the telephone problem was solved really. The credit of the successful solution of this great problem is due to an American of the name of Graham Bell. As is very often the case, the successful instrument was extremely simple, so simple indeed that people were disappointed on

seeing it. It could be put together by a school-boy, and yet it was able to talk. From the very first Bell had seen the correct principle which must govern the construction of a good telephone.

Wonders of Physical Science.

(106) **Fear not Man.**

Who art thou that fearest a mortal man? To-day he is, but to-morrow he is seen no more. Fear God, and thou shalt not need to shrink from the terrors of men. What harm can the words or injuries of any man do thee? He hurteth himself rather than thee, nor shall he be able to avoid the judgment of God, whosoever he be. Do thou have God before thine eyes, and contend not with querulous words. And if for the present thou seem to be worsted and to suffer shame undeservedly, do not therefore, repine, neither do thou by impatience lessen thy crown. But rather lift thou up thine eyes to me in heaven, who am able to deliver thee from all shame and wrong and to render to every man according to his works.

Thomas à Kempis—*Imitation of Christ.*

(107) **Rajput Patriotism.**

In vain might we search the annals of any other nation for such inflexible devotion as marked the Rahtore character through this period of strife, during which, to use their own phrase, "hardly a chieftain died on his pallet." Let those who deem the Hindu warrior void of patriotism, read the rude chronicle of this thirty years' war, let them compare it with that of any other country, and do justice to the magnanimous Rajput. This narrative, the simplicity of which is the best voucher for its authenticity, presents an uninterrupted record of patriotism and disinterested loyalty.

Rajasthan

(108) The Röntgen Rays.

It was soon found that a great new fact had been added to the range of human knowledge. It was found that metallic bodies such as coins, bullets, and needles could be located in the flesh by means of the rays playing through it on to the screen. Instead of the screen, a photographic plate could be used, and pictures of their bodies could be obtained in a few minutes. Surgeons were not slow in using the great discovery in the hospitals and every large hospital has had a special staff of men trained in the use of the Röntgen Rays.

Wonders of Physical Science.

(109) The Mountains Afford Pleasure and Peace.

I suppose it might fairly be laid down that every intelligent and patriotic denizen of India, whether born there, or immigrant, ought at least once in life to see the great mountains. There are no grander sights in the whole world, none more exhilarating, more restorative, none better fitted to renew and freshen the tired student of books. There are the pleasures of the hills! Happy is he who knows them! There is one thing more, even better than the pleasure of the hills: and that is the peace of the hills. By a right instinct the ancient Hindus placed their heaven among the snows of the Himalayas. With good reason many of those who leave the world and follow the life of contemplation find a hermitage among the rocks of some lovely ridge fronting the snows. Peace does dwell in the hills.

H. R. James—*in Presidency College Magazine.*

(110) Position of Women in Rajputana.

Like the ancient German or Scandinavian, the Rajput consults her in every transaction: from her ordinary actions he draws the omen of success, and he appends to her name the

epithet of devi or 'god-like.' The superficial observer, who applies his own standard to the customs of all nations, laments with an affected philanthropy the degraded condition of the Hindu female, in which sentiment he would find her little disposed to join. He particularly laments her want of liberty, and calls her seclusion imprisonment. From the knowledge I do possess of the freedom, the respect, the happiness, which Rajput women enjoy, I am by no means inclined to deplore their state as one of captivity. "Where females are honoured (says Manu), there the deities are pleased; but where dishonoured, there all religious rites become useless:" and he declares, "that in whatever house a woman not duly honoured pronounces an imprecation, that house, with all that belongs to it, shall utterly perish."

Rajasthan.

(111) The Calcutta Durwan.

The people of Calcutta put a man in a little lodge close to the gate of their house, in order that loafers may be turned away, and the houses protected from theft. The natural result is that the durwan treats every body whom he does not know as a loafer, has an intimate knowledge of all the outgoing and incomings in that house, and controls, to a large extent, the nomination of servants. They say that one of the estimable class is now suing a bank for about three lakhs of rupees. Up-country, a Lieutenant-Governor's servant has to work for thirty years before he can retire on seventy thousand rupees of saving. The Calcutta durwan is a great institution.

The head and front of his offence is that he will insist upon trying to talk English. How he protects the houses Calcutta only knows. He can be frightened out of his wits by severe speech, and is generally asleep in calling hours. If

a rough round of visit be any guide, three times out of seven he is fragrant of drink.

Rudyard Kipling—(B. 1865) *From Sea to Sea*.

(112) Mark Twain on Fiction.

‘Personally I never care for fiction or story books. What I like to read about are facts and statistics of any kind. If they are only facts about the raising of radishes, they interest me. Just now, for instance, before you came in,’ he pointed to an Encyclopædia on the shelves—‘I was reading an article about “Mathematics.” Perfectly pure mathematics.

‘My own knowledge of mathematics stops at “twelve times twelve,” but I enjoyed that article immensely. I did not understand a word of it; but facts or what a man believes to be facts, are always delightful. That mathematical fellow believed in his facts. So do I. Get your facts first.’

Rudyard Kipling—*From Sea to Sea*.

(113) The Ancient Hindus a Naval People.

The Hindus of remote ages possessed great naval power, by which communication must have been maintained with the coasts of Africa, Persia, and Arabia, as well as the Australian archipelago. It is ridiculous, with all the knowledge now in our possession, to suppose that the Hindus always confined themselves within their gigantic barriers, the limits of modern India. The cosmography of the Purans, imperfect and puerile as it is, and some of the texts of Manu afford abundant evidence of an intimate intercourse between the countries from the Oxus to the Ganges, and even in their allegories, we trace fresh streams of knowledge flowing into India from that central region, stigmatized in the latter days as the land of the Barbarian (Mletcha). Manu corroborates the Purans, from which we infer

the fact, that in distant ages one uniform faith extended from Sacadwipa, the continent of the Sacæ, to the Ganges.

Rajasthan.

(114) **Air-ships.**

A balloon which can be driven in any chosen directions is called an "air-ship." Many such air-ships have been built within the last few years. They are shaped very much like a cigar. Some of them have cars made of light rods of steel or aluminium, and such air-ships have been navigated from one city to another over distances of sixty miles. Civilization has now arrived at a new stage of immense importance. For the first time in its long history mankind has entered into full possession of the realm of air. We have now a new road which needs no repairing, and extends all round the globe. Our race enters on a new era, and nobody can say what changes and improvements in our daily life are yet in store for us.

Wonders of Physical Science.

(115) **The English Character.**

They wish neither to command nor obey, but to be kings in their own houses. They are intellectual and deeply enjoy literature; they like well to have the world served up to them in books, maps, models and every mode of exact information, and though not creators in art, they value its refinement. They are ready for leisure, can direct and fill their own day, nor need so much as others the constraint of a necessity. But the history of the nation discloses at every turn their original predilection for private independence, and however this inclination may have been disturbed by the bribes with which their vast colonial power has warped men out of orbit, the inclination endures, and forms and reforms the laws, letters, manners and occupations. They choose that welfare which is compatible with the

common wealth, knowing that such alone is stable ; as wise merchants prefer investments in the three per cents.

English Traits—Emerson (1803-1880).

(116) **The Glories of Northern India and the Struggles of its Brave People.**

Northern India was rich from the earliest times ; that portion of it, situated on either side of the Indus formed the richest satrapy of Darius. It abounded in the more striking events which constitute the materials for history ; there is not a petty State in Rajasthan that has not had its Thermopylae, and scarcely a city that has not produced its Leonidas. But the mantle of ages has shrouded from view what the magic pen of the historian might have consecrated to endless admiration ; Somanath might have rivalled Delphos ; the spoils of Hind might have vied with the wealth of the Lybian king ; and compared with the array of the Pandus, the army of Xerxes would have dwindled into insignificance. But the Hindus either never had, or have unfortunately lost, their Herodotus and Xenophon.

