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HIMALAYA READERS

BOOK V

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HIMALAYA READERS

BOOK FIVE



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CONTENTS

LESSON		PAGE
1.	THE DAUNTLESS THREE	1
2.	*A Hymn to God*	6
3.	THE ROOF OF THE WORLD	8
4.	*My Good Right Hand*	18
5.	THE ROMANCE OF WIRELESS	19
6.	*The Light of Other Days*	26
7.	VIKRAM-ADITYA AND HIS JUDGMENT SEAT	28
8.	*The Man of Life Upright*	34
9.	A MEMORABLE DAY	35
10.	*The Village Blacksmith*	40
11.	THE STORY OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR	42
12.	*The Scholar*	49
13.	THROUGH THE SAHARA TO THE GREAT PYRAMID	50
14.	*A Psalm of Life*	58
15.	BABER "THE LION"	60
16.	*The Sea*	66
17.	THE STORY OF SOCRATES	68
18.	*We Scatter Seeds*	72
19.	JULIUS CAESAR	73
20.	*The River*	76
21.	THE CABULIWALLAH	78

LESSON		PAGE
22.	*The Charge of the Light Brigade*	89
23.	THE SUN WORSHIPPERS	92
24.	*Casabianca*	99
25.	SIR J. C. BOSE	101
26.	*Aspirations of Youth*	108
27.	A NIGHT ON MANA-SAROWAR	109
28.	*The Cataract of Lodore*	115
29.	RAJA RAM MOHAN ROY	119
30.	*My Mind to me a Kingdom is*	122
31.	*Who is my Neighbour ?*	124
32.	*Mercy*	126

1. THE DAUNTLESS THREE

In the sixth century before Christ, there ruled in Rome a cruel king. His name was Tarquin. The people of Rome greatly disliked him. His son, Sextus, too, behaved shamelessly. This caused a revolt against the king, with the result that at last the people drove him from the throne.

The king then fled for help to his cousin, Lars Porsena, king of the Etruscans. Porsena lived in the city of Clusium and had a powerful army. He swore to help Tarquin.

Porsena marched with his army against Rome in order to restore Tarquin to the throne. On his way he sacked the neighbouring towns which belonged to Rome. The Romans were terribly afraid when they heard this news.

The city by the Tiber was crowded with refugees, sick men borne in litters, and troops of sun-burnt husbandmen. For days the city fathers stood on the walls and watch-towers of Rome looking for the Etruscans. They saw a line of blazing villages from which the refugees had fled. At last a great cloud of dust appeared in the distance. There was a sudden flash of spears, and the watchers heard a low rumbling noise like a great army on the march. It was the dreaded Etruscans.

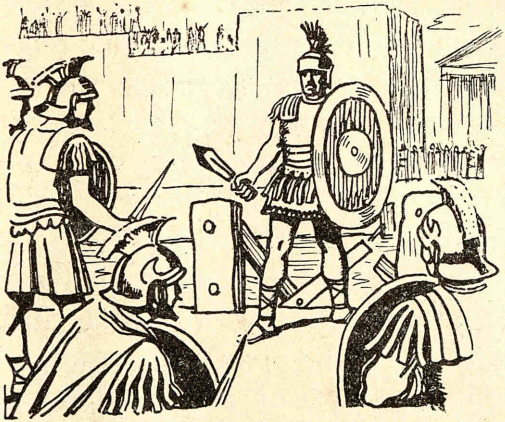
The Romans ran to and fro in a panic. "What shall we do ?" cried the city fathers, holding a council to discuss the situation. "Only an old wooden bridge across the river Tiber stands between us and the enemy." Only one man remained calm and unmoved. His name was Horatius Cocles. "Cut down the bridge," he said. "I will guard it. Once it is broken no one can cross the river and Rome will be saved." Let us read how the poet Macaulay describes this part of the story:

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods ?"

Two other men offered to help brave Horatius. They were Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius. They took up their positions at the head of the bridge. As they did so, the Etruscans, in shining armour, with banners flying and trumpets blowing, marched steadily towards Rome.

The dauntless three stood firm on the bridge, and a great roar of laughter greeted them from the

ranks of their foes. It seemed nothing short of madness for three men to face so many. It was, indeed, a terrible fight that they fought against such heavy odds, hurling back enemy after enemy, while the Romans at their back busied themselves in cutting down the beams of the bridge over the river Tiber. Soon, however, the laughter of the Etruscans



Horatius defends the bridge.

was changed to anger, for the way to Rome was still barred. There was no time to waste. The Etruscans could hear the loud clang of axes, and they knew that very soon the bridge would be cut down.

At last Lars Porsena sent his bravest warrior to win the bridge. He was called Astur, a giant of a man, with a black beard and a scowling face. His sword was so large that none but he could wield it.

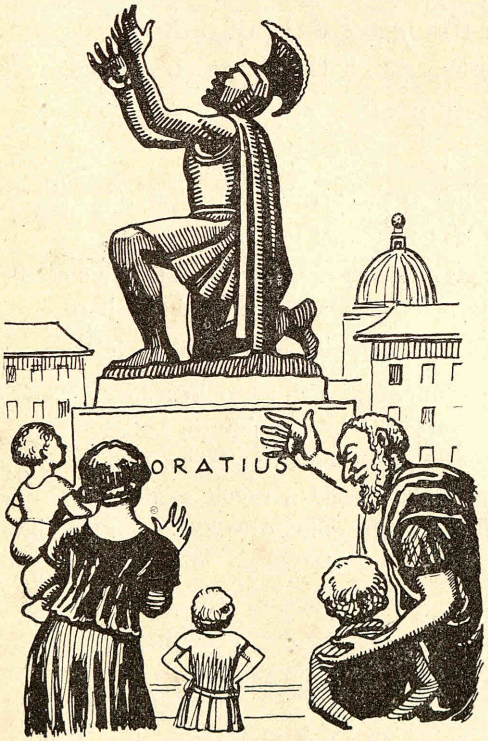
Shouting his war-cry, Astur rushed at Horatius and dealt him a fierce blow. Horatius fell on one knee, and for a moment the bridge seemed lost. But Horatius rose to his feet, and struck Astur such a deadly blow that he fell down as if lightning had struck him.

Just then the bridge began to crack and the last timbers were all but gone. Back darted Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius in time to save themselves. The bridge now fell into the river with a mighty splash. Horatius was left alone, with his foes in front of him and the broad river behind him.

There was no fear in the heart of Horatius. First he prayed to the river-god. Then he plunged into the water and began to swim across. His armour was heavy and the wounds he had received made him weak. The river was wide and foaming with the heavy rains of the past month. Many times Horatius sank under the waves. At last he felt pebbles under his feet and crawled up the river bank to safety.

The Romans never forgot this feat. They gave Horatius as much land as two oxen could plough in a day. They also set up a statue to remind all men of his courage. This statue showed Horatius on one knee, with arms raised in prayer to the river-god. For long after, the story of how brave

Horatius held the bridge was told round the fire on winter evenings. As the poet tells us :—



The statue of Horatius.

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;

With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

Surely this is one of those stirring stories that should never be forgotten.

Exercises

1. Describe how Horatius, with his two companions, defended the bridge against the enemy.
2. In what does the heroism of Horatius consist ?
3. Say how the Romans honoured this hero.

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—to look for ; to and fro ; against heavy odds ; war-cry ; to plunge into.
2. Analyse the sentences :—His son, Sextus, too, behaved shamelessly. This caused a revolt against the king, with the result that at last the people drove him from the throne.

2. A HYMN TO GOD

Thou art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even ;
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that make the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.

When night with wings of starry glow,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

T. Moore.

Exercises

1. What are the underlying ideas of the poem ?
2. How do you infer the presence of God from His works ? Give specific examples from the poem to support your answer.
3. When do you get a glimpse of heaven ?
4. Pick out the similes in the poem.
5. What do you understand by "kindling eye" ?

3. THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

Men of courage are never daunted by obstacles presented by Nature. These obstacles are a challenge to the manhood of the gallant souls who have, from time to time, tried to discover some of the jealously guarded secrets of Nature. It is this spirit that has taught people to fly high up in the air, to jump down from flying aeroplanes with the help of the parachute, and to race along the ground at break-neck speed. Those gallant climbers who attempted to reach the summit of Mount Everest were inspired by this spirit. Everest still keeps its secret, for none has so far been able to reach the summit of the highest mountain in the world. Though defeated, these men were destined to live for ever amongst the names of those who fought against adversity and refused to be baffled.

Mount Everest is named after Sir George Everest, who was the first to complete the survey of the Himalayas and fix the position and altitude of Everest in 1841. Everest was busy measuring some of the peaks of the Himalayas with the help of a number of strange-looking instruments. He was, from time to time, giving his Indian companions sums to be done, with the object of

finding out the exact altitudes of the peaks. It was no easy task. The men continued to work hard at the sums, till one day an excited Indian officer rushed into the room of the Survey-General, shouting at the same time, "Sir, I have at last discovered the highest mountain in the world." It was true, for the peak in question was found to be over 29,000 feet high. Since then the peak has been known as "Mount Everest", after Everest, who was the first to discover its greatness.

Although the existence of Mount Everest became known to Europeans in 1841, none had ever seen it before 1920. This was due, not to any lack of enterprise or curiosity on the part of mountaineers, but to the fact that the Tibetans would not allow strangers to enter their land. It was in 1920 that the Dalai Lama, the religious ruler of Tibet, for the first time gave permission to a British Expedition to enter Tibet for the purpose of climbing Mount Everest.

The object of the expedition of 1921 was to discover a practicable route to the summit. The party consisted of nine Englishmen led by Colonel Howard Baring, and included the climber, G. L. Mallory. They started from Darjeeling on May 18th. Heavy rain greeted them in the hot Teesta valley, which is full of brightly coloured

creepers and flowers. After crossing the Jelap Pass they reached Tibet. Thanks to the Dalai Lama, they were well received at the different monasteries.

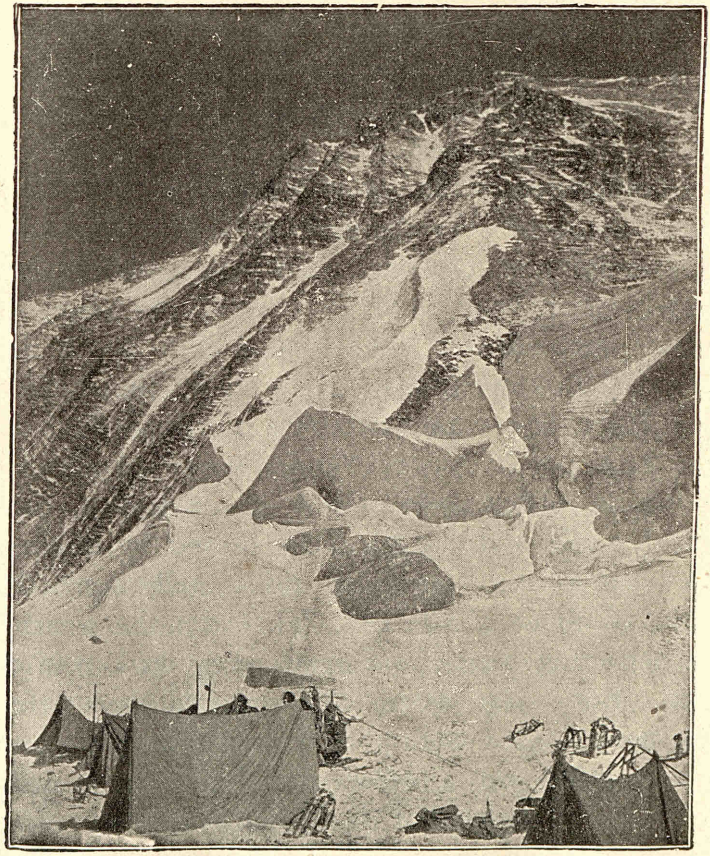
At this stage of their journey they discovered that there were really two routes to Everest. As the shorter one lay through deep gorges, they had to choose the longer route which led them through a populated part of the country. Thus they were obliged to respond to Tibetan hospitality, and to pay ceremonial visits to Lamas. All this took up much of their valuable time, but they were able to make an excellent map of the surrounding country, study its geology, and the animal and plant life of the place. It was not till September that they were able to discover a practicable way to the peak.

After about a month's march they reached the Kharta Valley where, with great difficulty, they erected a camp. Further up the valley, at an altitude of 20,000 feet, they pitched another camp, and from there they began to explore the glaciers and ridges surrounding Everest. Soon they were able to reach a snow ledge just beneath the North Pass, where they placed another camp. From this camp they had a full view of Everest. But they were prevented from climbing higher by a snowstorm, which compelled them to remain inside their camp for days at a

stretch. When the snowstorm ceased, everything was covered with a thick mantle of snow, so the party had to return to the plains. Though the expedition of 1921 failed, the explorers were able to map out the entire country, make friends with the people, and discover a practicable route to Everest. This was no mean achievement.

Another expedition was organised in 1922. This expedition profited by the experience of the previous one, but unfortunately once again weather conditions stood in their way. On May 19th, the party of thirteen men, with C. G. Bruce as their leader, succeeded in establishing a camp at the height of 25,000 feet. From there the climbing party reached the dizzy height of 26,985 feet, under very bad weather conditions. They were at last driven back to their camp by cold and hunger. Undaunted by failures, Bruce led a second attempt, and actually reached a height of about 27,300 feet. This time the weather was becoming worse, and again they had to come down. But a far worse fate awaited them when they made a third attempt. As the men were busy cutting steps up a steep ice-slope, they were caught in the wake of a falling avalanche which thundered down upon them. Seven of the porters lost their lives, but none of the British climbers were killed.

