No. 5-35.

THE GOLDEN LIGHT READERS FOURTH READER

EDITED WITH

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

BY

R. E. ROBINSON, M.A.,

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BANGALORE CITY

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BY

R. E. ROBINSON, M. A.
FORMERLY PRINCIPAL AND PROFESSOR
ISABELLA THOBURN COLLEGE, LUCKNOW

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THE

GOLDEN LIGHT READERS

FOURTH READER

CODE OF LAWS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LAW OF HEALTH

CHARLES P. FLASKAMP

Health and happiness go together.

The good Indian tries to gain and to keep perfect health.

The welfare of our country depends upon those who try to be physically fit for their daily work. Therefore:

(1) I will keep my clothes, my body and my mind clean.

(2) I will avoid those habits which would harm me, and will make and never break those habits which will help me.

(3) I will try to take such food, sleep and exercise as will keep me in perfect health.

Health, happiness, good cheer, encouragement and friendship are all hygienic.

I crave not glory,
I crave not wealth ;
What I most desire
Is perfect health.

For if I'm blessed
With perfect health
Then will I have
Abundance of wealth.

THE LAW OF SELF-RELIANCE

BY JOHN NEAL

THE GOOD INDIAN IS SELF-RELIANT

Self-conceit is silly, but self-reliance is necessary to boys and girls who would be strong and useful. Therefore :

(1) I will gladly listen to the advice of older and wiser people, but I will learn to think for myself, choose for myself, act for myself.

(2) I will not be afraid of being laughed at.

(3) I will not be afraid of doing right when the crowd does wrong.

Opposition is what we want and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL

BY CATO

Who to himself is law no law doth need.

The good Indian controls himself.

Those who best control themselves can best serve their country. Therefore :

(1) I will control my tongue, and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar or profane words.

(2) I will control my temper, and will not get angry when people or things displease me.

(3) I will control my thoughts, and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a wise purpose.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue ; he approaches nearest to the Gods who knows how to be silent even though he is in the right.

THE LAW OF RELIABILITY

BY W. E. MCVEY

ESTABLISH A REPUTATION FOR RELIABILITY—

THEN STRIVE TO KEEP IT.

THE GOOD INDIAN IS RELIABLE

Our country grows great and good as her citizens are able more fully to trust each other. Therefore:

(1) I will be honest in word and in act. I will not lie, sneak or pretend, nor will I keep the truth from those who have a right to it.

(2) I will not do wrong in the hope of not being found out. I cannot hide the truth from myself and cannot hide it from others.

(3) I will not take without permission what does not belong to me.

(4) I will do promptly what I promised to do. If I have made a foolish promise, I will at once confess my mistake, and I will try to make good any harm which my mistake may have caused. I will so speak and act that people will find it easier to trust each other.

Dependableness is one of the highest qualities that a boy or girl can possess.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Which of these laws are good for grown people ?
2. Which of them seem to you the most important for the welfare of India, and why ?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the nouns in these 'Laws' that indicate desirable possessions for boys and girls, such as *health.*

COMPOSITION

Write one of these 'Laws' in the form of advice to a friend, putting it in the second person.

A FAREWELL

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long ;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Do you think the writer is a man or a woman? About how old, do you think, is the girl to whom this farewell is addressed?
2. Supply *anyone* before *who* in the first line, and *do* before *not* in the second line of the second stanza to complete the sense.
3. In what mood does the poet seem to be, to judge from the first two lines of the poem? What may be the reason for this mood?
4. What two qualities does he contrast in the first line of the second stanza? What two acts in the second line?
5. What is the meaning of ' that vast forever ' ?

GRAMMAR

1. Divide each of the sentences in the first stanza into the subject part and the predicate part.
2. What word is understood as the subject of the first line of the second stanza?

COMPOSITION

Write a short letter from the child to the author in answer to this poem, promising to try to learn this ' lesson '.

THE FIRST NEEDLE

BY H. J. PRATT

'Pappal, that sleeve is torn; you cannot go to school to-morrow with your jacket like that,' said Mother. 'Get me my needle and I will sew it up for you. And you, Pushpam, come and mend the hem of this skirt of yours, so that it will be ready for the morning. Bring me a needle.'

Pushpam stretched up to the shelf where she kept the sewing box, and reached down the needle, with a cross face. 'I wish there weren't any needles,' she said.

'If there were no needles, then you would have no silk jackets,' Mother reminded her. 'You wouldn't like that.'

'There were no needles, once,' Pushpam objected, 'I know that, because I heard the big girls talking about it for the essay. You know, the headmaster of the school is going to give a prize for the best essay on needles.'

'Yes,' added Pappal, 'we heard him tell all the school children that. But I don't know anything about needles; how could I write an essay about them? Needles are English things.'

Mother answered, smiling: 'Steel needles were made by a black man before they were made by a white one.'

The children stared at her. 'How?' demanded Pushpam.

Mother picked out a needle from the needle box, and began to thread it as she answered. 'It was a long time ago. When I was a little girl I read it in a book, and I have never forgotten it. But it happened a great time before I read it. King George is King of England now, and before him King Edward was. But long before either of them, there was only a queen ruling in England. Her name was Mary, and it was in her time that the English learned to make steel needles. In those days there was much coming and going between England and Spain, although there were no steamships and the journey was hard and dangerous, for there was a rumour that the Queen of England was to marry a Spanish prince. One of the men who crossed from Spain to England was a Negro, a clever man, who settled peaceably in his new country and spent his time in finding out how to make good steel needles. Until then the English, like every one else, had used clumsy sharpened bits of bone or wood, or even thorn. Everyone was very much pleased with the fine new needles the Negro made and rich people, who could give the big prices he asked for them, bought them gladly, and thought them very precious. But he would never tell anyone how he made his needles, and after he died, some years later, no more needles could be made, for no one else understood how to make steel so thin and smooth and pointed.'

'Then what happened?' asked Pushpam. Mother knew so many stories of far-away places

and long-ago-times, that Pushpam often wondered how she remembered them all. 'Did another Englishman find out how it was done? The English make lots of needles now.'

'No, it wasn't an Englishman. For several years no steel needles were made. There was trouble of many kinds in England in those days, and I suppose people had other things to think about. Then Queen Mary died, and her sister, Elizabeth, was made queen. Soon after that another white man, belonging to another country in Europe, called Germany, learnt the secret that had been lost, and began to make needles again. For very many years, then, all the needles in the world were made in Germany or in the countries near it, although the Germans taught the English how to make them. Now, as you know, more needles are made in England than anywhere else. Enough English people to fill several of our big cities earn their living by making nothing but needles every day, so they say. They make all sorts of needles: needles for thick sacks; needles for fine silks; needles for wool sewing, and needles for machine sewing. It is a wonderful work, so I have heard, and the great machines they use for it would surprise you and me, I expect.'

Pushpam nudged Mother impatiently, as she finished speaking. 'Please thread this needle for me. I will hurry up and mend my skirt. Then I'm going to see if I can write the best essay for the headmaster.' She clapped her hands, laughing merrily. 'When I get the Rs. 5 prize, Mother dear, I will buy you a whole packet of needles.'

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. What materials were used for needles before steel was used?
2. What advantages had the steel over other needles?
3. To what nationality did the inventor of steel needles belong, and in what country did he first live?
4. In what country did he first make steel needles?
5. Why did they not come into common use at once?
6. What was the second country to adopt their use?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the adjectives in this story.

COMPOSITION

Suppose that you are writing for a newspaper during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Write a short newspaper account entitled, 'A Wonderful Invention,' giving the facts from this story.

CASABIANCA

By Felicia Hemans

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him 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 childlike form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, 'Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

'Speak, father!' once again he cried,
'If I may yet be gone!'
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud
'My father! Must I stay?'
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound —
The boy — oh! where was he?
— Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew the sea;

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair
That well had borne their part —
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. This poem gives a vivid word picture of a scene. Describe it as if you were looking at the scene itself. Pick out the phrases and lines that describe the fire.
2. Supply *if* after *as* in line 6.
3. What meaning has *but* in lines 19 and 25?
4. Notice that the story begins in the middle. Does this make it more or less vivid than if it began at the beginning?
5. Tell what took place before the boy was left alone under the following heads:
   (1) What accident occurred on shipboard? (2) What command did the captain give his son? (3) What happened to the captain? (4) What became of all the others on board the ship? (5) What two choices were left to Casabianca?
6. What were 'the booming shots' (line 19)? Have you ever seen a big fire and heard noises like pistol shots while the building burned?
7. What caused 'the burst of thunder sound'?
8. Describe the word picture in the last six lines of the poem.
9. There is a likeness or simile in this poem. Find it and tell whether it is a good one or not.

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the adjectives used to describe Casabianca and his appearance and character.

COMPOSITION

Write a short account, as if for a newspaper in plain language, entitled 'Casabianca's Heroic Death.'

HOW LONG DO ANIMALS LIVE?

BY ARCHER WALLACE

Not long ago a huge tortoise died at the Zoo in London, England, which had lived there since 1766, having been brought from Mauritius that year, and it was a giant even at that time. There are still a number of giant tortoises there and how old they are no one knows, nor is there any way of finding out. When Mauritius passed into the hands of Great Britain early in the nineteenth century, one enormous tortoise, which because of its hugeness had attracted considerable attention, is specially mentioned in the property which went with the island. It is a sort of living fixture. It lives there still and may even yet outlive the present generation of human beings. There is one tortoise in the London Zoo which is thought to have been alive when Queen Elizabeth reigned over England.

Mr. Arthur Mee, the well-known journalist, discusses in his magazine the question as to how these giant tortoises, none of whom can swim, should be found on the Galapagos islands, which are separated by deep gulfs of water. Seeing that the animals are all of the same stock, the interesting question arises: How did they get there?

Mr. Mee's explanation is that the ancestors of the enormous animals moved from one island to another in those far-off days when the islands were connected with one another just as animals in South America and Australia have a common ancestry.

The ancestors of these tortoises reached the islands when these tracts of land were all one and formed part of a continent, and when the land uniting these islands with the continent sank beneath the sea, the tortoises became prisoners. Whether the tortoises were happy or not about thus being shut off we cannot tell, but we do know that the event did not tend in any way to shorten their lives.

It is not always the largest animal which lives the longest, although it is certain that there are elephants in Africa which have survived several generations of human beings. It is interesting to note that birds, which seem so frail, and unequal to rough experiences, live very much longer than is generally known. All research places the raven as a bird which lives to a very great age — probably outliving any other bird by a great margin. There is a common agreement that it may live for not less than 200 years. Then the eagles live to a very great age. It is known that an eagle-owl once lived for 90 years in captivity, and that after 50 years it began to lay eggs and brought up little ones for the last 40 years of its life. Parrots also are known to live to a great age, and there is a case on record of one beginning its nesting duties after being 30 years in captivity. One hundred years seem a very great age for any bird to attain to, yet it has been proved that with great care both the crow and the swan may live for a century. In a very interesting table, drawn up by the famous statistician, Mr. Mulhall, he gives the probable ages which birds may attain to as follows: thrush, 10 years; hen, 10 years; robin, 12 years; partridge, 15 years; gold-finch, 15 years; lark, 18 years;

nightingale, 18 years; pigeon, 20 years; canary, 24 years; peacock, 30 years; sparrow, 40 years; goose, 50 years; parrot, 50 years; heron, 60 years.

These possible ages seem to us almost incredible, yet so careful an observer as Mr. Mulhall must have made careful investigation before publishing his table. He gives another very interesting table which takes in many animals with which we are quite familiar. In this connection, however, it is well to remember that a great many of these animals would live much longer if they were permitted to do so. The cow, for instance, is seldom allowed to live on after its usefulness to man has ceased, and this also holds true of many other animals. The table is as follows: rabbit, 5 years; dog, 15 years; sheep, 12 years; pig, 10 years; lion, 40 years; cow, 25 years; ox, 25 years; horse, 27 years; camel, 40 years; elephant, 100 years. Whales may live to be 500 years old, and alligators, 300 years.

As Mr. Mee says, there is enough in this study to stir the sleepiest imagination. There may be crocodiles living in India now which were alive before the first English traveller set foot in the land. There may be eagles living in Moscow which saw Napoleon's army march through its streets. There may be whales still swimming in the sea which were there before Christopher Columbus set sail for the New World. It is a thought which almost staggers us, and we cannot but wonder what will happen by the time the baby whales, just being born now, grow old and die.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. What qualities would you expect to find in a man who studied animals to find out how long they lived, and why?
2. If a man had specimens of all the animals of the world in his zoo for study, would he be able to complete the record of their ages? Give reasons for your answer.
3. Which animals have the shortest, and which the longest life?
4. How old is the tortoise that went to Great Britain as part of the property of Mauritius?
5. How old is the one that probably lived in Queen Elizabeth's time?
6. How did giant tortoises, if they cannot swim, reach widely-separated islands?

GRAMMAR

Find the pronouns in this article, and say to what nouns they refer.

COMPOSITION

Write an imaginary conversation between a boy and a giant tortoise on the Galapagos Islands, explaining how it happened to get there. (Use the explanation given in the third paragraph of this article).

A SPEECH TO CHILDREN

By Sarojini Naidu

To-day I am going to speak to the people I love best in the world, the little children of the whole world, not only the little Indian children, but little white children, little black children, and little yellow children. Childhood is a wonderful thing; it is a thing that cannot be divided by the quarrels of the older people; it is a thing without race, without hate — a thing of love; and the children of the world are going to be the golden bond between all the races that inhabit this great Colony of South Africa. To you, little children, dear little children, I am going to speak. Yesterday I was speaking to little boys and girls in Maritzburg, and I told them exactly what I am going to tell you to-day.

You are all school children, and I believe you are going to have a photograph of me to keep. When you look at this photograph you must say to yourselves, 'This is the friend of all the children of the world. This old lady is really the friend and playmate of all children in South Africa, England, Norway, Italy, everywhere. Wherever there is a child it is the friend of this little old lady sitting in the chair.'

Why am I the friend of all little children? Because nearly two thousand years ago there was a Man who lived in Palestine who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven'. Out of all the world there

was a Man called Jesus Christ who said, 'Let the little children come to me.' Not rich people, or clever people, or soldiers, but just little children.

What is the Kingdom of Heaven? It is not beyond the skies; it is in the hearts of little children, because little children have not learned what I am sad to think older people have learned to be, uncharitable, and full of quarrels. Directly you become selfish, become sordid, you lose your right to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. God has made this country of South Africa very beautiful. There are birds with red heads, and birds with long black tails, and butterflies coloured like flowers, with red wings, purple wings, green wings; trees that have lovely flowers; waterfalls that fall like lace on the mountains. God must want little children living in such a beautiful country to speak beautiful words and say beautiful things always, otherwise they would not be worthy of living in such a country.

If I could choose — I cannot because I am old — I would choose to be a little Indian boy or girl living in this beautiful Colony of Natal, and if I were one I would say to myself, 'My grandfathers and grandmothers came here to help the settlers, the white men of this country, to build up this beautiful country. They said, "Let us work in this land, let us make gardens of it, let us help our white brothers to make sugar-farms." And I would say, after two or three generations, "We are citizens of South Africa, it is our land, land of our friend the Native, also of the Englishman and the Dutchman"'.

If I say I am an Indian as well as a citizen of South Africa then I must say, 'I must love every other community in this country as much as I love myself.' To the little white children, and to the little coloured children, I must say, 'You are my friends; whatever I have I will be glad to share it with you.'

Our Indian blood tells us we must not be selfish, but try to live in friendship with everybody else. How do you do it? By making your hearts so full of love and kindness, that every unkind person, seeing your kindness, must in turn become kind himself.

That is what a very great man who once lived in Durban many years ago said. If you knew that wonderful, great little man in India, who long lived here in Durban and later at Johannesburg, and now lives in India, you would know that wherever he lives he has only one message to the world. Mahatma Gandhi, that is he. He is so small, and so weak, yet his soul is so big and his heart is so strong that all the seas round Durban are not so big as his heart. He says, 'I will conquer you by love; you may rob me, beat me, kill me, I will pardon the wrong you do me.'