If "the moral effect of history depend on the sympathy it excites," the annals of these states possess commanding interest. The struggles of a brave people for independence during a series of ages, sacrificing whatever was dear to them for the maintenance of the religion of their forefathers, and sturdily defending to death, and in spite of every temptation, their rights and national liberty form a picture which it is difficult to contemplate without emotion.

Rajasthan.

(117) Shortness of Life Desirable.

If life is a present which anyone foreknowing its contents would have willingly declined, does it not follow that anyone would as willingly give it up, having well tried what they are? I speak of the reasonable, the firm, the virtuous; not of those who, like bad governors, are afraid of laying down the powers and privileges they have been proved unworthy of holding. Were it certain that the longer we live the wiser we become and the happier, then indeed a long life will be desirable; but since on the contrary our mental strength decays, and our enjoyments of every kind not only sink and cease, but diseases and sorrows come in place of them, if any wish is rational, it is surely the wish that we should go away unshaken by years, undepressed by griefs, and undespoiled of our better faculties.

Landor's Imaginary Conversations (1775-1864).

(118) Ideals of Individuals and Nations.

It goes without saying that an ideal makes a man a man, and a nation a nation, and the higher the ideal, the better for the race, and for humanity at large. In the absence of a definite ideal, on the other hand, men rove at random like children playing hide-and-seek, and in the absence of a true ideal on the other their progress can never be real. A man of the highest ideal, whether a thinker or a doer is a pioneer, a leader, a man among men, but in any country, however favoured, the number of men with high ideals must at any time necessarily be very very limited. According to Comte, the family is the unit of society. To take a broader view, human society is composed of different nations, and each nation is a unit, the student community being its pulse. Past experience shows that the future of a nation depends on its students and more properly on their ideals.

Ravenshaw College Magazine—December, 1916.

(119) **The Art of Government.***The King of Brobdingnag's Opinion.*

I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of Government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by "secrets of state" where an enemy or some rival nation were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to commonsense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that "Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

Gulliver's Travels,

Swift—1667-1745.

(120) **Science and Scientists.**

We keenly appreciate the high value of the vitalising and inspiring influence which can be exercised by the sages of Western seats of learning who have consecrated their lives to the noble cause of search after truth and have officiated as high priests in her sacred temple...We are inspired by the invigorating belief that science in its ultimate assertions echoes the voice of the living God.

[An extract from an address delivered by the Hon'ble Sir Asutosh Mookerjee while laying the foundation stone of the Calcutta University College of Science.]

(121) **The Mission of India.**

Races and creeds have risen, thrived and decayed in other lands, but India is favoured, for, notwithstanding its abasement in many other particulars, the people of this country have been preserved from dangers, as though they were a people with a special mission entrusted to them. We represent a continuity of creed, of traditions, of literature, of philosophy, of modes of life and of forms of thought, which are peculiar to this land, and which have been carried to other countries by our illustrious ancestors in the past from this land. If the miraculous preservation of a few thousand Jews had a purpose, this more miraculous preservation of one-fifth of the human race is not due to mere chance. We are under the discipline of a high purpose.* *

* * With buoyant hope, with a faith that never shirks duty, with a sense of justice that deals fairly to all, with unclouded intellect, and powers fully cultivated, and lastly with a love that overleaps all bound, renovated India will take her proper rank among the nations of the world. This is the goal to be reached—this is the promised land. Happy are they who see it in distant vision, happier those who are permitted to work and clear the way on to it, happiest they who live to see it with their eyes and tread upon the holy soil once more.

Ranade—(Printed in his Life by Natesan.)

PART II.

SUBSTANCE WRITING : POETRY.

Hints and Examples.

The remarks that have been made on the writing of the substance of a passage of prose apply also to poetry. But there are one or two further observations that may be made.

1. Poetry is often more condensed in thought and expression than prose, and so it may happen that it is almost impossible to express the substance in fewer words than the original.

2. Poetry again is generally more *figurative* than prose. In writing the substance it may sometimes be necessary to simplify the figures of speech either by substituting other figures for them, or by giving their meaning in unfigurative language. "Man is his own star" might be rendered by "every one can guide his own destiny."

3. Poetry demands more imagination on the part of the reader than prose does as a rule. The "inner meaning" is not always evident on the surface, and it must be thought over with imagination.

Examples :—

1. I lay in sorrow, deep distressed :
My grief a proud man heard ;
His looks were cold, he gave me gold,
But not a kindly word.
My sorrow passed—I paid him back
The gold he gave to me ;
Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,
And blessed his charity.

I lay in want, in grief and pain :
 A poor man passed my way ;
 He bound my head, he gave me bread,
 He watched me night and day.
 How shall I pay him back again,
 For all he did to me ?
 Oh, gold is great, but greater far
 Is heavenly sympathy !

(Cal. Matric.)

Answer. As I lay in deep sorrow once, a rich but cold-hearted man heard my moans and gave me money but no kindly word. When I was well again I paid him back the money, and thanked him for his charity. On another occasion I was in grief and pain, and a poor man tended me, gave me food and constantly watched over me night and day. It is impossible for me to repay him, for sympathy is beyond the price of gold.

2. " I hear thee speak of the better land,
 Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
 Mother ! Oh where is that radiant shore ?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
 Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?"
 " Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 Far beyond the cloud, and beyond the tomb,
 —It is there, it is there, my child !"

(Cal. Matric.)

Answer. " Mother, I hear you speak of the ' better land.' Will you tell me where that country is ? Ought we not to try and

find it and be for ever happy? Is it where the palm-tree grows and the date ripens under sunny skies?" "My child, it has never been seen by mortal eye nor has ear ever heard its songs of joy. It cannot be imagined, for there is no sorrow there and time and death are unknown. This land is found in the life after death."

3. The tree may fall and be forgotten
And buried in the earth remain ;
Yet from its juices rank and rotten
Springs vegetating life again.
The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies ;
And things that are destroyed in seeming,
In other shapes and forms arise

Not a work but has its issue,
With blessing or with evil fraught.

(Cal. Matric., 1917.)

Answer. Nothing in the world wholly dies and though to all appearances many things are destroyed yet they rise in other forms. A tree may fall but its usefulness is not ended, for from the decayed matter life is given to something else. Likewise no action of ours dies—it has an influence either for good or evil.

4. They tell us of an Indian tree
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free
And shoot and blossom wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downwards again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth.

'Tis thus though wooed by flattering friends
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct back to thee.

(Cal. Matric., 1917.)

Answer. We have heard of an Indian tree whose boughs, though tempted by the sun to soar aloft shoot downwards to the earth which gave them life. In the same way, dear mother, though I am courted by flattering friends, my heart turns to thee.

5. Beside the sandal-tree a woodman stood
And swung the axe, and so the strokes were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk. The generous wood
With its own sweets perfumed the cruel blade.
Go thou and do the like : a soul endued
With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
And good for evil give, and love for hate.

(Cal. Matric., 1917.)

Answer. A woodman who cut down a sandal-tree noticed that in return for the cruel blows of the axe, the tree perfumed his blade with fragrant scents. Be thou taught by this. The truly pure nature finds supreme happiness in doing good, and in returning love for hate and good for evil.

6. The forest tree that stands alone,
Though huge and strong and rooted fast,
Unable long to bear the blast,
By furious winds is overthrown.
But trees that growing side by side
A solid mass together form,
Each sheltering each, defy the storm,
And green from age to age abide.

So too the man alone who stands,
However brave himself and wise,
But lacking aid from stout allies,
Falls struck to earth by hostile hands.

(Cal. Matric., 1917.)

Answer. Trees growing side by side shelter each other and are able to defy the storm, but a tree that stands alone is not able to do so. Likewise, a man who stands alone, though he may be brave and wise, falls a victim to his enemies.

7. How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will :
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;
Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ;
Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

(B. A. English, 1913.)

