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THE EMPIRE RECITER

THE
EMPIRE RECITER

FOR PLATFORM, SCHOOL, AND HOME

WITH A SECTION FOR LITTLE CHILDREN



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PREFATORY NOTE



IN issuing this new collection of pieces for recitation, the Editor would tender his thanks to the various living writers whose poems enrich the volume, and to the publishers who have accorded permission to use such copyright pieces.

Among many pieces which are already familiar, and numerous old favourites of the platform reciter, there will be found a large admixture of recent writings which have never been issued in any collection before, and the copyright of which belongs exclusively to the publishers of this book.

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I.—PATRIOTIC AND IMPERIAL.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND.

W. E. HENLEY.



WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England :—
“Take and break us : we are yours,
England, my own !
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky :
Death is death ; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown !”

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England :
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own !
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own !
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
 There's the menace of the Word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

[From "London Voluntaries and other Poems," by William Ernest Henley, published by David Nutt (Strand, London), by permission of author and publisher.]

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

ARTHUR TEMPLE.

THE nineteenth century is fast drawing to its close. It has been a notable and brilliant period in the world's history. It has witnessed the rise and fall of empires and the peopling of continents, and it has seen changes in the social life of the nations, compared with which their political revolutions seem unimportant. Science, art, literature, and commercial enterprise have joined in making it remarkable, but to its historian the expansion of the British Empire and the ascendancy of the English-speaking race will probably be regarded as the dominant fact.

At its beginning the little islands of the Western Seas were just emerging, breathless yet triumphant, from a life-and-death struggle with Napoleon. Now they have become the heart and centre of an empire of which the world has never seen the like, an empire which has redressed the balance of the East and West, whose borders are still enlarging, and whose flag is at once the symbol and pledge of liberty and order. The Epic of Britain as a world-power has never been written, but the story of Persia or Egypt, Rome or Greece, contains nothing more wonderful.

Since little England wakened up four hundred years ago and looked towards the West, whither Portuguese and Spanish merchantmen were sailing in quest of gold, a spirit of unresting energy has marked her way. During the age of Elizabeth that spirit was quickened by the opposition of rivals, and made definite by a wider knowledge. Stories brought by loyal yet reckless adventurers of the glorious islands of the Caribbean Seas, of Guiana, and of vast, mist-shrouded lands to the northward, fired men's imaginations with thoughts of a Greater England; and when the storm-cloud of the Spanish Terror had broken harmlessly, the nation had learnt something of its future destiny.

The East, too, with its wealth and mystery, beckoned; and a little knot of traders, eager only for its silks and spices, its perfumes and jewels, began to lay in India the foundations of empire. Their aim was modest, their efforts puny, but they builded better than they knew. As the years rolled on, their trading posts became settlements, their servants learned the use of arms, and the dissensions of their rivals and of the native races opened up the road to conquest.

But while busied in the East, England's hold upon the far North-West grew firmer. Failures and disappointments were many, but in the resolve to secure the dominion of the seas the nation found the guarantee of ultimate success. That resolve was fostered and deepened by the soldier-statesmen of the early seventeenth century, who joined a practical sagacity to lofty and poetic imaginings. Under their direction little colonies and plantations dotted the coasts of Newfoundland and Cape Breton, and the sound of the settler's axe began to be heard in Virginia and the gorgeous maple woods which fringed the Hudson and St. Lawrence.

In the West Indies the dominion of the Spaniard was no longer unquestioned. The admirals of our tiny navy had fought him in many a fight, and to his hate of the

Englishman was added a note of jealousy and fear. Frenchmen felt the stress of new competitors, and Holland saw with anxiety the restless daring of our sailors in seas which she thought to have made her own. Trade followed the flag, and the merchants of Dartmouth and Bristol grew rich. Companies were formed for undertakings yet more ambitious, and charters granted by monarchs eager to share in the promised wealth.

Emigration was so far small. Colonisation, in the modern sense of the term, was impossible; but when the eighteenth century opened, England, now no longer little but a United Kingdom, had taken her place among the nations as a maritime power. To crush her a continent was in arms, and for nigh a hundred years her sword never rusted in its scabbard. Her resources were strained to the uttermost, but the prize of battle was the sovereignty of the seas and empire in every corner of the globe. She seizes Gibraltar and locks the gates of a highway to India. In the West, Wolfe meets the flower of French chivalry on the Heights of Abraham, and in a bloody contest wins Canada for the British Crown. In the East, a young bookkeeper, Robert Clive, with equal audacity smites the dark-skinned legions of Suraj-ud-Dowlah among the mango trees of Plassey, and lays chains upon the neck of the tiger of Bengal. Our colonies upon the New England shores disavow their allegiance, but our sailors cripple the power of France upon the seas, wrest the Cape of Good Hope from the faltering hands of the Dutchmen, and plant our flag upon the huge island-continent of Australia.

Peace comes at last. France relinquishes her claim to the sovereignty of India and of the vast lands towards the setting sun. Spain has long fallen out of the race for empire, and Holland has become a third-rate state. The maritime supremacy of England is complete, and she counts the spoils of war and enterprise. The West Indies, Canada, South Africa, Australia, Gibraltar, and Malta are hers. In India her traders have become conquerors, and, released from her European antagonists by the genius of a Nelson and a Wellington, Britain prepares for the final subjugation of the great peninsula.

It is an amazing story, but the records of conquest and discovery, of private adventure and national resolve were not yet closed. The stream of emigration rose in flood. Men came to the boundless prairies of Canada, to the rich grasslands of Cape Colony, and to the giant forests of the Antipodes, and found there a fuller freedom than the Old World with its teeming cities could afford. They turned and sowed the virgin soil, and reaped a hundredfold. They dug deeper and grew rich with gold beyond the dreams of avarice. Their cattle pastured on the boundless plains, and stately cities sprang up as if at the touch of a magician's wand. The dreams of Elizabethan statesmen of a Greater Britain became realities, and to-day hundreds of millions of men of every race and creed and colour own willing allegiance to the venerable sovereign whose virtues have added lustre and dignity to royalty. Victoria sways an empire vaster than that of any Pharaoh or Cæsar, Kaiser or Czar.

From the borders of grim Alaska to the chilly coasts of Labrador stretches her Canadian dominion, three thousand miles from west to east. The wandering red man finds there a security and protection which his brothers have not obtained from the great republic of America, and the French-speaking settler enjoys equal liberty with his Anglo-Saxon neighbour, and shares the burden of government with the men whose ancestors smote Montcalm before Quebec. In the West Indies, in Guiana,—that Eldorado of Raleigh's fantasy,—in the tropical woods and gardens of Honduras, and in the treeless moorlands of the islands which lie far away, buffeted by the rollers of the South Atlantic, the Queen's government is carried on. In Europe the guns of Gibraltar and Malta guard her highway towards the East. The bare, sun-blistered rocks of Perim and Aden are sentinels alert and threatening to the foe who would bar the passage of her ships to the Indian seas; and in the great peninsula from Cape Comorin to the Afghan Marches, from Kurachee to Mandalay, her sway is unchallenged. Her government has kept the peace between Hindu and Mohammedan, Sikh and Mahratta, Bengali and Ghoorkha, and is at once the envy and admiration of the civilised world. Built up on the ruins of the Mogul throne, and imposed at first by force upon the myriad peoples, it has been wisely and fearlessly administered. The weaker races have found in the Pax Britannica security against oppression by the

strong ; and the warlike, fighting men from the Five Rivers and the mountains of Nepal are now the loyal soldiers of the Empress Queen.

Eastward and southward still the frontiers of empire have been pushed : over the rice swamps of Burmah, along the straits of the fiery Malays, to far Hong Kong, to Borneo and the palm-crowned islets of Polynesia. In the island-continent of Australia, with its illimitable resources, and in fair New Zealand the Englishman has made a home. But he is not content. He places his hand upon the ancient cities of the Nile, and thrusts his armies forward through the blazing heats of the Nubian desert. He opens up a pathway to the great lakes, and looks forward to the day when Africa, from the Cape to Cairo, shall be a market for his merchandise.