He gives this message to the children because he says the older people will not listen to him. Because they are greedy and selfish, they make wars, and then brave young men die. And the little children of the world have to stop this. So the first thing you have to do is to learn what Mahatma Gandhi sent me here to teach you and all the people of South Africa. When you are school

children you are really much cleverer than your parents and have had a better chance than my parents could give me. You must make the best of the opportunity of becoming good little souls. There are lessons you cannot learn at school except from one another. Always say, 'If I am stronger I have to help the weaker boy or girl, both in play and in work.' In school you must create among yourselves such a beautiful atmosphere of truth, of kindness, of courage, of helping one another, that, directly any boy or girl says what is not true and does what is not kind, or tells a lie, you will all stand up and say to that boy or girl, 'We will not have you in our midst; you are a disgrace to us.' This is called honour, and honour is a beautiful thing. Sometimes people earn the honour given to them. The people have done me honour in coming here in such large numbers, but doing honour to me is a very different thing from my being worthy of honour. If I have unkind thoughts in my heart to any one then I am not worthy of honour. If I have no unkind thoughts then I am worthy of honour and that knowledge would make me so that it would not matter whether anyone came to hear me or not. Then I should really have that sense of honour that makes human beings glad to worship God in this beautiful country and this wonderful world. The flowers praise Him in their glory, but God loves nothing so much as His little children, who are the flowers of His kingdom, the sunbeams of His heaven, so that it does not matter if you are Indian or African, Dutch or English, rich or poor, you are the people of the world. You are going to say, 'We will not live in a country where there is

division between race and race, where there is hatred and selfishness.' When you love the whole world, the whole world will be full of peace and of joy.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Do you think the woman who made this speech loves and understands children? If so, point out sentences that show this.
2. What sentences show that she loves people of all races?
3. Why does she think there is more love in the hearts of children than of grown people?
4. What example does she give of a lover of little children?
5. What example of a man who tries 'to live in friendship with everyone else' does she cite?
6. In what practical ways can school children help to create a world of truth and love?
7. What is the thing more than any other that makes us worthy of honour?

GRAMMAR

Write 20 adjectives in this speech that take *er* and *est* in comparison.

COMPOSITION

Write a short essay on the subject, 'How Children Can Make a Happy World'.

FAIRY SONG

JOHN KEATS

Shed no tear ! O, shed no tear !
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more ! O, weep no more !
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes ! Oh ! dry your eyes !
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies —
Shed no tear.

Overhead ! look overhead !
'Mong the blossoms white and red —
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me ! 'tis this silvery bell
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear ! O, shed no tear !
The flowers will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu — I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue —
Adieu, adieu !

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. The person addressed by the fairy is weeping because spring and summer will soon be gone. What command does she give him ?
2. With what promises does she comfort him ?

3. What shows that the poem refers to a country that has cold, bare winters?

4. Note that line 4 means, 'The life that is in the roots will produce more flowers next spring'. Lines 5 to 7 mean, 'I learned in heaven to find relief for my feelings in song'. This means that she is about to sing him a song of cheer. In the second stanza 'the good man's ill' means 'every man's illness.'

5. In the second stanza the fairy cheers him by calling attention to the trees that are in the bloom of spring. She is first, she says, in a tree that has white and red blossoms (perhaps apple-blossoms), then in a pomegranate tree, then in one that has a white, bell-shaped flower. What word indicates the colour of the pomegranate blossom? What word indicates the colour of the bell-like flower? Why are these words better than the names of the colours?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the five verbs that give a command in this poem. Divide each of these sentences of command into the subject part and the predicate part, underlining in each the subject word and the predicate word. Make a list, in A B C order, of the other verbs in this poem.

COMPOSITION

Rewrite this poem in a paragraph beginning, 'One day a man stood weeping because..... (supply the reason). A fairy appeared to him and said,.....(supply her words of comfort in prose language).

GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE

'What shall I do with my life?' This was the question that the eighteen-year-old Gokhale asked himself when he received his B. A. degree from the University of Bombay. A student of such unusual ability, his friends thought, was capable of reaching the highest position in any field he might select. Some advised him to study law, some engineering. Others proposed his borrowing money and going to England to prepare for the I. C. S. But 'a still, small voice' spoke in his heart, telling him that in none of these paths would he find real satisfaction. In none of them did he feel he would be giving the country he loved the highest service he was capable of rendering.

To the great disappointment of his friends, but to his own immense satisfaction, he joined the Deccan Education Society. In doing this, he pledged himself to work as a teacher in the Fergusson College for the next twenty years on a salary of Rs. 75 a month. Perhaps the chief factor in his decision was his admiration for the life and work of Justice Ranade, the director of the Society. Here was a man holding a high position, but devoting all his spare time to work for the nation. His selflessness attracted all that was selfless in Gokhale's nature.

It was a fortunate day for the Society when this unknown, untried youth joined it. He brought with him a store of enthusiasm that inspired and stimulated all the other workers. In the years that followed, he drew around him the best of the youth

of Maharashtra, eager to work under this gifted leader. Much of his time outside of the lecture room was given to writing and to editing the journals published by the Society. He also gave much help in public affairs, being for many years fellow of the Bombay University, later a member of the Bombay Legislative Council, and then of the Supreme Legislative Council. At the age of thirty-one he was summoned to England to give evidence before the Royal Commission on Indian Expenditure, in which he showed a remarkable grasp of the subject.

This public service attracted him strongly. So, when the twenty years of his service for the Society were ended, he decided to engage in public work. This was as self-sacrificing a step as the one he had taken in dedicating himself to the Society. In his farewell address to the students of Fergusson College, he spoke of his regret at leaving his settled position and congenial work to 'embark on the stormy and uncertain sea of public life. But I hear within me a voice which urges me to take this course, and I can only ask you to believe me when I say that it is purely from a sense of duty to the best interests of our country that I am seeking this position. Public life in this country has few rewards and many trials and discouragements. The prospect of work to be done is vast. But one thing is clear. Those who feel in the matter as I do must devote themselves to the work in a spirit of hope and faith.'

During the years that remained to him, he worked unceasingly for the uplift of the depressed

classes, free education, university education of a high order, the reform of the budget so as to spend less on the military department and more on improving the condition of the poor, self-government for India and the improvement of the lot of Indians in South Africa.

During the last ten years of his life, he organized the Servants of India Society. He founded this in the belief that 'public life must be spiritualized.' The men that he wished to attract to it were, as he said, those who were 'prepared to devote their lives to the cause of the country in a religious spirit,' and to work 'as national missionaries for the service of India.' They were to have a 'fervent patriotism which rejoices at every opportunity for sacrifice for the motherland.' They were never to 'seek any personal advantage for themselves' by their work. They were to 'regard all Indians as brothers and work for all, without distinction of caste or creed.' They were to 'lead a pure personal life' and 'engage in no personal quarrel with anyone.' They were to 'devote no part of their energies to earning money for themselves,' but to 'be content with such provision as the Society may be able to make.' A high standard indeed! But the history of the Servants of India Society has abundantly justified his faith in it.

The quality of the work that he did for India was more important than the quantity. This was because he kept his mind fixed upon one purpose. That purpose was not, 'How much money can I make?' but 'How much service can I give to my

beloved land?' At the time of his death a leading American weekly remarked that he was one of the six greatest statesmen of the world at that time. He died in 1915 at a comparatively early age. But he had lived a life full to the brim of thrilling and remarkable service. When the end came, he did not regret the choice that he had made when only a youth of eighteen.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Can you think of any reasons that might have tempted Gokhale to adopt a career that would bring him a good income?
2. What motives led him to make the choice he did?
3. What opportunities did his work as a teacher give him?
4. Mention the public causes for which he worked in later life. Have his plans for them been completed yet?
5. Why did he make the test of entrance to the Servants of India Society such a severe one?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of 15 nouns and 15 adjectives in this article. Write the comparison of the adjectives.

COMPOSITION

Longfellow in *A Psalm of Life* says:

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

Write a composition entitled 'How India's Youth May Tread in Gokhale's Footprints.'

SONG OF LIFE

CHARLES MACKAY

A traveller on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea ;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
To breathe its early vows ;
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore —
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle on the brink ;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again ; and lo ! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parchéd tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath.

It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'the lea', 'in heights of noon', 'the crowd that thronged the daily mart'. We usually associate the word *germ* with bringers of disease; for what is it used as a synonym here?
2. Note that *Love* is used for lovers, *Age* for old people, and *Toil* for labourers. *Unstudied from the heart* means at the impulse of love, not as a result of thought. *To breathe its early vows* means to make promises of love in youth.

A transitory breath means a passing word. *It raised a brother from the dust* means it gave one who was crushed to the earth by sin and despair the courage to rise and again face life bravely.

3. What three things are described in this poem? Did the three persons who performed these acts know all the results? Give a title to each stanza.

GRAMMAR

Divide each sentence in the second stanza into the subject part and the predicate part. Underline in each the subject word and the predicate word.

COMPOSITION

Rewrite this poem in simple language under the heading, 'Three Good Deeds'.

THE EMPRESS MUMTAZ-I-MAHAL

All the world knows of the Taj Mahal, perhaps the most exquisite building on earth. But not many, when visiting it, think of the one whose beauty and goodness gave it its inspiration. This 'dream in marble' was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan in memory of the Empress Mumtaz-i-Mahal ('the crown of the palace'), Taj Mahal being a shortened form of her name.

She was born in 1590, the daughter of a Persian who was Commander-in-Chief of the Mogul armies, and later the Prime Minister of the Emperor. She was the niece of the Empress Nur Jehan. Her original name was Arjumand Banu ('fortunate lady'). Very little is known about her early life, except that she was probably given a good education. At the age of fourteen she was betrothed to the crown-prince Khusru. But, as he died before their marriage, she was married to the next heir, Shah Jehan. It was an ideal union being one of rare understanding and devotion. Wherever the prince went on his military expeditions his wife insisted upon accompanying him, often at great risk.

The youthful princess was beloved by all the people. She had a very tender heart, and was especially kind to poor people, widows and orphans. Several times she interceded for persons who had been condemned to life-long imprisonment or death, and in each case her request for mercy was granted. The *Shah Namah*, in which the reign of the Emperor Shah Jehan is recorded, says of her: 'It requires a separate volume to write about the

benefactions of that noble queen. Her virtues, her greatness of heart, her piety, her devotion to her husband, her endeavour to please the people and to promote their well-being are beyond description.'

After seventeen years of happy married life, and only a year after Shah Jehan became emperor, Mumtaz suddenly sickened and died. Her husband was heart-broken at her death, and nearly died himself. Then the idea of enshrining her memory in a building of such loveliness as had never been seen took possession of him, and he devoted years to the carrying out of this plan. When the building was completed, the body of Mumtaz was taken from the grave in which it had first been buried, and was interred in a tomb directly under the great dome. Thirty-five years after her death, Shah Jehan was laid to rest beside her. The Taj Mahal is a fitting memorial of undying love and of a woman who had rare beauty of face and of soul.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. How long ago was Mumtaz-i-Mahal born? What do you know of her father and her aunt?
2. Mention her qualities as wife and as princess.
3. For what purpose was the Taj Mahal built?
4. Who are buried there?

GRAMMAR

Find four simple sentences in this article.

Divide each of these sentences into the subject part and the predicate part, and underline in each the subject word and the predicate word.

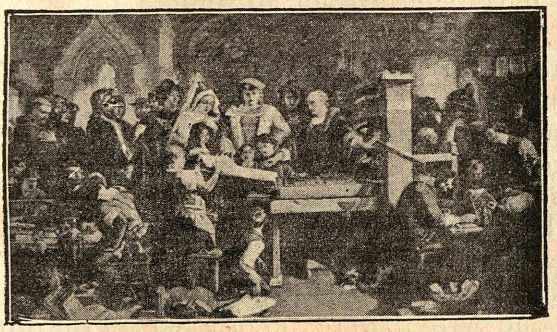
COMPOSITION

Write a composition on a building in India or any other country that is a memorial to a person.

THE ROMANCE OF PRINTING

BY ARCHER WALLACE

It is scarcely possible for us even to imagine what kind of a place this world would be were there no books. And yet the art of printing is less than five hundred years old. For centuries, knowledge was handed down either by word of mouth or by the painstaking labours of men who wrote in longhand. What a tremendous amount of labour



GUTENBERG'S INVENTION OF PRINTING WITH MOVABLE LETTERS

must have been involved in writing some books and in making several editions of them! The story of the life and teaching of Jesus, for instance, had to be written by hand in manuscripts for a period of more than fourteen hundred years, and of course, many other works have been in existence for a longer period. There were book shops in ancient Rome, and no doubt in many other cities of old, where manuscripts could be purchased; but what a

tremendous amount of very hard work they represented. It is no wonder that only the privileged few could obtain them and that they were jealously guarded.

But evidently there were people willing to write out these manuscripts, and there were others eager to purchase them. The works of Virgil existed in so many copies that they were used as school books even in his own lifetime. Copyists wrote out in full the works of Homer and Aristotle, and no doubt hundreds of carefully written manuscripts have been lost for all time.

The man to whom, more than to any other, we owe the great gift of printed books is William Caxton. Unfortunately, like many other really great men, we know little about him. He seems to have been too busy enriching the world with his wonderful discovery, to tell us very much about himself. He tells us, in a preface to one of his books, that 'he learned| his english in Kente of the Weald.' Weald means an uncultivated tract of land. His family, he writes, were 'gentle-like.' But for anyone in those days to have even the rudiments of education was an unusual thing. It implies that the tastes of his parents were good, and this fact he acknowledges abundantly, for he writes: 'I am bounden to pray for my father's and mother's souls that in my youth sent me to school.'

It appears that when he was still a boy in his teens, William Caxton was sent to a school in London, for many years later he refers to London as his 'mother,' in the respect of its having been the scene of his learning. He was apprenticed to

one Robert Large, who was an eminent merchant-man in those days, and who, in addition to his business as a mercer, filled the office of Mayor and Sheriff. Mr. Large died in 1441, and marked his appreciation of William Caxton by leaving him a sum of money. That year Caxton went abroad. It is not easy to form any definite idea of his duties on the Continent, as the various accounts greatly differ, but his stay was extended to a period of thirty years. According to some writers he represented a large English business concern, and most of his time was spent in Brabant, Holland, Flanders and Zeeland. Later he became attached to the household of Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, and sister of the English King.

All these years Caxton, who, while a business man, was also a keen student, was seeking to facilitate the spread of books. Of his struggles during those years we do not know a great deal, except that with untiring perseverance he laboured at his task. At last, after many discouragements and several futile attempts, he succeeded in printing a book in the French language. This was the *Recevil des Histoires de Troyes,* composed by Raoul de Fevre, who was chamberlain to the Duke of Burgundy. There is no possibility of fixing the exact date, but it must have been not later than 1468. Later, Caxton printed an English translation of the book.

There can be no doubt that Caxton effected many great improvements during his lifetime to his own invention. The first type was large and clumsy, but rapid advance was made, much to the

astonishment and admiration of a waiting world. Soon he returned to England and set up a printing press in the precincts of Westminster Abbey. Here King Edward IV and his courtiers visited him, and expressed their great wonder at what they saw. In 1474 Caxton printed his *Book of Chess*. There is an extremely interesting sign, printed by Caxton, and still to be seen at Oxford. It reads: 'If it please any man, spiritual or temporal, to buy any types (or pies) of two or three commemorations of Salisbury, as emprinted after the form of this present letter, which be well and truly correct, let him come to Westminster Almoresraye at the red pale, and he shall have them good cheap.'

Strange as it may seem, there was a good deal of opposition to Caxton from some quarters. Men were quick to see that, once the printing press was used, the number of books would soon increase enormously and the common people would enter into fields of learning hitherto undreamed of. Even the Bishop of London became greatly alarmed, and said: 'If we do not destroy this dangerous invention it will destroy us.' But, fortunately, such alarm did not seize the nation's leaders, and they, for the most part, welcomed the invention and gave William Caxton every encouragement. Caxton was soon able to say that he acted 'under the shadow of the King's noble protection.' From 1474 until the time of his death, which was either in 1491 or 1492, Caxton continued to print a few books each year. Before his death he had the satisfaction of knowing that his invention had given pleasure to thousands, and also of knowing that his work would be worthily continued, for

he suceeded in teaching the art to at least four other men who carried on his work.