Answer. Truly happy is the man who is independent, honest, truthful, self-controlled, and utterly indifferent to life and fame, who constantly prays to God only for His grace, and spends his time in religious study or with a congenial friend. Such a man is above worldly ambition and fear, and though outwardly poor,

he is rich indeed because he is his own master. In other words true happiness springs from independence, morality and religion.

8. I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its lights no more the country side adorning ;
But whilst I grieved behold ! the East grew red
With morning.

I sighed that merry Spring was forced to go
And doff the wreaths that do so will become her ;
But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo !
'Twas Summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were killed,
By burning skies that scorched my early posies ;
But whilst for these I pined, my hands were filled
With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had once seemed nearer ;
But whilst I wept, I found a newer friend,
And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
Only that something better may be given ;
Until at last we find this earth exchanged,
For Heaven.

(B. A. English.)

Answer. Old pleasures, though their loss is for a time keenly regretted, are invariably succeeded by greater pleasures. Thus the sunset is followed by the glorious sun-rise, the flowery spring by bright summer, the daffodils by roses, one lost dear friend by another dearer. Similarly this earth with all its pleasures is changed for Heaven and its joys.

9. 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 :
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.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

(C. U. Intermediate English.)

Answer. Our perfection lies not in outward bulk, nor in length of life. The lily though so short-lived, is far more beautiful than a huge tree or an old oak. As beauty may be revealed in the smallest object, so perfection may be reached in the shortest life.

10. How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light,
When I think of my own native land—
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

(Calcutta University Intermediate.)

Answer. The mind flies faster than the raging tempest and rays of light. So the very moment I think of my native land, I am there in my mind. But the next moment, recollecting where I am, I am plunged in despair.

Exercises.

(1) God.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are all reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

Moore, 1779-1852.

(2) The Universal Prayer.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay,
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.
Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.
Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me

Pope, 1688-1744.

(3) **Adam's Morning Hymn.**

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy glorious works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Hail Universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good.

Milton, 1608-1674.

(4) **The Ant and the Cricket.**

Says the ant to the cricket, * * *
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But, tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm? Said the cricket,
"Not I.

My heart was so light
That I sang day and night
For all nature looked gay."

"You sang, Sir, you say?

Go then," said the ant, "and dance winter away,"
Thus ending he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good;
If you live without work you must live without food!

Anon.

(5) **The Miller of the Dee.**

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee,

He wrought and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he,
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me"

I love my wife, I love my friends
I love my children three ;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill, that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me.

C. Mackay, 1814-1889.

(6) **Under the Greenwood Tree.**

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to be in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Shakespeare, 1564-1616.

(7) **Freedom.**

Fair Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves how'er contented, never know,
The mind attains, beneath her happy reign
The growth that nature meant she would attain.

* * * * *

But they that fight for freedom, undertake
 The noblest cause mankind can have at stake ;
 Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
 A blessing, freedom is the pledge of all.
 O liberty ! the prisoner's pleasing dream
 The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme ;
 Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse.

Cowper, 1731-1800

(8) **Extract from the Pied Piper of Hamelin.**

One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way ;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say,—
 'It's dull in our town since my playmates left !
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me :
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And everything was strange and new ;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were born with eagle's wings ;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the hill,
 Left alone against my will,

To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more !

R. Browning, 1812-1889.

(9) **To the Cuckoo.**

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !
O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

Michael Bruce, 1746-1757

or (by some ascribed to)

John Logan, 1748-1788.

(10) **Solitude.**

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day ;
Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mixed, sweet recreation ;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Pope.

(11) **Contentment.**

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

* * * *

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

Dyer, 1700-1758

(12) **Casabianca.**

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but he had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
 Shone round him o'er the dead ;
 Yet beautiful and bright he stood
 As born to rule the storm !
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form !
 The flames roll'd on—he would not go
 Without his father's word.

Felicia Hemans, 1793-1835.

(13) **The Hermit.**

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;
Remote from man, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself.

Parnell, 1679-1717.

(14) **Native Land.**

Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand !
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

Scott, 1771-1832.

(15) **The Daffodils.**

The waves beside them danced but they,
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company :
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Wordsworth, 1770-1850.

(16) **The Days that are No More.**

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends,
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends ;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

Southey, 1774-1843.

(17) **The Light of Other Days.**

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

Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

T. Moore.

(18) **The Days that are No More.**

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more,
So sad so fresh, the days that are no more.

Tennyson, 1809-1892.

(19) **The Soldier's Dream.**

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.
Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.
Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary and worn ;
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Campbell, 1777-1844.

(20) **The Lion and the Cub.**

A lion cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind ;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts,

With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president.
 He caught their manners, looks, and airs ;
 An ass in every thing but ears !
 If e'er his Highness meant a joke
 They grin'd applause before he spoke ;
 But at each word what shouts of praise ;
 Goodness ! how natural he brays !
 Elate with flattery and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat ;
 Forward and fond to show his parts
 His highness brays ; the lion starts,
 ' Puppy ! that curs'd vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation :
 Cox-combs an ever-noisy race
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace.
 " Why so severe ! " the cub replies
 " Our senate always held me wise ! "
 ' How weak is pride ' returned the sire :
 " All fools are vain when fools admire !
 But know, what stupid asses prize
 Lions and noble beasts despise." *Gay, 1688-1732*

(21) **Canute and the Tide.**

" Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the
 sign ? "
 Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, " Land and Sea, my Lord
 are thine."
 Canute turned towards the ocean—" Back !" he said " thou
 foaming brine ;
 From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to
 retreat ;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's
seat.
Ocean, be thou still ! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet !"
But the sullen ocean answered with louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the
shore,
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and Court-
iers bore.
And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human
clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas
obey ;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that
day.

W. M. Thackeray, 1811-1863.

(22) **The Folly of Thinking Too Much of Self.**

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence.
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around in all that's done
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

Cowper.

(23) **Content.**

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
O, sweet content !
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
O, punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?

O, sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face.

T. Dekker, 1575-1641.

(24) **The Gifts of God.**

When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure

Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)

Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness.
Let him be rich and weary that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

Herbert, 1593-1633.

(25) **Hope.**

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus with delight we linger, to survey
The promised joys of Life's unmeasured way ;
Thus, from afar each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been :
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

Campbell.

(26) **Virtue.**

Ah ! Why should Virtue dread the frowns of Fate ?
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create !
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay,
A world with Memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of happiness, an honest breast.

Rogers, 1763-1855.

(27) **The Nightingale and Glow-worm.**

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern ;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other ;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting, in eath other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim ;
Peace both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

Cooper

(28) **Bliss of Ignorance.**

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemned alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain ;
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate ?
Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

Gray, 1716-1771.

(29) **On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture.**

Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting words shall pass my lips no more :
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learnt at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Cooper.

(30) **The Fountain.**

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night !
Into the moon light,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow !
Into the star light

Rushing in spray,
 Happy at midnight,
 Happy by day !
 Ever in motion,
 Blithe-some and cheery,
 Still climbing heaven-ward,
 Never weary !
 Glad of all weathers,
 Still seeming best,
 Upward or downward
 Motion thy rest ;
 Full of a nature
 Nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment
 Ever the same.
 Ceaseless aspiring,
 Ceaseless content,
 Darkness or sunshine
 Thy Element ;
 Glorious fountain !
 Let my heart be
 Fresh, changeful, constant,
 Upward like thee !

R. Lowell, 1819-1891.

(31) Contentment.

Lovely, 'asting peace of mind !
 Sweet delight of human kind !
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the favourites of the sky.
 With more of happiness Below
 Than victors in a triumph know

Whither, oh whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calm and ease?

Parnell.

(32) **Mother Country.**

Oh what is that country
And where can it be,
Not mine own country
But dearer far to me?
Yet mine own country
If I one day may see
Its spices and cedars,
Its gold and ivory
Oh what is a king here,
Or what is a boor?
Here all starve together
All dwarf'd and poor;
Here Death's hand knocketh
At door after door,
He thins the dancers
From the festal floor.