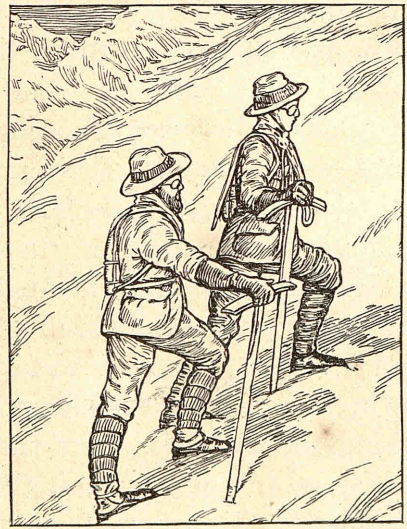
The next expedition, in the year 1924, was also organised under the leadership of C. G. Bruce. The



A camp on Mount Everest.

route to the Rongbuk Glacier was now well known.

Here, at an altitude of 16,800 feet, they made their base camp from which they planned to set up as many as six more camps, each higher than the other. This was to enable the climbers to spend a night under shelter after a hard day's climb. The last camp they were able to set up was at an altitude of 27,000



Mallory and Irvine on their way to the summit.

feet. From this camp they decided to send a strong climbing party for the final dash to the topmost peak.

The only member of the party who had taken part in the three previous attempts, and who had much experience of mountain climbing, was Mallory.

At the moment he was suffering, like others, from sore throat, and it was he who had borne the brunt of the work. Inside Camp Six anxious discussions were held as to who should make the final dash to the summit. The choice fell on Mallory, and he decided to make the final attempt with Andrew Irvine, a young Oxford undergraduate.

On June 6th, at half-past seven in the morning, these two gallant souls, Mallory and Irvine, left Camp Six with Odell, who was to watch the progress of the climbers and attend to their needs. For a few minutes thick clouds veiled the summit as Odell watched the adventurers making the final climb to the peak. Suddenly, for a moment, there was a clearing of the atmosphere, and Odell got a glimpse of the peak of Everest. He noticed far away on a snow slope, a tiny moving object followed by another, and both making for the top. But the very next moment, as he stood intently watching them, clouds came and completely hid them from view. From that time Odell could find no trace of Mallory or Irvine. Perhaps their supply of oxygen failed and made them powerless to return, or they may have been swept away by a falling avalanche. Their fate is a mystery. The rest of the party returned to the base camp and erected a monument to the memory of these heroic men.

In February, 1933, a fourth expedition, in charge of Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, set out. As usual the men of this expedition were able to pitch a tent at 27,000 feet without much difficulty. From this base camp they planned to make the final assault. They had the advantage of every kind of up-to-date equipment, including oxygen, and were able to profit by the experience of previous expeditions. But in spite of all these advantages, once again the bitter cold and strong gales drove them back. However, before they got back, they found Mallory's ice-axe 30 feet below the main ridge, near the summit. The axe lay on the rocks, with the name of the maker engraved on it, clean and bright as if it had been left there the day before. Evidently this is the last trace we have of the two gallant explorers who were lost in the land of the clouds. Everest still keeps its secret. Some day or other it is sure to be conquered. When that day arrives these two gallant heroes will be remembered for their great endeavour.

Though no human feet have been able to climb to the peak of Mount Everest, its conquest from the air was achieved in 1933 by Lord Clydesdale. After months of preparation, two aeroplanes, with their leader and his comrades, started from Purnea on Monday, the 3rd of April. The peaks of the Himalayas on that fateful day were very clear, and

conditions seemed very favourable. Bit by bit the planes rose to the height of 30,000 feet and circled round Everest, "just a hair's-breadth over the menacing summit." "We landed," writes Lord



Flying over Mount Everest.

Clydesdale, "full of happiness that we had been where no man had been before." The whole world was thrilled when the news came that men had conquered Mount Everest from the air.

Exercises

1. What impulse in man induces him to challenge all pposition from Nature ?

2. Write what you know of the various Everest Expeditions.

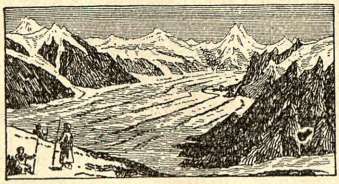
3. Describe how Mallory and Irvine attempted to reach the summit from Camp Six, and how they died in the attempt.

4. Give a brief account of the aerial expedition of Lord Clydesdale.

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—consists of ; way to ; at a stretch ; to map out ; to profit by ; in the wake of ; to set up ; to make for ; to set out.

2. Analyse the sentence—These obstacles are a challenge to the manhood of the gallant souls who have from time to time tried to discover some of the jealously guarded secrets of Nature.



4. MY GOOD RIGHT HAND

I fell into grief, and began to complain ;
I looked for a friend, but I sought in vain ;
Companions were shy, and acquaintances cold,
They gave me good counsel, but none of their gold.
"Let them go," I exclaimed : "I've a friend at my side,
To lift me, and help me, whatever betide.
To trust to the world is to build on the sand :—
I'll trust but in Heaven and my good Right Hand."
My courage revived, in my fortune's despite,
And my hand was as strong as my spirit was light ;
It raised me from sorrow, it saved me from pain :
It fed me, and clad me, again and again.
The friends who had left came back every one,
And darkest advisers looked bright as the sun ;
I need them no more as they all understand ;
I thank thee, I trust thee, my good Right Hand !

Exercises

1. What is your best friend and why ? What is the central idea of the poem ?

2. What can your good right hand do for you ?

3. What are the two essential things necessary to acquire success ?

4. Discuss the meaning of the expressions—My fortune's despite ; my hand was as strong as my spirit was light ; darkest advisers.

5. THE ROMANCE OF WIRELESS

Most of you have seen overhead telegraph wires stretching from post to post along the sides of railways and roads. Sometimes, however, these wires are carried beneath the ground. It is only then that they have to be carefully wrapped in gutta-percha, or some such substance, so that the current may not leak out and escape into the earth. Such wires are said to be insulated. A few insulated wires put together inside a lead pipe make a cable.

When messages are required to be transmitted to different countries separated by the sea, cablegrams are sent through the cables laid along the bottom of the sea. The laying of submarine cables is very costly. The cost is something like Rs. 4,000 a mile. At present, submarine cables throughout the world total a little over 200,000 miles, and that of overland telegraph wires about one and a half million miles.

But the most recent development in the system of communication between distant places is the wireless. This has successfully conquered the barriers of time and space. Its perfection is chiefly due to an Italian named Marconi. The life-story of this remarkable man may be said to be one long series of experiments towards the perfection of wireless.

Most of the world's great inventions arose from observing the simple things of everyday life. Benjamin Franklin flew a home-made kite during a thunder-storm, and captured electricity from the clouds. So did young Marconi when he tied an old tin can to the top of a broom handle and thus made his first aerial.

There were many inventors who paved the way for Marconi. One of these men was Dr. Graham Bell. Bell placed two boats a mile and a half apart, and a message sent from the one was picked up in the other with a telephone receiver. That was in the year 1881.

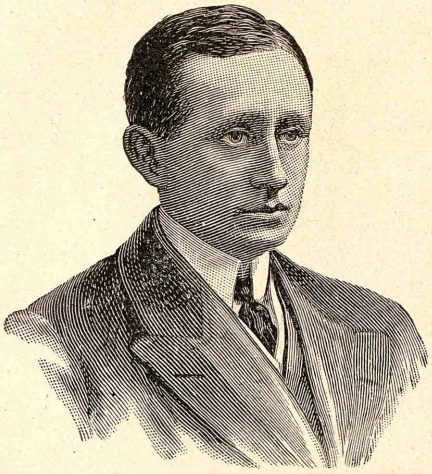
All these men were groping in the darkness. They had to wait for cleverer men to solve the mystery. The next step towards a solution was reached by Clerk Maxwell, who had learnt much from Faraday. Carrying out his experiments with the simplest apparatus, Maxwell quietly set to

work in his laboratory. He finally worked out the idea of the possibility of electrical waves passing through the atmosphere. He could not detect the presence of the waves because the necessary delicate apparatus did not exist. "But," he said, "they are there. Someday they are sure to be found." Though Maxwell did not succeed in solving the mystery, he pointed out a path to where the secret lay. Maxwell's finding was just this. If a conductor is charged or discharged with sufficient suddenness, it is sure to emit electric waves into the air.

Then Hertz, the German scientist, confirmed the results of Maxwell. Hertz proved, beyond dispute, the existence of electrical waves. But he lacked the vision of Faraday to see the importance of his own work. It was left to Edward Hughes to advance the knowledge of wireless still further. He invented the microphone. He found that the microphone would pick up sounds from bodies with which it is not connected. It would also respond to slight noises in a room. He discovered this while walking along a London street with a microphone and a battery in his pocket. He found that sounds could be received in a microphone and that they could be heard from a distance of 500 yards. When Hughes told the scientists of his time about this discovery, nobody would

believe him. Though baffled and discouraged he worked on in his laboratory, but at last gave up in disgust. About this time young Marconi was a little boy lisping his Italian alphabet in a school in Bologna.

While yet a boy at school, Marconi took an unusual interest in science. At the university he had the good fortune to have Professor Righi as his teacher. He studied the results of other men before him. He was encouraged by his teacher to follow this line of research. In the end he failed to arouse enough interest among people in his work. But he had great confidence, courage and persistence. So he went to England in 1896. In the year 1899 this young Italian was able to establish wireless communication between England and France. The news of his success made "wireless" the talk of the hour. But two more years were yet to elapse before the epoch-making discovery was finally made.



Marconi.

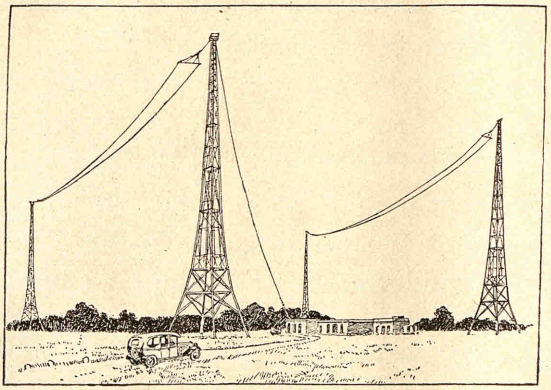
In 1902 he made a journey to Newfoundland, and camped on the cliffs of that island with his two English companions. There they erected an aerial with a huge kite, ready to receive messages from the sending station at Poldhu, in Cornwall. The kite was attached, by 400 feet of wire, to a mast. This piece of wire was joined to another wire that was fixed into a kind of flag station where a Marconi receiver was installed. Marconi and his companions waited and waited for a message from across the seas. Suddenly, at half-past eleven on the morning of 12th December, 1901, a faint clicking of the instrument could be heard. This meant that the operator at the sending station at Poldhu was sending out the letter S. For the first time in the history of wireless, a message was sent across the Atlantic with the speed of lightning. Thus was wireless telegraphy established.

Soon the world was thrilled by a rescue at sea. This was made possible by Marconi's invention. In August, 1909, when the steamer "Ohio" was sinking off Alaska, wireless messages for help were sent out from the vessel. Two ships hastened to the sinking ship and rescued the passengers and crew.

Ocean liners nowadays receive details of all the important events of the world through the help of the wireless. Airships and aeroplanes are also fitted

with wireless. This makes communication possible between earth and sky.

Marconi proved himself to be one of the greatest inventors of all time. It is difficult to estimate the importance of his work. By the invention of 'wireless' Marconi has robbed the sea of much of its terrors. Another recent development of wireless



A wireless station.

is television. He will certainly be a bold prophet who tries to forecast the effect of television upon our civilization.

Wireless telephony has also been rendered possible by this discovery. The most remarkable form of this is known as 'broadcasting'. Thousands of homes in India have their aerials and receiving sets, through which they hear music, speeches and plays sent from a central "sending" station.

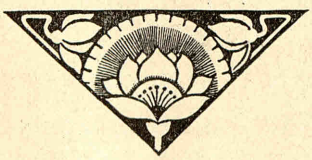
Wireless has become one of the common things of our life, but the wonder of it has not yet passed away. It is still in its infancy. Though Marconi is no longer in the land of the living—he died in 1937—the present age may well be called "The Age of Marconi."

Exercises

1. What are the different stages by which wireless has reached its present stage of development ?
2. Who were the pioneers of wireless ?
3. Write a short biography of Marconi.
4. What are an insulated wire ; a cablegram ; broadcasting ?
5. Mention a recent development of wireless.

Grammar and Composition

1. Write a short essay on the advantages of wireless.
2. Make sentences with the following :—Wrap in ; due to ; pick up ; to work out ; beyond dispute ; to respond to ; the talk of the hour.



6. THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

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

When I remember all
  The friends so link'd 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, 25
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Exercises

1. How was the poet reminded of his "boyhood's years" ? Was the memory painful or pleasant ?
2. With what does the poet compare his present position ?
3. Discuss the best part of the poem and say why you like it.
4. Point out the similes and metaphors in the poem.
5. Comment on :—Like leaves in wintry weather ; Ere slumber's chain has bound me.



7. VIKRAM-ADITYA AND HIS JUDGMENT SEAT

Vikram-áditya was the greatest of a line of mighty kings called the Gupta Emperors, who once ruled over nearly all Hindustán, that is to say, India north of the Vindhya mountains. Here is a picture of Chandra-gupta taken from an old coin of his. It was dug up out of the ground a few years ago. In his right hand there is a mighty bow which none but he could bend, and in his left hand a great arrow. He reigned in the city of Ujjain, in the country of Málwa.