And who shall say that the time has come when bounds must be placed upon his untiring energy? Freedom nowhere trembles at the drum-beat of Britain ; no nation whose laws are just is menaced by her naval supremacy. The records of her progress in the past have been marred by occasional lapses from the rules of honour, and we confess this with shame. But with a loftier public sentiment has come a jealousy for the rights of the weak, and imperialism is tempered with a love of peace. With confidence, therefore, may Britons look towards the future, though the storm-clouds of war are lowering and coalitions against us are planned. Never since the days of the Armada have the mother nation and her children been more united, never has federation been more real, nor the determination deeper-rooted to preserve at all hazards the glorious inheritance upon which we have entered.

IO TRIUMPHE!

H. T. RHOADES.

[Written in view of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee (June 1897).]

ENGLAND, Mother of Nations, bids her children rejoice,
Hark ! from the ends of the earth peals forth their answering voice :
" Severed by shadowy mountains, and many a sounding sea,
One in race and language, and one in heart are we,
Ready to face a world in arms if it needs must be."

Queen that hast borne the weight of the crown from girlhood's days,
Winning the love of thy people, winning the whole earth's praise,
Each of the sixty years is a year of Jubilee,
Sun breaking in on the darkness, wrong righted, the slave set free.
Thank we the Giver of all good things who gave us thee.

Thou hast wept with those that weep, and thy heart has throbb'd with pride
At each tale of derring do ; the wild Balaclava ride,
Lucknow's Lawrence, Delhi's Nicholson, Gordon's fall—
England's heroes ! long were the count to name them all,
Champions of England, worthy of her, and worthy of thee

Wilson's troopers at bay on the far Shangani strand,
Praised by their savage foe, who told how, hand in hand,
Spent by the hopeless fight, but with still undaunted mien,
They rose and sang as they died : " God save our gracious Queen !"
Champions of England, worthy of her, and worthy of thee.

Soldiers ranged in their ranks on the *Birkenhead's* reeling deck,
Watching the ravening monsters swarming around the wreck—
Where shall we match their story? Talk not of days of old !
These are the deeds of our brothers to-day, to be writ in gold.
Champions of England, worthy of her, and worthy of thee.

Shaftesbury's long life given, that children no longer pine,
 Dazed by the whirring wheels, dulled in the gloom of the mine ·
 Cobden, who fed the poor ; toilers with heart and brain,
 Doctor and nurse and preacher, fighting squalor and pain.
 Workers for England, worthy of her, and worthy of thee.

Thou hast trodden the paths of greatness, thy robe unspotted still ;
 Thou hast tasted life's cup of blessing, hast tasted life's cup of ill ;
 Filled with the praise of thy name the sixty years have been,
 Scarce we know if we honour thee more as Woman or Queen.
 Thank we the Giver of all good things who gave us thee.

Large is our hope that the riddle of earth may yet be read,
 Misery, vice, and crime be seared on each hydra head,
 And life be brightened for all, and man to man be true,
 And clouds be rifted apart, and the smile of God shine through.
 Thank we the Giver of all good things who gave us thee.

[By permission of the author and of the editor of *The Spectator*.]

THE SEA QUEEN WAKES.

CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY.

[Written at a time when a great coalition of European powers was thought to be forming,
 with a view to lowering British supremacy. The author is a Canadian.]

SHE wakes ! in the farthest West the murmur has reached our ears—
 She wakes ! in the farthest East the Russian listens and fears—
 She wakes ! the ravens clamour, the winds cry overhead,
 The wandering waves take up the cry, " She wakes whom nations dread ! "

At last, ye have roused the Sea Queen ; at last, when the world unites,
 She stirs from her scornful silence, and wakes to her last of fights ;
 Alone, with a world against her, she has turned on the snarling crew,
 No longer the Peaceful Trader, but the Viking North Seas knew.

She calls, and her ships of battle—dragons her seas have bred—
 Glide into Plymouth Harbour, and gather round Beachy Head.
 She wakes ! and the clang of arming echoes through all the earth,
 The ring of warriors' weapons ; stern music of soldiers' mirth.

In the world there may be nations, and there gathers round every throne
 The strength of *earth-born* armies, but the sea is England's own ;
 As she ruled, she still shall rule it, from Plymouth to Esquimalt,
 As long as the winds are tameless—as long as the waves are salt.

This may be our Armageddon ; seas may purple with blood and flame
 As we go to our rest for ever, leaving the world a name.
 What matter ? There have been none like us, nor any to tame our pride ;
 If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our fathers died—
 What better ? the seas that bred us shall rock us to rest at last,
 If we sink with the Jack still floating, nailed to the nation's mast.

TO ENGLISH BOYS.

HORACE G. GROSER.

O BOYS of the kingliest isle that ever was fenced with foam,
I call you to glory anew in the praise of your storied home!
Look up from your sports awhile, look up from the printed page,
And leave not the grandest thought to the keeping of sober Age.

Do you count it a little thing to be born with an English name—
To be heirs of a race that has climbed through a thousand years to fame?
Will you thrust all these aside as thoughts for a serious day,
Self-centred, and satisfied with the prizes of work and play?
Will you live, each lad for himself, for his own small profit or power,
Each in his niche, absorbed in the claims of the passing hour?
Does the glorious PAST lie dead, like the sunset of yesternight,
Scarce to be thought of now in a new day's clearer light?
It speaks! and it speaks to you! We are debtors every one
To the men who groped in the dark that we in the light might run:
To the men who strove for the Truth in the face of a king's desire,
To the men whose crown was of thorns, whose path was a path of fire.
Scattered through all the land in a hundred spots they are laid,
Some on old fields of fight, and some in the minster's shade—
And the England we love to-day is the England their lives have made.

And you who are English too—though as yet your world of strife
Is the green of the playing-fields—are nearing the larger life,
When the work those heroes wrought shall be yours to mend or mar,
When the gates they left secure shall be yours to loose or bar;
When the honour of England, held as a sacred charge by them,
Shall fail like a thing despised, or flash as a diadem.

O Boys, can we whittle down to a meaning narrow and low,
The message that thrilled the Fleet in the sea-fight long ago?
Shall DUTY be just the task that is under our eyes—no more?
Must we never straighten the back, and glance behind and before?
Is Duty the daily toil for one sole hearth and home,
Blind to all other claims and the lineage whence we come?
If Duty wait at the forge, or the loom, or the warehouse stool,
The larger thought will inspire each stroke of the pen or tool;
And the worker shall give his best, not alone for the wage it brings,
But lest the honour of England be lowered in little things—
By her craftsmen's niggard zeal or the greed of her merchant-kings.

So, through the coming years, that thought shall ennoble still
The labour of hand or brain, whatever the place we fill;
And the toiler in paths obscure shall the same high impulse know
As those on the flag-ship's deck when the storms of battle blow.
For whether we dwell i' the Isle that cradled the race so long,
Or in wide new English lands, the pines or the palms among,
If the old tradition thrive, our hearts shall be knit like one;
It will hold us true to the Past, and still as we forward run
With a goal that is scarce in view, in our ears shall ring the cry
Of glorious deeds that are linked with names that will never die.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

FELICIA HEMANS.

SON of the Ocean Isle !

Where sleep your mighty dead?
 Show me what high and stately pile
 Is reared o'er glory's bed.
 Go, stranger ! track the deep—
 Free, free, the white sail spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep
 Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
 By the pyramid o'erswayed,
 With fearful power the noonday reigns,
 And the palm trees yield no shade ;
 But let the angry sun
 From heaven look fiercely red,
 Unfelt by those whose task is done !—
 There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
 Along the Indian shore,
 And far by Ganges' banks at night
 Is heard the tiger's roar ;
 But let the sound roll on !
 It hath no tone of dread
 For those that from their toils are gone,—
 There slumber England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
 In the snowy Pyrenees,
 And toss the pine boughs through the sky,
 Like rose leaves on the breeze ;
 But let the storm rage on !
 Let the forest wreaths be shed !
 For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
 There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,
 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
 When round the ship the ice-fields close,
 And the northern night-clouds lower ;
 But let the ice drift on !
 Let the cold blue desert spread !
 Their course with mast and flag is done,—
 Ev'n there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
 The men of field and wave !
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
 The seas and shores their grave?
 Go, stranger ! track the deep—
 Free, free, the white sail spread !
 Wave may not foam nor wild wind sweep
 Where rest not England's dead.

BOADICEA.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought with an indignant mien
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief:

"Princess! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending, as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow;
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died:
 Dying, hurled them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due:
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you."