Rossetti, 1830-1894.

(33) **The Village Blacksmith.**

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

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

Longfellow, 1807-1882.

(34) **Hope.**

Hope humbly then : with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Pope.

(35) **Time.**

The lapse of time and rivers is the same,
Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;
The silent pace, with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay !
Alike irrevocable both when passed,
A wide ocean swallows both at last.
Though each resembles each in every part,
A difference strikes at length the musing heart :
Streams never flow in vain ; where streams abound
How laughs the land with various plenty crowned ;
But time, that should enrich the noble mind
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

Cowper.

(36) **Sleep.**

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,
And could not win thee, sleep, by any stealth :
So do not let me wear to-night away ;
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?
Come blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health.

Wordsworth.

(37) **The Village Preacher.**

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain

* * * *

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave e'er charity began.
'Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side.
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.

Goldsmith, 1728-1774.

(38) **Perfection of Life.**

For, from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,

Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment ; but from these,
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Akenside, 1721-1770.

(39) **To Adversity.**

Thy form benign, O Goddess wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart,
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.

Gray.

(40) **The Castaway.**

But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.
No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone :
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

Cowper.

(41) **New Year's Day.**

Oh ! there are those who love the pensive song,
To whom all sounds of mirth are dissonant,

There are who at this hour
Will love to contemplate !
For hopeless sorrow hails the lapse of time ;
Rejoicing, when the fading orb of day
Is sunk again in night,
That one day more is gone !
And he who bears affliction's heavy load
With patient piety, well pleased he knows
The world a pilgrimage,
The grave an inn of rest !

Southey.

(42) **Ring out, Wild Bells.**

Ring out the old, ring in the new :
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor ;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Tennyson.

(43) **The Race of Man.**

To Contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man :
And they that creep, and they that fly
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day ;
In Fortune's varying colours drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust, to rest.

Gray.

(44) **Luxury.**

O luxury ! thou curst by heaven's decree
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own :
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
 Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink and spread a ruin round.

Goldsmith.(45) **Patriotism.**

“ Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his foot-steps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there be, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name ;
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch concentred all in self,
 Living shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

Scott

(46) **Home and Country.**

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
 Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet,
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
 Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

Montgomery, 1771-1854.

(47) **Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.**

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Gray.

(48) **Village Master.**

Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.

The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage ;
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.

Goldsmith.

(49) **The Counsel of Polonius.**

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man...
Neither a borrower nor a lender be
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry,
This above all : to thine ownself be true.

Shakespeare.

(50) **Moral Beauty Superior.**

Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring,
In the bright eye of the Hesper or the Morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? a the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?

The graceful tear that streams for other's woes ?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate ; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and Love protect the scene ?

Akenside.

(51) **Alexander Selkirk.**

Society, friendship and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Cowper.

(52) **Growth of Love.**

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray ;
And brighter star, a richer bloom,
Than ever did western heaven illumine,
At the close of summer day.
'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven,
Love, gentle, holy pure ;
But, tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The scorching sun, the open sky
She never could endure,
So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart

Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit
Least knows its happy part.

Keble, 1792-1865.

(53) **Love.**

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say "I love and I love!"
Green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sleeps, and he sings, and for ever sings he,
"I love, my Love, and my Love loves me."

Coleridge, 1772-1834.

(54) **Universal Love.**

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds
Another still, and still another spreads:
Friend, parent, neighbours, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the overflowings of the mind,
Take every creature in of every kind;
Earth smiles round, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Pope.

(55) **The Builders.**

In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the God sees everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house where God may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.
Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time :
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Longfellow.

(56) **The Happy Warrior.**

Who is the happy warrior ?
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass :
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.

Wordsworth.

(57) **Man's Immortality.**

Yet 'tis divinity's implanted fire
Which bids the soul to glorious heights aspire ;
Expands her wishes, and extends her sights
Beyond this little life's contracted round ;
And wings her eagle flight
To grandeur fame and bliss beyond a bound.

Ambition's ardent hopes and golden dreams
Her towering madness, and her wild extremes,
Unfold this sacred truth to reason's eye
That "man was made for immortality."

H. Moore.

(58) **Soul Immortal.**

So is it
With the great stream of things, if all were seen ;
Good the beginning, good the end shall be,
And transitory evil only make
The good end happier. Ages pass away,
Thrones fall, and nations disappear, and worlds
Grow old and go to wreck ; the soul alone
Survives, and what she chooseth for herself,
The arbiter of her own destiny,
That only shall endure.

Southey.

(59) **The Soul.**

'There is a calm for those who weep !
A rest for weary pilgrims found :
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,
The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day !
The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die !

Montgomery.

(60) **The Dying Saint to His Soul.**

Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly ;
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death where is thy sting ?

Pope.

(61) **Legitimate Prayer.**

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice :
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer ;
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives He gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions and a will resigned ;
For love which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat ;

Johnson, 1707-1784.

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• (62) **Prayer.**

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?

Tennyson.

Part III.

STORY-TELLING AND THOUGHT-DEVELOPING.

Hints and Examples.

These two subjects may be treated together, because in each case there is to be an amplification or expansion of a set theme. It is not easy to give many hints that would be of value—the questions are self-explanatory—but there are two points that must be insisted on :—

1. Be sure to write on the subject given. If you do not understand it, you would do better to omit it altogether and give the time to another question. You will get no credit for writing on a wrong subject.

2. It is not necessary to write at great length. By looking at the examples of answers appended it will be seen that they would cover about twelve to fifteen lines.

Examples.

(1) Amplify the following into a short story and add a moral :—

A hare, in a match with a tortoise, trusting to his swiftness, slept, while the tortoise steadily plodding reached the goal first. (Cal. Matric.)

Answer. Once a race was arranged between a hare and a tortoise. The hare was very contemptuous of the slow speed of the tortoise and when the signal was given to start, the hare lay down for a little nap intending to catch the tortoise late.

But the hare overslept itself and the tortoise plodded on, and reached the winning post just as the hare woke up. The latter, overcome with shame became extremely angry when the tortoise smilingly said :—“The race does not always go to the swift nor the battle to the strong.”

(2) Amplify the thought contained in the following lines :—

'Tis a very good world we live in ;
 To lend or to spend or to give in ;
 But to beg or to borrow or get a man's own,
 'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

(Cal. Matric.)

Answer. It will be often noticed by us in the course of our lives that if we wish to borrow anything or get something that belongs to another, we shall experience great difficulty. It is a simple matter for us to lend to another ; it is likewise an easy thing to spend or to give in ; but when we need something from another, we find that the world and everyone in it turn selfish and meet us with all kinds of excuses. (Shakepeare treats of such selfishness and ingratitude in his tragedy of *King Lear* and in that play we see his abhorrence of these vices.) The world smiles on us while we are able to give, but frowns when we wish to beg or borrow.

(3) Develop the following, and complete the story as you like :—

Two boys, while digging a hole, find an old gold coin, in a beautiful state of preservation. They discuss what they should do with it.

(Cal. Matric.)

Answer. One day, while two boys were digging a hole in their garden preparatory to planting a young shrub, they came across a gold coin. After cleaning it thoroughly and polishing

it up, they began to wonder what they would do with it. They could see that it was a very valuable coin and that, if sold, the money obtained would buy them many things they had set their heart on. One of the boys suggested that they should take it to the jeweller's and take what he offered them for it. But the other persuaded his friend to go to their school-master and ask him about the coin. When they were told that it was a gold piece dating back to the time of the great Asoka and that such a specimen was extremely rare, they decided to offer it to the Indian Museum at Calcutta, so that others could share in the pleasure of seeing it. Their offer was gratefully accepted and it was forthwith despatched. There it was mounted and placed in a case with other coins and printed neatly below are the words :—" Presented by Ram Prasad Biswas and Bimal Chandra Gupta."