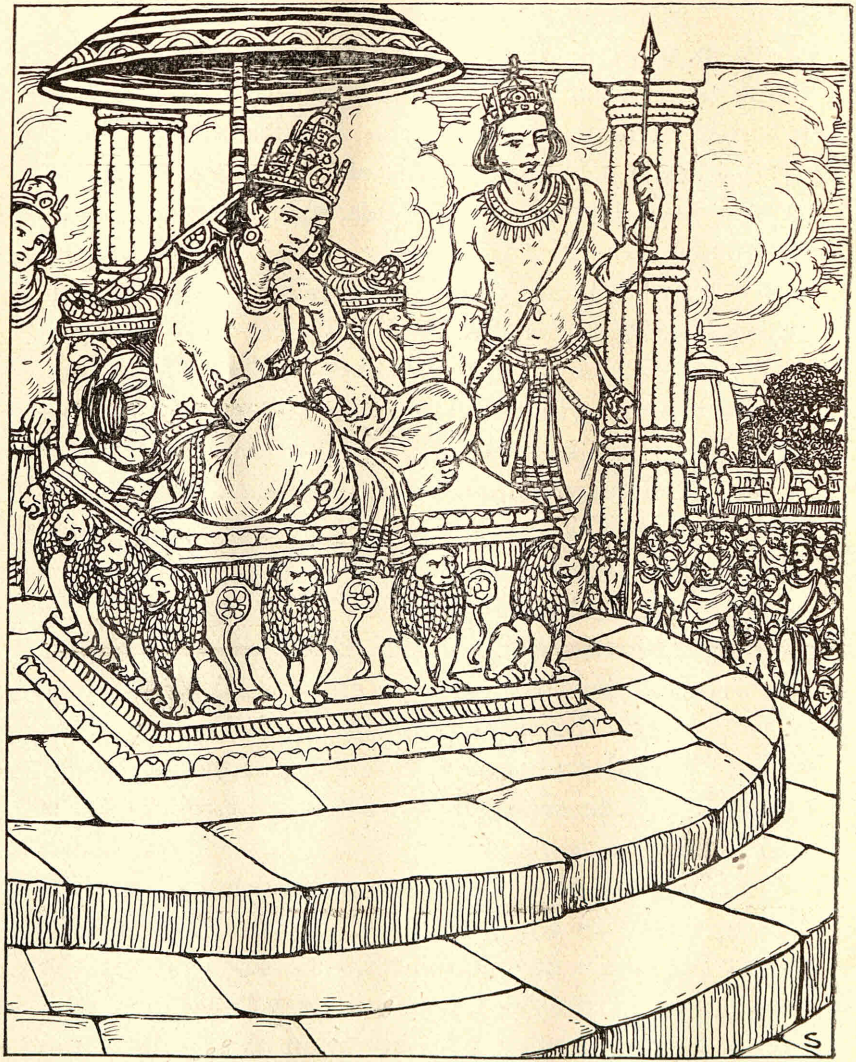
Before the time of Chandra-gupta, tribes of Sakas or Scythians, who had come down from the countries to the north-west of India, had ruled all the lands in the south-west of Hindustán. They were overcome by Chandra-gupta, who then took the title of Sakari, or Slayer of the Sakas.

At the court of Vikrama there were a great many poets and learned men, who flocked to it from every part of India, for he was very kind to them. Nine

of them were so famous that they were known as the *Nine Jewels*, sparkling around his throne. The brightest gem of the nine was Kálidás, the greatest poet of India. The court was likened to a sun whose rays spread over the whole country, and lit up far distant lands.

Vikrama was not only a mighty king and a great warrior, but a very famous judge as well. People said there was no judge like him, either before him or after him. He never made an error. Every one who brought a case before him for judgment went away satisfied, the man who lost the case as well as the man who won it. He sat on a throne called *Simhásana*, or Lion-seat, because its legs were the stone images of twelve lions. The country people never forgot this seat nor the great judge who sat on it. To this day they say of a good judge, "He must have sat in the judgment seat of Vikrama." This saying is said to have taken its rise from a certain wonderful tale that is told of this *Simhásana*. This is the story.

Hundreds of years after Vikrama had passed away, the very town in which he reigned in such glory became a heap of ruins, and the trees of the jungle grew over it. A few little village boys, who tended cows, used to play about in this jungle, and one day, as they played, two boys had a quarrel about



Vikram-áditya on his throne.

something. They fixed on a third boy to hear what they had to say, and settle who was right. He seated himself on a green mound of earth that he had found and then, in fun, told the little boys that he was a judge and would hear their case. Each boy said what he had to say. Then the judge pointed out who was wrong and who was right so well, and spoke in such a learned way and so much like a wise old man, that some villagers who were standing by were astonished. The little cow-herds liked the game so much that they played it every day. Soon they changed the judge, but it was all the same. Even a stupid boy became wise when he sat on the mound, spoke like a learned man, and made no error.

When this became known, grown-up men came to the mound to lay their cases before a cow-herd judge, and every little boy who sat on the mound and acted as judge became wise, and gave a judgment that was faultless. At last the king heard the news. He asked the learned men of his court what they thought of it. A wise old man said, "Vikrama, the great king, once lived and ruled where the jungle now grows. The great *Simhásana* on which he sat and judged must be under that mound. The voice is the voice of the cow-herd but the mind is the mind of Vikrama speaking through his lips."

The king was a good ruler. He longed to be as

wise and as just as Vikrama was in the days of old. "Let us dig deep in the ground," he said, "and see if the judgment seat is there. If we can find it, let us bring it here that I too may sit on it and judge and make no error."

A great many workmen came with their tools and they dug deep into the ground. After working hard all day they found what they were looking for—the judgment seat of Vikrama. They came upon a great slab of solid marble, held up on the shoulders of twelve winged lions, carved out of stone. Fifty strong men could scarcely lift it. They carried it to the king's palace, resting every now and then on the way, for it was very heavy. At last it was set down in the king's great hall. It was rubbed and cleaned till the black marble shone like glass.

The next day the king in his robes went up to seat himself on the *Simhásana*. But he started back in great fear, for strange to say the lions began to speak. In a deep voice that sounded as if it came from far below, each one said, in turn, "Are you worthy to sit in the seat of Vikram-áditya ? Have you ever wished to take the country of any other king, or his riches that did not rightly belong to you ? Have you ever done what you knew was not just ? Is your heart as pure and as free from sin as that of a little child ? Are you worthy ?"

The king well knew that he had often made war upon other kings merely to seize on their lands and their riches, and that he had over and over again done what he knew was not just. Before that awful throne he felt that he must speak the truth. He said, "I am not worthy." The lions, it is said, then spread their wings and bore the judgment seat aloft, far into the sky, till it was lost to view.

Those who saw this strange sight stood looking on in wonder. But the king was sad. Then the same wise old man who had spoken before tried to comfort him and said, "Be not cast down, O king ! No king now on earth may sit on that great judgment seat. The little cow-herd sat on it because his heart was pure, but what king is there whose heart is as pure and as free from sin as the heart of a little child ?"

Exercises

1. Rewrite the story in your own words.
2. Why did the judgment seat fly to heaven ?
3. What do you mean by "the Nine Jewels" ?

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—to take place ; to be mixed up with ; to be satisfied with ; to seat oneself on.

2. Analyse :—Hundreds of years after Vikrama had passed away, the very town in which he reigned in such glory became a heap of ruins, and the trees of the jungle grew over it.

8. THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thoughts of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes,
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

T. Campion.

Exercises

1. What is the central idea of the poem ? What is an upright man like ?

2. What does the poet mean when he says that a good man "makes the heaven his book and heavenly things his wisdom" ?

3. Which of the verses do you like best and why ?

4. Discuss the appropriateness of the adjectives :—harmless joys, secret vaults, unaffrighted eyes.

5. What do you mean by the expressions :—the horrors of the deep ; terrors of the skies ?

9. A MEMORABLE DAY

Their Majesties drove to the Delhi fort, and there held a reception of many hundreds of guests in the beautiful buildings of Shah Jahan's palace and the stately and peaceful gardens which connect them together. Even these, however, formed not the most remarkable feature of the occasion.

A great national festival had been organised for this day, and the plain between the eastern wall of

the fort and the Jumna was thronged by a vast assembly of half a million people, all waiting to defile past the King-Emperor.

Scattered about in open spaces were to be seen groups of entertainers ; in one place a handful of jugglers ; in another a musical ride by green-clad lancers from some Indian Prince's contingent ; in another a war-dance by wild warriors with sword and shield ; in a fourth a group of lightly-clad sowars, leaping to and fro from their steeds at full gallop and performing other feats of horsemanship. But these were mere islands in a vast sea of brown faces and many-coloured turbans.

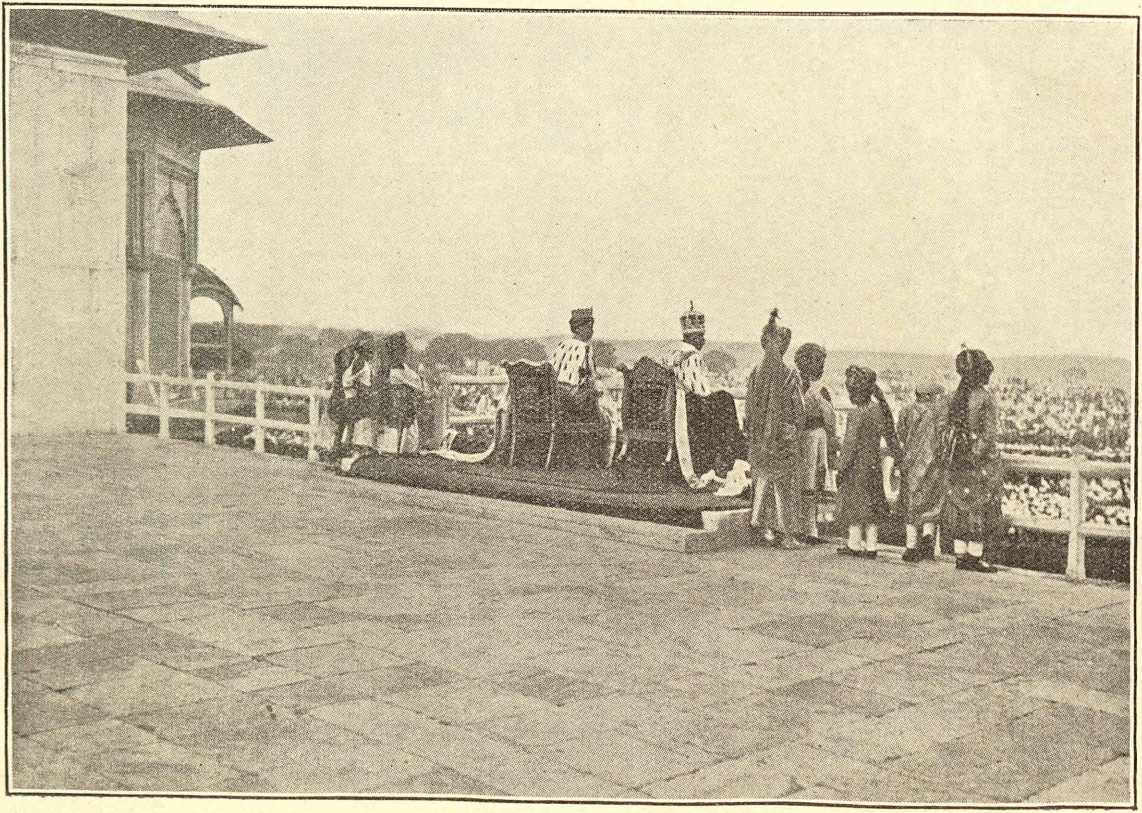
To prevent dangerous crushing, barriers had been erected at intervals leading on to two broadways, which met below Shah Jahan's balcony and there parted right and left parallel to the wall of the fort. Within these barriers the people had been assembled in parties according to the several districts from which they came ; and, as many of them had taken a distinguishing colour, one could see, looking down upon them, fringe after fringe of white, backed by great blocks of yellow and red and green and blue in every imaginable shade.

In due time Their Majesties appeared at the historic balcony. The King had come to the garden-party in the uniform of a field-marshal and the

Queen in a plain mauve morning dress ; but they had determined not to disappoint the expectations of the people, and, before they showed themselves, they had put on their robes of purple and ermine, the Imperial crown and the tiara worn at the Durbar.

They stepped on to the balcony without sound of trumpets to herald their coming, and their appearance was therefore not recognised by all of the onlookers simultaneously. The buzz of voices suddenly died down, giving place for a few seconds to a low hum ; then tens of thousands of arms leapt into the air and the hum swelled from front to rear and from flank to flank into one mighty shout of wonder and acclaim. The balcony, however, being small, Their Majesties left it and took their seats upon two thrones on the ramparts where, with their pages grouped around them, they remained in full view of all for nearly an hour.

Presently the first great masses of colour moved forward to defile past the King-Emperor. The effect was indescribably beautiful. The hard blocks of yellow dissolved into a soft confusion of yellow and white, and streamed away on one hand with the varied hues of a flight of canaries. The rigid masses of blue and green and red melted into a wave of mingled colour. Company after company added



Their Majesties at the National Festival.

their volume to the flood, until for a full mile in length and half a mile in depth the plain was inundated with one great sea of colour, which moved and halted, eddied and swayed, deepened and lightened with ever new combinations, until the eye turned from it in sheer amazement. And so the defile continued with increasing shouts of acclaim. At last there arose a kind of wail, and the one or two hundred thousand who were still crowded before the thrones stretched out their hands in appeal as the King and Queen withdrew themselves from sight.

Exercises

1. Why do you think the day is memorable in the annals of India ? Has it any parallel in her chequered history ?

2. Describe what happened when the king appeared at the historic balcony. Why is the balcony said to be historic ?

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—at full gallop ; to step on ; to swell into ; in full view ; to dissolve into ; to add to.