Caxton's 'Sign of the Red Pale,' as his little printing shop in Westminster Abbey was known, soon became one of the centres of world-wide influence. With his apprentice and later fellow-workman, Wynkynde Worde, Caxton laboured hard over new works and also over translations into the English language. He found the English language more difficult to print in than the French, and during the translation of his first book into his own mother-tongue, he became so discouraged over what he called the 'broad and rude' English, that he gave up the task for several days; however, he resumed again and finished the work.

One of the first books which Caxton translated was Chaucer's famous Canterbury Tales. Strange, is it not, that this book, practically the first of its kind to be printed, has remained for nearly five hundred years one of the greatest favourites in the English language? It gives intimate glimpses of the life of those far-off days, which have made it a classic for all time.

Several years before his death Caxton conceived the idea of illustrating his books. The first illustrations used were two queer little drawings, which, of course, had been drawn and carved on wooden blocks. The ink was rubbed upon a block and placed face down upon a piece of paper, and the two were then put in the press. One of these little pictures shows five pupils kneeling before their great teacher, who holds a book in his hands. Many of the first printed books had beautifully

illustrated borders, which, of course, were done by hand. These were known as illuminated editions. Huge capital letters often headed a paragraph, and were coloured red and blue, and gilded to match the borders.

In spite of the many improvements which Caxton effected during his lifetime, we should still find his works very hard to read. Here is a sentence taken from his edition of *Reynard the Fox*:

'And yf ony thyng be said or wreten herin that may greve or dysplease ony mann blame not me but the foxe for they be his words and not myne.'

In the parish accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for either 1491 or 1492 (the date is not clear), there is this interesting item: 'Item at burying of William Caxton, for four torches, six shillings and eight pence. Item for the bell, at the same burying, six pence.'

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'Kente of the Weald,' 'apprenticed,' 'mercer,' 'the Continent,' business concern,' 'chamberlain,' 'precincts,' 'classic,' 'illuminated editions,' 'parish accounts.' (Note: St. Margaret's is a church near Westminster Abbey).
2. How long has the invention of printing been known? How were books produced before this invention?
3. Give an account of the early life of Caxton. What experiences were of special value to him in his great work?

4. In what language was the first book printed? What was the second language?
5. Why did some people oppose the invention?
6. How were illustrations first made?
7. Can you think of any other invention that has done as much to increase the knowledge of men as printing?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the adverbs in the first three paragraphs.

COMPOSITION

Make an outline of this article filling in details under the following headings:

I. Books before and after the invention of printing.
II. Caxton's early life.
III. His first books.
IV. Difficulties.
V. Success.
VI. The first illustrated books.

BE STRONG

BY MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift:
Shun not the struggle — face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not, 'The days are evil. Who's to blame?'
And fold the hands and acquiesce — oh shame!
Stand up, speak out and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong !

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on ! To-morrow comes the song.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain : 'acquiesce,' entrenched.'
2. What place is meant by 'here' in the first line ?
3. What is said to be 'God's gift' ?
4. What adjective would you use for the people described in the second stanza ?
5. What is meant by 'To-morrow comes the song' ?

GRAMMAR

Pick out the sentences in this poem that (1) make a statement, (2) ask a question, (3) give a command, (4) form an exclamation.

COMPOSITION

Write a paragraph in answer to the question, 'WHAT SHOULD BE OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS LIFE ?'

SHADE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

The kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun ;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, Oh, weary one !

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And who so rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain : 'very healing,' 'fevered world,' 'God's hospitality.'
2. To what does the writer compare shade in stanzas 1, 2, and 3 ?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the prepositions in this poem. Tell of each one with what noun it is used.

COMPOSITION

Write a short composition on 'THE BLESSING OF SHADE,' telling of creatures besides men that are benefited by it.

WHAT CAUSES THE MONSOON?

Everyone knows that hot air rises, and cold air keeps on a low level. Wind is moving air. If every spot on earth had the same temperature, there would be no winds. But since it is hot near the centre or equator of the earth, and cold at the poles or ends of the earth, the hot air is always rising from the centre, and the cold air is always rushing in from the poles to fill the space thus left empty.

These winds that blow from the poles towards the equator are called trade winds by sailors. They do not blow straight from north and south, but obliquely or slantingly from the north-east and the south-west. This is caused by the rotation of the earth.

The monsoon blows from the south-west from June to October, and the north-east from October to December. Why does the wind in India come from one side half the year, and from the other side the rest of the year? It is because the sun swings across the heavens. At one time of the year its rays fall directly on the line called Cancer, which passes very near Calcutta. Later the sun moves south past the equator until its rays fall directly on the line called Capricorn.

The South-west Monsoon

In June the sun is throwing its rays straight down or vertically over Calcutta. This causes Calcutta and the plains of North India to become very hot. As the hot air rises, the cold, moisture-

laden air rushes in to fill the space left partially vacant. South of Calcutta it is cooler, for the sun's rays are falling obliquely here. The current of air therefore moves from the south to the north, or, to be more exact, from the south-west to the north-east. This is the south-west monsoon. It blows from the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea.

The current of cold air first strikes the Western Ghats, and as it touches the warm surface of the mountains it is turned to rain. A little of the current is carried over the top of the Ghats, but not very much, owing to the height of the peaks. A great deal of rain falls on the coast west of the Ghats, the annual rainfall in some places being as much as 600 inches.

The current from the Arabian Sea also blows up the coast of Malabar. It sweeps round the coast of Ceylon and up the Bay of Bengal to Assam. These parts, therefore, get rain in June.

The North-East Monsoon

The north-east monsoon sets in at the beginning of October. At this time of the year the sun sends vertical or straight rays south of the equator. It is summer in the southern part of the world, and South India is then warmer than Central Asia, north of India, where the air has cooled. Hence winds blow from the north-east towards the south-west. In the north of India this wind does not come over an ocean, so it is very dry and carries no moisture. In the Madras Presidency, however, it brings rain, because this wind has crossed the Bay of Bengal and gathered moisture from the sea. The Eastern Ghats are not very high, so that even

the interior districts get rain, as the wind is able to blow over the mountain-tops.

Cyclones

The north-east monsoon is generally marked by cyclones over the Bay of Bengal. A cyclone is a wind blowing in a special way, generally in a circle, and is caused by the sudden change of temperature along the coast.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. What causes winds to blow?
2. From what points to what points do they blow?
3. Why do they not blow straight from the north or south?
4. Why does the wind in India blow from the south-west half the year, and from the north-east the rest of the year?
5. What parts of India get rain during the south-west monsoon, and what parts during the north-east monsoon? Explain why?
6. Explain why North India gets no rain during the north-east monsoon.
7. What section does get rain from this monsoon and why?
8. What is a cyclone and what causes it?

GRAMMAR

Pick out all the conjunctions in this lesson, and tell what words, phrases, clauses and sentences they connect.

COMPOSITION

Imagine that you are the sun. Write a composition by the sun on 'THE WONDERFUL EFFECT OF MY RAYS ON INDIA.'

FREEDOM

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Men ! Whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave ?
If ye be, base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed !

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt ?
No ! True Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
Earnest to make others free !

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain : ' ye come of fathers,' ' if there breathe,' ' leathern hearts,' ' they needs must think,' ' in the right with two or three.'

(Note : Supply *ye are* before *base* in the fifth line of the first stanza.)

2. In the first stanza who does the poet say are unworthy to be freed ?
3. What two attitudes are contrasted in the second stanza ?
4. By what name besides ' slaves ' might we brand the sort of persons described in the third stanza ?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the adjectives in this poem, and tell of each one what noun or pronoun it qualifies.

Point out some conjunctions in this poem.

COMPOSITION

Make a list of the qualities that you think belong to a man who is truly free and great. Then write a composition on ' THE MARKS OF FREEDOM.'

HARISCHANDRA

I think you would like to hear one of the old, old Hindu stories. It is the story of King Harischandra.

The story begins in the most dignified surroundings, with a meeting of the gods. They sat round about the magnificent Council-room, talking sublimely, cross-legged on silk cushions. Some of

them had three or even six pairs of arms: that just shows you how powerful and terrible they were.

In the chair, presiding over them all, was Indra, Lord of the Devas. Now Indra was noted for his enlightened curiosity; he was always asking the most interesting questions; and the gods loved a good debate. Several of them were very clever at arguing, but none were cleverer than Vasishta and Visvamitra. Vasishta, a kindly soul, was the Guru of the Kings of Ayodhya; he was always helping them and giving them good advice; but Visvamitra was a nasty, sneering person. His eyes were crimson.

So Indra opened the debate. He asked, 'Is there any king among the mortals who is true of word?' Vasishta thought of all the prayers and gifts offered to him in Ayodhya, and he answered in a loud voice, 'Oh Indra, there is: Harischandra, King of Ayodhya, who is called The Truth-lover by his grateful subjects, is true of word.' But as soon as he had stopped speaking, Visvamitra, in his cold way, said he thought his good friend Vasishta had made a mistake, for Harischandra was just like every one else, a very ordinary sort of person. (He really knew nothing about the king, and said this only because he loved to contradict people.) The two of them argued for a long time, and Indra listened with enlightened curiosity to a really brilliant discussion. Each of them became more and more certain that he was right (as people always do in debates); and at last Indra, observing that it was later than he had thought, suggested that they should settle the matter by a practical test; and so the meeting was adjourned.

Now in all the great rich country of the Hindus there was no kingdom greater or richer than Ayodhya. The streets and houses were perfectly clean; there was not a beggar or a cripple to be seen anywhere; the Brahmins (or Priests) were pure and holy, the Kshatriyas (or Warriors) were brave and generous, the Vaisyas (or Merchants) were prosperous and honest, and the Sudras were contented and hard-working. There were no restless people who tried to upset everything and improve the government, as there are in most countries to-day.

One evening at sunset, after his day's work was over the good King Harischandra was looking out from his magnificent palace on the town which he had made so happy with the kind and wise help of Vasishta, when he saw a large and god-like personage come haughtily along the street. The king knew by the crimson eyes that this was Visvamitra. Hastening down to the gate, he laid himself flat on the ground before the god, and then led him to the Seat of Honour, and put a garland of sweet jasmine round his neck, and gave him the most splendid feast that the palace cook (justly famous) could prepare on such short notice. Then, with hands folded humbly, he entreated the god to honour him by giving him some difficult command. Visvamitra was well pleased by the splendid feast and by the respectful way in which he was treated, but now he remembered his purpose; his eyes became a deeper crimson than ever, and he said in a voice as loud as thunder, 'Give me gold piled up to the height of three elephants.' Harischandra (as the god knew very well) had only gold of the height of two

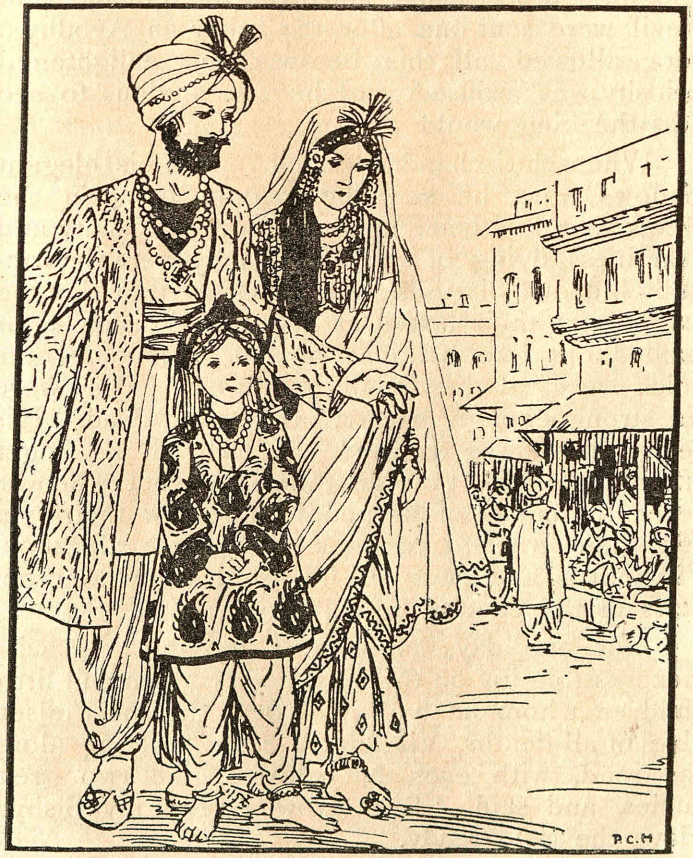
elephants; but he was a very pious man and said at once that nothing could be easier. Visvamitra, squinting evilly at him, went off.

Harischandra at once began to raise money in every possible way; but Visvamitra used his influence with many terrible gods, and famine, and drought, and pestilence, and every imaginable kind of evil were sent one after the other on Ayodhya. Indra allowed all this because his enlightened curiosity was aroused, and he was anxious to see what the king would do.

When Harischandra looked out of his elegant windows now, he saw the people lying in the streets that had been famous for their beauty and cleanliness, dying of starvation; they were deformed by hideous diseases, and either so thin that he could count their bones at fifty yards' distance, or swelled out like balloons by the poisonous roots which were all they could get to eat. They were not strong enough to carry away their dead. His gentle heart was tortured. He feared the anger of the gods more than anything else; but when he heard the moans of his people, and saw their eyes and their cracked tongues, he forgot all about Visvamitra and sent all his gold away to other parts of the country to buy food.

But one day, as he was looking out with inexpressible joy on the men and women and little children whom he had saved from the most miserable of all deaths, Visvamitra came stalking along the road, with eyes that glowed like two great rubies, and said, 'To-morrow I send my Sishya. Have the gold ready.'

Can you imagine how the good king felt? Yet he never even thought of breaking his promise to the god. His gold was gone, and he had nothing left to sell; but that very hour he set off, with his wife Chandramati and his little son, and walked in the heat and glare of the sun to the next



town, and went into the bazaar, and offered himself and them for sale. 'Who will buy a king, and a queen, and a prince?' Nobody was rich enough to buy them together, but one Rajah took Harischandra, and another took Chandramati and her boy.

So Harischandra in his misery worked as a slave in the burning-ghat, where dead bodies are burned, for many Hindus burn their dead instead of burying them. What work for a king!

Visvamitra was doing his job thoroughly: Indra said admiringly that he could not have done it better himself. Thus encouraged, Visvamitra had still another idea: the prince was bitten by a snake, and Chandramati saw him die in agonies. When she had recovered from the first power of her grief, she took the little body in her arms, and all alone, and in tears, carried it towards the burning-ghat. On the way she was stopped by an evil-minded lawyer, and accused of poisoning him; and as she had no one to help her, she was at once condemned to death, and sent to the burning-ghat to be beheaded. Harischandra was the executioner!

He was so miserable that he noticed nothing, and at first he did not realize who the criminal was; but the noise of her weeping roused him, and he saw who this was that he had to kill. She told him her story. But his task (he knew) must be done, for this must be the will of the gods; and though he would rather a thousand times have killed himself, he raised the horrid, sharp executioner's axe over her head.

But at the last moment the door of heaven was opened, and Indra, Lord of the Devas, appeared himself on the magnificent threshold, smiling genially with all his court behind him. Vasishta was seen smiling at Visvamitra in pardonable triumph, saying, 'I told you so;' and even Visvamitra (who was really quite kind, only a little pessimistic) seemed glad to find himself wrong, after all. The prince sprang up from the ground (for he was not really dead), and the king and queen were restored to their loving people and their fruitful kingdom, and spent the rest of their long lives in abiding happiness, growing prosperity, and the consciousness of great virtue.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'enlightened curiosity.' Is there such a thing as unenlightened curiosity? If so, what is the difference? Explain: 'squinting evilly', 'smiling genially', 'pessimistic', 'the consciousness of great virtue.'