(4) Expand the thought contained in the following :—

Sleep is on his way to the Earth, where many are calling him, but it is not to those he hastens, for every call only makes him fly further off. Sedate and grave as he looks, he is really very capricious. (Cal. Intermediate.)

Answer. Day is for work and night for rest. Such is the wise dispensation of Providence. Men sleep at night and thereby refresh themselves. Sleep is "tired Nature's sweet restorer" but everybody cannot enjoy it. Nay, strange as it may seem, the more you seek it the less you have it. The poor day-labourer who does not at all seek sleep, falls asleep the moment he is abed, and all night sleeps in Elysium. On the other hand, the sufferers who eagerly court Sleep have often to remain awake the whole night, though they may have tried the softest beds and the most ingenious methods of inducing sleep.

(5) Expand the thought contained in the following passage :—

Those who are quite satisfied sit still and do nothing, those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world. (Cai. Intermediate.)

Answer. There is such a thing as “noble discontent” and it comes to those people who are dissatisfied with the world and its ways. Other people there are—and they are generally those who possess more than their share of this world’s goods—who are content to pass their lives as comfortably as possible, and to do nothing for their poorer brethren. Honour to those who feel for others and try their very best to make this world a happier place for those around them, and for posterity. They are not content to “sit still and do nothing,” but are consumed with a passion for doing anything that leads to the betterment of their fellows. These men are the true and only benefactors of their race.

(6) Expand the following outline into a story and add a moral to it:—

A carter was driving along a muddy road when his cart stuck in the mud. He called on Hercules helplessly. The God appeared, reproached him and told him that he must put his shoulder to the wheel. (Cal. Intermediate.)

Answer. Once a carter was driving his cart along a muddy lane when the wheels of the cart became deeply embedded in the mire. Without trying to disengage the cart himself, he called with urgent prayers on Hercules. The God of strength came and reproached him for not putting his shoulder to the wheel. He said to the driver: “First do all that is possible yourself, and then, if necessary, “Heaven will lend its aid.” On hearing this, the driver got down from the cart and with his whole strength began to try and turn the wheels, at the same time urging on the oxen. And lo! the cart moved, and the oxen with the carter’s help pulled it out of the mud on to firmer

ground whence it could continue its journey. Hercules as he disappeared, smilingly said to the carter "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

(7) Read the following carefully and tell in your own words the story narrated in the poem :—

'Only a Soldier.'

Unarmed and unattended walks the Czar
Through Moscow's busy street one winter day.
The crowd uncover as his face they see :
"God greet the Czar!" they say.
Along his path there moved a funeral,
Grave spectacle of poverty and woe—
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man
Slowly across the snow.
And on the sledge, blown by the winter wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare ;
And he who drew it bent before his load
With dull and sullen air.
The emperor stopped, and beckoned to the man,
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, sire!" the short reply,—
"Only a soldier, dead."
"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar :
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.
Move on, I follow. Such an one goes not
Unhonoured to his grave."
He bent his head, and silent raised his cap :
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Followed the coffin as again it went
Slowly across the snow.
The passers of the street, all wondering,

Looked on that sight, then followed silently ;
 Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
 All in one company.
 Still as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
 Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
 Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
 Honoured the poor and brave. (Cal. Matric.)

N. B.—Here is the same type of question asked in a different way. Note the instruction “in your own words.” Read the passage through several times and then without reference to the original relate the story.

Answer. As the Czar of Russia was walking through the streets of Moscow one day alone, he saw a poor man dragging along on a sledge a rough coffin. The Emperor beckoned to him and asked him whom he was taking to the grave. He replied, “Only a soldier, Sir.” This remark made the Czar thoughtful, and he said, “Only a soldier ! Yet he was one of my fellow countrymen who was poor and brave, and I do not wish that he should go to his grave unhonoured.” So with bared and bowed head the all-powerful Czar followed the coffin. His example was followed by all the passers in the street until at the graveside there were thousands—led by this generous soul—gathered to do the poor soldier reverence.

(8) Read the verses which follow : then tell in prose and as briefly as you can the story they imply :—

Home they brought her warrior dead ;
 She nor swooned nor uttered cry ;
 All her maidens, watching, said
 “She must weep or she will die.”
 They praised him, soft and low,
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;

Yet she neither spoke nor moved.
Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.
Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
“ Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

(Calcutta University Intermediate.)

Answer. The dead body of a warrior was brought home from a battle-field. The grief of the widow “too deep for tears,” was likely to break her heart. In vain did her maidens lavish praise on the dead hero and remove his face-cloth ; the widow was speechless and tearless still. At last an old nurse placed the widow’s child on her lap. This recalled her duty to the living, and exclaiming “I will live for you, my sweet child,” she burst into tears, thus saving her life.

Exercises—(A) Story-Telling.

Develop the following into a complete story, adding a moral :—

(a) A fox once seeing a crow with a piece of cheese praised the crow and wished to hear a song from it. Thus flattered, the crow began to sing when the cheese fell and was snapped up by the fox.

(b) The frogs once sent up a petition to Jove for a king, and were given a huge log. Not satisfied, they asked for another king, and had a big stork which began to gobble them.

(c) The hares once seeing a troop of wild horses determined out of fear to drown themselves in a lake, but when they got

near the bank, they saw a troop of frogs who having been frightened by the hares were jumping into the water.

(*d*) A woodman once received a serpent apparently dead. On coming to life the serpent tried to bite the woodman's son and was cut in two by the woodman himself.

(*e*) A merry grasshopper once took an ant to task for laying up food for the winter instead of making itself merry. When the winter came, the grasshopper died of starvation, while the ant lived happily.

(*f*) An ass once put on a lion's skin, and all fled at his approach, but as soon as he brayed he was recognised and given a sound cudgelling.

(*g*) Once a miser buried his gold in a hole and looked at it every day. A robber knowing this, took out the gold. So the miser was disconsolate, but a wise neighbour, on learning that no use had been made of the gold, advised him to console himself by looking at the hole every day, as before.

(*h*) A fox having fallen into a deep well told a goat that apprehending a drought he had jumped into the well. The goat at once jumped down, and the sly fox by putting his foot on the horns of the goat managed to escape.

(*i*) A milk-maid with a pail of milk on her head first thought of buying fowls with her money and gradually a new frock by wearing which she would attract young men and toss her head. She then actually tossed her head and the pail fell off.

(*j*) A thirsty crow came upon a pitcher of water, but unable to drink, he threw one pebble after another into the pitcher till the water mounted up and he could satisfy his extreme thirst.

(*k*) Androcles, from his injured lord, in dread
Of instant death, to Lybia's desert fled.
Tir'd with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
He spied at length, a cavern's cool retreat ;

But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
 When, hugest of his kind, a lion came :
 He roar'd approaching ; but the savage din
 To plaintive murmurs chang'd,—arrived within,
 And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
 Presenting, aid implor'd from whom he saw :
 The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
 Dar'd not awhile afford his trembling hand,
 But bolder grown at length, inherent found
 A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
 The cure was wrought : he wip'd the sanious blood,
 And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
 Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
 Regales his inmate with the parted prey :
 Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepar'd
 Spread on the ground, and with a lion shar'd.
 But thus to live—still lost, sequester'd still—
 Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge an heavier ill.
 Home, native home !—oh might he but repair !
 He must, he will, though death attends him there.
 He goes, and doom'd to perish, on the sands
 Of the full theatre unpitied stands !
 When lo ! the self-same lion from his cage
 Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.
 He flies, but viewing his purpos'd prey
 The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
 And soften'd by remembrance into sweet
 And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
 Mute with astonishment, th' assembly gaze ;
 But why, ye Romans ? whence your mute amaze ?
 All this is nat'ral :—nature bad him rend
 An enemy ; she bids him spare a friend.

Write in your own words the story contained in the above poem. (B. A.—English.)