2. Parse the words in italics :—In due *time* Their *Majesties* appeared at the historic *balcony*.

10. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

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

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

H. W. Longfellow.

Exercises

1. Give a short sketch of the village blacksmith.
2. Do you think he is very happy ? If so, why ?
3. What moral do you derive from his life ?
4. Pick out the similes in the poem.
5. Discuss the meanings of :—flaming forge of life ; burning deed and thought ; sexton ; the muscles of his brawny arms.
6. Which of the verses do you like best and why ?

11. THE STORY OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

In the reign of the Caliph Harun Alraschid, a poor porter of Baghdad, named Hindbad, overcome with fatigue, puts down his burden at the door of a large house, where a great feast is being held. From the bystanders he learns that it is the house of the famous Sindbad. Oppressed by his own miseries, he begins to weep. Sindbad happens to overhear his cries, and sends a servant to fetch him to the feast. When the porter, in fear, asks forgiveness for his grumbling, Sindbad tells him that he has not attained his wealth without enduring great suffering both of body and mind. To prove this he proceeds to tell the porter and all his guests the tale of his first voyage. When the story is done,

he gives the porter a hundred pieces of gold, and invites him to come the next day and hear the story of his second voyage. This generous treatment is repeated until Sindbad has told the tale of all his seven voyages, and proved his statement about the sufferings which he had undergone. The story which follows is that of the second voyage.

The Second Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor

I designed, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days at Baghdad, but it was not long ere I grew weary of an idle life. I put to sea a second time with some well-known merchants. We embarked on board a good ship, and after prayers to God, set sail. We traded from island to island with great profit. One day we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but we could see neither man nor animal. Whilst some gathered flowers, and others fruits, I took my food, and sat down near a stream between two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

In this sad condition, I was ready to die with grief. I blamed myself a hundred times for not being content with the profits of my first voyage. They would have sufficed me all my life. But all this was

in vain, and my repentance came too late. At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a lofty tree. From thence I looked about on all sides, to see if I could discover anything that could give me hopes. When I gazed towards the sea I could see nothing but sky and water. Looking over the land I beheld something white; and coming down, I went towards it.

As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a great height and extent. When I came up to it, I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top, as it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

By this time the sun was about to set. All of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more when I found it occasioned by a bird of a monstrous size that came flying towards me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a miraculous bird called the roc. I now realised that the great dome which I so much admired must be its egg. In short, the bird alighted, and sat over the egg. As I saw her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird;



THE ROC.

which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in hopes that the roc next morning would carry me with her out of this desert island. After having passed the night in this condition, the bird flew away as soon as it was daylight. It carried me so high, that I could not discern the earth. She afterwards descended so quickly that I lost my senses. But when I found myself on the ground, I speedily untied the knot. I had scarcely done so, when the roc, having taken up a huge serpent in her bill, flew away.

The spot where it left me was surrounded on all sides by mountains. As I walked through this valley, I noticed it was strewed with diamonds, some of which were of a surprising bigness. I took pleasure in looking upon them ; but shortly saw at a distance some objects which I could not view without terror, namely, a great number of serpents. They were so large that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They went in the daytime to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and came out only in the night.

I spent the day in walking about in the valley. When night came on I went into a cave, where I thought I might sleep in safety. The entrance was low and narrow. I put a great stone at the entrance to preserve me from the serpents ; but not so far

as to exclude the light. I supped on part of my food, but the serpents, which began hissing round me, put me into such fear that I did not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can justly say that I walked upon diamonds without feeling any inclination to touch them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my fears, not having closed my eyes during the night, fell asleep. But I had scarcely shut my eyes when something that fell by me with a great noise awaked me. This was a large piece of raw meat. At the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had always doubted what I had heard sailors and others relate of the valley of diamonds, and of the devices employed by merchants to obtain jewels from thence. Now I found that they had stated nothing but the truth. The merchants come to this valley, when the eagles have young ones, and throwing great joints of meat into the valley, the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them. The eagles which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the rocks. The merchants at this time run to their nests, drive off the eagles by their shouts, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

I saw in this device a way of escape.

Having collected together the largest diamonds I could find, I put them into the leather bag in which I used to carry my food. I took the largest of the pieces of meat, and tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban. I then laid myself upon the ground, with my face downwards, the bag of diamonds being made fast to my belt.

I had scarcely done this when one of the eagles, having taken me up with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants immediately began to frighten the eagles. When they had made the eagles leave the meat, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he saw me. Recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, he began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods? "You will treat me," replied I, "with more civility, when you know me better. Do not be uneasy; I have diamonds enough for you and myself, more than all the other merchants together. Whatever they have they owe to chance; but I selected for myself, in the bottom of the valley, those which you see in this bag." I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came crowding about us. They were much astonished to see me.

They conducted me to their encampment. Having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds. They confessed that they had never seen any of such size and perfection. I prayed the merchant who owned the nest to which I had been carried (for every merchant had his own) to take as many for his share as he pleased.

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat into the valley for several days ; and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place the next morning. We boarded a ship at the first port we reached, and touched at the isle of Roha. Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for merchandise. From hence we went to other islands, and at last landed at Bussorah, from whence I proceeded to Baghdad.

Exercises

1. Give a short sketch of the second voyage of Sindbad.
2. Describe how Sindbad secured the diamonds.

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—to grow weary of ; to fall asleep ; to be content with ; to get out of ; to be out of danger.

2. Analyse :—At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my fears, not having closed my eyes during the night, fell asleep.

12. THE SCHOLAR

My days among the dead are past ;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Robert Southey.

Exercises

1. What is a typical scholar like ?
2. Would you like to be a discriminating reader of books, or merely a blind admirer of what you read ?
3. Say how the poet hopes to remain immortal through his works.
4. Pick out the verse you like best and say why you like it.
5. Explain these expressions :—mighty minds of old ; never-failing friends ; tears of thoughtful gratitude ; partake of their hopes and fears.

13. THROUGH THE SAHARA TO THE GREAT PYRAMID

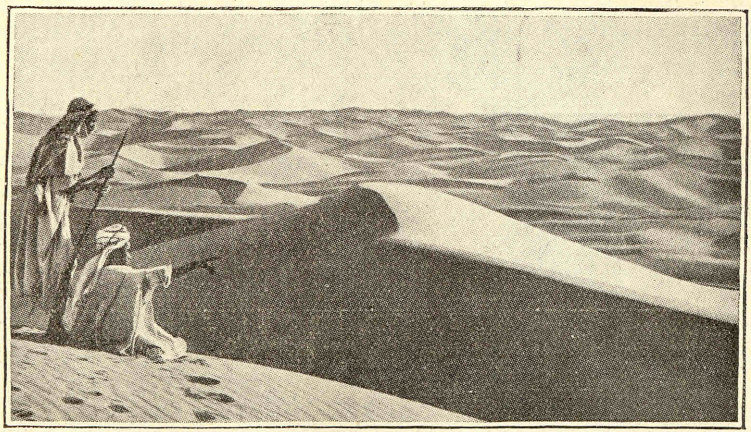
Many people think that the desert is an immense sandy plain as smooth as water. But the experienced traveller knows that the surface of the desert is different from what it is popularly supposed to be.

The Sahara desert is situated in the north of Africa. It is the largest desert in the world. Its area is about equal to that of the Mediterranean Sea. The miles and miles of sand are, in places, relieved by mountain ridges.

The sand, in many places, is blown by the wind into great dunes and billows resembling the surface of a stormy ocean. This sand is so soft that, assisted by the gentlest breeze, it penetrates the wrappings

of the desert traveller. The eyes, nostrils, mouth and throat of both man and beast are also affected by the sand.

Owing to the lack of rain, deserts are largely deficient in vegetation. There are, however, permanent springs in certain parts of the desert where



The Desert.

the fertile soil yields a rich harvest of date palm. These favoured spots produce flowering shrubs, and crops of rice and millet. Such fruitful areas are known as Oases. An Oasis not only provides welcome refreshment for the weary traveller in the desert ; it also offers the tribesmen of the desert a settled mode of life. Many tribesmen rear herds

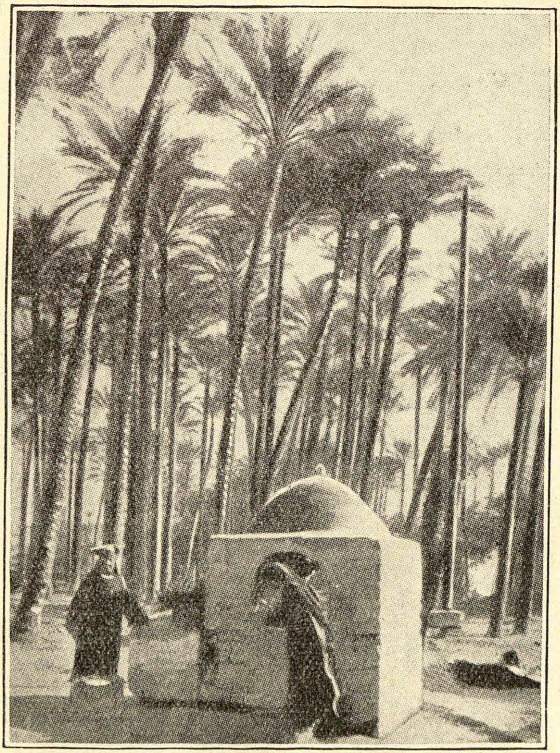
of goats that supply the little community with milk, cheese, and skins for coverings.

Across the Sahara, in various directions, go camel caravans following well-known routes. There are, of course, no roads across the desert ; but for centuries, traders have followed the same tracks from oasis to oasis. Such a caravan may consist of hundreds of camels laden with ivory, gold-dust, gums, dates and salt.

Apart from the discomfort of desert-travel, the camel caravan is attended by very real dangers. All caravans have to go well-armed, for they are liable to be attacked by fierce robbers. The dreaded simoom, which is a hot wind that blows over the Sahara, is another danger to be reckoned with. The following extract from Kinglake's *Eothen* gives a vivid description of what desert travelling is like. The author journeyed from Gaza in Palestine to Cairo.

"Gaza is on the verge of the desert, to which it stands in the same relation as a seaport to the sea. It is there that you charter camels and lay in your stores for the voyage. As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small shrubs. Even these fail after the first two or three days, and

from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the



An Oasis.

hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, and sand again.

When the sun sinks in the west your season

of rest begins. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent. When the cold morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loth to leave. At last the pegs of my tent were drawn, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home of the night before.

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far towards the south. On its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake that I could undeceive my eyes. It was a mirage.

After the fifth day of my journey I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce ; there was no valley or hill by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over

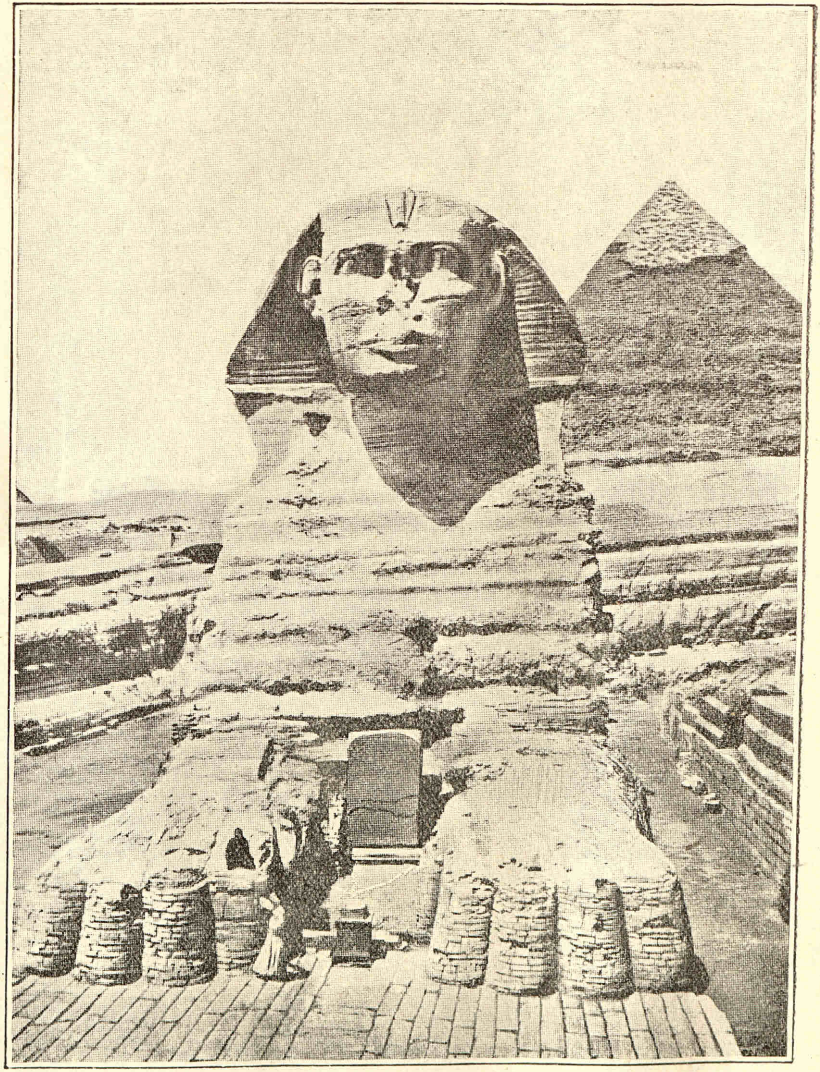
all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could lessen the fierce will of the sun.

But on the eighth day, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile,—I had lived to see, and I saw them."

Travellers wishing to see the pyramids go first to Cairo, the modern capital of Egypt. Situated on the right bank of the Nile, it has a population of more than 800,000 people of many nationalities.

Cairo is a city of contrasts. The modern part has wide streets and handsome buildings. Through the bazaars of Old Cairo, however, it is difficult to move easily. Through these crowded streets pass loaded camels and donkeys with their noisy attendants. The old city is a great centre of Muhammedan learning. It has over two hundred mosques. High up on the hillside is the citadel.