ALFRED THE GREAT.

[Written in view of the Millenary Commemoration.]

HORACE G. GROSER.

KINGS we have had who wrought us good and loved and led us well,
 Kings whose might on the hard-fought field the poet's praises tell,
 Kings who served, in their narrow realm, an England yet to be,
 Kings of the sword and the council board,—but never a king like thee.

Back we look o'er the thousand years that link our day with thine—
 Out of the mist dim faces glance and the brands of battle shine ;
 But the tumult dies to a far-heard cry, and the war-smoke drifts away,
 And thou dost stand like a hill-crest tower in the first glad beams of day.

Shepherd true of thy flock wast thou, their perils prompt to share,
 Never at rest while round the fold thou saw'st the wolf eyes glare ;
 Barring afresh with tireless hands each gap in the wattled wall,
 Till the huddling sheep grew bold and stayed their panic at thy call.

Truly the patriot's cheek might pale who heard, as thou didst hear,
 Th' exultant voice of the heathen horde that mad for strife drew near ;
 Or saw, from some osier'd river-isle, their slim black galleys pass,
 While the blood of herd and husbandman ran red in the orchard grass.

Sick at heart thou hast been to see the homestead gates thrown down,
 The sunset glories blurred with the smoke blown from some burning town,
 The quiet convent trampled through, and the meek-faced brotherhood
 Thrust from life by the ruthless steel of a foe they scarce withstood.

Darkest of all, that waiting time when hope was well-nigh slain,
 And the blood and sweat of a year of fights might seem poured forth in vain,
 And the future showed like the wintry grey above thy lone retreat,
 Where the very marsh pools savoured of death and the dry sedge moaned defeat.

But the sun waxed strong that burned so low, and when with its lustrous gold
 The fen-flower gleamed at the water's edge, our Alfred brake from hold !
 And the western men drew after him, and the highways filled with spears,
 And he quenched in the glory of Ethandune the shame of the crownless years !

His foot was set on the Viking neck, and the heart that had never failed
 Thrilled with the dream of what might fall to the sword that had so prevailed ;
 But his pity wept for the harried land, where the folk were yet too few,
 And he turned to strengthen the old strait bounds of the kingdom his love made new.

Again on the air the cheerful sounds of rustic labour fell,
 The smith once more at his anvil sang and the maiden at the well,
 And the traffickers in the city mart gave thanks for a monarch's reign
 When the walls were safe, nor wayside bands plundered the pack-horse train.

Then Learning stole from her southern seats, and wise far-travelled men,
 To the court of the King who lauded Truth and the cunning of tool and pen ;
 And new-built navies moved on the seas to watch for the pirate foe,
 That the haven town might hear no strife but the surf on the beach below.

And now the nation, welded and one, that owed its birth to thee,
 Greets, in its tenfold strength, thy name, who first made England free—
 Father of all those kingly hearts that have counted not the price
 When She has called, in the hour of need, for service and sacrifice.

KING HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE HARFLEUR.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility ;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height ! On, on, you noblest English !
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof ;
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
 Follow your spirit ; and upon this charge
 Cry " God for Harry ! England and Saint George ! "

KING HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE AGINCOURT.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IF we are mark'd to die, we are enough
 To do our country loss ; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
 God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hope I have. Oh ! do not wish one more :

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian" :
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From his day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ! be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England now abed
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

 AGINCOURT.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
 But putting to the main,
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnished in warlike sort,
 Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour,
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopped his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power :

Which, in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 To the king sending ;
 Which he neglects the while
 As from a nation vile,
 Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 " Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazèd.
 Yet have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

" And for myself," quoth he,
 " This my full rest shall be ;
 England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me ;
 Victor I will remain
 Or on this earth lie slain ;
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

" Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell ;
 No less our skill is
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
 The eager vaward led ;
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen ;
 Exeter had the rear,
 A braver man not there :
 O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
 Armour on armour shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder ;
 That with the cries they make
 The very earth did shake,
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces !

When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went ;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another !

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry.
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ?

DRAKE'S DRUM.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
 Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin'.
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago !

[By permission from *Admirals All* in "Elkin Mathews' Shilling Garland Series."]

THE ARMADA.

LORD MACAULAY.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise :
 I sing of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible, against her bore, in vain,
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay ;
 Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
 At earliest twilight on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall ;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall ;
 Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast ;
 And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
 Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the drums ;
 The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace ;

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
 Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down !
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield ;
 So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.
 Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight ! Ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids !
 Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! Ho, gallants ! draw your blades !
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes, waft her wide !
 Our glorious *Semper Eadem* ! the banner of our pride !

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold ;
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;
 Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea ;
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
 For swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly war-flame spread ;
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachy Head ;
 Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves ;
 The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves ;
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge : the rangers of Beaulieu.
 Right sharp and quick the bells rang out all night from Bristol town ;
 And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down ;
 The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
 And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-red light.
 Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke ;
 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
 At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;
 At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer ;
 And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet ;
 And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street ;
 And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;
 And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went ;
 And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent ;
 Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright couriers forth ;
 High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north ;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired, they bounded still.
 All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill ;
 Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales ;
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales ;
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height ;
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light ;
 Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,
 And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain ;
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave :
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OF Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,

And her arms along the deep proudly
 shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :
 It was ten of April morn by the chime
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene ;
 And her van the fleetest rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak !" our captains cried ;
 when each gun
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane,
 To our cheering sent us back ;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail ;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

Now joy, Old England, raise
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep
 Full many a fathom deep
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

LORD BYRON.

STOP ! for thy tread is on an empire's dust !
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred
 below !
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust,
 Or column trophied for triumphal show ?

None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler
so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest
grow !
And is this all the world has gained by
thee,
Thou first and last of fields ! King-making
Victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered
then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and
when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which
spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like
a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it?—No ; twas but the
wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be uncon-
fined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and
Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying
feet—
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in
once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's
opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high
hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did
hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's pro-
phetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he
deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too
well
Which stretched his father on a bloody
bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone
could quell :
He rushed into the field, and, foremost
fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and
fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of
distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour
ago
Blushed at the praise of their own love-
liness ;
And there were sudden partings, such
as press
The life from out young hearts, and
choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who
could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful
morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste :
the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clatter-
ing car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous
speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning
star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror
dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The
foe ! They come ! they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's
gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her
Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch
thrills
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath
which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the moun-
taineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her
green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they
pass
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above
shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder
cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound
of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the
day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd
and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red
burial blent!

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.

Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother's cradle-crooning,
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,—
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call:
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—
The grandest o' them all!"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's:
"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of "Auld Lang Syne";
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear;
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

IN THE HURRICANE, AT SAMOA.

MARCH 17, 1889.

HORACE G. GROSER.

[In the hurricane which struck the squadron of warships (British, American, and German), stationed at watch in Apia Harbour, Samoa, those of the vessels which survived the night held to their moorings, fearing to run for the open water on account of the long and perilous line of reef. At last H. M. S. *Calliope* (pronounce Cal-li'-o-pe), under Captain Kane, made the attempt. And as, in the teeth of the gale, with straining engines, the English cruiser made her way out, the crew of the American *Trenton*, in admiration forgetting their own apparently imminent fate, raised a ringing cheer, which was answered back from the deck of the *Calliope*.]

OUT of the midnight creeping came

That wind of death ;

The foam upcurled on the waves like flame,
Beneath its breath,

One moment, peace and calm ;

Through fringe of reed and palm

The twinkling shore-lights danced in view ;

The next, our spars were bending,

And cord and canvas rending,

And clouds and ocean blending

Swept on us ere we knew !

Caught in its giant grip

Was every gallant ship ;

Such wrestling none had known before ;

No strain like this the groaning cables knew,

With blast so fierce the sudden tempest blew

From off that island shore.

At sunset there were seven afloat,

At midnight all the wild wind smote,

At dawn the yeasty waves were over

three.

Then who might dare to seek relief,

To run betwixt the outer reef,

The shore and reef, and reach the open sea ?

She dared, the English ship !

Her cables she would slip

In all that war of wind and wave,

Knowing that there was safety out beyond

For those who dared to quit the straining

bond

That yet might snap or save.

And as with slow and labouring

stroke

From out that perilous strait she

broke,

Forth from the *Trenton's* deck there rose

a cry !