(i) Read the verses which follow, then briefly tell the story they imply :—

Charge of the Light Brigade.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
“Forward the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !” he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
“Forward the Light Brigade !”
Was there a man dismayed ?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered :
Their’s not to make reply,
Their’s not to reason why,
Their’s but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered ,
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke ,
 Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the Six Hundred.
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of Six Hundred.
When can their glory fade ?
O, the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade
 Noble Six Hundred.

Tennyson.

(B) **Thought-developing.**

Expand :—

- (a) "Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we."
- (b) "He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small :
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
- (c) "The rank is but the guinea's stamp."
- (d) "Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."
- (e) "Deep harm to disobey,
Since obedience is the bond of rule."
- (f) "A little learning is a dangerous thing."
- (g) "Men may come and men may go
But I (the brook) go on for ever."
- (h) "An honest man's the noblest work of God."
- (i) "Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."
- (j) "Virtue alone is happiness below."
- (k) "If virtue feeble were.
Heaven itself would stoop to her."
- (l) "They also serve who only stand and wait."
- (m) "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."
- (n) "All that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
- (o) "Love is heaven and heaven is love."

- (*p*) "Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."
- (*q*) "Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell."
- (*r*) "The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."
- (*s*) "Tell me whom you admire and I will tell you what
you are, at least as regards your tastes and character."
- (*t*) "Morality can in no way be separated from religion."
- (*u*) "Every man is the architect of his own fortune."
- (*v*) "The nation comes from the nursery."
- (*w*) "Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for
being eminent."
- (*x*) "The prodigal robs his heir; the miser robs himself."
- (*y*) "The coin that is most current among mankind is
flattery."
- (*z*) "By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy;
but in passing it over he is superior."

Part IV.

UNIVERSITY QUESTIONS. CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY.

Matriculation Examination, 1910.

1. Give in plain English the substance of the following passages:—

(*a*) In his early days Fitzgerald made experiments in diet, and gradually settled down into vegetarianism. He felt at first a loss of physical power, but this passed off, and he believed he gained in lightness of spirit. He lived practically on bread and fruit, with sometimes cheese and butter. But he was not a bigoted vegetarian. To avoid an appearance of singularity he

would eat meat at other houses, and provided it in plenty for his guests. He was abstemious, but not a total abstainer.

(*b*) The good servant prefers his employer to himself. The good employer considers the welfare of his servant more than his own profit. From the sweeping of a floor to the governing of a country—from the baking of a loaf to the watching by the sick-bed of a friend—there is the same rule everywhere. Let the thought of self intrude, let the worker but pause to consider how much reward his work will bring to him, and the power of his genius will be gone from him.

(*c*) Shylock, the Jew, lived at Venice; he was an usurer who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between the covetous Jew and the generous merchant, Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange) he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

(*d*) After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the Governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to the climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance. Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a

rustling noise behind ; on turning about I was terribly frightened at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma ? I had not even a moment for reflection ; my piece was only charged with swan shot, and I had no other about me ; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also.

2. Amplify the following into short stories and add a moral :—

(a) As a dog was crossing a river, with a morsel of flesh in his mouth, he saw, as he thought, a bigger piece in the water : so he dropped what he had, to catch at what was a shadow, and lost both.

(b) A dog lay in a manger where he neither ate the grain himself nor let the cow eat it.

3. Given in plain English the substance of the following :—

(a) Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.
Thus the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages,
Of eternity.

(b) He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride ;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,

Little be it or much :
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

- (c) Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee ;
All things are passing.
God never changeth.
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things ;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting ;
Alone God sufficeth.

1911.

1. Give in plain English the substance of : —

- (a) Like my little garden
May I grow sweet and fair :
With kindly words and action
For ev'ry one to spare.
May the good seed flourish well
In my little heart,
And all the vain and wicked thoughts
Like evil weeds depart.
- (b) See the wretch that long hath tossed
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost
And breathe and walk again :
The meanest flower of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

(c) Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge,
Nature's wealth and learning's spoils
Win from School and College ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

(d) Who shall be nearest,
Noblest and dearest,
Named with honour and pride evermore ?
He the undaunted,
Whose banner is planted
On Glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar :
Fearless of danger,
To falsehood a stranger,
Looking not back while there's Duty before ;
He shall be nearest,
He shall be dearest,
He shall be in our hearts evermore !

2. Amplify the following into short stories and add a moral :—

(a) A hare, in a match with a tortoise trusting to his swiftness, slept, while the tortoise steadily plodding reached the goal first. (See Example (1), Part III.)

(b) A villager found a snake almost frozen to death, which he took home, and warmed near the fire, when the snake darted at the children of the house and was instantly killed.

3. Give in plain English the substance of the following extracts :—

(a) In the present day it is not necessary that generals or great officers should fight with their own hand, because it is their duty to direct the movements and exertions of their followers.

The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the enemy, and men seldom mingle together and fight hand to hand. But in the ancient times, kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle, and fight like ordinary men with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence that they should be strong men and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful that he came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain.

(*b*) In this life there are no gains without pains. Life indeed would be dull if there were no difficulties. Games lose their zest if there is no real struggle, if the result is a foregone conclusion. Both winner and loser enjoy a game most if it is closely contested to the last. No victory is a real triumph unless the foe is worthy of the steel. Whether we like it or not, life is one continuous competitive examination.

(*c*) Queen Victoria, when a little girl, was taught economical habits by her excellent governess. The Princess had a set allowance for pocket money, and was not permitted to exceed it. Once at the Bazaar at Tunbridge Wells, she had expended all her supply of money in a number of presents for relations and friends. As she was leaving she remembered another cousin to whom she thought she would like to make a present. She saw a box marked half-a-crown, which she considered would be just the very thing for him. But alas! the money was all gone. The people in the shop said they would just enclose the box with the other articles, but her governess said, 'No! You see the Princess has not the money, and so of course she cannot buy the box.' The shopkeepers then said they would reserve the box, and when the next pocket money came due, the Princess mounted her donkey and was at the Bazaar for the coveted box by seven o'clock in the morning!

(d) A man in the East, where they do not require as much clothing as in colder climates, gave up all worldly concerns and retired to a wood, where he built a hut and lived in it. His only clothing was a piece of cloth which he wore round his waist. But, as ill-luck would have it, rats were plentiful in the wood, so he had to keep a cat. The cat required milk to feed it, so a cow had to be kept. The cow required tending, so a cow-boy was employed. The boy required a house to live in, so a house was built for him. To look after the house a maid had to be engaged. To provide company for the maid, a few more houses had to be built, and people invited to live in them. In this manner a little township sprang up.

The man said, 'The further we seek to go from the world and its cares, the more they multiply !'

1912.

7. Give in plain English the substance of any two of the following passages :—

(a) One day when the prince Siddhartha with a large retinue drove through the eastern gate of the city on the way to one of his parks, he met on the road an old man broken and decrepit. One could see the veins and muscles over the whole of his body, his teeth chattered, he was covered with wrinkles, bald and hardly able to utter hollow, and unmelodious sounds. He was bent on his stick and all his limbs and joints trembled. "Who is that man?" said the prince to his coachman. "He is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth chatter, his body is wasted away : leaning on his stick he is hardly able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings?" "Sir!"

answered the coachman, "he is sinking under old age, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without support and useless, and people have abandoned him like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your relations, all your friends, will come to the same end ; this is the appointed end of all creatures."

(*b*) It is sometimes said that the pleasure of giving is peculiar to the rich, and no doubt the pleasure of giving is one of the greatest and purest which one can bestow. Still the poor also may be liberal and generous. The widow's mite, so far as the widow at any rate is concerned counts for as much as the rich man's gold. Moreover as regards kindness and sympathy, which are far more valuable than money, the poor can give as much as, perhaps, even more than, the rich. Money is not wealth. There are many whom we look down on as poor who may be in reality as rich as any millionaire. That which is most valuable in life is exactly that which can neither be bought nor sold. A proverb says :—A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, men will ask what property he has left behind him, but Angels will enquire "What good deeds, hast thou sent before thee?"