2. Is this a true story, or only a legend? You will find an old Hebrew tale very much like this in the Book of Job in the Bible. See if you can find characters in that narrative like the characters in this.

3. Make a list of all the characters in this story, and after each name write one or more adjectives describing his disposition.

4. Make a list of all the troubles that came upon Harischandra. What was the motive of the gods in sending them?

5. What was the most admirable trait in Harischandra's character?

6. Has the story a happy ending? What is the most exciting moment, or crisis?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the adjectives in the positive degree in the first four paragraphs, and turn as many of them as possible into adverbs by adding *ly*.

COMPOSITION

Write another legend of India in a brief, interesting form.

FATHER WILLIAM

BY LEWIS CARROLL

INTRODUCTION: This is a parody on another poem, and shows at its best the fun-loving side of Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice In Wonderland.* Its absurd statements are made with an air of such perfect gravity as to heighten the reader's enjoyment. It is impossible to analyze humour. Humour is made only to be enjoyed. Hence this poem is printed without questions. (*See* APPENDIX).

'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,
'And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head.
Do you think, at your age, it is right?'
'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;

Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?'
'In my youth,' said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
'I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box.
Allow me to sell you a couple.'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak;
Pray, how did you manage to do it?'
'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life.'

'You are old,' said the youth; 'one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose.
What made you so awfully clever?'

'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'
Said his father, 'Don't give yourself airs.
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!'

THE MAGIC RING

BY C. K. ROY & R. E. ROBINSON

I.—The Old King's Choice

LONG, long ago lived a king, Udayanka, whom his people called 'Udayanka the Good.' By day and by night his chief thought was for his people. He planned how he could save them from their enemies, how he could give them good laws, and how he could make them happy and contented.

All the years that he was king, he was helped by a good friend, although he did not know her. But towards the end of his life, she appeared to him. She came one night when the king was wakeful, and stood beside him. He was astonished at the sight of this spirit, tall and divinely beautiful. She was dressed in a robe as white as the Himalayan snow. A wreath of white roses on her head shed a delicate perfume around her.

'Who are you?' asked the startled king.

The spirit, with smiling lips, answered in a low, sweet voice, 'I am a fairy queen. People call me Lady Conscience. Since you were a child, I have been your friend.'

'You!' said the king in surprise.

'Yes, I have whispered to you what was right and what was wrong. Though you did not see me, you listened to my commands.'



'Yes,' said the king thoughtfully. 'I knew there was a voice, though I could see no one.'

'Because you have been a good king,' went on the fairy, 'I will grant your dearest wish, whatever it may be.'

After a minute's thought the king said, 'A fairy queen can read the minds of men. You know that my greatest wish is for my son, Udaka, whom people in their great love call Prince Darling.'

'I can make him grow up to be the handsomest prince, or the richest, or the most powerful on earth. Say which of these gifts you wish for your son.'

A shadow passed across the king's face. The fairy saw that he was not pleased with her offer.

'I wish for him none of these things,' said the king. 'Good looks, riches, or a great kingdom would be of no account if he was not a good prince. Sometimes I am afraid —' and his voice faltered.

'Afraid of what?' asked the fairy.

'That he may not be what a king should be. His mother died when he was very young, and his nurse spoiled and pampered him. She so filled his mind with the thought that he could do just as he pleased, that he became self-willed and obstinate.'

'What a pity!' said Lady Conscience. 'But was there no one to help him?'

'Yes, for the past few years he has had a tutor, Sadhana, who is both learned and good. He has shown my son how shameful it is to lose one's temper; how wrong it is to be proud; how weak it is to be selfish.'

'Then there is hope for him,' said the fairy.

'Yes,' answered the king. 'Under the good Sadhana's teaching he has become a different boy. Now my wish for him — will you grant it?'

'If it is in my power,' answered Lady Conscience in a voice of thrilling sweetness.

'My wish for him is that you will make him the best prince that has ever lived — the kindest, the justest, the bravest.'

'You have chosen wisely, King,' said Lady Conscience. 'But even a fairy cannot *make* a person good. He himself must choose goodness. But I will be his friend and helper, as I have been yours.'

'Then all will be well,' said the king gratefully.

The next minute, the fairy was gone.

II.—The Prince and the Ring

NOT long after, King Udayanka died. Prince Udaka grieved much for the father he loved so dearly. In his loneliness, the good Sadhana was his greatest comfort. He told the young prince stories of his father — how he had loved and helped his people. Udaka never tired of hearing him. He said within himself, 'I too, will be a good friend to my people, as my father was.'

One night he awoke to see Lady Conscience standing beside him. In her low, sweet voice, she said,

'Prince Udaka, I was your father's friend and helper, and I promised him that I would be yours, too. I have come to fulfil that promise.'

'But who are you?' asked the startled young man.

'I am called Lady Conscience,' was the answer. 'I help and guide those who choose to follow my commands. Will you obey me as your father did?'

'Indeed I will,' said the prince eagerly. 'Only tell me how.'

'Here is a ring,' said the fairy. 'Wear it always as a protection from evil. When you are tempted to do wrong, it will warn you by a prick. If you neglect the warning, I will cease to be your friend. But if you obey it, you will become the best king your country has ever had.'

In a daze the young man took the ring and placed it on his finger. He noticed that the stone in it shone with a clear, beautiful ray.

'One thing more I must tell you,' said the fairy. 'You will find before long a princess, the sweetest and fairest in the world. But only through eyes of goodness will you see her beauty. May you live long and happily, and reign well. Farewell!'

Prince Udaka rubbed his eyes, wondering if he was awake or dreaming. The fairy was gone, but on his finger was the ring she had given him. 'I will be good,' he said to himself. 'Through all my life this ring will help me.'

A few days later, the joy-bells were rung for the crowning of Prince Udaka, and the people gave

themselves over to rejoicing. The city was decked in its finest attire. Garlands were hung across the streets. Arches of welcome were graced with branches and leaves and gay-coloured banners. Shawls of silk and velvet hung from windows and balconies. Amid a proud array of nobles and elders, the young prince rode under an umbrella of gold to his coronation. When the crown had been set upon his head and the great sword set with many jewels had been girt about him, the newly-made king stepped out upon a balcony. A great shout, *Udaka-ki-jai! Udaka-ki-jai!* went up from the thousands assembled in front of the palace. The young king listening, felt his love go out to them. 'Help me to rule these people well,' was the prayer in his heart.

The reign was well begun. Daily the people gave thanks that God had sent them so good a ruler. He was young and handsome, tall and strong, and famous for feats of arms. But better still, he was a just and generous king. He was kind to his own people and at peace with the kings of other countries.

The good Sadhana was his tried and trusted friend, who knew him as no one else did. But even he was surprised at times by the wisdom and skill of the young king. Only Udaka knew the secret of the ring. Only he knew how many times he had been on the point of giving an angry answer or making a selfish decision. But it was then that he had felt the pressure of the ring. That was his warning, and he wisely heeded it.

Before many months had passed, he journeyed



5

to a neighbouring state. The king of this state had only as much land as one of the nobles of Udaka's kingdom, but he was said to possess a daughter who was as a flower for goodness and beauty.

Udaka was made welcome in the king's house, and found there what he sought. No sooner had he looked on the young Ragini's sweet and lovely face than he thought, 'Here is the pearl of price for me.' And gentle Ragini, in her shy, sweet way, felt a deep happiness that one so noble and so beautiful should love her. So when all arrangements had been made for the marriage in the following year, Udaka rode back to his kingdom. And all along the way the joy-bells seemed to be ringing their happy music in his deepest heart.

III.—A Dangerous Friend

ON his return, Udaka found at his court a young nobleman named Gobhana. He had a grand manner and dressed magnificently. Udaka was at once attracted to him. He felt a little uneasy when his faithful ring gave a warning prick. But Gobhana looked at him so admiringly that he could not resist him.

'Shall we take a walk in the garden?' suggested his new friend the morning after Udaka's return.

'I must attend a Council meeting in a few minutes,' answered Udaka.

'Oh! bother Council meetings and all that rot. Let someone else manage them', said Gobhana with a laugh.

'But it's my business,' said Udaka earnestly.



'Your Majesty is too anxious to please every one,' said Gobhana with a smile. 'A king should be a master, not a slave to others. Come, let's see — '

At that moment Sadhana entered.

'Oh! here comes that doddering old idiot,' exclaimed Gobhana. 'Send him away. We don't want such a kill-joy around.'

'Your Majesty,' said Sadhana, quietly ignoring Gobhana's rudeness, 'the Council is assembled and waiting.'

Udaka glanced towards Gobhana and saw an amused smile on his face. He did not wish to appear ridiculous in the eyes of this splendid young man, so he said,

'Tell the members of the Council that it is not my pleasure to sit with them to-day. They may disperse.'

'But it is necessary to consider the important business of — ' began Sadhana.

There was a slight titter from Gobhana.

'Enough!' said Udaka angrily. 'Have you understood my order, or shall I send the message by someone else?'

'I will take it, Sire,' answered Sadhana looking at him steadily. 'But your Majesty will remember that king Udayanka was never absent from — '

Udaka caught the words that Gobhana muttered. 'You ought to wring the neck of that impertinent fool.'

'Go, Sadhana,' said the King sternly. 'I need no one to tell me my duty.'

When he was gone, Gobhana said, 'That's the kind of spirit I like to see in a young man like you. Let everyone see that you will stand no nonsense. Take my word for it, you will find it much easier to govern them when they understand that.'

Udaka was silent, for the pressure of his ring made him feel uncomfortable. He had seen the look of pain in Sadhana's eyes, and he could not bear to hurt anyone.

Gobhana noticed his quietness and said mockingly. 'Don't let me deprive you of the pleasure of a meeting with your Council. I can overtake your ancient servant and tell the Councillors to wait for you.'

'No, no,' said Udaka hurriedly. 'I dislike changing orders.'

'Then come for a stroll in the garden,' said Gobhana rising and holding out his hand to Udaka with a smile. 'On such a heavenly day it would be a sin to shut yourself up in a stuffy Council room.'

The two went out together, and for the next hour Gobhana entertained Udaka with the most interesting tales and the wittiest jests he had ever heard. The morning was gone before they knew it. The king was in a good humour by the time they returned to the palace, and Gobhana was satisfied with his success.

His influence grew from day to day. The time came when Udaka ceased to feel the warning pressure on his finger, and when the stone in his ring grew dull and colourless. Sadhana noticed

sadly the change in his young master. But he knew that it would be useless to speak to him. Udaka must be left to find out his mistake for himself.

IV.—Dark Days

GOBHANA soon drew around the king all the gay young men of the city. They came to the palace only for food and drink, for idleness and pleasure.

'Poor Udaka!' Sadhana would say to himself as he watched him from a distance. 'He has great virtues, but he has also great vices. His spoiled childhood makes it easy for him to yield to temptation now. He is too fond of ease and pleasure to resist Gobhana's influence. But when he is at his best, he can control himself. Some day he will come back to his best self.'

Udaka himself realised at times that these young companions had got him in their power against his will. There was no lack of these creatures to make use of him for their own selfish ends. They held him in their grasp by flattery and by threats. They told him also that a king could do as he pleased, and he found it easier to fall in with their ways than to withstand them.

Because they were young men, they advised him to get rid of all his old, trusted Councillors and Generals, and appoint young men in their stead. They told him to tax the people heavily, and to set them at hard tasks. If any complained, they were to be thrown into prison or put to death. The noblest and best men in the city were plundered or driven into exile. Hardly a day passed without

some deed of violence or injustice. Dark days had come to the kingdom. The people saw how woefully they had been deceived, and cursed the day that Udaka became king.

Sadhana's heart was almost broken by the wild ways of the king and his reckless young companions. They seemed to be almost mad with greed for money and pleasure. One day, when he could bear it no longer, he said,

'Udaka, my dear young friend, have you forgotten the days when all the people loved you and wished you well? To-day they all fear you, for you have grown to be a tyrant. You cut down one after another of your subjects. You order the death of any one with a scratch of your pen. This is not the way of kingly honour.'

'I want none of your croaking,' answered Udaka curtly, and turned his back upon him.

Yet he was beginning to feel a fear in his heart, for he knew that men hated him. When he was alone, he found himself watching for the gleam of an assassin's dagger. He often started at a loud sound from outside. It was because he feared it might be the angry murmur of a mob. Dark days had come to the king as well as to the kingdom.

V.—The Lost Magic

BEFORE long, Udaka's young companions fell to quarrelling among themselves. As they idled away their days, they ate and drank too much. This spoiled their tempers, so that they became annoyed at trifles. They remembered old quarrels, and fights began among them.

Gobhana saw that something must be done, so he turned the thoughts of the king to war.

'You are too great a king to sit at home in idleness,' he would say to him. 'With your wealth and your ability, there is nothing you cannot do. You can be king of this province and master of that, you can be sovereign of India, and have the world at your feet.'



By his flattery he aroused the king's pride and arrogance. It was not long before Udaka was leading his army against a neighbouring state. For

so long there had been peace between the two kings that the state lay without defences, and was easily taken. Udaka sent his soldiers among the beaten people to finish the work of conquest. Some they sent away captives to their own country. Some who tried to resist or escape they bound and shot with arrows till they died. Or they made them kneel and receive on their necks a blow from the sword that cut off their heads. Everywhere was misery and crying and terror. The army, flushed with victory, went from kingdom to kingdom, everywhere plundering, killing, or taking people captive.

One day the soldiers brought to Udaka a captive maid. She threw herself at his feet, crying,

'Lord King, have you forgotten Ragini?'

'Ragini!' said Udaka in horrified accents. He had forgotten that this was her father's territory. In a voice that trembled with emotion, he bade her rise. But instead of the lovely image that he expected, he saw a girl with a scarred, unsightly face.

'Take her away!' he cried to his soldiers. 'This is no one I know.'

They carried her off, but he could not get her out of his mind. 'She had Ragini's eyes,' he thought, 'but she was not Ragini.'

After that a disgust for fighting came upon him, and he returned home. There was no one whom he so much wanted to see as Sadhana. But alas! Sadhana had died in his absence, and Udaka felt as if he had lost a second father.

Moody and sad in mind, he went to his room that night, but it was long before he slept. When at last he fell asleep, he saw in a dream Sadhana leading his beloved Ragini towards him. He heard him saying, 'Only through eyes of goodness will you see her beauty.'

He awoke with the words ringing in his ears. Where had he heard them before? He remembered now. They had been spoken by the Lady Conscience. He glanced down at his ring. The stone looked dead and lifeless. He was startled to realize how long it was since he had felt its prick.

His one ray of comfort was the thought that the Sadhana he had once loved had not deserted him. He had come to him in a vision, he had spoken to him and made him feel that he was not forgotten.

But a weight as heavy as a mill-stone hung about his heart. He must do something to throw it off. So he called for his huntsmen and falcons and set out on a hunt.

It was a glorious day, and his favourite horse bore him swiftly towards the forest. The falcons were unhooded and the chase began. Something of its excitement took possession of his mind.

Suddenly a bird came flying straight towards him, and took refuge in a fold of his cloak. His first instinct was to give it up to the birds of prey. But to his amazement, he felt a slight prick on his finger. He looked down at his ring, and a faint light gleamed in the stone. He felt his heart moved with a strange new tenderness. He held the bird close to him to protect it, wheeled his horse around, and rode back to the palace.

VI.—The Ring Recovers its Magic

ALL the way back, a strange thought filled the king's mind. Could it really have been Ragini that the soldiers had brought to him only a short time ago? Was it his wicked heart that had blinded his sight and kept him from recognizing her? A great longing seized him then — such a longing as comes upon a little child for its mother. Where was Ragini? Would he ever see her again?

'Only through eyes of goodness will you see her beauty.' Again and again the words sounded in his memory. Would he ever be able to forgive himself if any harm befell his beloved Ragini?

He put spurs to his horse in his impatience to reach the palace. Gobhana and his companions, having slept late, were now at the entrance to greet him. But without a word to them he dismounted from his horse and sent for his secretary.