Gizeh, where some of the pyramids are situated, is on the edge of the desert. There we stand and gaze in wonder at these mighty monuments of ages long past. The pyramids of Gizeh are nine in number.



The Great Pyramid and the Sphinx.

The Great Pyramid is the largest of the Gizeh group. It is about 450 feet in height. The total area covered by this huge structure is more than twelve acres. It is the tomb of King Chepos, who reigned in Egypt more than four thousand years ago.

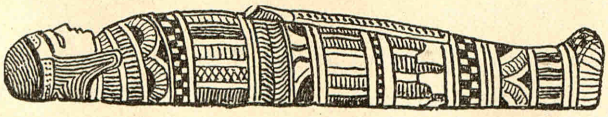
Near the Great Pyramid is the Sphinx. The Sphinx seems to lie there crouching and watching the happenings on this earth, as it has done for generations past.

Exercises

1. What is an oasis ? What can be grown in an oasis ?
2. What are the dangers peculiar to desert travel ? Give a brief description of Kinglake's journey through the Sahara.
3. Say what you know of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—Is so soft ; also offers ; liable to be ; pass over ; seeming to float.
2. Analyse :—When the sun sinks in the west your season of rest begins.



14. A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream !"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,—
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

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

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

Exercises

1. What is the main idea of the poem ?
2. What do the lives of great men teach you ?
3. Explain :—the soul is dead that slumbers ; dust thou art, to dust returnest ; sailing o'er life's solemn main ; a forlorn and shipwrecked brother.
4. Give the meaning of the following words :—muffled drums ; sublime ; bivouac.

15. BABER "THE LION"

Baber, with his steel-clad horsemen, had charged through the crowded ranks of the Afghan army and defeated the Sultan of Delhi. He was undoubtedly one of the strongest men that had ever lived.

He could ride a hundred miles a day and feel no fatigue, and swim across every river he met, no matter how wide. So great was his courage, that every one agreed that he was rightly called Baber "the Lion."

When after his victory over the Sultan of Delhi, he marched in triumph to the royal palace at Agra, he found himself in a deserted city. The people had fled in terror and hidden themselves, no one knew where. There was little food to be got, his men were hungry and thirsty too, but so terrible was the heat that first one and then another fell by the wayside, never to rise again. But still Baber never lost heart. "Those who like to leave me and go back to their own land can do so," he said; but very few went. His courage and cheerfulness encouraged the people, who used to live in the city, to return. The peasants started work in the fields once more, and the shop-keepers spread out their wares again in the bazaars of the city, and all men were contented; till one day came the news that a

great army, under a famous Hindu chief, was marching on them from the west.

A fortress not far away was taken, and Baber's men, hearing that the enemy's army was well supplied not only with guns but with war elephants, began to lose heart.

"Nay, look yonder," said one of the more hopeful, "If I mistake not, these are men from our own country."

"Thou speakest truly. They have indeed come at the right moment to help us."

"Would that their numbers were greater," said the first speaker : "I can count from four to five hundred at most."

"And of what use are the camels ?" said another.



Baber.

"Three strings of camels do I see, and all of them heavily laden."

"It is said that they carry wine—choice wine from the vines of Ghazni."

And there were some who laughed, for all the wines of Ghazni would be of little service to them now. Yet it was this very wine, as they said after-

wards, the one to the other, that helped to bring them success ; for when Baber beheld these three strings of camels with their costly burden, he bethought him of a way by which he himself might become more fit to be the leader of a great army.

"I vow," he said, and he uttered the words aloud in the presence of them all, "I vow never more to drink wine ;" and the soldiers knew that Baber always kept his word.

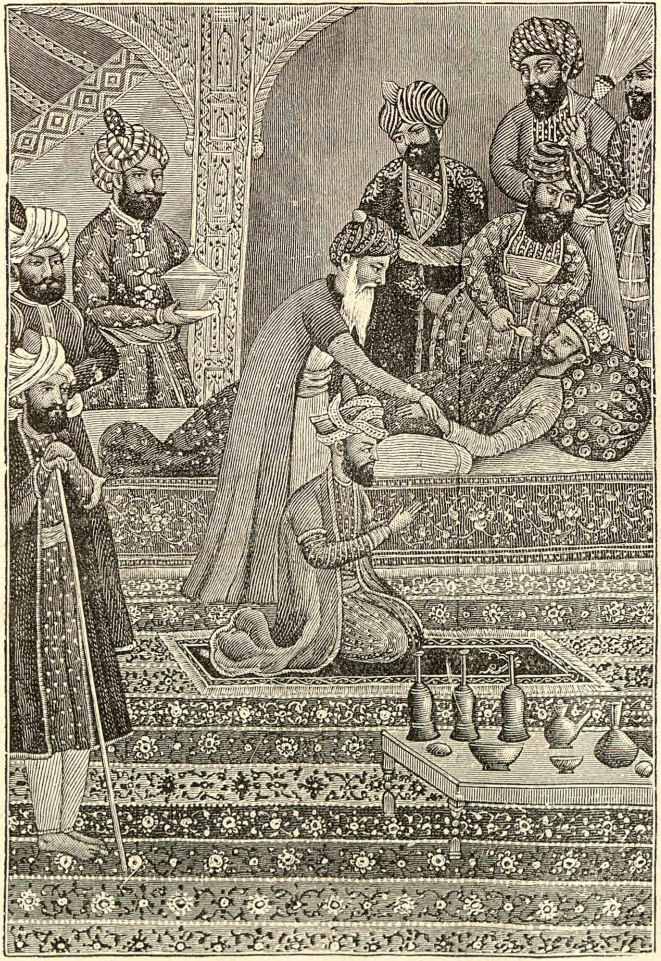
Before night, by order of the chief, all the gold and silver drinking vessels had been battered into small pieces ; for when Baber gave a command none dared to disobey.

Once more the army went forth to battle. One and all had made a solemn promise to fight until the end, but the end came more quickly than any of them had expected, and resulted in a victory for Baber.

But the day came, not so long hence, when Baber sought a victory of another kind—a victory harder to win than any he had yet sought.

This time there was no field of battle, no great opposing army, no visible enemy.

Within the palace silence reigned. The attendants crept about on silent feet and spoke in whispers. In a darkened chamber Humayun the prince, the son whom Baber loved better than life itself, lay dying.



Baber and Humayun.

"In the whole world," Baber used to say, "there is no friend like Humayun."

"There is no hope for him now," said the court physician ; "nothing more can be done. Humayun must die."

And now, for the first and only time in his life, Baber began to lose heart. One of his trusted officers stood at his side trying to comfort him.

"It may be," he said, "that if you offer to God the most precious thing that you possess He will spare your son."

Baber shook his head and murmured :

"God is the Giver of little and of much
In His court none other has power."

"Why not offer Him the great diamond that the family of Bikramajit presented as a thank-offering ?" suggested the pious Mahommedan.

"Nay," said Baber, "my own life is more precious to me than any diamond in the world. I will offer that to the Most High."

Slowly and solemnly he walked three times round the bed of the dying prince, earnestly praying as he did so, praying the same prayer over and over again : "May his ills be upon me !....May his ills be upon me !" And then he stopped suddenly, and cried out so that all might hear the joyous words : "I have borne his ills away."

Great were the rejoicings in the palace when it was known that Humayun had recovered. But soon the joy was turned to sorrow, for the great Baber himself had fallen ill on the very day of his prayer by Humayun's bedside. He grew steadily weaker and weaker, and ere long had passed away.

"Little did we think how his prayers would be answered," said one who had loved him dearly. But the court physicians had their own opinion on the matter. "He has been ailing for a long while," they said.

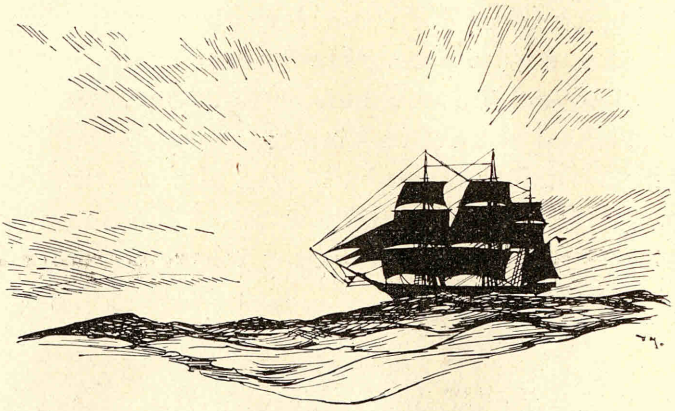
Exercises

1. Why was Baber called "the Lion"?
2. What particular qualities in his character are shown in this lesson ?
3. Describe the circumstances in which Baber met with his death.

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—by the wayside ; at the right moment ; to hurl at ; ere long.
2. Analyse the following sentence :—Great were the rejoicings in the palace when it was known that Humayun had recovered.

16. THE SEA



The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds : it mocks the skies :
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea ! I'm on the Sea !
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (O ! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me ;
For I was born on the open Sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child !

Barry Cornwall

Exercises

1. Write down some of the poet's reflections on the sea.
2. Describe the circumstances in which the poet was born on the sea.
3. Pick out the similes in the poem.
4. Write short notes on :—tempest tune ; noisy hour.
5. Which of the verses do you like best and why ?

17. THE STORY OF SOCRATES

This is the story of one of the greatest of Greek teachers and reformers. His name was Socrates. He lived in Athens about 400 years before Christ.

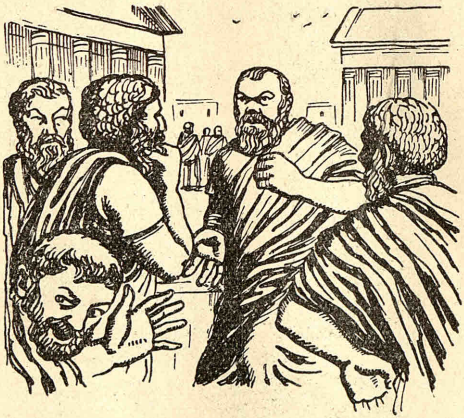
In appearance he was rather small and had a flat nose and big eyes. He was always shabbily dressed, for his father was very poor. But this strange boy was a thoughtful child and a very careful observer of things.

The city in which Socrates lived was beautiful. From his little home on the outskirts of the city he would often gaze towards the sky and see the Acropolis, a great rock towering over the city, and covered with temples, the chief of which was called the Parthenon.

From his very early days Socrates was used to poverty, but as he grew older he seemed to grow shabbier and uglier, but more thoughtful. Though Socrates had an ugly face, he had a noble mind. He spent all his days talking to the young men of Athens. He did not mind where he talked. It was all the same to him. He still went on talking. His talks were very instructive. He tried to teach the young Athenians to love beautiful things, to help one another and to tell the truth. The young men admired him very much.

When Socrates was an old man, his fame had spread far and wide. A special group of pupils began to gather round him and follow him wherever he went. Among them was a young man called Plato.

Although many people loved the old man he had many enemies.



Socrates in the market place.

Socrates was summoned to appear before the rulers. His friends begged him to escape, but Socrates was no coward. He knew that he had only taught what he believed to be just and right. He told the judges that the country would gain nothing by taking away his life. He was always ready to die for a right cause.

His defence is given by Plato in his book called

The Apology of Socrates. In this book we can still read about the trial of this famous man.

The judges heard him patiently, but at last condemned him to death. Socrates received the sentence calmly. He looked round the court and said,



The cup of poison.

"My friends, do not lament for me. My hour of departure has come."

After this the soldiers conducted Socrates to the prison.

He was followed by his sorrowing wife and children. His friends also accompanied him.

It was the custom in Athens, at that time, to offer a cup of poison to any person condemned to death. The jailor brought in the cup of poison and handed it to Socrates. As Socrates cheerfully lifted the cup to his lips everybody in the room began to weep. "Why do you weep, my friends," he asked, "let me die in peace." He finished drinking the poison and died. Thus passed one of the most famous of Greek scholars. His works are read even to this day.

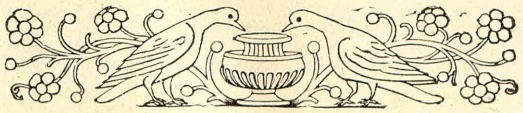
Exercises

1. Write the story of Socrates.
2. What did Socrates say in his defence ?

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—to take away one's life ; to gain nothing ; to look round.

2. Analyse the following :—When Socrates was an old man, his fame had spread far and wide.



18. WE SCATTER SEEDS

We scatter seeds with careless hand
And dream we ne'er shall see them more ;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do—the words we say
Into still air they seem to fleet ;
We count them ever past—
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment, they
And we shall meet !

Lyra Innocentium.

Exercises

1. What is the underlying idea of the poem ?

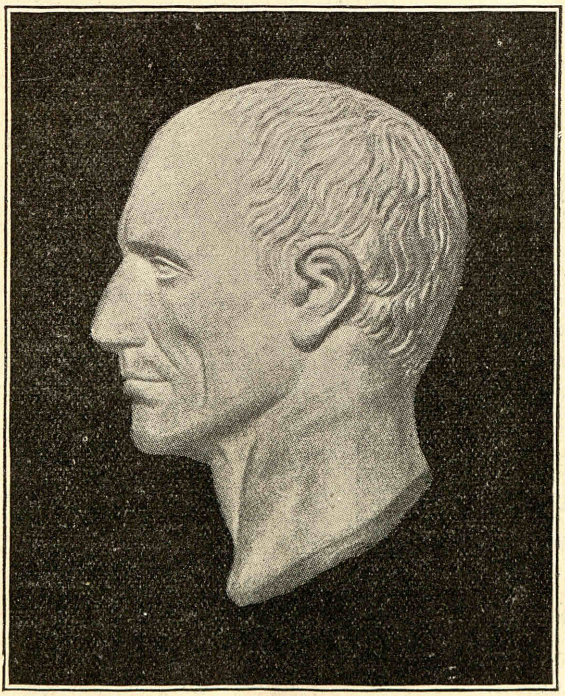
2. How shall we be accountable to God for all that we say or do ?