A generous shout of glad acclaim,

Of joy no selfish fear could tame,

Stronger than death, to see our ship go by.

That cheer, in their distress,

Our hardihood to bless,

Not unto us alone shall ring :

Louder than the loud cry we gave them
back,

The voice of England, following in its
track

Their praise well-pleased shall sing ;

Glad that the old love hath not died

In those that long have left her side,

Her great world-wandering children strong
and free—

Brothers, whom neither pride, nor
change,

Nor jealousy, can e'er estrange,

Nor the wild strength of the dividing sea.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail ! thou noble land,

Our fathers' native soil !

Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,

Gigantic grown by toil,

O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore ;

For thou, with magic might,

Canst reach to where the light

Of Phœbus travels bright

The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,

From his pine-embattled steep,

Shall hail the great sublime ;

While the Tritons of the deep

With their conchs the kindred league
shall proclaim.

Then let the world combine—

O'er the main our naval line,

Like the milky-way shall shine,

Bright in fame !

Though ages long have passed

Since our fathers left their home,

Their pilot in the blast,

O'er untravelled seas to roam,—

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !

And shall we not proclaim

That blood of honest fame,

Which no tyranny can tame

By its chains ?

While the language free and bold

Which the bard of Avon sung,

In which our Milton told

How the vault of heaven rung,

When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;

While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast.

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,

Our joint communion breaking with the sun.
Yet still, from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach
More audible than speech,
"We are one!"

HOME.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world
beside;

Where brighter suns dispense serener
light,

And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye ex-
plores

The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting
shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.

In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to
that pole;

For in this land of heaven's peculiar
grace,

The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and
pride;

While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother,
friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter,
wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path
of life:

In the clear heaven of her delightful eyes
An angel-guard of loves and graces lies.
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth,
be found?

Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps
roam,

That land thy country, and that spot thy
home.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE stately homes of England!

How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the
sound

Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!

Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!

How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells' chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!

By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

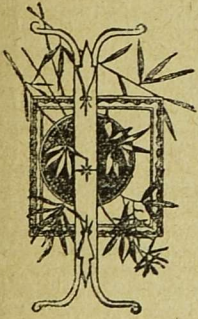
The free, fair homes of England!

Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall,
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

II.—FOR SENIOR RECITERS.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT.

ROBERT BROWNING.



SPRANG to the stirrup,
and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped,
we galloped all three ;
" Good speed ! " cried the watch,
as the gate-bolts undrew ;
" Speed ! " echoed the wall to us
galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern,
the lights sank to rest,

And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lockeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix "—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,

And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,

Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round

As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,

As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)

Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY FROM MOSCOW.

GEORGE CROLY.

MAGNIFICENCE of ruin! what has time, In all it ever gazed upon,—of war,

Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,

Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?

How glorious shone the invaders' pomp afar!

Like pampered lions from the spoil they came,

The land before them, silence and despair,

The land behind them, massacre and flame;

Blood will have tenfold blood.—What are they now? A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands,—column deep,

Broad square, loose squadron—rolling like the flood

When mighty torrents from their channels leap,

Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,

Billow on endless billow: on, through wood,

O'er rugged hill, down sunless marshy vale,

The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude

Of drum and horn and dissonant clash of mail,

Glancing disastrous light before that sun-beam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still

Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay, The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill—

Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay!

In vain the startled legions burst away;

The land was all one naked sepulchre: The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay;

Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,

Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering drear.

The field was as they left it: fosse and fort

Streaming with slaughter still, but desolate,—

The cannon flung dismantled by its port;

Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait

Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate

Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.

There was the hill, from which their eyes elate

Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;

But death was at their heels, they shuddered and rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark
to the gale!

As it bursts hollow through the rolling
clouds,

That from the north in sullen grandeur
sail

Like floating Alps. Advancing dark-
ness broods

Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,

As the gust sweeps them, and those
upper floods

Shoot on their leafless boughs the
sleet-drops chill,

That on the hurrying crowds in freezing
showers distil.

They reach the wilderness; the
majesty

Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness,—dark earth and

wrathful sky,
If ruins were there, they long had

ceased to blaze;

If blood was shed, the ground no
more betrays,

E'en by a skeleton, the crime of man;
Behind them rolls the deep and

drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night, before

their van
The struggling daylight shows the un-
measured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurry-
ing march

Could bear them from the rushing of
his wheel

Whose chariot is the whirlwind.
Heaven's clear arch

At once is covered with a livid veil,
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep

clouds reel.
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,

In sanguine light, an orb of burning
steel;

The snows wheel down through
twilight thick and dun.

Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment
has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds
has blown,

And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies, on that boundless field

o'erthrown:
Now, in the awful gusts, the desert

hoar

Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The
legions fly!

Volley on volley down the hailstones
pour!

Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the
wanderers die,

And dying, hear the storm more wildly
thunder by.

Such is the hand of Heaven! A human
blow

Had crushed them in the fight, or
flung the chain

Round them, where Moscow's stately
towers were low,

And all be stilled. But thou! thy
battle-plain

Was a whole empire; that devoted
train

Must war from day to day with storm
and gloom

(Man following, like the wolves, to
rend the slain),

Must lie from night to night as in a
tomb,

Must fly, toil, bleed for home—yet never
see that home.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!

Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,

Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,

Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!

This way, this way!
Call her once before you go—

Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:

"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear

(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—

Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;

This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!

The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down ;
 Call no more !
 One last look at the white-wall'd town,
 And the little grey church on the windy
 shore ;
 Then come down !
 She will not come though you call all day ;
 Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
 We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the swell,
 The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep ;
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
 Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world for ever and aye ?
 When did music come this way ?
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away ?
 Once she sate with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended
 it well,

When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
 She sigh'd, she look'd up through the
 clear green sea ;

She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
 In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
 'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here
 with thee."

I said : "Go up, dear heart, through the
 waves ;

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind
 sea-caves !"

She smiled, she went up through the surf
 in the bay,

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?

"The sea grows stormy, the little ones
 moan ;

Long prayers," I said ; "in the world
 they say ;

Come !" I said, and we rose through
 the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-
 wall'd town ;

Through the narrow paved streets, where
 all was still,

To the little grey church on the windy hill.
 From the church came a murmur of folk

at their prayers,
 But we stood without in the cold blowing
 airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones
 worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the
 small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :
 "Margaret hist ! come quick, we are here !

Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone ;
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But, ah, she gave me never a look,
 For her eyes were sealed to the holy book !

Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
 Come away, children, call no more !

Come away, come down, call no more !"

Down, down, down !

Down to the depths of the sea !

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
 Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings : "O joy, O joy,
 For the humming street, and the child
 with its toy !

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy
 well ;

For the wheel where I spun,
 And the blessed light of the sun !"

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the spindle drops from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the
 sand,

And over the sand at the sea ;

And her eyes are set in a stare ;

And anon there breaks a sigh,

And anon there drops a tear,

From a sorrow-clouded eye,

And a heart sorrow-laden,

A long, long sigh ;

For the cold strange eyes of a little
 Mermaiden,

And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;

Come, children, come down !

The hoarse wind blows colder ;

Lights shine in the town.

She will start from her slumber

When gusts shake the door ;

She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing : " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom ;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sandhills,
At the white, sleeping town,
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down.
Singing : " There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.
A STORY OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

I.

THE story of Poncé de Leon,
A voyager, withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles,
In quest of a country of gold.
He was wafted past islands of spices,
As bright as the emerald seas,
Where all the forests seemed singing,
So thick were the birds on the trees ;
The sea was clear as the azure,
So deep and so pure was the sky
That the jasper-walled city seemed shining
Just out of the reach of the eye.
By day his light canvas he shifted,
And skirted strange harbours and bars ;
By night, on the full tides he drifted,
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of the stars.
Near the glimmering gates of the sunset,
In the twilight empurpled and dim,

The sailors uplifted their voices,
And sang to their Maker a hymn.
" Thank the Lord ! " said De Leon, the
sailor,
At the close of the rounded refrain ;
" Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who
blesses
The ocean-swept banner of Spain !
The shadowy world is behind us,
The shining Cipango before ;
Each morning the sun rises brighter
On ocean, and island, and shore.
And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
As prospects more glowing unfold ;
Then on, merry men, to Cipango !
To the west, and the region of gold ! "

II.