(*c*) Sir John Moore while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot ; the shot threw him from his horse with a violence, yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece

of skin, the ribs over the heart broken, and bared of flesh, the muscles of the breast torn into long stripes. . as the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. A staff officer attempted to take it off but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me"; and in that manner so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

(d) As we looked out into the darkness, we could not but recollect with a flush of pride, that yonder lay Flores and the scene of the great fight off the Azores, in which the *Revenge* with Sir Richard Grenville for her captain, endured for twelve hours before she struck, the attack of eight great Spanish armadas, of which two sank at her side; and after all her masts were gone, defied to the last the whole fleet of fifty-one sail, which lay around her waiting "like dogs around the dying forest king" for the Englishman to strike or sink. Yonder away it was, that wounded again and again, and shot through body and through head, Sir Richard Grenville was taken on board the Spanish Admiral's ship to die; and gave up his gallant ghost with those once famous words:—"Here die I Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life, as a true soldier ought, fighting for his country, queen, religion and honour; my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do."

2. Give in plain English the substance of the following extract:—

(a) Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise.

Honour to those whose words or deeds,
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

- (b) Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill .
On the top of the bare hill ;
The plough boy is whooping—anon—anon :
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 !

- (c) Death takes us by surprise
And stays our hurrying feet ;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.
But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

- (d) O ! place me in Some Heaven-protected isle
Where Peace and Equity and Freedom smile ;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood ;
Where power secures what Industry has won :
Where to succeed is not to be undone ;
A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign !

3. Amplify the following into a story and add a moral :—
A lion disturbed in his sleep by a mouse was about to kill it

the mouse begged for mercy, which was granted. Some time after, the lion was caught in a net but released by the mouse.

Or,

Amplify the thought contained in the following lines :—

'Tis a very good world we live in,
To lend or to spend or to give in,
But to beg or to borrow or get a man's own
'Tis the worst world that ever was known.

(See Example (2), Part III.)

1913.

1. Give in your own words the substance of the following passages :—

(a) What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fire-side, to bear good fortune meekly, to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty.

(b) After all is said, the capable man is the man to be admired. The man who tries and fails, what is the use of him? We are in this world to do something, not to fail in doing it. Of the helpless inefficient persons who try one thing and fail, because they are not strong enough, and another because they have not energy enough, what shall we say of them? What use is there in them? What hope is there of them? What can we wish for them? To be able to do what a man tries to do, that is the first thing necessary, and given that, we may hope all things for him.

(c) It is always a great pleasure to me to pass an evening at your father's house. But on the last occasion that pleasure was very much heightened, because you were once more with us. I watched your mother's eyes as she sat in her place in the drawing-room. They followed you almost without ceasing, and there was the sweetest, happiest expression on her dear face, that betrayed her tender maternal love for you, and her just maternal pride. Your father was equally happy in his own way ; he was much more gay and talkative than I have seen him for two or three anxious years. He told amusing stories ; he entered playfully into the jests of others ; he had pleasant projects for the future. I sat quietly in my corner, slyly observing my old friends, and amusing myself by discovering the hidden sources of the happiness that was clearly visible. They were gladdened by the first successes of your manhood ; by the evidence of your strength ; by the realization of hopes long cherished.

(d) The heat was almost insufferable. All nature seemed sinking under it. The distant country presented to the eye a dreary expanse of sand, with a few stunted trees, in the shade of which the hungry cattle licked up the withered grass, while the camels and goats licked up the scanty foliage. The scarcity of water was great. Day and night the wells were crowded with cattle ; excessive thirst made many of them furious ; others being too weak to contend for the water endeavoured to quench their thirst by devouring the black mud near the wells, which they did with great avidity, though it was commonly fatal to them.

2. Give in simple English the substance of :—

(a) I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too ;

For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

- (b) I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's gain ;
My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence :
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

3. Develop the following, and complete the story as you like :—

Two boys, while digging a hole, find an old gold coin, in a beautiful state of preservation. They discuss what they should do with it.

(See Example (3), Part III.)

4. Expand the following :—
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone :
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

1914.

1. Give in simple English the substance of any two of the following passages :—

(a) You are now going to settle at school, and may consider this as your first entrance into the world. As my health is so indifferent, and I may not be with you long, I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you and as something to remember me

by. I may at least be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else. As we went along to your new place of destination, you often repeated that you durst say they were a set of stupid, disagreeable people, meaning the people at the school. You were to blame in this. It is a good old rule to hope for the best. Always, my dear, believe things to be right till you find them the contrary ; and even then, instead of irritating yourself against them, endeavour to put up with them as well as you can, if you can not alter them. You said you were sure you should not like the school where you were going. This was wrong. What you meant was that you did not like to leave home. But you could not tell whether you should like the school or not, till you had given it a trial. Never anticipate evils ; or, because you can not have things exactly as you wish, make them out worse than they are, through mere spite and wilfulness.

(b) See Example 1, Part I.

(c) The huge caravan entered the forest. There majestic trees stood like pillars, in a colonnade ; there palms struggled for room with wild vines and canes ; there flourished ferns and reeds, and there bushes in tropical profusion formed impenetrable brushwood ; while through the whole was entangled a network of climbing plants, which ran up the trunks and hung down from the branches. Every thing was damp and wet. Dew dropped from all the branches and leaves. The air was close and sultry. It was deadly still, and seldom was the slightest breeze perceptible ; storms might rage above the tree-top, but no wind reached the ground, sheltered in the dimness of the under-growth. The men struggle along over the slippery ground. Balancing their loads on their heads with their hands, they stoop under boughs, thrust their feet firmly into the mud in order not to slip. Those who are clothed have their clothes torn, while the naked graze their skins. Very slowly the caravan

forces its way through the forest, and a passage has frequently to be cut for those who carry the boats.

2. Give in your own words the substance of one of the following extracts :—

(a) Among the hills of India

Dwelt warriors fierce and bold,
 The sons of robber-chieftains
 Who, in the days of old,
 Fought for their mountain freedom,
 And, if by Fate laid low
 Fell, ever crowned with honour,
 Their faces to the foe.
 Now 'twas an ancient custom
 Among those hillsmen brave
 When thus they found their kinsman,
 To dig for him no grave ;
 But the torn blood-stained garments
 They stripped from off the dead,
 And then his wrist they circled,
 With green or crimson thread.

(b) A certain Pasha, dead these thousand years,

Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,
 And had this sentence on the city's gate
 Deeply engraven, '*Only God is great.*'
 So those four words above the city's noise
 Hung like accents of an angel's voice,
 And ever more
 Saluted each returning caravan.
 Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
 Lifts, with dead leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust.
 And all is ruin—save one wrinkled gate
 Whereon is written, '*Only God is great.*'

3. Amplify one of the following :—

(a) Frail creatures are we all ! To be the best,
Is but the fewest faults to have.

(b) The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder.

1915.

1. (a) See Example (2) Part I.

(b) See Example (3) Part I.

(c) See Example (4) Part I.

2. (a) See Example (1) Part II.

(b) See Example (2) Part II.

3. Amplify :—

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name.

1916.

1. (a) See Example (5) Part I.

(b) „ „ (6) Part I

3. See Example (7) Part III.

4. Amplify the thought contained in the following :—

That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others.

1917—(3 Examinations).

For Prose passages,

See Examples (8), (9), (10), (11), (12), (13) of Part I.

For Poetry passages,

See Examples (3), (4), (5), (6) of Part II.

1. Write a short story to illustrate any of the following :—

(a) Failure teaches success.

(b) Quarrel not with a friend for a trifle.