3. Discuss the appropriateness of the adjectives in the expressions :—careless hand ; healthful store ; still air ; dread judgment.

4. In what sense does the poet use the word 'weeds' ?

19. JULIUS CAESAR

Julius Caesar was born in Rome in the year 100 B.C. His health was never very good, but he had a stout heart and was one of the bravest of men.



Julius Caesar.

When he grew up he fought in the Roman army. He was never afraid to fight in the most

dangerous battles. He was almost worshipped by his soldiers. He rewarded them for their services, and, above all, he shared their hardships.

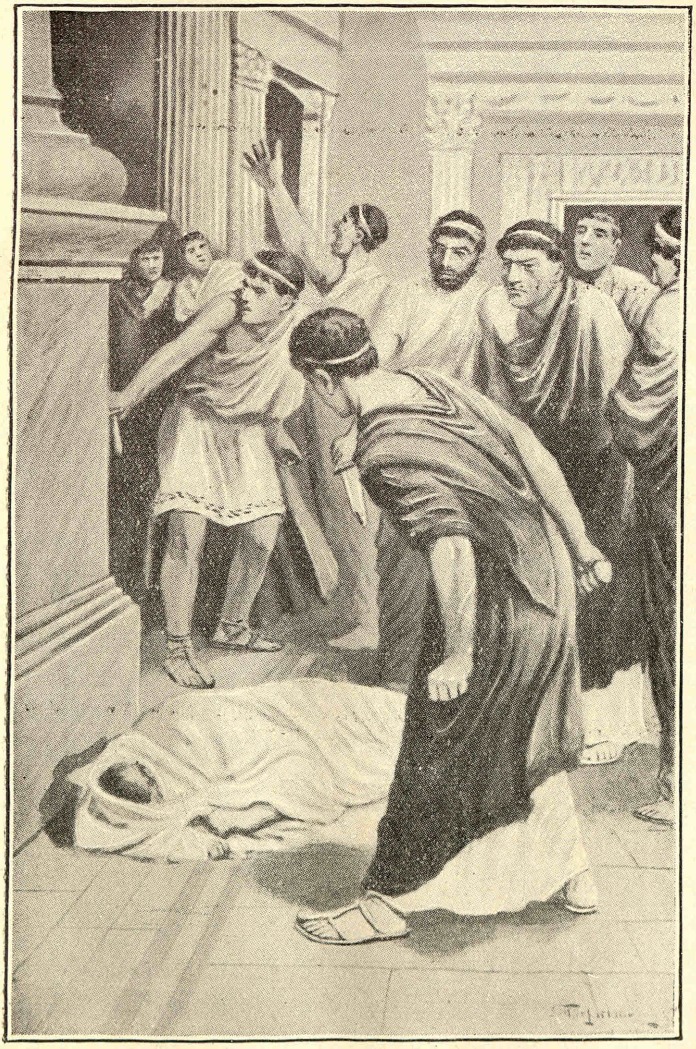
Caesar was also loved by the people, for he pleaded for them in the senate. He spoke courteously and kindly to every man.

When he returned from a war in Spain, he was received in triumph and made a consul. Then he went to Gaul and fought the fierce people of that land. In 55 B.C. he crossed the sea with an army, and landed in Britain.

Julius Caesar wrote long accounts of his wars, and these books can be read by school boys and girls to-day.

When Caesar was made a consul, his friends were very pleased, but many of the senators became angry. They thought that Caesar wanted to become a king or dictator. So his enemies made a plot to kill him.

A certain astrologer warned Caesar of his danger. Caesar did not heed the warning, but went as usual to the senate house. All the senators rose when he entered, and he sat down to begin his work. One of the plotters walked up to Caesar and presented a petition to him. Other plotters came up and pretended to join in the petition. Suddenly one of them gave a signal and struck a blow at Caesar.



Death of Julius Caesar.

Caesar fell dead, his body being pierced twenty-three times. Thus died one of the noblest of Romans. His place is among the world's greatest men.

Exercises

1. Tell the story of Julius Caesar in your own words.
2. Explain the terms—senator and consul.
3. Describe the circumstances in which Caesar was killed by the conspirators.

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—above all ; in triumph ; as usual ; to give a signal.
2. Analyse the following sentence :—When Caesar was made a consul his friends were very pleased, but many of the senators became angry.

20. THE RIVER

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

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

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

C. Kingsley.

Exercises

1. Describe the course of a river from its source in the mountains to where it enters the sea.

2. Pick out some of the typical country and town scenes through which the river passes.

3. Pick out some of the beautiful expressions in the poem.

4. Which of the verses do you like best and why ?

21. THE CABULIWALLAH

My five-year-old daughter Mini cannot live without chattering. I really believe that in all her life she has not wasted a minute in silence.

One morning, for instance, when I was in the midst of the seventeenth chapter of my new novel, my little Mini stole into the room, and putting her hand into mine, said : "Father ! Ramdayal the door-keeper calls a crow a krow ! He doesn't know anything, does he ?"

Before I could explain to her the differences of language in this world, she was embarked on the full tide of another subject. "What do you think, Father ? Bhola says there is an elephant in the clouds, blowing water out of his trunk, and that is why it rains !"

And then, darting off anew, while I sat still making ready some reply to this last saying : "Father ! what relation is Mother to you ?"

With a grave face I contrived to answer : "Go and play with Bhola, Mini ! I am busy !"

The window of my room overlooks the road. Suddenly Mini left her play, and ran to the window, crying : "A Cabuliwallah ! a Cabuliwallah !" and indeed in the street below was a Cabuliwallah, passing slowly along.

The Cabuliwallah turned, and looked up at the child. When she saw this, overcome by terror, she fled to her mother's protection, and disappeared. She had a blind belief that inside the bag, which the big man carried, there were perhaps two or three other children like herself. The pedlar meanwhile entered my door-way, and greeted me with a smiling face.

So precarious was the position of my hero and my heroine, that my first impulse was to stop and buy something, since Mini had called the man to the house. I made some small purchases, and we began to talk about various subjects.

As he was about to leave, he asked : "And where is the little girl, sir ?"

Then thinking that Mini must get rid of her false fear, I had her brought out.

She stood by my chair, and looked at the Cabuliwallah and his bag. He offered her nuts and raisins, but she would not be tempted.

This was their first meeting.

One morning later, however, as I was leaving the house, I was startled to find Mini, seated on a bench near the door, laughing and talking, with the great Cabuliwallah at her feet. Already the corner of her little *sari* was stuffed with almonds and raisins, the gift of her visitor. "Why did you give

her those ?" I said ; and taking out an eight-anna piece, I handed it to him. The man accepted the money without demur, and put it into his pocket.

Alas, on my return an hour later, I found the unfortunate coin had made twice its own worth of trouble ! For the Cabuliwallah had given it to Mini ; and her mother, catching sight of the bright round object, had pounced on the child with : "Where did you get that eight-anna piece ?"

"The Cabuliwallah gave it me," said Mini cheerfully.

"The Cabuliwallah gave it you !" cried her mother, greatly shocked. "O Mini ! how could you take it from him ?"

I, entering at the moment, saved her from impending disaster, and proceeded to make my own inquiries.

It was not the first or second time, I found, that the two had met. The Cabuliwallah had overcome the child's first terror by a judicious bribery of nuts and almonds, and the two were now great friends.

They had many quaint jokes, which amused them greatly. Mini would seat herself before him, look down on his gigantic frame in all her tiny dignity, and with her face rippling with laughter would begin : "O Cabuliwallah ! Cabuliwallah ! what have you got in your bag ?"

And he would reply : "An elephant !" Not much cause for merriment, perhaps ; but how they both enjoyed the fun !

Then the Cabuliwallah, not to be behindhand, would say : "Well, little one, and when are you going to the father-in-law's house ?" Now most small Bengali maidens have heard about the father-in-law's house, but we had kept these things from our child. Mini must have been a trifle bewildered at the Cabuliwallah's question, but she would not show it.

These were autumn mornings, the very time of year when kings of old went forth to conquest ; and I, never stirring from my little corner in Calcutta, would let my mind wander over the whole world. In the presence of this Cabuliwallah I was immediately transported to the foot of arid mountain peaks, with narrow little defiles twisting in and out amongst their towering heights. I could see the string of camels bearing the merchandise, and the company of turbaned merchants carrying some of their queer old firearms, and some of their spears, journeying downward towards the plains. I could see—. But at some such point Mini's mother would intervene, imploring me to 'beware of that man.'

Mini's mother is, unfortunately, very timid. Whenever she hears a noise in the street, or sees

people coming towards the house, she always jumps to the conclusion that they are either thieves, or drunkards, or snakes, or tigers, or malaria, or cockroaches. Even after all these years of experience, she is not able to overcome her terror. So she was full of doubts about the Cabuliwallah, and used to beg me to keep a watchful eye on him.

Once a year, in the middle of January, Rahmun, the Cabuliwallah, was in the habit of returning to his country, and as the time approached he would be very busy, going from house to house collecting his debts. This year, however, he could always find time to come and see Mini. It might have seemed to a stranger that there was some conspiracy between the two, for when he could not come in the morning, he would appear in the evening.

One morning, a few days before he had made up his mind to go, I was correcting proof sheets in my study. The weather was chilly. Through the window the rays of the sun touched my feet, and the slight warmth was very welcome. It was nearly eight o' clock, and the early pedestrians were returning home with their heads covered. Suddenly I heard an uproar in the street, and, looking out, saw Rahmun being led away bound between two policemen, and behind them a crowd of inquisitive boys. There were blood-stains on the clothes of the

Cabuliwallah, and one of the policemen carried a knife. Hurrying out, I stopped them, and inquired what it all meant. Partly from one, partly from another, I gathered that a certain neighbour had owed the pedlar something for a Rampuri shawl, but had denied buying it, and that in the course of the quarrel Rahmun had struck him. Now, in his excitement, the prisoner began calling his enemy all sorts of names, when suddenly in a verandah of my house appeared my little Mini, with her usual exclamation : 'O Cabuliwallah ! Cabuliwallah !' Rahmun's face lighted up as he turned to her. He had no bag under his arm to-day, so she could not discuss the elephant with him.

On a charge of murderous assault, Rahmun was sentenced to several year's imprisonment.

Time passed and he was forgotten. Our accustomed work in the accustomed place went on, and the thought of the once free mountaineer spending his years in prison seldom or never occurred to us. Even my light-hearted Mini, I am ashamed to say, forgot her old friend. As she grew older, she spent more of her time with girls. So much time indeed did she spend with them that she came no more, as she used to do, to her father's room, so that I rarely had any opportunity of speaking to her.

Years had passed away. It was once more

autumn, and we had made arrangements for our Mini's marriage.

The morning was bright. After the rains it seemed as though the air had been washed clean, and the sun-rays looked like pure gold. So bright were they that they made even the sordid brick walls of our Calcutta lanes radiate. Since early dawn the wedding-pipes had been sounding, and at each burst of sound my own heart throbbed. My Mini was to be married that night.

From early morning noise and bustle had pervaded the house. I was sitting in my study, looking through the accounts, when some one entered, and stood before me. It was Rahmun the Cabuliwallah. At first I did not recognise him. He carried no bag, his long hair was cut short, and his old vigour seemed to have gone. But I knew him again.

"When did you come, Rahmun ?" I asked him.

"Last evening," he said, "I was released from jail."

The words struck harshly upon my ears. I realised that the day would have been better-omened had he not appeared.

"There are ceremonies going on," I said, "and I am busy. Perhaps you could come another day ?"

He immediately turned to go ; but as he reached the door he hesitated, and said : "May I not see the little one, sir, for a moment ?" It was his belief that

Mini was still the same. He had pictured her running to him as she used to do, calling, "O Cabuliwallah ! Cabuliwallah !" Indeed, in memory of former days he had brought, carefully wrapped up in paper, a few almonds and raisins and grapes, obtained somehow or other from a countryman, for what little money he had was gone.

I said again : "There is a ceremony in the house, and you will not be able to see any one to-day."

The man's face fell. He looked wistfully at me for a moment, said, "Good morning" and went out.

I felt a little sorry, and would have called him back, but I found he was returning of his own accord. He came close up to me holding out his offerings, and said : "I brought these few things, sir, for the little one. Will you give them to her ?"

I took them and was going to pay him, but he caught my hand and said : "You are very kind, sir ! Do not offer me money !—You have a little girl : I too have one like her in my own home. I think of her, and bring fruits to your child—not to make a profit for myself."

Saying this, he put his hand inside his big loose robe, and brought out a small and dirty piece of paper. With great care he unfolded this, and smoothed it out with both hands on my table. It bore the impression of a little hand. Not a photo-



Mini came and stood before me.

graph nor a drawing, but merely the impression of an ink-smeared hand laid flat on the paper. This touch of the hand of his own little daughter he had carried always next his heart, as he had come year after year to Calcutta to sell his wares in the streets.

Tears came to my eyes. I forgot that he was a poor Cabuli fruit-seller, while I was— But no, what was I more than he ? He also was a father.

That impression of the hand of his little girl in her distant mountain home reminded me of my own little Mini.

I sent for Mini immediately from the inner apartment. Many difficulties were raised, but I swept them aside. Clad in the red silk of her wedding-day, with the sandal paste on her forehead, and adorned as a young bride, Mini came and stood before me.

The Cabuliwallah seemed amazed at the apparition. He could not revive their old friendship. At last he smiled and said : "Little one, are you going to your father-in-law's house ?"