There came to De Leon, the sailor,
Some Indian sages, who told
Of a region so bright that the waters
Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
And they added : " The leafy Bimini,
A fair land of grottoes and bowers.
Is there ; and a wonderful fountain
Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.
That fountain gives life to the dying,
And youth to the aged restores ;
They flourish in beauty eternal,
Who set but their foot on its shores ! "
Then answered De Leon, the sailor :
" I am withered, and wrinkled, and old ;
I would rather discover that fountain,
Than a country of diamonds and gold."

III.

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor,
Away with a wonderful glee,
Till the birds were more rare in the azure,
The dolphins more rare in the sea.
Away from the shady Bahamas,
Over waters no sailor had seen,
Till again on his wondering vision
Rose clustering islands of green.
Still onward he sped till the breezes
Were laden with odours, and lo !
A country embroidered with flowers,
A country with rivers aglow !
More bright than the sunny Antilles,
More fair than the shady Azores.
" Thank the Lord ! " said De Leon, the
sailor,
As he feasted his eyes on the shores,
" We've come to a region, my brothers,
More lovely than earth, of a truth ;
And here is the life-giving fountain—
The beautiful fountain of youth."

IV.

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,
 Unfurled his old banner, and sung ;
 But he felt very wrinkled and withered,
 All around was so fresh and so young.
 The palms, ever verdant, were blooming,
 The blossoms e'en margined the seas ;
 O'er the streams of the forests, bright
 flowers
 Hung deep from the branches of trees.
 "Thank the Lord !" sang De Leon, the
 sailor ;
 His heart was with rapture aglow ;
 And he said : " Let the name of this region
 Be Florida ; praise we it so.
 'Tis a fair, a delectable country,
 More lovely than earth of a truth ;
 I soon shall partake of the fountain—
 The beautiful fountain of youth ! "

V.

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,
 In search of that fountain in vain ;
 No waters were there to restore him
 To freshness and vigour again.
 And his anchor he lifted, and murmured,
 As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
 " I must leave this fair land of the flowers,
 Go back o'er the ocean and die."
 Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
 And back by the shady Azores,
 He was borne on the storm-smitten waters,
 To the calm of his own native shores.

VI.

On his ship the old sailor lay dying
 By the shores of a beautiful isle,
 And his heart was enkindled with rapture,
 And his face lighted up with a smile.
 He thought of the sunny Antilles,
 He thought of the shady Azores,
 He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
 He thought of fair Florida's shores.
 And when to himself he recounted
 His wonderful travels of old,
 He thought of the heavenly country,
 Of the city of jasper and gold.
 "Thank the Lord !" said De Leon, the
 sailor,
 " Thank the Lord for the light of the
 truth,
 I now am approaching the fountain,
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

VII.

The cabin was silent : at twilight
 They heard the birds singing a psalm,
 And the wind of the ocean low sighing
 Through groves of the orange and palm.
 And just as the sunset was fading,
 Heaven burst on the mariner's sight,
 And he knelt at the life-giving Fountain
 That springs in the Gardens of Light.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city ;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

Rats !

They fougnt the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cooks own
 ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking :
 "'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a
 noddy ;
 And as for our Corporation—shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with
 ermine
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin !
 You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
 Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a
 racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you pack-
 ing ! "

At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
 At length the Mayor broke silence :
 "For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
 I wish I were a mile hence !
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again,
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !"
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's
 that?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little though wondrous fat ;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew
 mutinous
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
 "Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !"
 "Come in !"—the Mayor cried, look-
 ing bigger :
 And in did come the strangest figure.

His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in—
 There was no guessing his kith and kin !
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire.
 Quoth one : "It's as my great grandsire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted
 tombstone."

He advanced to the council table :
 And, "Please, your honours," said he,
 "I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw !
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm,
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same
 cheque ;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
 straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats :
 And, as for what your brain bewilders,
 If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? fifty thousand!"—was the excla-
 mation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while ;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes
 twinkled,
 Like a candle flame where salt is
 sprinkled ;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe
 uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered ;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty
 rumbling ;
 And out of the house the rats came tum-
 bling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny
 rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny
 rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished !
 —Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he, the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary :
 Which was, "At the first shrill notes of
 the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider press's gripe ;

And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve cup-boards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter casks ;

And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh, rats, re-
joice !

The world is grown to one vast dry-
saltery !

So munch on, crunch on, take your
nuncheon,

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !

And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,

All ready staved, like a great sun shone

Glorious scarce an inch before me,

Just as methought it said, come, bore me !

—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the
steeple.

"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long
poles !

Poke out the nests and block up the
holes !

Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !"—when suddenly up the
face

Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand
guilders !"

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked
blue ;

So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havoc

With Claret, Moselle, Vin - de - Grave,
Hock ;

And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow

With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !

"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a know-
ing wink,

"Our business was done at the river's
brink ;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I
think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something
for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your
poke ;

But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in
joke.

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders ! Come, take
fifty !"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,

"No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !

I've promised to visit by dinner-time

Bagdat, and accept the prime

Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich
in,

For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,

Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—

With him I proved no bargain-driver,

With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !

And folks who put me in a passion

May find me pipe after another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think
I brook

Being worse treated than a cook ?

Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?

You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,

Blow your pipe there till you burst !"

Once more he stept into the street ;

And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet

Soft notes as yet musicians' cunning

Never gave the enraptured air),

There was a rustling, that seemed like a
bustling

Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and
hustling,

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues
chattering,

And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley
is scattering,

Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council
stood

As if they were changed into blocks of
wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by—
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
 As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and
 daughters!

However, he turned from south to west,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed ;
 Great was the joy in every breast.

" He never can cross that mighty top !
 He's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop !"
 When lo ! as they reached the mountain-
 side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
 And the Piper advanced and the children
 followed,

And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say, all? No ! one was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way :
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say—

" It's dull in our town since my playmates
 left ;

I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me ;
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And everything was strange and new ;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks
 here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings ;
 And horses were born with eagle's wings ;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped, and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 'To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more !"

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says that heaven's gate
 Opes to the rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
 The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,

To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
 But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
 And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear,

" And so long after what happened here
 On the twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six " :
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,
 They called it the Pied Piper's street—
 Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor,
 Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the great church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away ;

And there it stands to this very day,
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people who ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress,
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison,
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially
 pipers !

And, whether they pipe us free from rats or
 from mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep
 our promise.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisdon :
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day ;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came thro')
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's
 grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal's in the market-place;
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed;
 his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

V.

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

MAUD MÜLLER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MAUD MÜLLER, on a summer's day
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
 Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that
 flowed
 Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled
 up,
 And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
 On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter
 draught
 From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers and
 trees,
 Of the singing birds and the humming
 bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered
 whether
 The cloud in the west would bring foul
 weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown;
 Her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
 Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
 Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah,
 me!
 That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
 And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth
coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each
day.

"And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the
poor,
And all should bless me who left our
door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the
hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful
air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

"No doubtful balance of rights and
wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and
cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and
gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love
tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the
well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go.

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished
rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret
pain,
"Ah, that I were free again !

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her
hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her
door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain,

And oft, when the summer sun shines hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein :

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls,

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : "It might have
been !"

BERTHA IN THE LANE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

PUT the broidery-frame away,
 For my sewing is all done:
 The last thread is used to-day,
 And I need not join it on.
 Though the clock stands at the noon,
 I am weary. I have sewn,
 Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,
 And stand near me, Dearest-sweet.
 Do not shrink nor be afraid,
 Blushing with a sudden heat!
 No one standeth in the street?—
 By God's love I go to meet,
 Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down; drop it in
 These two hands, that I may hold
 'Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,
 Stroking back the curls of gold:
 'Tis a fair, fair face, in sooth—
 Larger eyes and redder mouth
 Than mine were in my first youth.

Thou art younger by seven years—
 Ah!—so bashful at my gaze,
 That the lashes, hung with tears,
 Grow too heavy to upraise?
 I would wound thee by no touch
 Which thy shyness feels as such.
 Dost thou mind me, Dear, so much?

Have I not been nigh a mother
 To thy sweetness—tell me, dear?
 Have we not loved one another
 Tenderly, from year to year,
 Since our dying mother mild
 Said with accents undefiled,
 "Child, be mother to this child"?