Two orders were given: Search the kingdom for a captive maid, Ragini, and bring me word as soon as she is found.' 'Clear the palace of Gobhana and all his crew and send them to prison.' The second command brought a fearful storm upon him. The young men threatened, implored, cajoled and cursed him. But they found that they had suddenly lost their power over Udaka. No longer could they make him afraid. He stood like adamant while his orders were obeyed. Only when the last one had been put in chains and carried off, did he relax from his grimness.

That night and the next day and night were the worst he had ever spent. His months of revelling and tyranny came before him in all their shamefulness. The life he had led now filled him with disgust and loathing. He hated himself for what he had been. But keener than this was the remorse for his treatment of Ragini. The torture of his feelings drove him out of the palace grounds. Not caring where he went he found himself at last near a large, flat rock. He knelt beside it and laid his head on his arms, weeping bitterly. Never had he known suffering that was so fierce.

But good news awaited him on his return. Ragini had been found in a prison not far distant. The face of Udaka, so haggard and worn, lighted up with joy at the words. He sped to the place on his swiftest horse.

There in a prison cell he found her, seated on a rough bench. Only through a tiny window high in the stone wall could she see the blue sky. But not even the darkness of the cell could hide her beauty from him now. Her starry eyes shed soft light upon him. Her suffering had added a look of wistfulness to her face, giving it a new and touching loveliness.

Udaka was pierced to the heart. He fell upon his knees, crying, 'Ragini, my dear one, can you ever forgive me? I thought I had lost you, and never should find you again. I was too blind!'

'Oh! you have come,' she exclaimed. 'Nothing matters now.'

'Are you glad?' he asked, looking up at her.



'See how I laugh and am happy,' she answered. And she began to cry. Her tears fell on Udaka's cheek, and they were tears of happiness. Her laughter mingled with the tears, and it was the sweetest music Udaka had ever heard. She drew him to the bench beside her. They sat with clasped hands, murmuring words of confession and forgiveness.

They looked up, and were surprised to see the Lady Conscience before them. She was gazing at them with a lovely look of tenderness. Then she said softly.

'So the blindness has been lifted from your eyes, King Udaka.'

He sprang to his feet, saying, 'Ah! how weak and wicked I have been. It will always be a bitter memory to me.'

'Alas! yes,' said Lady Conscience. 'And when one has done wrong, he can never be quite the same again.'

'What made me behave so?' said Udaka.

'Did you forget the magic ring?' she asked.

He looked at it, and saw that it was flinging showers of light.

'Oh! it is shining again,' he exclaimed. 'I thought its light was gone forever.'

'You must never let it grow dim again,' said Lady Conscience.

'I will try not to,' answered Udaka, 'but oh! I am afraid.'

'Afraid of what?'

'Afraid that my old wicked self is not really dead, but may come to life again.'

'You have shown courage, Udaka. It took courage to stand against all those foolish knaves and drive them from the palace. Let that courage grow.'

'And he has my love,' said Ragini, rising and slipping her hand into Udaka's. 'I love him now a thousand fold more than I did before.'

'Yes,' said the fairy, 'for your love at first was like holiday clothes meant only for fair weather. But now that it has been through storms and trials, it is found to be of the stuff that endures. No love is so sure as that which loves in spite of weakness. Great love is good; but wise love mingled with pity, is better.'

Turning to the king she said, 'Guard your treasure well, Udaka. Keep safe her dream of you. For if her dream breaks, her heart will break too.'

Then, raising her hands as if in blessing, she added, 'Children, be happy. Keep your happiness, keep it carefully.'

She was gone in an instant, but the place where she had stood was lighted with a rosy ray from Udaka's ring.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Is this a tale of present or past times ?
2. Who are the hero, the heroine and the villain ? What other characters are there ?
3. If you had been Udaka, what would you have done when you first met Gobhana ?
4. What were the good points in Udaka's character ? The bad points ?
5. Make a list of all the good influences in his life ; the bad ones.
6. What seems to be the turning-point of the story, or is there more than one ?
7. Has the story a happy ending ? Can you imagine an unhappy ending ? What changes would have to be made ?
8. Is there anything impossible or improbable in this story ? If so, what ?
9. In what other respects, if any, does it seem true to life ?
10. This is the story of a struggle. Tell between what persons and what influences it was carried on.
11. If you think this story could be made into a film, how many scenes would it have ?

GRAMMAR

Pick out the nouns on page 71 and tell whether they are singular or plural. Where they are plural, give the singular form, and where they are singular give the plural form.

COMPOSITION

(1) Make an outline of this story, putting each scene under a separate heading.

(2) Write a character sketch of either Ragini or Sadhana, first making an outline for your article.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM

BY WILLIAM COWPER

INTRODUCTION : This poem reminds us of a fable by Aesop, for it represents animals talking to each other like persons, and contains a moral as well. Its quiet humour adds to its charm.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
'Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
'As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power divine,
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.'
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'suspended', 'the keen demands of appetite', 'his crop', 'aware of his intent', 'harangued', 'the self-same power divine', 'approbation'.
2. Write in simple prose the argument by which the glow-worm persuaded the nightingale not to eat him up. Was this argument a piece of flattery or sincerity?

GRAMMAR

Point out the pronouns in this poem, and show what noun each pronoun stands for.

COMPOSITION

Write a short story of an animal about to eat a smaller animal or a bird, and tell by what means the smaller animal saves itself. You may copy the argument used here, or make up another.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

INTRODUCTION: This is considered one of the finest bird poems ever written. It reveals the poet as a close and accurate observer as well as a charming story-teller. The fifth, sixth and eighth lines of each stanza are a faithful imitation of the bird's notes. Bob-o'-link is the name of this much-loved American bird, but the poet humorously gives him a more dignified name in the title.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,

Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.
Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice, new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.
Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.
Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.
Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight;
There as the mother sits all day,

Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown,
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum drone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'Quaker wife,' 'braggart, and prince of braggarts,' 'bestirs,' 'his holiday garment,' 'summer wanes,' 'hum-drum drone,' 'pipe.'
2. Describe the appearance and disposition of the bob-o'-link from the hints given in this poem. Is there a difference between his appearance at the beginning and end of the poem? To what fact of bird life does the following line refer? 'Off is his holiday garment laid.'
3. Describe the appearance and disposition of his wife, and contrast them with that of her husband. (Note: Quakers, or Friends, are members of a religious sect who wear very quiet, plain-coloured clothes. A nun is a member of another religious sect who not only dresses plainly, but is very quiet, talking but little.)
4. Have male or female birds generally brighter colours? Give instances from the birds of India. Can you find any reason for this difference?
5. What are the seasons at the beginning, the middle and the end of this poem?
6. Which lines of each stanza give the speech or thought of bob-o'-link?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the verbs in this poem composed of two or more words, as, *is telling*.

COMPOSITION

Write a short description of an Indian bird that you have observed.

KASHMIR, THE GARDEN OF INDIA

The Capital City

Kashmir is a garden of beauty surrounded by a wall of snow-capped mountains. We enter the Vale of Kashmir at Baramulla. From the bridge over the river we can look north and see the peak Nanga Parbat standing like a huge sentinel pointing to the sky.

At Baramulla we board the house-boat which is to be our dwelling for the next few months. We are then towed twenty miles up the Jhelum till we come to the capital of Kashmir, Srinagar, the City of the Sun, lying like a jewel in the centre of the valley. About half the people living here are Muslims, the other half Hindus. They appear very good-natured and happy-go-lucky.

The houses of the city are built on a wooden framework, and the sides are filled in with bricks.

Most of the houses have a very dilapidated appearance. But they are very picturesque all through the summer months, for the roofs of many of them are covered with flowers. Some have tulips, some wild irises, some red poppies. The great *Ziarat* of Hamadan in the centre of the city has a beautiful pink flowering leek.

Flowers and Fruit

From early spring to late autumn the flowers of Kashmir pass in a procession of beauty. First of all comes the delicate pink almond blossom. As soon as it has shed its petals the white cherry blossom and the pink and white apple blossom make their appearance. Then come the irises of

royal purple, growing as high as a man's waist and filling whole fields with their stately blooms. Next appears the Persian lilac. This is smaller than the English variety, but grows in greater profusion. When the summer has fully commenced, the air is filled with the perfume of roses, and walls and gardens are covered with their clusters of crimson, snow-white, scarlet and creamy yellow. Outside of the city, in the fields, blue flax or red poppies grow among the wheat, and fields of yellow mustard stretch like dazzling cloth-of-gold. The Jhelum river flows through the city of Srinagar, and with its canals cuts it up into so many islands as to give it the name of 'The Venice of India.' As the sun melts the snow on the mountain-tops, the snow-water flows down to the valley and causes the river to rise and give her life-giving waters to fields and gardens.

Later in the season, when the river goes down again, the flowers droop and the grass becomes withered. But fruit then takes the place of flowers, and the shops are filled with luscious pears, peaches, nectarines and plums, and later on with rosy-cheeked apples. The people are then everywhere seen drying the fruit to be stored for winter use.

The Lake Gardens

The floating gardens are unique. One end of Dal Lake is reserved especially for them. Their owners pay no rent for them, for they literally make the ground for the gardens themselves. First of all they make a sort of platform of reeds, and anchor it to stakes. Then they bring up mud

from the bottom of the lake and place it in little heaps on the platform. Finally they plant on them the seedlings of vegetables, mostly marrow and cucumber. The gardens require no watering, and can easily be tended from the end of a boat, which stands out over them. These vegetables are also dried for winter use, being cut up into strips and hung in the sun.

When the season is over and we return once more to the plains, the fragrance of Kashmir's gardens is still with us, and the remembrance of their beauty fills us with quiet joy.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. What sights in Kashmir would strike you as unusual?
2. How many of the flowers mentioned in this article have you seen?
3. Describe the floating gardens.

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the adverbs in the last two paragraphs of this article, and tell what words they qualify.

COMPOSITION

Write a composition on some place familiar to you, entitled, 'The Most Beautiful Place I have Seen.'

A BOY'S SONG

BY JAMES HOGG

INTRODUCTION: This description of an English boy's holiday is a sort of catalogue of all the out-door

sights he loves. We can almost follow him with our eyes as he goes up the river, under the trees, across the fields of hay, to the shady bank covered with hazel trees where, perhaps, 'little sweet maidens' are at play.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away,
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain : 'where the mowers mow the cleanest,' 'to trace (or follow) the homeward bee.'
2. What line serves to knit the whole poem together?
3. Which of the word pictures in this poem do you like best?

GRAMMAR

Pick out the adjectives in the first four stanzas and give the comparison of each.

COMPOSITION

Write a composition entitled 'An Indian Boy's Holiday,' telling of all the out-door sights he would enjoy.

ANIMAL LIFE ON EVEREST

Tibet is a mountainous desert 14,000 feet above sea level. The rainfall is scanty, and the air is so dry that the skin and nails split, and dead bodies do not decompose. Fierce winds of piercing coldness sweep across the plain from mountain ranges. We might suppose that there would be a great dearth of animal life in this inhospitable climate. But, as it happens, a number of animals and insects are found both on the plain and in the mountain ranges that border Tibet. They have learned to adapt themselves to the severity of the climate.

Some of the mammals are clothed in thicker coats of hair than those of other parts of the world.

For instance, the yak has next its body a layer of wool, over which is a hairy coat hanging down like an apron. When it feeds, it always stands with its tail to the wind. This thick tail and the long hair around the hind legs act as a kind of wind-proof screen. The head, being kept low, is sheltered by the body and protected above by the hairy mane.

Wild sheep and mountain hares are found on the barren slopes of mountains 17,000 feet high. Even birds are found at this altitude, in particular a species of redstart. Grasshoppers exist at a little over 18,000 feet, which is almost the limit of vegetable growth. But bees, moths and butterflies exist even beyond that point, and small spiders are found 4,000 feet above the last vegetable growth. These are the highest existing animals on the earth. They live on islands of broken rock surrounded by snow and ice. There is no sign of vegetation or living creature near them, and for food they eat one another.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Describe the climate in Tibet and the neighbouring mountain ranges.
2. How are mammals protected against it, the yak in particular?
3. At what heights are other animals and insects found?
4. Which is the highest existing of all, and how does it manage to live?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the prepositions used, giving in each case the noun or pronoun with which the preposition is used.

COMPOSITION

Write a composition entitled 'Some Interesting Facts of Animal Life,' basing it on what you have observed or read.

LITTLE TRIPS TO FAMOUS PLACES

BY ARCHER WALLACE

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

Literally, for thousands of years the Pyramids have been a source of wonder to man. These great symbols have scarcely ever been left alone. Men of all races have come to wander about them, attracted by their mystery and their immensity. Even as far back as the days of ancient Rome, tourists, arrayed in toga and peplum, visited them and proudly carved their names on the granite at their bases.

The most remarkable group is to be found on the west side of the Nile, on the border of the Libyan desert, extending north and south for a distance of twenty-five miles, the farthest north being opposite the city of Cairo. They are built chiefly of the hard limestone of the adjacent hills, although large blocks of granite must have been brought from a considerable distance. Nowhere, in all history, have such masses of stones been piled up by human labour as in Egypt at the

command of the pyramid builders. Some of the stones are of such proportions that it must have required great mechanical skill to quarry them, transport them, and finally to raise them and adjust them in their proper places. An almost incredible number of labourers must have been employed in the erection of these Pyramids. According to the historian Herodotus, the Great Pyramid, called the Pyramid of Cheops, took 100,000 labourers about thirty years to complete. Its base forms a square which was originally 768 feet on each side. The gradual wearing away of the outer coating has reduced it in size to about 750 feet square, thus covering about thirteen acres. The highest was originally 480 feet, but is now 451.

The Pyramids are evidently tombs built by respective kings, and the most remarkable thing about them is their size and the accuracy of their workmanship. They are imperishable landmarks, not only of Egypt, but of the ancient world.

Several of the Pyramids are pierced by sloping passages through the interior, leading to the burial places. The Pyramids differ a good deal; for instance, the Great Pyramid at Gizeh contains several burial chambers built one over the other, whereas others have but one such chamber. The largest chamber of the Great Pyramid, known as the 'King's Chamber,' is 34½ feet long, 17 feet wide and 19 feet high, and contains a sarcophagus of red granite. We have reason to believe that the builder of a Pyramid permitted the bodies of the members of his family to be deposited in the central chamber with his own.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain : ' toga and peplum,' ' sarcophagus '.
2. Where are the Pyramids situated? What has attracted travellers to them for thousands of years?
3. Of what material are they built, and what is their size?
4. What was the purpose of building them?
5. Is it possible to reach the interior of any of them?
6. Whose tomb in Egypt that was excavated about fourteen years ago caused a tremendous sensation? (Note : This tomb, however, was not in a pyramid, but had been cut in a rock in the side of a valley).

GRAMMAR

Take five sentences containing pronouns and rewrite them, replacing the pronouns by nouns.

COMPOSITION

Write a short description of one of the most remarkable works in India (for example, the pillars of Asoka, or the Taj Mahal), comparing its erection with that of the Pyramids.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

2

'Shall I have naught that is fair?' saith he;
'Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of those flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.'

3

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

4

'My Lord has need of those flowerlets gay,'
The Reaper said, and smiled;
'Dear tokens of the earth are they
Where once he was a child.

5

'They shall all bloom in the fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.'

6

And the mother gave in tears and pain
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

7

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day,
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Note : 'Dear tokens' means dear reminders. 'The fields of light' means heaven.
2. How is Death represented here ?
3. What persons are meant by 'the flowers' and what by 'the bearded grain?' Who is the Lord of Paradise ?
4. Why do you think the Reaper 'gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes' ? Was it for his own sorrow or the sorrow that he knew he would cause others ? What was his reason for taking the flowers instead of the grain that day ?
5. Why did the mother shed tears when 'she gave the flowers that she most did love' ?
6. Is the thought in this poem hard or easy to understand ? Is the language simple or difficult ?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the verbs in this poem, and give the present and past tense of each.

COMPOSITION

Let the mother tell this story, using the ideas of the poem.