But Mini now understood the meaning of the word 'father-in-law,' and she could not answer him as of old. She flushed up at the question and stood before him with her bride-like face bowed down.

I remembered the day when the Cabuliwallah and my Mini had first met, and I felt sad. When

she had gone, Rahmun sighed deeply and sat down on the floor. The idea had suddenly come to him that his daughter, too, must have grown up, and he would have to make friends with her anew. Assuredly he would not find her as she was when he left her. And besides, what might not have happened to her in these eight years ?

The marriage-pipes sounded, and the mild autumn sun streamed round us. But Rahmun sat in the little Calcutta lane, and saw before him the barren mountains of Afghanistan.

I took out a currency note and gave it to him, saying : "Go back to your daughter, Rahmun, in your own country, and may the happiness of your meeting bring good fortune to my child !"

Having made this present, I had to curtail some of the festivities. I could not have the electric lights I had intended, nor the military band, and the ladies of the house were despondent about it. But the wedding-feast was all the brighter for the thought that in a distant land a long-lost father would meet again his only child.

Rabindranath Tagore.

Exercises

1. Sketch the story of the Cabuliwallah in your own words.
2. Why was Mini's mother afraid of the Cabuliwallah ?
3. Give a pen-picture of the Cabuliwallah.

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with the following phrases :—to cling to ; to pounce on ; to conjure up ; at the sight of ; jump to a conclusion ; to hurry out ; to occur to ; to wrap up ; to be amazed at.

2. Analyse the following :—But the wedding feast was all the brighter for the thought that in a distant land a long-lost father would meet again his only child.

3. Frame sentences with the following words :—precarious, impending, judicious, intervene, transported, impression.

22. THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

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

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"
Was there a man dismay'd ?
Not tho' the soldier knew
  Some one had blunder'd :

Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred.

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

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

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

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

Tennyson.

Exercises

1. Give the substance of the poem.

2. Under what circumstances was the Light Brigade ordered to charge the enemy ?

3. How did the soldiers of the Brigade win undying fame ? What impression do you form of the life of a soldier ?

4. Which verses do you like best and why ?

5. Explain :—jaws of death ; the mouth of Hell.

23. THE SUN WORSHIPPERS

Once upon a time there lived a mother and a daughter who worshipped the Sun. Though they were very poor they never forgot to honour the Sun, giving everything they earned to it except two meal cakes, one of which the mother ate, while the other was the daughter's share.

Now, it so happened that one day, when the mother was out at work, the daughter grew hungry, and ate her cake before dinner-time. Just as she had finished it a priest came by, and begged for some bread, but there was none in the house save the mother's cake. So the daughter broke off half of it and gave it to the priest in the name of the Sun.

By and by the mother returned, very hungry, to dinner, and, lo and behold ! there was only half a cake in the house.

"Where is the remainder of the bread ?" She asked.

"I ate my share, because I was hungry," said the daughter, "and just as I finished, a priest came a-begging, so I was obliged to give him half of your cake."

"A pretty story !" quoth the mother, in a rage. "It is easy to be pious with other people's property ! How am I to know you had eaten your cake first ?

I believe you gave mine in order to save your own !"

The daughter protested that she really had finished her cake before the priest came a-begging, but it was of no avail ; the mother sternly bade her go about her business, saying, "I will have no gluttons, who grudge their own meal to the great Sun, in my house !"

So the daughter wandered away homeless into the wilds, sobbing bitterly. When she had travelled a long long way, she became so tired that she could walk no longer ; therefore she climbed into a big *pipal* tree, in order to be secure from wild beasts, and rested amongst the branches.

After a time a handsome young prince, who had been chasing deer in the forest, came to the big *pipal* tree, and, tempted by its cool shade, lay down to sleep. Now, as he lay there, with his face turned to the sky, he looked so beautiful that the daughter could not help keeping her eyes upon him. So the tears which flowed from her eyes like a summer shower, dropped soft and warm upon the young man's face, waking him with a start. Thinking it was raining, he rose to look at the sky, and see whence this sudden storm had burst ; but not a cloud was to be seen. Still, when he returned to his place, the drops fell faster than before, and one of them



The Sun worshippers.

upon his lip tasted salt as tears. So he swung himself into the tree, to see whence the salt rain came, and, lo and behold! a lovely girl sat in the tree, weeping.

"Whence come you, fair stranger?" said he; and she, with tears, told him she was homeless, houseless, motherless. Then he asked her to be his bride, and she went with him to the palace, her heart full of gratitude to the Sun, who had sent her such good luck.

Everything she could desire was hers; only when the other women talked of their homes and their mothers she held her tongue, for she was ashamed of hers.

Every one thought she must be some great princess, she was so lovely and charming in her manners, but in her heart of hearts she knew she was nothing of the kind; so every day she prayed to the Sun that her mother might not find her out.

But one day, when she was sitting alone in her beautiful palace, her mother appeared, ragged and poor as ever. She had heard of her daughter's good fortune, and had come to share it.

"And you *shall* share it," pleaded her daughter; "I will give you back far more than I ever took from you, if only you will go away and not disgrace me before my prince."

"Ungrateful creature !" stormed the mother, "do you forget how it was through my act that your good fortune came to you ? If I had not sent you into the world, where would you have found so fine a husband ?"

"I might have starved !" wept the daughter ; "and now you come to destroy me again. O great Sun, help me now !"

Just then the prince came to the door, and the poor daughter was ready to die of shame ; but when she turned to where her mother had sat, there was nothing to be seen but a golden stool, the like of which had never been seen on earth before.

"My princess," asked the prince, astonished, "whence comes that golden stool ?"

"From my mother's house," replied the daughter, full of gratitude to the great Sun, who had saved her from disgrace.

"Nay ! if there are such wondrous things to be seen in your mother's house," quoth the prince gaily, "I must needs go and see it. To-morrow we will set out on our journey, and you shall show me all it contains."

In vain the daughter put forward one pretext after another : the prince's curiosity had been aroused by the sight of the marvellous golden stool, and he was not to be gainsaid.

Then the daughter cried once more to the Sun, in her distress, saying, "O gracious Sun, help me now!"

But no answer came, and with a heavy heart she set out next day to show the prince her mother's house. When they came within sight of where her mother's hut used to stand, lo! on the horizon showed a shining, flaming golden palace that glittered and glanced like solid sunshine. Within and without all was gold,—golden servants and a golden mother!

There they stopped, admiring the countless marvels of the Sun palace for three days, and when the third was completed, the prince set his face homewards. When he came to the spot where he had first seen the glittering golden palace from afar, he thought he would just take one look more at the wondrous sight, and lo! there was nothing to be seen save a low thatched hut!

Then he turned to his bride, full of wrath, and said, "You are a witch, and have deceived me by your detestable arts! Confess, if you would not have me strike you dead!"

But the daughter fell on her knees, saying, "My gracious prince, I have done nothing! I am but a poor homeless girl. It was the Sun that did it."

Then she told the whole story from beginning to

end, and the prince was so well satisfied that from that day he also worshipped the Sun.

Exercises

1. Why did the mother get angry with her daughter on her return home ? Why did she turn her daughter out of the house ?

2. Under what circumstances did the meeting between the daughter and the prince take place ? What was the result of the meeting ?

3. Describe the meeting in the palace between the mother and daughter.

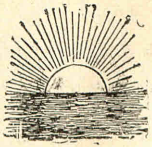
4. Why did the prince want the daughter to show him her mother's house ? What did he see ?

5. How did the prince become a sun worshipper ?

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—to be of no avail ; to go about one's business ; to fall in love with ; in her heart of hearts ; to hear of ; to die of ; to catch sight of ; with a heavy heart ; at every step.

2. Analyse :—Then she told the whole story from beginning to end, and the prince was so well satisfied that from that day he also worshipped the Sun.



24. CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck
  Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
  Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
  As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
  A proud, though 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 fire 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.

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

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

Mrs. Hemans.

Exercises

1. Give the story of the poem in your own words.
2. Discuss the appropriateness of the following expressions :—lone post of death ; wreathing fire.
3. Which verse do you like best and why ?

25. SIR J. C. BOSE

Jagadish Chandra Bose was born on the 30th November, 1858, at Rarikhal, a village near Dacca. He came of an ancient and respectable family. His father, Bhagwan Chandra Bose, was a sub-divisional officer and was much interested in technical education. Jagadish Chandra once said that it was to his father that he owed his leanings towards the study of science.

From his mother also he learnt a great deal. To quote the words of her son, "When I came home along with some of my class-mates, I found my mother waiting for us. She was an orthodox Hindu, yet she welcomed and fed them all as her own children." She was a warm-hearted woman who was always prepared to protect the needy.

Young Jagadish, though the son of rich parents, was sent to one of the old village *pathshalas* to study Sanskrit and the vernaculars. He read there with the sons of fishermen and labourers. Sometimes they told him strange stories of the fish that lived in the rivers. This awakened in his mind a deep love of nature. Since the boy received his education in his own vernacular, he was able to think for himself. This made him a lover of his

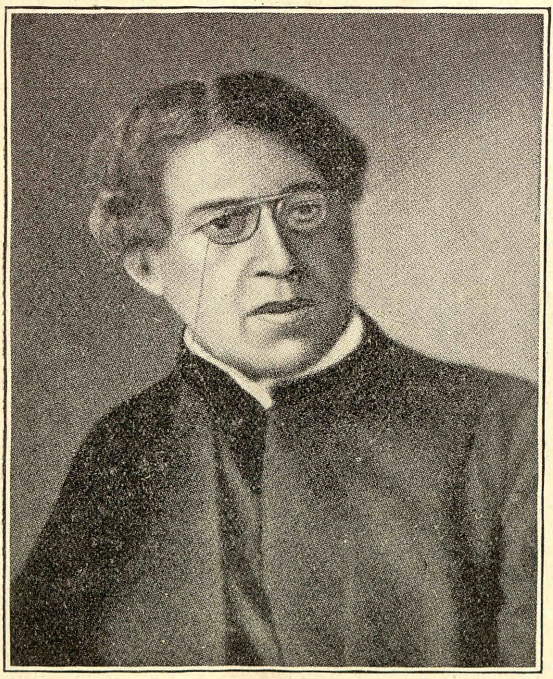
own literature and civilisation. It also drove away from his mind the pride of birth and caste.

After studying in various *pathshalas*, Jagadish went to an English school. In the end he graduated from St. Xavier's College, Calcutta. At that time he had a desire to go to England and read for the Civil Service Examination. But his father did not approve of this. He said, "I want you to rule nobody but yourself. You should be a scholar and not an administrator." His father had no objection, however, to sending him to England for a medical or scientific education. So Jagadish went to London, where he entered the London University and studied physics, chemistry, zoology and botany with the best teachers.

After this he went to Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree and won a scholarship. In due course he returned to India. His stay abroad did him a great deal of good, and brought him into contact with many master minds. He had acquired some knowledge of almost every branch of science, and had become a careful and patient observer.

On his return to India he was appointed Professor of Physics in the Presidency College, Calcutta. He did not feel happy there at first. His pay was very small and his post was only temporary. The college had no laboratory of its own, so he had to work in

his own private laboratory. After ten years, however, a small laboratory was equipped. "It was a blessing in disguise for me," he remarked afterwards. During this period he wrote some scientific articles which



Sir J. C. Bose.

were published in leading scientific journals. One of them at least showed that he possessed undoubted genius. It was brought to the notice of the Royal Society of London, which awarded him some money

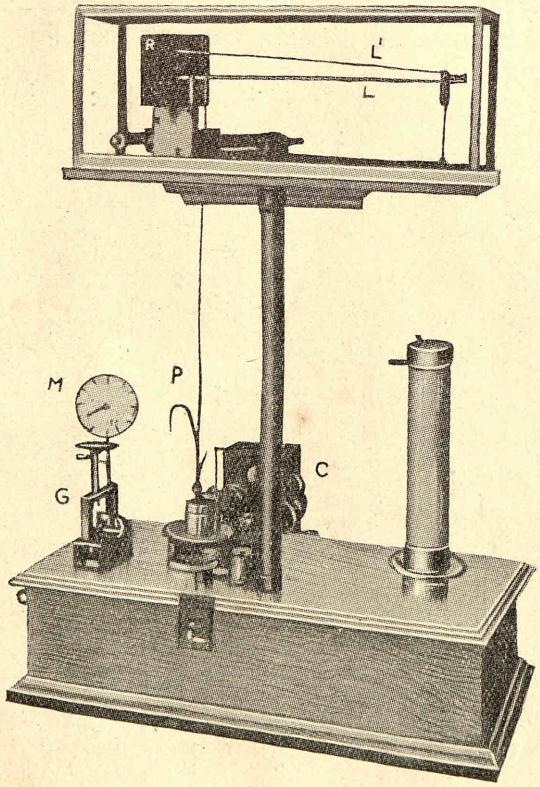
with which to carry on his researches. Two years later the Government of Bengal also gave him some help.

After two years he sent the result of his researches to the Royal Society, whose members gladly recognised the service he had done to science. The University of London conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Science.

About this time he invented something like the wireless telegraph. He performed some experiments with it in the Calcutta Town Hall, in the presence of the Governor of Bengal. Everybody acclaimed him as a genius. He was then invited to deliver lectures on his researches before the Royal Institution in London. These lectures established his fame as a scientist, though some authorities were for a time of opinion that his results were not entirely accurate. Jagadish Chandra had to work hard to establish the accuracy of his results.

Dr. Bose gave lectures in Paris, Oxford, Cambridge and Vienna. He also lectured at the principal Universities of America, such as Harvard, Washington, Chicago and Columbia. He also visited the Universities of India, and explained his theories there. He proved to his listeners that there is no difference between the nervous life of plants and that of animals. He proved that the trees begin to

sleep at 12 p.m. and wake up at 8 a.m. in the morning. All this he was able to show with the



The crescograph.

help of instruments that had been made in India. They were extraordinarily delicate and sensitive, and could record even the least fraction of time or

movement. One of the instruments was called a crescograph.