Mother, mother, up in heaven,
 Stand up on the jasper sea,
 And be witness I have given
 All the gifts required of me,—
 Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,
 Love that left me with a wound,
 Life itself that turneth round!

Mother, mother, thou art kind,
 Thou art standing in the room,
 In a molten glory shrined
 That rays off into the gloom!
 But thy smile is bright and bleak
 Like cold waves—I cannot speak,
 I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof
 One hour longer from my soul,
 For I still am thinking of
 Earth's warm-beating joy and dole!
 On my finger is a ring
 Which I still see glittering
 When the night hides everything.

Little sister, thou art pale!
 Ah, I have a wandering brain—
 But I lose that fever-bale,
 And my thoughts grow calm again.
 Lean down closer—closer still!
 I have words thine ear to fill,
 And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,
 Thee and Robert—through the trees—
 When we all went gathering
 Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.
 Do not start so! think instead
 How the sunshine overhead
 Seemed to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day!
 Hills and vales did openly
 Seem to heave and throb away
 At the sight of the great sky:
 And the silence, as it stood
 In the glory's golden flood,
 Audibly did bud, and bud.

Through the winding hedgerows green,
 How we wandered, I and you,
 With the bowery tops shut in,
 And the gates that showed the view!
 How we talked there; thrushes soft
 Sang our praises out, or oft
 Bleatings took them from the croft:

Till the pleasure grown too strong
 Left me muter evermore,
 And, the winding road being long,
 I walked out of sight, before,
 And so, wrapt in musings fond,
 Issued (past the wayside pond)
 On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sate down beneath the beech
 Which leans over to the lane,
 And the far sound of your speech
 Did not promise any pain;
 And I blessed you full and free.
 With a smile stooped tenderly
 O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word
 As the speakers drew more near—
 Sweet, forgive me that I heard
 What you wished me not to hear.
 Do not weep so, do not shake,
 Oh,—I heard thee, Bertha, make
 Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and he too! let him stand
 In thy thoughts, untouched by blame
 Could he help it, if my hand
 He had claimed with hasty claim?
 That was wrong perhaps—but then
 Such things be—and will, again.
 Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee when he swore
 He would love but me alone?
 Thou wast absent, sent before
 To our kin in Sidmouth town.
 When he saw thee, who art best
 Past compare, and loveliest,
 He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,
 Thou and I, dear, if we might?
 Thy brown eyes have looks like birds
 Flying straightway to the light:
 Mine are older.—Hush!—look out—
 Up the street! Is none without?
 How the poplar swings about!

And that hour—beneath the beech,
 When I listened in a dream,
 And he said in his deep speech
 That he owed me all esteem,—
 Each word swam in on my brain
 With a dim, dilating pain,
 Till it burst with that last strain.

I fell flooded with a dark,
 In the silence of a swoon.
 When I rose, still cold and stark,
 There was night; I saw the moon
 And the stars, each in its place,
 And the May-blooms on the grass
 Seemed to wonder what I was.

And I walked as if apart
 From myself, when I could stand,
 And I pitied my own heart,
 As if I held it in my hand—
 Somewhat coldly, with a sense
 Of fulfilled benevolence,
 And a "Poor thing" negligence.

And I answered coldly too,
 When you met me at the door;
 And I only heard the dew
 Dripping from me to the floor:
 And the flowers, I bade you see,
 Were too withered for the bee,—
 As my life, henceforth, for me.

Do not weep so—dear—heart-warm!
 All was best as it befel.
 If I say he did me harm,
 I speak wild,—I am not well.
 All his words were kind and good—
He esteemed me. Only, blood
 Runs so faint in womanhood!

Then I always was too grave,—
 Like the saddest ballad sung,—
 With that look, besides, we have
 In our faces, who die young.
 I had died, dear, all the same;
 Life's long, joyous, jostling game
 Is too loud for my meek shame.

We are so unlike each other,
 Thou and I, that none could guess
 We were children of one mother,
 But for mutual tenderness.
 Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
 And meant verily to hold
 Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows
 Close beside a rose tree's root;
 Whosoe'er would reach the rose
 Treads the crocus underfoot.
 I, like May-bloom on thorn tree,
 Thou, like merry summer-bee,—
 Fit that I be plucked for thee!

Yet who plucks me?—no one mourns,
 I have lived my season out,
 And now die of my own thorns,
 Which I could not live without.
 Sweet, be merry! How the light
 Comes and goes! If it be night,
 Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door?
 Look out quickly. Yea, or nay?
 Someone might be waiting for
 Some last word that I might say.
 Nay? So best!—so angels would
 Stand off clear from deathly road,
 Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet,
 When I wear the shroud I made,
 Let the folds lie straight and neat,
 And the rosemary be spread,
 That if any friend should come,
 (To see *thee*, sweet!) all the room
 May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
 On my hand this little ring,
 Which at nights, when others sleep,
 I can still see glittering!
 Let me wear it out of sight,
 In the grave, where it will light
 All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave drop not a tear!
 Else, though fathom-deep the place,
 Through the woollen shroud I wear
 I shall feel it on my face.
 Rather smile there, blessèd one,
 Thinking of me in the sun,
 Or forget me—smiling on!

Art thou near me? nearer! so—
 Kiss me close upon the eyes,
 That the earthly light may go
 Sweetly, as it used to rise
 When I watched the morning grey
 Strike, betwixt the hills, the way
 He was sure to come that day.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

“HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!”
 That is what the vision said.

In his chamber, all alone,
 Kneeling on the floor of stone,
 Prayed the monk in deep contrition
 For his sins of indecision;—
 Prayed for greater self-denial
 In temptation and in trial.
 It was noonday by the dial,
 And the monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
 An unwonted splendour brightened
 All within him and without him
 In that narrow cell of stone;
 And he saw the blessed Vision
 Of our Lord with light Elysian
 Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
 Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
 Not in agonies of pain,
 Not with bleeding hands and feet,
 Did the monk his Master see:
 But as, in the village street,
 In the house or harvest-field,
 Halt and lame and blind He healed,
 When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
 Hands upon His bosom crossed,
 Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
 Knelt the monk in rapture lost.
 “Lord,” he thought, “in heaven thou
 reignest,

Who am I that thus Thou deignest
 To reveal Thyself to me?
 Who am I that from the centre
 Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter
 This poor cell my guest to be?”

Then, amid his exultation,
 Loud the convent bell appalling,
 From its belfry calling, calling,
 Rang through court and corridor,
 With persistent iteration
 He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
 When alike, in shine or shower,
 Winter's cold or summer's heat,
 To the convent portals came,
 All the blind and halt and lame,
 All the beggars of the street,
 For their daily dole of food
 Dealt them by the brotherhood;
 And their almoner was he
 Who upon his bended knee,
 Rapt in silent ecstasy
 Of divinest self-surrender,
 Saw the Vision and the splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
 Mingled with his adoration;
 Should he go, or should he stay?
 Should he leave the poor to wait
 Hungry at the convent gate
 Till the Vision passed away?
 Should he slight his heavenly Guest?—
 Slight this Visitant celestial
 For a crowd of ragged, bestial
 Beggars at the convent gate?
 Would the Vision there remain?
 Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
 Whispered, audibly and clear,
 As if to the outward ear:
 “Do thy duty; that is best;
 Leave unto thy Lord the rest!”

Straightway to his feet he started,
And, with longing look intent
On the blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour ;
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !

But to-day, they know not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise ;
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart that monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :
" Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me."

" Unto Me !" But had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring ?
Or have listened with decision
And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awestruck feeling
At the threshold of his door ;
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed Vision said,—
" Hadst thou stayed I must have fled !"

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

LEIGH HUNT.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe
increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem
bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
" What writest thou ?"—The vision raised
its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, " The names of those who love
the Lord."
" And is mine one ?" said Abou. " Nay,
not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, " I pray thee then
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The
next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God
had blest,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the
rest.

CHARLES GORDON

H. T. RHOADES.

NOT in his own cause Gordon drew the
sword ;
Duty, not fame, his lode-star ; at her call
Far in the East he tamed the Tartar horde,
Held death at bay on Khartoum's
crumbling wall ;
The wide world mourned for him, twice
glorified,
Who lived for others, and for others died.
He stands our Bayard, free from smirch
of fear,
The self-forgetting hero, pure of blame,
Over the dull crowd shining bright and clear,
A beacon tower lit up by inward flame.
Strongest where we are weak ; nor small
the praise,
To walk by faith, not sight, in faithless
days.