Or

Write any other story or legend about Death that you know or can invent.

I count this thing to be grandly true ;
That a noble deed is a step towards God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

— "*Gradatim*," *by J. G. Holland.*

LITTLE TRIPS TO FAMOUS PLACES

BY ARCHER WALLACE

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

The Great Wall of China is, in reality, a great fortification, running for nearly fifteen hundred miles and meant to serve as a boundary line between the Chinese and the restless Tartar tribes to the north. In olden times nations placed a great deal of reliance upon such barriers and fortifications, and relics of these walls, etc., can be seen in many parts of Europe to-day, and especially in Great Britain. It was upon such barriers as these, in fact, that the fate of nations very largely was supposed to depend; not because the invading army could be kept out best, but because their progress could be so delayed that the invaded had time to summon every resource. Evidently there could be no great surprise to any country if its walls were strong and kept in constant repair.

It is not known whether the Wall of China was built at one time, or was simply united and extended from the short walls built by princes of small States to keep out invaders. The latter view is the one more generally held.

That which excites the wonder of the traveller in China's Great Wall is the difficulties which must have been encountered and overcome in securing the material and in conveying it such great distances. Then there is the height — at some places seemingly inaccessible — over which the wall has been carried. One of the most elevated ridges

measures five thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet.

A traveller thus describes his own impressions of it: 'There it was, carried along the ridges of hills, over the tops of the highest mountains, descending into the deepest valleys, crossing upon arches over rivers, and doubled and trebled at many parts to take in important passes; interspersed with towers at almost every hundred yards, many of these towers themselves being forty feet in height and representing much hard work—and this for a distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles.'

The writer, E. T. C. Werner, thus sums up an article on this world-wonder: 'The Great Wall of China will never be repaired. It will stand on in silence through the ages like some vast tomb-stone of a bygone time, but the circumstances which caused its erection and would necessitate its restoration will never recur. China has learned that floating walls are of more service to her than stone ones; she is not likely to waste her time and energy, which would be more usefully expended in making and organizing her navy. However serviceable its wall may have been in the past, it will receive little attention in the future.'

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'relics', 'time to summon every resource', 'floating walls are of more service than stone ones'.
2. In what direction does the Great Wall of China extend, and what is its length? Was it a single

wall, erected on a flat plain? Is it likely that it was built under a single manager?

3. For what purpose was it built? Was it expected to prevent the invasion of a hostile army?
4. Why will 'the Great Wall of China never be repaired'?

GRAMMAR

Find the adjectives formed from verbs in the fourth paragraph, and tell what words they qualify.

COMPOSITION

Write the description of an old fort in India, and discuss its usefulness for military purposes to-day.

THE SINGING LESSON

BY JEAN INGELOW

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune:
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing;
And pretended to be asleep.

2

A lark, arm in arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought that life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

3

'O nightingale!' cooed a dove;
'O nightingale! what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't sulk away from our sight,
Like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

4

'Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak!
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak!'

5

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass!
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

6

The nightingale did not care,
She sang only to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.

The people that stood below
She knew but little about ;
And this tale has a moral, I know,
If you'll try and find it out.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Does the writer think of birds as being like persons ? What actions do they perform that are like those of persons ?
2. What sort of a character had the nightingale ? What sort had the dove ?
3. Which birds made the nightingale feel ashamed ? Which encouraged her ? What birds did she tell the nightingale she ought not to be like ?
4. How did the nightingale show how ashamed she was ? Why did she wish ' she could skip a year ' ?
5. Why is the nightingale called ' the bird of beauty and love ', ' the bird of joy and delight ' ?
6. What did the dove mean by saying, ' Other birds have to do their best, you need only to speak ' ?
7. What effect had the nightingale's song on the listeners ?
8. What is meant by ' She sang only to the skies ' ?
9. What do you think is the moral of this tale ?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the sentences in this poem that express a command. Make another of those that form an exclamation. In the latter list point out the interjections.

COMPOSITION

Write in dialogue form, as if for a play, the thoughts and words of all the four birds in this poem.

COAL

Kalan and Abdul lived in a little house near the busy railway station of a small northern town. They spent much of their time watching the heavily loaded trains puff in and out of the station.

As the winter approached, it grew very cold. One morning Kalan and Abdul sat shivering by the door of their house, trying to get warm in the faint rays of the sun that pierced through the grey clouds.

Not far from them some workmen with picks and shovels were squatting around a blazing fire which they had made from bits of coal lying along the tracks.

'I wish I could get warm,' said Abdul through chattering teeth.

'Let's go and ask the workmen if we can sit by their fire,' suggested Kalan.

The two boys climbed through the wire fence and went down the path. Just then the man in charge of the workmen was seen coming down the path from the station. The men got up hurriedly and started off towards the spot where the track needed mending.

Kalan and Abdul went forward and settled themselves comfortably before the fire. They held their numbed hands to the cheerful blaze.

'I am thankful for this fire,' said Abdul.

'So am I,' replied his brother. 'Isn't it strange that heat comes out of coal? I wonder where coal comes from.'

'Why don't you ask me?' said a small voice at their feet. It seemed to come from a piece of coal that was lying at a little distance from the flames.

'What was that?' cried Abdul. 'Can coal talk?'

'I am glad to have a chance to talk,' said the coal, 'for I have a history which I am sure will interest you boys. Do you like adventure stories?'

'Oh yes, yes!' they both cried.

'Well, my life history is one of the greatest adventures on earth.'

'Do tell us,' urged the boys.

'Many millions of years ago,' began the coal, 'before any human beings had ever lived on earth, great forests grew everywhere. Between the tall trees grew a tangled jungle of giant ferns and other plants. Year after year these forests throve in the sunlight, and in their branches lived strange forms of life. Huge lizard-like reptiles crawled about in the great swamps, and in their thickets were immense creatures that looked like giant cockroaches. Then there were dragon-flies that flashed over the tree-tops on wings two feet long.'

'Weren't you afraid of them?' gasped Abdul, as he thought of these strange creatures.

'Oh no!' exclaimed the coal. 'I remember them distinctly, though at that time I was only a part of the branch of a tree.'

'Part of a tree? But trees are made of wood. How ever did you turn into coal?' asked Kalan.

'Ah,' chuckled the coal, 'that is my story. For many millions of years the great forest in which I lived kept growing in the brilliant sunshine. When the tree of which I was a part grew very old it slowly decayed, and one night, in a great storm, it crashed to the ground. There it lay broken and shattered. Other trees grew up around it. Slowly, ever so slowly, it sank into the earth, and was completely covered by new forests which grew over it. Then a strange thing began to happen. At first it was so slow I didn't notice it, but then I realized that the ground where I lay was slowly sinking. The soil around me became very marshy and blackish. The sea slowly flowed in over the land. It was very gradual. At first the waves dashed over my head, and then the earth sank deeper and deeper. I became the bed of the ocean, where everything was still and dark, and where strange fish and deep sea monsters and myriads of tiny snails swam through the water above me. For many thousands of years I lay under the ocean, and as the layers of dead sea-vegetation and little dead sea-creatures settled on top of me, I was buried deeper and deeper.'

'Didn't you feel crushed with all that heavy weight upon you?' asked Abdul with concern.

'It was a terrific weight,' said the coal, 'and I was pressed from all sides. Then one day the ocean bed started to rise. It took ages and ages, but gradually I was brought to the surface again and the ocean rolled away to another part of the world.'

'A million years is a long time,' explained the

coal, 'and in many million years much may happen, even though it happens more slowly than you can possibly imagine. Nearly a hundred times the land rose and sank; nearly a hundred forests lived and died and the same plain where I lay was changed many times from a swamp to an ocean bed and back to great forest. Layers of mud and rock and stone and dead creatures' bodies kept piling on top of me until I found I was slowly turning as hard as a rock. Some ferns were lying beside me, and as the pressure became greater, their impressions were left on my surface. You can see them if you look at me carefully.'

Abdul picked up the coal and looked at it. 'Here it is!' he cried. 'I can see the marks of a fern plainly.'

'How clear it is!' said Kalan. 'What happened next?'

'From the north a great glacier, a mass of ice and rocks and snow moved down. It came very slowly, scraping out great valleys, or piling up the debris it carried into high mountains. And so I was buried still deeper in the earth, with all the thousands of other trees of the great forests that were with me. We lay like that for centuries until at last man appeared on earth.'

'How did he find out that you would burn?' asked Kalan. 'You don't look as if you would catch fire.'

'He must have found out at first by accident', replied the coal. 'Sometimes coal was cast up very near the surface. Perhaps a man one day

accidentally threw a lump of coal on to his fire. When he saw the fierce red flame that it made, he knew what the shiny black stuff was meant for. Then he and his sons started hacking off great chunks of coal with their crude implements. This was the first beginning of coal-mining. Later, men sunk dark holes or shafts in the ground. I myself came from a very fine mine,' said the coal with a touch of pride.

'Where was it?' asked Abdul.

'It was in Bengal,' answered the coal. 'One day in the coal bed where I lay, all snug and dark, we heard strange noises. It sounded like terrific hammering and pounding. It came nearer and nearer. At last there was a terrible explosion, and we were flung in all directions with terrific force. One great ledge of coal went crashing and splintering down. I found myself lying breathless with many of my comrades in a huge passage. After this, men came with picks and shovels, filled baskets with lumps of coal and loaded us into small cars that ran on tracks along the passage-ways. Then we were brought up to the entrance of the mine and loaded on a freight car. Luckily I was on top of the pile, so I could see clearly. From the opening of the mine, men came pouring out. They all looked very grimy and black and weary when they came out of the pit,' said the coal with sympathy.

'It must be a hard job digging coal,' Abdul remarked thoughtfully.

'Yes, I would not like to do it,' answered Kalan.

'That night we were taken on a long journey,' went on the coal. 'Our car was fastened to a long train and we went thundering on through the darkness. At the end of many days I arrived here, and our car was emptied by workmen. As I was very near the top, I tumbled off. And that is how I got here.'

'That's a wonderful story!' cried Abdul with admiration.

'I am glad you did happen to tumble off right here,' said Kalan, 'for we have learned something new and strange to-day.'

'Whenever you see coal burning after this, remember to thank the sun,' said the piece of coal. 'It is his warmth that has been stored in us away under the earth, and it is his warmth that we give back to the world in the form of fire.'

At that moment it burst into flame and burned and crackled cheerily until at last it was only a pile of ashes.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Does the writer make a *person* of the coal? Why do you think he tells us about coal in this way?
2. How old was the coal?
3. What was it originally? Give its life story briefly, telling all the changes through which it passed.
4. How did men probably discover the use of coal?
5. How was the coal taken out of the earth?

GRAMMAR

Pick out five sentences that ask a question; five that form an exclamation. Find some interjections.

COMPOSITION

Tell the life story of some common article of daily use, such as bread, cloth or bricks. Read all that you can find about the subject, and then make an outline before you begin to write.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

INTRODUCTION: This poem is a fine satire on war. It pretends to praise the glories of war, but all through shows how useless and foolish is all the terrible suffering and loss.

The Battle of Blenheim in Bavaria was the most famous victory of England's most famous general, the Duke of Marlborough. It was fought during the 'War of the Spanish Succession', which lasted for ten years, and which drew into it most of the European countries. It was caused by the jealousy of the European monarchs, but the common people of the various countries knew very little about the cause of it. They were only made to believe that it was a fine thing to fight, and that to succeed was to win, 'a very famous victory'. This phrase, recurring again and again throughout the poem, gives the point to the sarcasm. Many mothers and children died as a result of this battle, but it was a very famous victory. Thousands of corpses lay rotting on the ground, but it was a very famous victory. And so on.

The poem is in the form of a conversation between an old farmer named Kaspar, who lives near Blenheim, and his two little grandchildren. One of them brings him a skull which he has found on the battle-field and asks what it is. This skull serves as the text for the conversation which follows.

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.'

6

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.

7

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream, hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother there,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene;'
'Why 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine.

'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.

11

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

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'sported on the green,' 'rivulet', 'expectant', 'hereabout', 'wonder-waiting', 'put the French to rout', 'hard by'.
2. Where did the conversation take place?
3. Which seems more intelligent as to the uselessness and dreadfulness of war — the farmer or his grandchildren? Give quotations from the poem to show this.

GRAMMAR

Find the personal and the relative pronouns in the first five stanzas.

COMPOSITION

Write in a dialogue form a conversation between an Indian ryot who returned sixteen years ago from the war in Europe, and his grandchildren, letting the questions and answers be as much like these as possible. Instead of centring the attention on a single battle, let them talk about the whole war.

STRANGE HOMES OF OTHER LANDS

BY HUGH FRASER

The Paper Homes of Japan

How would you like to live in a paper house? No doubt you will reply that it would be very nice in summer time but not very much of a treat in winter, and of course that is true. Yet everywhere in Japan are to be seen houses made in what seems to us a very flimsy fashion. The most solid parts of the walls are made by covering a woodwork frame with mud outside and plaster inside, but most of what we call walls simply consists of sliding shutters of thick paper stretched over wooden frames. Within the houses themselves the walls which separate the rooms one from another are like the outer shutters, and can be removed with the greatest ease. In a few minutes several small rooms can be made into one large room by the removal of the shutters.

Except in very cold weather these houses can be made very snug and warm, and for several reasons they suit the Japanese people very well. The Mikado's Empire is subject to earthquakes and tidal waves and volcanoes. If the houses were built of brick and stone, or even of heavy wood, there would be terrible disasters from time to time. As it is, their light houses are built in such a way that even severe earthquakes seldom do any damage. Even when the house is shaken or even levelled with the ground, it is not, after all, a very serious matter; seldom is anyone injured and the cost of building a new house is not very great. (This was

written before the great earthquake of September 1st, 1924—Editor.)

Inside the house there is no heavy furniture; no heavy beds, no big sideboard, or tables. There are low couches with plenty of cushions. There are also numerous mats, for in Japan a person's financial and social position may often be known by the number of mats to be seen in the home. Then the paper walls are generally beautifully decorated with such things as pictures of lilies, chrysanthemums, birds, butterflies or any quaint and beautiful thing which appeals to the Japanese sense of beauty.

In the centre of the room there is a fire-box. It is a square box of iron which holds burning charcoal, and during the long winter evenings every one gathers around to get as much warmth as possible, and to listen to the stories of gods and heroes which have been handed down from generation to generation. In addition to warming the house, the fire-box serves for another purpose. The Japanese are very fond of tea and are also extremely hospitable. No matter at what hour a visitor calls he is offered tea. This little act is a matter of considerable importance in Japan. It has been a custom there for hundreds of years, and every detail of this act of courtesy is carried out with great care.

The arrangements at regular meal time are very simple. First the gentlemen and then the ladies of the house seat themselves on the mats in the usual sitting posture. When all are seated, beautiful lacquer tables, about eighteen inches in

height, are brought in, and one set before each person. On each table there are several small lacquer bowls, and each bowl contains a portion of the meal. They do not use knives and forks, but chopsticks, about six inches long. The food itself is generally very well prepared, and is much lighter than we are accustomed to eat.

When night comes a quilt is laid on the floor, and a little stand which is a kind of neck-pillow is brought in. Perhaps there does not seem very much to induce sleep in such an arrangement, but, sure enough, the Sand Man comes, even as he does with us.

There are many advantages in living in a paper house. In Japan, at least, where heavier building materials are very hard to get, it seems the only thing to do. On the other hand, there is constant danger of fire. The dropping of a match or the upsetting of an oil-lamp has some times resulted in hundreds of homes being destroyed. The houses are very inflammable, and sometime ago a fire in Tokio, which lasted less than ten hours, left nearly 20,000 homeless. So that, while from some standpoints to live in a paper house seems a very desirable thing, it must be remembered that there is considerable risk along with it.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Of what materials is a Japanese house built?
2. Explain what geographical conditions led the people to build this kind of houses.

3. How are the rooms furnished?
4. Describe a Japanese family at a meal.
5. How do they sleep?
6. What are the advantages and disadvantages of paper houses?

GRAMMAR

From the second and third paragraphs pick out five adverbs used with verbs and five adverbs used with adjectives.