2. Write a short story to illustrate the maxim that prevention is better than cure.

3. Amplify the following :—

Live honestly ; injure no one ; render to every man his due.

4. Give in your own words the substance of one of the following :—

(a) Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around
Flots and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies
And then again to turn and sink
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah it is not the sea
It is not the sea that sinks or shelves ;
But ourselves that rock or rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies !
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.

(b) As the birds come in the Spring
We know not from where ;
As the stars come at evening
From the depths of the air ;
As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound ;
As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree ;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea ;

So come to the poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty land, that belongs
To the vast unknown.

5. Give in simple English the substance of any two of the following passages :—

(a) The natives of the East say that the interchange of letters is “the meeting of hearts.” This is a very good saying. Hearts undoubtedly meet hearts in correspondence. How the heart rejoices and bounds at the sight of the handwriting of a beloved friend! and how it overflows with delight, how it warms, expands, and boils over in reading the affectionate language which one knows to have been poured forth from a congenial heart! There are joys of this kind in the pure love which exists between man and man. Alas, that these joys should be of such short duration; and that experience should teach us, that although we may indulge in them for a period, they are but a dream, and will pass away! The day will come—and it is impossible to say how soon—when you will receive my letters with indifference, and sit down to answer them with reluctance. This too may happen, without loss of esteem, or regard or friendship, in its ordinary sense. All these may remain, and yet the enthusiastic warmth of attachment which gives its principal zest to the affection of friends may subside. Such is human nature.

(b) When a child first wakes to take notice of the world in to which he has been born, his speech consists almost wholly of questions. Why?—who?—which?—what? So every sentence begins; for, all around him, he sees wonder upon wonder, and he longs to understand fully everything he sees. As he grows older, however, he finds out that no one in a lifetime can learn all he wishes to know. The greatest scholars, the wisest

philosophers, the keenest scientists are all children in the school of life ; each adding to the sum of what is already known, and each passing away with many of life's mysteries still unexpl'ained. Yet this thirst for knowledge is one of man's noblest traits and has led him on, step by step, to wondrous heights. All that is known to-day of our earth—of the heavens with their starry hosts—of the air we breathe and of the waters under the earth ; all this we owe to the labours of the patient men who have gone before us. It is they who have built up the temple of science, stone by stone too often, alas ! under the shadow of persecution and fear.

(c) It was on the day, or rather night, of June 27th, 1787 between the hour of eleven and twelve that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a covered walk which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame ; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken my everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and whatever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

BOMBAY UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION
QUESTIONS.

1914.

2. Explain clearly the meaning of :—
Do not forget that a smile of cheer
May comfort a heart that is sad and drear,

And brighten a day that is hard and long.
The burning words that for ever live
It may not be yours to speak or give—
But there's heart and hope in a song.

3. Paraphrase :—

Look at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep my boy.
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine,
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine,
Bright as his manly size the son shall be
In form and soul ; but ah ! more blest than he !
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
And say, when summoned from the world and thee
I lay my head beneath the willow tree
Wilt thou, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ?”

4. Epitomize (*i.e.*, rewrite briefly) the following verses in not more than 12 lines of simple prose :—

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth
Whether to plough or reap, or sow.
Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.
His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.
They knew not how he learned at all
For idly hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall
Or mused upon a common flower.
It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.
And after he was dead and gone
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to dwell upon
More full of love because of him.

5. See Example (7), Part I.

MADRAS UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION.

1915.

Give the meaning of the following :—

(*N.B.*—A line by line paraphrase is not required.)

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,

There are seven columns, massy and gray
 Dim with a dull-imprisoned ray.
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain ;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 That have not seen the sun to rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er ;
 I lost their long and heavy score,
 When my last brother drooped and died,
 And I lay living by his side.
 They chained us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet each alone ;
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight,
 I saw my nearer brother pine,
 I saw his mighty heart decline,
 He loathed and put away his food,
 It was not that 't was coarse and rude
 For we were used to hunters' fare,
 And for the like had little care.
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat,
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 Have moistened many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow men
 Like brutes within an iron den :

But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head
Nor reach his flying hand—nor dead—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend, and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died; and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.

MADRAS UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION.

1917.

Give in your own words the substance of the following :—

Ginevra, daughter of Osini, a nobleman of Italy
She was an only child, from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire,
Her mother dying of the gift she gave.
That precious gift, what else, remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life;
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there—
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,

Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed.
 But that she was not ! Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived ; and long mightest thou have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find—he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained a while
 Silent and tenantless, then went to strangers.
 Full fifty years were past, and all forgot.
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
 “ Why not remove it from its lurking place ? ”
 'T was done as soon as said ; but on the way
 It burst—it fell ; and lo, a skeleton !
 And here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
 All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both—
 “ Ginevra.” There, then, had she found a grave.
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy
 When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there
 Fastened her down—for ever !

A
MANUAL OF UNSEENS

WITH HINTS, UNIVERSITY QUESTIONS
AND SOME ANSWERS

FOR THE I. A. AND I. Sc. STUDENTS

BY

P. J. WHITLOCK, B.A. (CANTAB.), I.E.S.

AND

G. C. GANGULI, M.A.

*Professors of English, Ravenshaw College, Cuttack and Examiners
in English to the University of Calcutta.*

OPINIONS.

I think that the book is admirably fitted to bring about the results which the compilers have in view, *viz.*, the improvement of the standard of excellence in the answers sent up for the third paper of the Calcutta University Intermediate examination, and ultimately the attainment of a greater power of writing good English on the part of all the students who present themselves for the practical and severe tests which that learned body now requires its examinees to possess. The advice which the compilers give is most judicious. Their argument that improvement in the standard of answers to the third paper will produce as an incidental consequence improvement in the first and second papers also seems to me sound.

I must express my admiration for the model answers which the authors have given to the questions which have actually been set in Calcutta University papers. They show that they cannot only preach but practise.

* * *

To use a vulgar but familiar expression, this Manual may be looked upon as a powerful antidote to "oram," and I wish it all possible success.

(Sd.) C. H. TAWNEY M.A., C.I.E.

Formerly Principal, Presidency College, Calcutta.

The selections are extremely well suited, and the general instructions with hints, examples, and exercises will be of the utmost value to students preparing for their examinations.....

(Su.) A. PEDLER, K.T., F.R.S.

Formerly Director of Public Instruction, Bengal.

I have glanced over the book, and I think that the well-arranged directions it gives, which are neither too minute nor too general, will be of use to students preparing for University Examinations. (Sd.) GOOROO DASS BANERJEE.

A Manual of Unseens by P. O. Whitlock and G. C. Ganguli is a useful publication. If Intermediate students follow the advice given by the authors and note carefully the directions given for answering questions on unseen passages, they will do their English papers well. The Manual is not a 'cram-book' and hence I have no hesitation in recommending its use to Intermediate students. Indeed it will lead to their reading largely by themselves. (Sd.) J. R. BANERJEE,

*Vice-Principal,
Metropolitan Institution, Calcutta.*

The **Manual of Unseens** by Professors Whitlock and Ganguli of Ravenshaw College, Cuttack, will be a valuable help, I fully believe, to our I. A. and I. Sc. students, for whom they are mainly intended.

(Sd.) SHYAMACHARAN GANGULI,
Late Principal, Uttarpara College.

I have read, with much interest, the "Manual of Unseens" by Profs. Whitlock and Ganguli. The book contains much valuable advice which if acted upon by Indian students will go far to ensure success in their examinations.

The numerous well-chosen exercises should be most useful for tutorial work. (Sd.) T. S. STERLING,

Prof. of English, Presidency College.

I got a copy of "A Manual of Unseens" sometime ago from the publishers and thought, on perusing it, that the passages were very well-selected. . . . I think the book a very helpful one for Intermediate students in the matter of English prose composition.

ALLAN CAMERON.

*Professor of English, Scottish Churches College,
and Examiner to the Calcutta University.*