(The above poem appears in print for
the first time.)

GRACE DARLING.

HORACE G. GROSER.

LONELY and bleak, 'mid the seas that
sunder
Their flowerless crags from the green
north land,
Her islands shake to the surge and thunder
Of white waves racing to reach the
strand.

Lonely and bare! but above them lightens
The memory fair of a shining deed,
And a spirit-presence the wild waste
brightens,
Since Love went forth at the cry of
Need.

Oft as the night of that drear September
Broods again over sea and shore,
Still shall our hearts with pride remember
How through the storm swift help she
bore.

Still shall we see, in fancy's vision,
The brave little skiff from the light-
house go,
And, clad in the strength of love's decision,
The girlish form to the oar bend low.

Still shall we see, in the dim grey dawning
The drifting ship on the reef flung high ;
Round her the hungry ocean yawning,
Over her stretched the hopeless sky.
Rings again through the wind-spray flying
The moan of terror, the shriek of fear ;
Laugh the breakers, as if replying
With savage mirth to the cries they hear.

Out on the rocks they crouch and shiver,
The hapless few that have 'scaped the
wave,

Scanning the waters with lips a-quiver,
Praying that God would send and save.
See, bright hope in their faces springing !
Lips are loosened—a cheer rings out !
Plunging, tossing, a boat comes bringing
Life for perishing, joy for doubt !

Over the white-crowned surges leaping,
Hither through blinding foam she wins—
Still for the rock her course she's keeping,
Still the spume from the oar-blade spins.
Saved, they crowd to the boat's frail
shelter,
Eager helpers replacing now
The hands that drove through the sea's
wild welter
With love-born ardour the tossing prow.

How can we speak her praise, or fashion
A tribute worthy the deathless deed ?
Nay, that story of bold compassion
No memorial words shall need.
For, far and wide, girl hearts inherit
Her daring love, and in danger's hour
Shines out in a hundred deeds the spirit
Of that sweet maid of the lighthouse
tower.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran, and some that
leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds
And souls untouched by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in.
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can ;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man.

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he leaned his head on his hands, and
read
The book upon his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide.
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,—
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
"O God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp !"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

“My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page
Of kings and crowns unstable?”
The young boy gave an upward glance:
“It is ‘The Death of Abel.’”

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

“And well,” quoth he, “I know for truth
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream.
For why? Methought last night I
wrought
A murder—in a dream.

“One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold;
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold.

“Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone.

“Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

“And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name!

“O boy, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

“And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
‘Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!

“I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream.

“Down went the corpse with a hollow
plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school.

“All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep.

“All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime.

“One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave.

“Heavily I rose up—as soon
As light was in the sky—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul in
chase,
I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man !

“And all that morn I read in school,
But my thought was other-where !
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves
And still the corpse was bare !

“Then down I cast me on my face
And first began to weep ;
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep ;
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

“So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones !

“Ah, me ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

“And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now !”
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THOMAS HOOD.

ONE more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young and so fair !

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing :
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully !
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her ;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—
 One of Eve's family,—
 Wipe those poor lips of hers
 Oozing so clammily.
 Loop up her tresses
 Escaped from the comb,—
 Her fair auburn tresses,—
 Whilst wonderment guesses,
 Where was her home?

Who was her father?
 Who was her mother?
 Had she a sister?
 Had she a brother?
 Or was there a dearer one
 Still, and a nearer one
 Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun!
 Oh, it was pitiful!
 Near a whole city full,
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
 Fatherly, motherly
 Feelings had changed,—
 Love, by harsh evidence,
 Thrown from its eminence;
 Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From window and casement,
 From garret to basement,
 She stood with amazement,
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black-flowing river;
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery
 Swift to be hurled—
 Anywhere, anywhere
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran,—
 Over the brink of it!
 Picture it,—think of it,
 Dissolute man!
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care,
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!
 Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly;—
 Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest!
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!
 Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behaviour,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread,—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
 Till the brain begins to swim,
 Work—work—work,
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh! men with sisters dear!
 Oh! men with mothers and wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death,
 That phantom of grisly bone?
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own,—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep.
 O God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work,
 My labour never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread,—and rags,—
 That shattered roof—and this naked
 floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
 From weary chime to chime!
 Work—work—work,
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick and the brain be-
 numbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work—work—work,
 When the weather is warm and bright—
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head
 And the grass beneath my feet;
 For only one sweet hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal;

"Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite, however brief!

No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

THE BELLS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody
 foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars, that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight,
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinabulation that so musically
 wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the
 bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony
 foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night,
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten golden notes;
 And, all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she
 goats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells
 What a gush of euphony voluminously
 wells!
 How it swells!

How it dwells
 On the future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror now their turbulency
 tells!

In the startled ear of night,
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune.

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of
 the fire;

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and
 frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour
 Now—now to sit, or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh! the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger
 of the bells—

Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their
 monody compels!

In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.

And the people—ah! the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone;

They are neither man nor woman;
 They are neither brute nor human;
 They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells!

And he dances, and he yells,

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—

Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the tolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the
 bells.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

UP from the meadows, rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
 Apple and peach trees fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
 When Lee marched over the mountain-
 wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind ; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled
down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt !" The dust-blown ranks stood
fast.
"Fire !" Out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word :

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog ! March on," he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

[An episode of the American War of
Independence.]

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-
five ;

Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and
year.

He said to his friend, "If the British
march

By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal
light,—

One if by land, and two if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and
farm,

For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night !" and with
muffled oar

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war,
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and
street

Wanders and watches with eager ears,

Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the
church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him
made

Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look
down

A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret
dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead ;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North
Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's
height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he
turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the
dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing,
a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and
fleet ;
That was all! And yet, through the
gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed in
its flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the
steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and
deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the
ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford
town,
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows blank and
bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord
town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you
have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of
alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the
door,

And a word that shall echo for evermore.
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

ST. GREGORY'S GUEST.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A TALE for Roman guides to tell
To careless, sight-worn travellers still,
Who pause beside the narrow cell
Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk's door, came
A beggar, stretching empty palms,
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered, "All I have
In this poor cell of mine I give,
The silver cup my mother gave ;
In Christ's name take thou it, and live."

Years passed ; and called at last to bear
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,
The poor monk in St. Peter's chair,
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," Saint Gregory cried,
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat."
The beggars came, and one beside,
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake,
"O stranger ; but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome, for the sake
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,
Whose form was as the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old?"
And in the hand he lifted up
The Pontiff marvelled to behold
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen, and
bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven,
I am The Wonderful, through whom
Whate'er thou askest shall be given."

He spake, and vanished. Gregory fell
With his twelve guests in mute accord
Prone on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old time legend is not vain ;
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,
Telling it o'er and o'er again
On grey Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still wheresoever pity shares
Its bread with sorrow, want, and sin,
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, The Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him.

THE FOSTER-BROTHER.

A BORDER BALLAD.

HORACE G. GROSER.

Up, across the Northern moor,
Sword to thigh and spur to heel,
Far from kirk and cottage door,
Hum of mart and curfew peal,
Into the November night,
Through the mist and failing light,
Fast we rode together.

Down behind the distant hill
Sank the vane-crowned village spire,
On the darkness dank and chill
Gleamed no more the hostel fire :
While beneath the frost-dew lay,
Till by fetlock dashed away
From the dripping heather.

Scarce a star-beam glimmered down
 Through the gloom that wrapped the sky,
 Scarce a tree-bough bent and brown
 Fluttered as the wind went by :
 All was waste, and wild, and sere,
 Hearth and homestead none were near
 Far as eye could wander.

So we rode for many a mile,
 Till we saw the twinkling light
 Of the old baronial pile
 Gleam and vanish in our sight :
 Forward, faster still, we pressed,
 Urgent was our daring quest,
 With no time to ponder.

All without was dark and drear,
 All within was bright and gay,
 Dance, and feast, and goodly cheer
 Ushering in the marriage day—
 Torn from her true lover's side,
 She that should have been my bride
 For deliverance waited.

Laughed and sang that roustering crew,
 Came no smile to Hilda's face ;
 Hours that swift to others flew
 Passed her by with creeping pace ;
 With the dawn the turret bell
 Would the vow of mockery tell,
 Falsely consecrated.