COMPOSITION

Imagine that you are visiting Japan and have been entertained in a Japanese home. Write a friend in India a description of your visit.

LITTLE TRIPS TO FAMOUS PLACES

BY ARCHER WALLACE

GIBRALTAR

The Rock of Gibraltar was captured by British forces, July 24th, 1704, and was ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Owing to its strategic importance it is called the 'Key to the Mediterranean.' The sandy isthmus connecting the promontory with the mainland is neutral territory. The promontory or 'Rock of Gibraltar' is composed of grey primary marble. Its length is two and three-quarter miles, and its greatest elevation is 1,439 feet. The recent war has demonstrated the foresight of British statesmen who managed to secure for Great Britain this most important fortification. The north-east and south sides of the promontory are so steep and precipitous as to be almost inaccessible; the north and

north-west sides are honeycombed by fortified artificial galleries. The town and harbour on the west are protected by batteries and forts rising from the base to the summit of the Rock. Modern guns, of the most formidable pattern, have replaced the old armaments. The harbour is formed by three separate moles, known as the north, the south, and the detached mole. The north mole runs westward about 2,900 feet and then southward, having a total length of over a mile. The south mole extends from the shore to a distance of 3,660 feet. What is known as the detached mole is 2,717 feet long, and forms a breakwater leaving a passage for vessels. There is a large and thoroughly modern graving dock for naval vessels, and a small dock for merchant ships.

The colony is self-supporting, but a strong garrison is maintained there by the British Government. Gibraltar is an important coaling station, and just previous to the outbreak of war the tonnage of vessels entered and cleared at Gibraltar in one year totalled 11,700,000 of which 7,100,000 was British.

The real significance of Gibraltar as a point of strategic interest has impressed itself upon British minds increasingly during the past fifteen or twenty years. Great changes were made a few years ago. Guns of the most modern type replaced the old ones, many of which had become obsolete. The dockyards greatly increased its value as a naval station. Gibraltar can now undertake all the repairs and coaling necessary for a large fleet. In the large enclosed harbour a large fleet could safely

anchor, secure from the attacks of torpedo boats or submarines.

Gibraltar has played a great part in world history, and its occupation by Great Britain has meant a great deal, not only to Britishers but to all who love democracy. At the time of writing still further improvements are being carried on, and, as a naval fortress and for commercial reasons, Gibraltar is destined to play a great part in future events.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. What gives Gibraltar its strategic position ?
2. How is it defended ?
3. Aside from military purposes, what is its chief usefulness ?

GRAMMAR

From the first paragraph pick out the adjectives. Where possible, turn them into adverbs by adding *ly*.

COMPOSITION

Write a description of any fort that you have seen, and show whether it would be proof against modern warfare.

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

INTRODUCTION : This is one of the many legends that grew up around the name of Solomon, the great king of the Hebrews, who is often called the wisest man

who ever lived. The most interesting of these tales are about his conversations with birds, insects and animals, whose language he was said to understand. Longfellow has taken this legend, and turned it into an allegory, or story with a lesson.

Out from Jerusalem
The king rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen with them.

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

NOTES

'The Queen of Sheba' was a great queen of Ethiopia who went to visit King Solomon because of all that she had heard of his wisdom.

'The Syrian sun' refers to the land of Syria, lying just north of King Solomon's kingdom of Israel and Judah.

'Across an ant-hill led the king's path' means that the road the king was travelling by lay across an ant-hill.

'The wide surprise of the Queen of Sheba's eyes', indicates her astonishment at finding that King Solomon understood the language of insects.

'Too happy fate', a very happy fate.

'The God-lent crown' means that the king had been appointed by God to rule that nation.

'Shall these vile (lowly) creatures dare murmur against thee where the knees of kings kneel down?' means, 'You are so great that kings kneel in homage to you. The ants ought, therefore, to feel thankful to be crushed to death by the feet of such a great king.'

'His train, with quick alarm curved' means, 'His followers, suddenly afraid of killing the ants that the king wished to protect, went in a curve around the ant-hill.'

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'sheen', 'dusky', 'its small folk', 'heedless', 'the ant-hill's peopled mound', 'The jewelled head' means whom?
2. What persons do you see in the word picture in the first two stanzas? Why did they wear the colours mentioned?
3. In the fifth stanza, do the ants expect Solomon to be as just to them as to men?

4. Was the queen sincere in what she said to the king? What do you think of her opinion of ants?
5. Can you guess what class of people the ants in the story are supposed to represent? What class the king and queen represent? What difference is there between the king's and the queen's attitude towards the other class?
6. What lesson does this allegory teach?
7. Memorize the stanza that you like best.

GRAMMAR

Tell of each word in the first two stanzas what part of speech it is.

COMPOSITION

Write a letter describing this incident as you think one of Solomon's soldiers would have written it to his wife in Jerusalem.

WHEN ANIMALS GO TO SCHOOL

BY ARCHER WALLACE

According to an English newspaper a new class has been formed at the London Zoo. There are only two pupils in it at present, and these are both elephants from India. They are being taught the meaning of certain words in English so that they can understand the orders of their keepers. They must be made to understand, for instance, stop; when to walk slowly and when to go fast; when they may solicit buns from visitors, and when they must keep their trunks down.

Then again these animals must become accustomed to carry loads. In their case it will likely mean carrying groups of merry children around the Zoo, but this is entirely new to them and it is

something which must be carefully and patiently taught. First a cloth is laid upon their backs while they exercise. Then a number of heavier cloths. That gets them accustomed to carrying weights. The light weights are added until they become used to carrying fairly heavy loads. Then a big box-like compartment which is used to hold children, is laid on each elephant's back, and they are ready to give children rides.

During recent years many very able instructors in the various Zoos throughout the world have devoted a great deal of time and patience to studying the mind of animals. This is of course, an exceedingly difficult thing to do. In the Zoo are to be found tigers from India, polar bears from the frozen North; crocodiles from the Nile, sea-lions from Patagonia, and in fact animals from every quarter of the globe. How can these animals be made to understand, even a very few words? That is the task which confronts those who have to become schoolmasters to the Zoo's strange population.

Of course, there is an enormous difference in the intelligence of the animals. A dog and a cat, for instance, differ more in their minds than in their bodies. And this must be remembered in their training. A dog chiefly loves its owner and can become passionately attached to people, while a cat becomes chiefly attached to places. So animals vary so much in their make-up that every animal in the Zoo is a study in itself.

The work of those who become schoolmasters of animals is most important. The new Superin-

tendent of the famous London Zoo is Dr. Keners, who has extraordinary knowledge of the animals. Already he has very considerably reduced the amount of disease among animals, which of course is an important matter. Animals, like human beings, are subject to many forms of disease, with this difference, that it is not as easy for them to attract sympathy as humans can. Then it is impossible for them to describe their particular malady. Among other hygienic reforms that Dr. Keners has instituted is that of having salt-water brought up the river Thames in barges from the North Sea.

Some people seem naturally to gain the confidence of animals and because of that are most invaluable as instructors. By means of tact and infinite patience many wild animals, captured in their native haunts, have become as docile as thoroughly domesticated animals. An instance of this was furnished recently when a number of elands — the African antelopes — were received at the London Zoo. No animals are more timid and active than these creatures, and when they were first admitted they would leap high in the air whenever anyone approached. At first it seemed an almost impossible task to tame them or teach them anything. After some weeks of very careful handling, however, they became approachable, and then it became possible to milk them. Under the right kind of schoolmasters these wild and fierce creatures became almost as easy to handle as cows, and would stand just as quiet while they were being milked.

Not long ago a huge chimpanzee escaped from the Zoo. His keepers, who had studied so carefully the workings of his mind, guessed what he would do. They were right. He did as they expected, and he was captured fairly easily.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. What qualities must a man possess to be a schoolmaster of animals?
2. Would these qualities be different from those in a schoolmaster of children? Tell why or why not.
3. What reward for their services do such men value most?
4. Describe in detail how an animal in a Zoo is trained.

GRAMMAR

From the first two paragraphs make a list of verbs that are composed of two or more words.

COMPOSITION

Write an essay entitled, SHOULD ANIMALS BE KEPT IN CAPTIVITY?

THE RAINY DAY

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

INTRODUCTION: This poem uses a scene from Nature to give an interpretation of life. In the first stanza we are given a picture of a vine clinging to an old stone wall. It is the autumn of the year, when the leaves of trees and vines fall until the branches are quite bare. The wind and the rain help to blow the leaves down.

In the second stanza, a parallel to life is shown. Compare the first line of the first stanza with the first line of the

second stanza, the second line with the second line, and so on, noting the repetition of words or ideas. We may think of the wall as our past life, the dead leaves as the hopes of youth that have withered, and the wind and the rain as the sorrows and griefs of life.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary,
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall;
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

2

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thought still clings to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

3

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. In what mood does the poet begin this poem? In what mood does he end?
2. If the wind and the rain represent the sad things, what may the sun represent?
3. Would a world that had only sunshine and no rain be a world that it was possible for us to live in? Why?

4. Would a person who had nothing but pleasure in his life be an admirable character? Why?
5. What is the lesson of this poem?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the adjectives in this poem, and change them to adverbs where possible.

COMPOSITION

Write a composition on 'LIFE'S RAINY DAYS,' using the same likeness or metaphor that the poet uses here. (Note: Both a simile and a metaphor indicate a likeness, but a simile is introduced by the word *like* or *as*; a metaphor has no introductory word.)

LITTLE TRIPS TO FAMOUS PLACES

BY ARCHER WALLACE

The Suez Canal

Before the construction of the Suez Canal there was no direct water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The advisability of constructing such a waterway was entertained as early as the eighth century A. D. From time to time the project was taken up and dropped. In 1798 Bonaparte ordered the Isthmus to be surveyed as a preliminary to the digging of a Canal across it. As a result of surveys, he came to the conclusion that it could not be done.

It was in 1854 that a Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps, obtained permission from Said Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, to form a company for the construction of the waterway from sea to sea with locks. De Lesseps outlined plans which called for

a Canal 100 miles in length. The company to build the Canal was established in 1858, with a capital stock of eight million pounds.

The construction of the Canal was a stupendous task. It called for the removal of 60,000,000 cubic metres of dry earth and 56,000,000 cubic metres of earth under water. As it is a dry country the task was only made possible by the most thoroughly efficient organization.

Work on the Canal was begun on April 25, 1859. The work progressed slowly at first, but the installation of a number of very large dredgers greatly facilitated progress. Of course, many unforeseen difficulties presented themselves; among others, those of a financial nature. Faith in the enterprise, however, increased, and de Lesseps was successful in securing the capital necessary. When at last, in 1869, the Canal was completed and formally opened, it was found to have cost over sixteen million pounds.

For some time only vessels drawing 24 feet of water were permitted to enter. However, as the deepening of the Canal has been going on constantly, this restriction has been lifted. A scheme by which vessels drawing forty feet of water may enter, has been under way for some time, and would have been completed in 1919 had it not been for the War.

For many years navigation was only permitted during the day time; the Canal, however, has been so often deepened and widened that, since 1885, night navigation has been permitted. Vessels

proceeding at night must be provided with large electric searchlights, each one capable of sending out light 4,000 feet ahead of the vessel. The effect of this system of night navigation has virtually doubled the carrying capacity of the Canal.

In 1914 no less than 378 British vessels used the Canal, 481 German, 347 of Holland, and 228 French vessels. In spite of the War, there was scarcely any falling off in traffic during 1914-18.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Tell how travellers and goods were transported across the Isthmus of Suez before the Canal was constructed.
2. How long has the Canal been in use?
3. Mention two cities of India that are about 100 miles apart.
4. To whom is the credit chiefly due for carrying through the construction of the Canal?
5. Give approximately the number of vessels that pass through the Canal every year.

GRAMMAR

Find five nouns ending in *ing*.

COMPOSITION

Write a short account of some other engineering feat under the title, 'A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.'

ALADDIN

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

INTRODUCTION: Aladdin is one of the characters in *The Arabian Nights*. He is a poor boy who obtains from a wizard a magic lamp. Whenever he rubs this lamp, genii, or spirits, appear, and do everything he commands. He asks for the Sultan's daughter in marriage, but the Sultan says that he must first send him forty baskets of diamonds carried by forty black slaves, each of whom is led by a white slave. This is a very easy thing for the genii to do for Aladdin, so he obtains the daughter as his wife. Finally, he builds a wonderful palace, in one corner of which he hangs his magic lamp. No one else knows its value, so one day when he is away, the servants trade off what they suppose is an old, battered lamp for some bright new silver ones, and Aladdin can work his magic no more.

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain.

2

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power, good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose;
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

NOTES

'Fire enough in my brain' refers to his imagination. 'Castles in Spain' means castles in the air, or existing only in our imagination, but very real and beautiful to us. It is the person gifted with imagination who gets the most pleasure out of life.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. How do you think the boy lost his precious gift of imagination? What were 'the silver lamps' that he received in exchange?
2. Does he think that the loss of the silver lamps now would pain him?
3. Which does he now think of more value — the silver lamps or Aladdin's lamp?

GRAMMAR

Point out the verbs in this poem.

COMPOSITION

Rewrite this poem in the third person, beginning 'There was once a poor boy who lived in a cold, damp cellar.'

LITTLE TRIPS TO FAMOUS PLACES

BY ARCHER WALLACE

The Leaning Tower of Pisa

Pisa itself is a city with a history of more than ordinary interest. It flourished for many hundreds of years before the Christian era. It fell to the Romans in 180 B. C., who embellished it and made

it important. About A. D. 1,000 it became a formidable commercial and naval rival of Venice and Genoa. It played a prominent part in the defence and diffusion of Christianity, and its citizens took Sardinia from the Saracens and finally destroyed their naval power in the Mediterranean. The city was in the full flower of its greatness in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when it took a prominent part in the Crusades. At this time the population of Pisa was over 150,000, but it subsequently declined.

The glory of Pisa to-day is the Piazza del Duomo, with its cathedral, baptistry, leaning tower, and Campo Santo. The cathedral is a beautiful building of white marble. Among the many interesting contents is a handsome bronze lamp suspended in the nave, the swaying of which, suggested to Galileo the isochronism of the pendulum.

The leaning tower is a round tower, the finest of its kind to be found anywhere. Though the walls at the base are thirteen feet in thickness, and even at the top nearly seven feet, they are constructed throughout of solid marble. The basement is surrounded by a range of semicircular arches, supported by fifteen columns, and above these rise six arches with thirty columns each. The height of the tower is 179 feet. The ascent is made easy by a stair in the wall, and the visitor is hardly aware of the inclination until he reaches the top, and from the lower edge of the gallery looks down the shaft receding to its base.

The tower deviates from the perpendicular to a striking extent, which seems to be gradually

increasing. When measured in 1829 the tower was leaning about fifteen and a half feet out of the perpendicular; when measured in 1910 its deviation was nearly seventeen feet.

There is a theory that the architects, Bonanio and William of Innsbruck, intended the tower to appear just as it does. However, it seems more likely that the tower assumed the oblique position as the building of it proceeded. The foundations are only ten feet deep, and their circumference the same as that of the tower.

The whole group of buildings, of which the famous leaning tower is a part, is one of the most imposing to be found in modern Europe. The leaning tower has been for centuries a source of great wonder, and there is much conjecture as to its ultimate fate. Though, as previously stated, there is a tendency to fall from the perpendicular, this is so very gradual that it will no doubt continue to be a source of wonder for many years to come.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. When did Pisa pass into the hands of the Romans?
2. In what centuries was it at the height of its power?
3. Compare the height of the leaning tower with some other building that you know.
4. What is the explanation of its oblique position?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the prepositions in the first three paragraphs, and tell with what nouns they are used.

COMPOSITION

Write a short account of some building in India under the title, 'AN INTERESTING BUILDING'.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

INTRODUCTION : The clock and the house described here belonged to Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandfather. Longfellow tells us how the refrain of this poem was suggested to him. He writes : 'I began a poem on a clock, with the words, "Forever, never," as the burden (or refrain), suggested, by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity: "It is a clock whose pendulum says and repeats without ceasing only these two words in the silence of the tombs, Forever, never! Never, forever! And during these terrible revolutions a miserable soul cries out, "What time is it?" And another unhappy one answers him, "Eternity"'.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw ;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,
'Forever-never!
Never-forever!'