At the age of fifty-seven Dr. Bose retired on full pay, a very unusual occurrence. A Knighthood and the Companionship of the Star of India were also conferred on him at this time.

After his retirement Dr. Bose started the Bose Research Institute in Calcutta. Its students seek to advance human knowledge by their researches. All students are welcome there, whether they are Indians or foreigners. The Institute arranges lectures which are delivered by eminent persons of all nationalities.

Dr. Bose was a great teacher. He never asked students to do what was easy. He made them do difficult things, a training which greatly strengthened their character. He won their personal affection as well as their respect and admiration. They looked on him as their *guru.*

Dr. Bose was also a great patriot. He wanted India to become the leader of other nations in matters of intellect.

Some years ago he was invited to Geneva by the League of Nations. There he performed experiments to show the unity of all life. For instance, he placed the stem of an ordinary plant in an electric chair. He then applied an electric shock to it. At

this the stem shuddered as a human being would, and ultimately it withered away and died, just like a human being.

When he celebrated his seventieth birthday, the Bose Institute was full of light and colour in honour of the event. Sir Jagadish received many messages of congratulation from his friends in India and abroad. On that occasion he said, "Let there be intellectual co-operation between the different nations of the world." In other words, the different nations should think of themselves as members of the same family, and combine in their efforts to discover the secrets of nature and explore the highest possibilities of human life. Sir J. C. Bose died in November, 1937, at Giridih.

Exercises

1. Describe Sir J. C. Bose's life as a student.
2. What has Sir J. C. Bose told us about plants ?

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—leanings towards ; to be interested in ; to bring to the notice of ; to carry on ; to confer upon ; to pay tribute to.

2. Analyse :—About this time he invented something like the wireless telegraph.

26. ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty ;
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fire-side comforts sit
In the wildest weather ;—
O ! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

Exercises

1. How can you leave behind a name in the history of your country ?

2. What should be your aspirations as regards the acquisition of knowledge ? How can you hope to make this earthly life as pure and happy as the life in heaven ?

3. What are fire-side comforts ?

4. Give the meanings of :—Nature's wealth ; learning's spoil ; richer gems than the stars of diadems.

5. Expand the idea contained in the couplet :—

Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.

27. A NIGHT ON MANA-SAROWAR

Mana-sarowar is the holiest and most famous of all the lakes of the world. The oval lake, with a diameter of about 15½ miles, is about 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. It lies between two of the finest mountain giants of the world, the Kailas in the north and Gurla Mandatta in the south.

We sat an hour and enjoyed the beauty of the scene. A slight ripple ruffled the surface of the water, but in the middle the lake was as smooth as if oil had been poured on it.

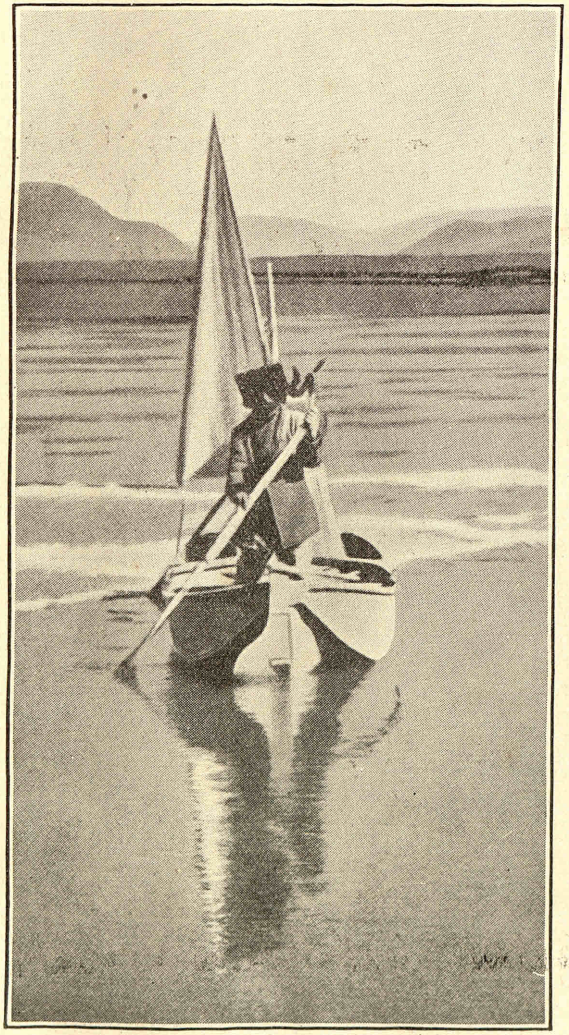
When I asked our guides what they thought of a boat trip across the lake, they answered that it

was impossible. Mortals who ventured on the lake, which was the home of the gods, must perish. Also in the middle the lake was not level as on the shore, but formed a transparent dome, and up its round arch no boat could mount. Even if we succeeded in getting the boat up, it would shoot down the other side with such speed that it must capsize, and we should perish in the waves.

After a good sleep, I spent the rest of the day in making preparations. We waited for good weather, but the wind blew violently and the surf beat and foamed against the shore. I therefore resolved to wait till night, for of late the nights had been calmer than the days.

When the sun set, the wind increased in strength and heavy clouds spread up from the south-west. At seven o'clock it was pitch dark all round. Not a star shone out, not a trace was visible of the outline of the shore and of the snowy mountains. The lake was buried in the shades of night. But an hour later the wind fell, the air became quite calm, and the waves beat, making soft music on the bank. The smoke of the camp fires rose straight up into the air.

Then I gave orders to set out. Provisions for two days were put in the boat. I wore a leathern vest, Kashmir boots and an Indian helmet, and sat on a



The boat on Lake Mana-sarowar.

cushion and a folded fur coat on one side of the rudder. On the other side the sounding-line with its knots lay ready. The log-book was attached to the boat to register the whole length of the course, and compass, watch, note-book, and map sheets all lay close beside me, lighted by a Chinese paper lantern, which could be covered with a towel when we did not want the light.

The great lake was dark and mysterious in the night, and unknown depths lurked beneath us. The outlines of the hills on the shore were still visible behind us. We had not gone far before they were swallowed up by higher mountains farther off, which gradually came into view. After twenty minutes rowing we stopped and let down the line, sounding 135 feet. The roar of the surf on the beach was the only sound in the silence of night, except the splash of the oars and the voices of the oarsmen singing in tune with their strokes. At the next sounding the depth was 141 feet. Every hour I recorded the temperatures of the air and the water. Now Shukur Ali got sleepy. He yawned at every ninth stroke, and every yawn was so long that it lasted three strokes.

The queen of night, with diamonds in her dark hair, looks down upon the holy lake. The midnight hour is passed, and the early morning hours creep

slowly on. We sound 203, 200, 184, 184, 180, and 190 feet, and it seems as if we had passed the deepest part. Leaning on the side of the boat I enjoy the voyage to the full. Nothing I remember in my long wanderings in Asia can compare with the overpowering beauty of this nocturnal sail.

The queen of night and her robe become paler. The dark sky passes into light blue, and the morn draws nigh from the east. There is a faint dawn over the eastern mountains, and soon their outlines stand out sharply, as though cut out on black paper. The clouds, which were floating white over the lake, assume a faint rosy hue, which gradually grows stronger, and is reflected on the smooth water, which looks as if it were a garden of fresh roses. In the growing light of dawn the mountain, with its snowfields and glaciers, had shown silvery white and cold ; but now ! In a moment the extreme points of the summit began to glow like liquid gold. And the brilliant light crept slowly down the mountain, and the thin white morning clouds, which hovered over the lower slopes, assumed a tinge of gold and purple, such as no mortal can describe.

The hours pass by, but there is no sign that we are nearing our destination. We cannot decide which bank is nearest, and we seem to be in the centre of this boundless lake.

At length we saw that the shore was near, for yaks and sheep were visible on the hills. The waves were now fairly high, and we had to bale out water from the boat twice, and my fur coat on the bottom was wet. The two tired and sleepy men laboured painfully at the oars. We talked of how pleasant it would be to land, kindle a fire and take our tea and food, but the shore still retired before us, and the hours of the afternoon slipped past. Gurla seemed to rise in the south directly from the water, its level skirts and low slopes being much clearer. The monks of the monastery here do not depend for water on the brooks, but drink the holy water of the lake, which has in reality the taste of the purest, most wholesome, spring water.

We rowed northwards, and after an hour and a half discovered a place where the boat could be drawn ashore. Then we had been eighteen hours on the water.

Thus ended our trip across Mana-sarowar, the pearl of all the lakes of the world. There are certainly more beautiful lakes in the world. But there is none which unites with natural beauty such an influence on the faith and souls of men.

Adapted from Sven Hedin's *Trans-Himalaya.*



A. H. Savage Landor

TIBETAN MONKS

Exercises

1. Why is the lake looked upon as holy by Hindus and Buddhists alike ?

2. Describe how the explorer crossed the lake during the night.

3. Give a short description of the beauties of the lake at night.

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with :—to lurk beneath ; to look down upon ; to creep on ; to bale out.

2. Analyse—Thus ended our trip across Mana-sarowar, the pearl of all the lakes of the world.

28. THE CATARACT OF LODORE

How does the water come down at Lodore ?
My little boy asked me thus, once on a time,
Moreover, he tasked me to tell him in rhyme ;
Anon at the word there first came one daughter,
And then came another to second and third

The request of their brother, and hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
As many a time they had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store.

How does the water come down at Lodore ?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling ;

Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along conflicting and strong,
Now striking and raging
As if a war waging,
Its cavern and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound ;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,

And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering ;
And gleaming and steaming and streaming and
beaming.
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and
jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and
clashing,—
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Robert Southey.

Exercises

1. What device does the poet use to make the sound echo the sense ? Give specific examples.

2. How many adjectives are there on page 117 ?

3. Make sentences with :—rumbling, tumbling, glittering, splashing.

29. RAJA RAM MOHAN ROY

Ram Mohan Roy was born on the 22nd May, 1774, in a little village in the district of Hooghly.

In 1801 he went to Benares, the ancient seat of Hindu culture. Here, he studied Sanskrit and the sacred books of the Hindus. He had already learnt enough of Arabic and Persian to be able to study the religious literature of the Moslems. Thus, very early in his life, young Ram Mohan began to show signs of a religious frame of mind. He went to Tibet where he studied the religion and literature of the Tibetans.

After some time, he became private Dewan to Messrs. Woodforde and Digby, members of the Bengal Civil Service. His knowledge of English was good and he was able to read the Bible, which he studied very thoroughly.

Having thus acquired a general knowledge of the Hindu, Muslim and Christian religions, Ram Mohan wrote a book on the many evils that had crept into the society of that age. He then translated some of the sacred Sanskrit books into English and Bengali.

The year 1815 saw him settled down in Calcutta, living the life of a nobleman of his day. His house became a centre for religious and social discussions. He founded the Brahmo Samaj and established a number of schools and colleges.



Raja Ram Mohan Roy.

Education, however, did not absorb all his attention. He organised the signing of a petition to the Governor-General for the abolition of *sati*. At first the British Government hesitated to interfere, but at last Lord William Bentinck abolished *sati* on the 4th December, 1825.

Raja Ram Mohan Roy was born at a time when our country needed a reformer and an educationist like him.

Whilst on a visit to England, he met the greatest English thinkers of the day and exchanged his views with them on religious, educational and political questions. He also tried to impress on the British people the absolute need for educational progress and social reform in India. He died at Bristol on the 27th September, 1833.

Exercises

1. What do you know of the Raja's early life ?
2. Why is the Raja called a reformer ?

Grammar and Composition

1. Make sentences with the following :—to creep into ; to impress on ; the need for.

2. Analyse :—Whilst on a visit to England, he met the greatest English thinkers of the day.

30. MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords, or grows by kind ;
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye ;
To none of these I yield as thrall ;
For why ? My mind doth serve for all.

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

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

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

I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's pain ;
No worldly waves my mind can toss ;
My state at one doth still remain ;
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
Their treasure is their only trust,
A cloaked craft their store of skill :
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease :
My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence ;
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I.

Exercises

1. Give the main idea of the poem. Which of the verses gives the gist of the poem ?

2. What are the characteristics of a contented man ?

3. Which of the verses do you like best and why ?

4. Discuss the meanings of :—My wealth is health and perfect ease ; And I am rich, with little store.

31. WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

Thy neighbour ? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless ;
Whose aching heart, or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door :—
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain :—
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan, helpless left ;—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour ? Yonder toiling slave
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave ;—
Go thou and ransom him.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by :
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery ;—
Oh, share thy lot with him.

Exercises

1. Give the substance of the poem.

2. What exactly is your duty to the different types of neighbours mentioned in the poem ?

3. Discuss the appropriateness of the following expressions :—aching heart ; burning brow ; fainting poor ; the heart bereft of every earthly gem ; fettered in thought and limb.

4. Explain the similes involved in the expressions :—Whose years are at their *brim* ; *fettered* in thought and *limb*.



William Shakespeare.

[William Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist and poet the world has ever produced, was born at Stratford-on-Avon in the year 1546. He was educated at the local Grammar School.

His plays may be divided into comedies, histories and tragedies. Of his comedies, one of the best-known is *The Merchant of Venice*, from which the following speech is taken. Shakespeare died in 1616 at the age of fifty-two, and was buried at Stratford-on-Avon.]

32. MERCY

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God Himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

Shakespeare.

Exercises

1. Give the central idea of this poem.
2. Expand :—It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
3. Give the meaning of the last couplet.