2

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
'Forever-never!
Never-forever!'

3

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,
'Forever-never!
Never-forever!'

4

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
'Forever-never!
Never-forever'

5

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,
'Forever-never!
Never-forever!'

6

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—

'Forever-never!
Never-forever!'

7

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night:
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,
'Forever-never!
Never-forever?'

8

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
'Ah! when shall they all meet again?'
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
'Forever-never!
Never-forever!'

9

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
'Forever-never!
Never-forever?'

NOTES

'Country-seat' means in America a large mansion in a suburb or the country.

The 'ancient timepiece' is a tall clock about a foot in breadth and six or seven feet in height found in old houses, and often called a 'grandfather's clock'. The clock itself occupies the upper part of the case, which is enclosed in front with glass, and on the other three sides with oak. From the clock a long pendulum hangs almost to the bottom of the case.

'Chamber-door' means door of a room.

'Every swift vicissitude of changing time' means 'Every sudden change of events'.

'In that mansion used to be free-hearted Hospitality' means that guests were often entertained there.

'Golden prime' means golden youth.

'Shroud of snow' means snow-white cloth that covered the corpse.

'In the hush that followed the prayer' at the funeral service.

'The horologe of Eternity' means the clock of Time.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. As you approach this stately house in imagination how does it appear to you?
2. Where does the clock stand? How does its tick in the night differ from that in the day-time?
3. What scenes are described in stanzas 4 to 7 as those that the old clock looked upon?
4. What is the comforting answer to the poet's question in the last stanza?
5. In almost every stanza there is a simile. Pick out each one and tell if you think it is a good comparison.

GRAMMAR

Pick out the exclamations and interjections in this poem.

COMPOSITION

Begin a composition on 'THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS' as follows: 'In a certain New England town is a beautiful old country mansion'.

MOVING DAY IN ANIMAL LAND

BY ARCHER WALLACE

At certain seasons of the year, animals and birds are on the move in every part of the world. Just as human beings who can afford it move to the country or seaside, in search of new vigour, so animals find it necessary — generally because of food considerations — to change their place of living for the time being.

A friend of the writer's, who was a missionary for several years on the bleak Labrador coast, once described the movement of the birds away from that northern clime. The summer is very short on the Labrador coast, and often there is frost before the end of August. Then the birds, which for eight or nine weeks have 'summered' there, begin the movement to return. Evidently they have some mysterious method of communication, for in an incredibly short time almost countless numbers gather together, like an army prepared for battle, and the flight south begins. For them the moving day has come and nothing can stay their journey to the south.

But birds are not the only migrants. All over the world the movement goes on, especially at the spring and autumn seasons. In the spring, Northern Asia is alive with thousands of creatures that are on the move, some going away to the mountain steppes as the snow recedes, and others returning south after winter. The wild antelopes, so plentiful in Asia, go north as winter comes, for although it is cold, yet they can quench their thirst from the snow, which with them is an important consideration. These beautiful, timid, yet sometimes fierce creatures, move north like a vast army on the march. They assemble in thousands, and then travel fifty or sixty miles each night, sometimes covering hundreds of miles in the course of a few days. It is said that their routes are so well marked that they look like great highways made by men. Usually wolves and bears follow in their wake, and take terrible tribute of the travellers.

The squirrel is another animal which observes moving day with great regularity. A traveller recently described the scene which he saw when these little animals, gathered in great companies of varying strength, crowded along in unbroken succession, passing through towns and villages as well as through the forests. Sometimes they used the streets and even the roofs in houses as part of the highway, and created no small amount of stir among the people, to say nothing of the dogs, who killed thousands of the helpless migrants. The writer says, however, that these creatures did not seem to mind in the least the innumerable victims which fell in their midst. They simply pressed on,

and allowed nothing to divert them from their course. The procession lasted for three whole days, from early morning till late in the evening, and only when nightfall came was there any break in the continuity of the stream. Even mountain rivers made no difference, the animals swimming with their tails laid across their backs. In their train followed another army, composed of preying wolves, foxes, eagles, owls, ravens and crows, while during the crossing of rivers even fishes joined in the chase.

Not unlike this exodus is the movement of the rat-like creatures of Norway, Sweden and Lapland, known as lemmings. These animals sweep in hordes across a country, devastating every district through which they pass. They go in a straight line across rivers, over mountains and valleys, sometimes even swimming across an arm of the sea, while foxes, eagles and wolves take an enormous toll of them.

The bear, wherever he is found, is another animal that observes moving day. He disappears from the haunts of men into the mountains, and remains there until driven down by the snow-storms of severe winters.

In Africa the wild elephants are also on the move at certain seasons of the year, while in South America the guanacos and vicunas remain in the mountains until the snow drives them down from the Andes into the Valleys.

The distances covered by many of these animals are great, but of course nothing compared with

the distances covered by whales and seals and fishes. Very long journeys by water are much more easily made than long journeys by land, and, as some whales do nothing but travel all their lives, it would be difficult to know just how many miles they cover. Some whales are found in summer among the ice-floes of the northern Arctic, while in the winter the same breed of whales will be found on the opposite side of the Equator. Expert observers, however, say that whales travel the ocean by certain defined routes, which they follow year by year.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. What causes animals and birds to move from one place to another?
2. Do the wild antelopes of Asia travel by day or by night?
3. Describe the migration of squirrels, and tell what animals follow in their tracks.
4. Give some idea of the distance covered by whales, seals and fishes.

GRAMMAR

Find eight adjectives that end in *ing* and tell what words they qualify.

COMPOSITION

Write a composition entitled, 'SOME QUEER HABITS OF ANIMALS', basing it on what you have observed or have been told.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

BY THOMAS MOORE

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 dimmed 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.

2

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

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Is the speaker an old or a young man? How do you know?
2. At what hour particularly does memory bring 'the light of other days' around him?
3. What things are called up before his mind?
4. In the second stanza, to what does he compare his lost friends? (In what other poem of this book is there a metaphor like this?) To what does he compare himself?
5. What lines make a kind of frame around the poem?
6. What figure of speech do you find in 'Ere slumber's chain has bound me'?

GRAMMAR

Pick out the adjectives in this poem.

COMPOSITION

Write a paragraph, embodying the ideas in this poem, entitled 'THE OLD MAN'S MEMORIES'.

LITTLE TRIPS TO FAMOUS PLACES

BY ARCHER WALLACE

Niagara Falls

Geologists are agreed that these world-famed Falls first poured over the edge at Lewiston, a point situated seven miles distant from the Niagara Falls. The immense volume of water has gradually dug a way back through limestone and sandstone until the present point has been reached. The

process of excavation may be observed at the Falls. The rocks lie in layers, and the upper covering of loose drift yields readily to the wash of the waters. Every now and then large blocks of limestone break off and fall into the pool below. These large pieces of rock are undoubtedly potent in digging out the canal. Government surveyors have discovered depths of 200 feet, half a mile below the Falls, and geologists assume that the force of water is continually scouring the river bed. This is particularly true of the Horseshoe Falls.

The Horseshoe Falls have been receding at the rate of five feet each year since 1842, and it is probable that this figure holds good for the period since 1700. Before that date the rate was much slower. The age of the Falls is estimated by geologists as varying from 20,000 to 35,000 years.

About half a mile above the Falls, Goat Island divides the river into two unequal streams, the one on the American side being comparatively narrow and shallow and discharging over the American Falls, while most of the river swings to the left and discharges over the Horseshoe or Canadian Falls.

The American Falls are 1,060 feet wide, and the water is shallow as it plunges over the edge, falling 167 feet. The Horseshoe Falls have a total width of 2,950 feet measured along the curve, or 1,230 feet straight across. The volume of water averages twenty feet in depth and falls 158 feet. This main cataract carries no less than 95·17 per cent, of the entire volume of water, leaving the American Falls only 4·83 per cent. The normal

flow pouring over the cataract is about 500,000 tons a minute.

The Falls are justly celebrated for their great grandeur and beauty, and are viewed every year by approximately 1,000,000 people. Both the Province of Ontario and State of New York have acquired adjacent lands and converted them into parks which are maintained at public expense for the convenience of visitors.

In recent years important attempts have been made to utilize the energy of Niagara Falls for industrial purposes. Buffalo, situated 22 miles distant, takes electricity for its city railroads and other purposes. At present over three fourths of the power generated is consumed in the neighbour hood of the Falls. About 200,000 horse-power is generated at present.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. How much ground is it supposed that the Falls have worn away in the course of their history?
2. On which side — the American or Canadian — is the volume of water discharged greater?
3. How high are the Falls?
4. How are they being utilized for industrial purposes?

GRAMMAR

From the first two paragraphs make a list of verbs consisting of two or more words.

COMPOSITION

Write a description of some famous bit of natural scenery in India.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

INTRODUCTION: St Augustine, who lived in the fourth century, A. D., was a young Roman who was very wayward and dissipated. But after his conversion to Christianity, he grew into a character of wonderful nobility and strength. Later in life, in one of his sermons he used the expression, *De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus* (Of our vices we make for ourselves a ladder if we trample those vices under foot). Longfellow uses this sentence as the text of his poem. He compares the vices which beset men to the rounds of a ladder; but each vice must be put under foot if we would ascend the ladder.

Two other poets have expressed an idea similar to this. Tennyson wrote in *In Memoriam*:

'I held in truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things'.

And J. G. Holland wrote in his poem *Gradatim*:

'Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.
And we mount to the summit round by round.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.'

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame

A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more
The cloudy summits of our time.

8

The mighty pyramids of stone

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

NOTES

'The low desire that makes another's virtue less' is jealousy, which makes us try to underrate the good qualities of others.

'All thoughts of ill' means all evil thoughts.

'The bright fields of fair renown' refers to a tournament, which was held in a field. There the knights battled with each other to win fame or renown.

'The right of eminent domain' is a law term meaning the right of sovereignty.

'The cloudy summits of our time' means the heights of virtue which in some future time men may reach, but which are now so far above us as to seem like the summits of mountains that are hid in the clouds.

'The mighty pyramids.....that wedge-like cleave the desert airs' refers to the shape of the pyramids, with a pointed top reaching into the sky that arches above the desert.

'Standing on what too long we bore with shoulders bent and downcast eyes' means 'The burden of vice that we once carried, being ashamed of it, we can now overcome and step upon, and so rise to higher goodness'.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Make a list of the 'vices' that the poet mentions in stanzas 3, 4 and 5. Are any of them known in the world to-day?
2. What case of personification (comparing an object to a person) do we find in stanza 9?
3. In stanzas 8, 9 and 10, to what does the poet compare the slow, plodding climb towards virtue?
4. In stanza 12, does he say there is any hope of recalling what is past? Does he say that the experiences of the past are wholly lost? Why?
5. Which stanzas in this poem do you like best? Memorize at least one of them.

GRAMMAR

Give the present and past tenses of the verbs in this poem.

COMPOSITION

Write a composition on 'OUR LADDER', beginning, 'Like St. Augustine, we realize that everyone is bound to make mistakes, and even to fall into sin. We can either let our sins and mistakes drag us down, or we can overcome them and so use them to help us towards goodness. Some of the rounds in our ladder are: (enumerate some of the present-day temptations that we can overcome).'

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

BY HENRY ABBEY

What do we plant, when we plant a tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire, that out-towers the crag;
We plant the staff for our country's flag;
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free,
We plant all these, when we plant the tree.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'plank,' 'keel,' 'keelson,' 'beam,' 'knee,' studding,' 'lath,' 'siding,' 'spire,' 'out-towers the crag.'
2. What does the poet mean by saying, 'We plant a ship,' or 'We plant a house when we plant a tree'?

GRAMMAR

Divide as many of the sentences in this poem as you can into the subject part and the predicate part. Underline in each the subject word and the predicate word.

COMPOSITION

Write a composition on 'WHAT WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT A COCOANUT PALM,' enumerating all the uses to which its products can be put.

PRAYER FOR DUMB CREATURES

BY G. E. GOODRICH

Maker of earth, and sea, and sky
Creation's Lord and King,
Who hung the starry worlds on high,
And formed alike the sparrow's wing —
Bless the Dumb creatures of Thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

For us they live, for us they die,
These humble creatures Thou has made;
How shall we dare their rights deny,
On whom Thy seal of love is laid?
Teach Thou our hearts to hear their plea
As Thou dost hear man's prayer to Thee.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'hung the starry worlds on high,' 'Thy seal of love.'
2. To whom is this poem addressed?
3. What request is made in the 5th and 6th lines? In the last two lines?

GRAMMAR

Make a list of the pronouns in this poem and tell to what word each refers.

COMPOSITION

Write a paragraph entitled 'MY PRAYER FOR DUMB CREATURES,' embodying in simple prose the ideas of this poem.

THE PALM-TREE

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath.
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails!

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoanut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm?
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm,
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm thatch shields from the sun aloft!

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head,
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,
House and raiment and food and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

'Allah il Allah!' he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;
'Thanks to Allah, who gives the palm!'

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'the isles of balm,' 'the breezeless calm,' 'ripens under the line,' 'nargileh, 'the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one,' 'the hour of his great release.'

GRAMMAR

Give the present infinitive of all the verbs in this poem.

COMPOSITION

Imagine that you are the captain of the ship described in this poem. Write a composition in the first person entitled 'THE USEFULNESS OF THE PALM-TREE TO ME.'

PLANT A TREE

BY LUCY LARCOM

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope ;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be ?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy.
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng,
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee !

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly ;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,
He plants youth ;

Vigour won for centuries, in sooth ;
Life of time, that hints eternity !
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love ;
Tents of coolness spreading out above,
Wayfarers he may not live to see,
Gifts that grow are best ;
Hands that bless are blest ;
Plant : life does the rest !
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

NOTES

' Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope ' means that the rootlets grow upwards towards the light until they push a stem above the ground, in which fibres form.

' Horizons free ' means free spaces.

' The clods of time ' means the crudeness and ugliness of this life, which are like the mud around the plant.

' Life of time, that hints eternity ' means that life in this world that is full of strength and beauty is a foretaste and beginning of eternal life after death. The same idea is expressed in the last line of the stanza.

' His work its own reward shall be ' means that he needs no pay for planting a tree ; his enjoyment in planting it will itself be pay.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

CONVERSATION

1. Explain: 'cloy,' 'every day a fresh reality,' 'blithe,' 'bliss,' 'green curtains,' jargons,' 'zephyr,' benediction,' 'uprear,' 'Plant: life does the rest.' Who are the 'creatures blithe with song'?
2. Make a list from this poem of the things that the planter of a tree plants. Compare with the list in the poem, 'What Do We Plant?' Which list do you like better, and why?

GRAMMAR

Find the prepositions in this poem and tell with what nouns they are used.

COMPOSITION

Write a composition on 'THE LESSONS A TREE TEACHES US,' using these ideas and adding as many as possible of your own.

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling plash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief
And rest for weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

— *Henry Van Dyke.*

APPENDIX

Note on 'Father William' (page 53)

It adds to the interest of this poem to know that it was probably the poet Wordsworth at whom Lewis Carroll poked fun in these verses. His poem is not a close parody of any of Wordsworth's, but it was probably suggested by *Expostulation and Reply,* given below. Which poem do you like better — this or 'Father William' — and why? Scattered through the pages of *Alice in Wonderland* are many other clever parodies of well-known poems.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

'Why, William, on that cold grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day
Why, William, sit you thus alone
And dream your time away?

'Where are your books, that light bequeathed
To beings else forlorn and blind?
Up, up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

'You look round on your mother Earth
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you.'

One morning thus by Esthwaite Lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

'The eye, it cannot choose but see!
We cannot bid the ear be still:
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

'Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feel this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

'Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone
And dream my time away'.

SHADOWS OF THE EVENING

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

— *Sabine Baring-Gould.*

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