So to save her we had come,
 Ere the fatal hour drew nigh,
 Riding to that evil home,
 Whence with me she vowed to fly.
 Perilous the deed might be—
 But the lion's lair for me
 Would have lost its terrors.

Faithful to my cause and quest,
 Roderick, faithful Roderick, came,
 Foster-brother mine, and best,
 Truest of his race and name :
 Oft I've blessed his ready sword,
 Often by his prudent word
 'Scaped from boyish errors.

So, before the little gate,
 Half concealed the trees among,
 Fearful lest I came too late,
 Lightly from my steed I sprung.
 Thrice I tapped with timid hand—
 Gave the sign that we had planned
 At our last fond meeting.

For a space no sound was heard,
 Save the storm-wind in the trees,
 Or the chirp of wakened bird,
 Whilst I waited ill at ease ;
 Till I caught the footfall light,
 And there came the swift delight
 Of the hurried greeting.

With her arms about me thrown,
 To my steed I gave the rein ;
 Ere they knew that we had flown,
 Down the glen we rode amain,
 Trampling through the withered fern,
 Splashing through the icy burn,
 Up the hillside straining.

Scarce the steep ascent was won,
 When behind us, fierce and loud,
 Rose a shout, and one by one
 Came the lordling revellers proud :
 Hilda's sire was on the track—
 Twenty followers at his back,
 Fast upon us gaining !

" Vain it is to seek to fly !"
 Quoth brave Roderick, as we sped,
 " Better far that one should die—
 Let me suffer in your stead ;
 Couch you in the thicket shade—
 I will lead them down the glade,
 They, deceived, will follow."

Ere my lips could frame reply,
 He was gone—and back we drew,
 As in headlong haste rode by
 Lord St. Omer's godless crew.
 Then for life and love we fled,
 Turning swift our charger's head
 From the sheltering hollow.

Only the sharp clash of steel,
 Only one defiant cry
 Came the sequel to reveal,
 Told how Roderick chose to die.
 Where shall such a friend be found,
 Who long days of service crowned
 With a deed so splendid ?

Thus he saved us, and we rode
 Through the darkness toward the sea,
 Till the winter sunrise glowed,
 Welcoming my love and me ;
 And, above the tumbling foam,
 On the cliffs my castle home
 Wide her gates extended.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

LEIGH HUNT.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport ;
 And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the Court ;
 The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed ;
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show—
 Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams—a wind went with their paws ;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another,
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother ;
 The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air ;
 Said Francis then, " Faith ! gentlemen, we're better here than there ! "

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king,—a beauteous lively dame,
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same.
 She thought, " The Count my lover is as brave as brave can be—
 He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me :
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is divine !
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love : great glory will be mine ! "

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled ;
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild.
 The leap was quick, return was quick—he had regained his place—
 Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face !
 " In truth," cried Francis, " rightly done ! " and he rose from where he sat,
 " No love," quoth he, " but vanity, sets love a task like that. "

THE WIND HARP.

HORACE G. GROSER.

A BARON there was, of high degree, in the turbulent days of old,
 Who ruled by right of his conquering sword and his coffers of yellow gold :
 And poised far up on the splintered crags of a mountain bleak and bare,
 His castle flouted the foe who thought to climb the rugged stair.

Aloof it stood from the warm red roofs and the city's merry throng,
 Nor ever a gleeman thither strayed to banish gloom with song,
 And the Baron vowed, as he leaned and looked from his high embattled wall,
 " They may keep their tinkling lutes. Let be ! my harp shall shame them all. "

And he stretched great cords of pliant steel the tall grey towers between—
 A harp with mightier strings, I wis, the world had never seen :
 " There needs but the harper's hand," quoth he, " to set the music free,
 And then we will thrill these dreary hills with the rarest of melody. "

He waited on, and the feet of Spring passed over the flowery vales,
 And the beechen woods were noisy at night with the song of the nightingales,
 And August came with the harvesters, and soon with misting breath
 October sent through the river reeds the first faint signs of death.

Then came a night when the setting sun glared like a king deposed,
 And as he fell the uplifting clouds above his glory closed,
 And the taper lights of the meek white stars blinked one by one, and failed,
 And over the whole wide vault of heaven the shrouding dark prevailed.

The Baron musing, in cheerless mood, by his chamber fire that night,
 Watched where the broidered arras swayed in the faggot's fitful light,
 Till a sudden gust like a breaking wave swept round his castle wall
 And the wind harp thrilled to the wild wind's touch, like a captive long in thrall.

And through the hours of the starless dark the ruthless tempest blew,
 And the mountain pines were snapped like reeds, and the scudding cloud-rack flew,
 But out of the heart of the storm rang clear that rich mysterious strain,
 As a soul, that slept through shadowless days, awakes at the stroke of pain.

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wish'd the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
 Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
 That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I open'd wide the door;—
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
 This I whisper'd, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"—
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:—
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

“Prophet,” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
 On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,
 Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me truly, I implore!”
 Quoth the Raven, “Never more.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?”
 Quoth the Raven, “Never more.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shriek’d, upstarting,
 “Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”
 Quoth the Raven, “Never more.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,
 And the lamplight o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
 Shall be lifted—never more.

LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
 And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war—
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone
 He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented!—the gallant came late!
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
 ’Mong bride’s-men and kinsmen, and brothers and all:
 Then spoke the bride’s father, his hand on his sword
 (For the poor, craven bridegroom said never a word),
 “O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?—
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?”

“I long wooed your daughter; my suit you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung!
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
 There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
 And the last rays kissed the foreheads of a man and maiden fair,
 He with footsteps slow and weary,—she with sunny, floating hair;
 He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful,—she with lips all cold and white,
 Struggling to keep back the murmur,—“Curfew must not ring to-night!”

“Sexton,” Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
 With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls, dark, damp, and cold;
 “I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
 At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh;
 Cromwell will not come till sunset”; and her lips grew strangely white
 As she breathed the husky whisper,—“Curfew must not ring to-night!”

“Bessie,” calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced her young heart
 Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart—
 “Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
 Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
 I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
 Now I'm old I still must do it; curfew it must ring to-night!”

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow;
 And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
 She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
 “At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die.”
 And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright;
 In an undertone she murmured, “Curfew must not ring to-night.”

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before :
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro,
As she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray of light,—
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder,—o'er her hangs the great dark bell ;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell !
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps the clapper—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out,—the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro ;
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted. That brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illumine the sky with beauty ; aged sires, with heads grown white,
Long should tell the little children, curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell ; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn ;
And her face, so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light :
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell ; "curfew shall not ring to-night."

Wide they flung the massive portal, led the prisoner forth to die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darkening English sky,
Bessie comes with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with lovelight sweet,
Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays the pardon at his feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face upturned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me—curfew will not ring to-night."

DRUMCLOG.

A BALLAD OF THE COVENANTERS (1679).

HORACE G. GROSER.

AT daybreak, on the Westland moors, we met our God to praise,
Gathered, despite a king's command, our morning psalm to raise ;
And with the thin grey morning mists that wreathed above the glen
Rose up the song, rose up the prayer, of thrice three hundred men.

All through those early Sabbath hours no foeman's step drew nigh ;
Then came, hot-foot across the heath, our scouts with warning cry :
"To arms! to arms! the proud white plume of Claver'se yonder shines!"
And louder still, "To arms! to arms!" was echoed down the lines.

“For Christ our King and Covenant”—we flung the banner wide!
 And at the sight a ringing shout the glittering troop defied.
 The mother led her bairns apart, the strong man pressed before,
 And beardless lads that day drew steel that once their grandsires wore.

But ill it served the haughty Graeme to find us thus prepared,
 For, safe in Drumclog’s lonely vale, he thought the game was snared;
 And wrath was in that cruel face, as down the glen he came,
 To find the pathway set with pikes, and lit with points of flame.

Woe to the fiend whose dainty blade with blood of martyrs ran!
 To those who flout the Lord of Heaven, and have no ruth for man!
 Answered shall be their piteous cry who fell on Rullion Green,
 Vain, vain the troopers’ headlong charge—God’s angel stands between.

Nearer and nearer still they drew, and as we knelt to pray,
 Wild as a winter blast the foe swept up the marshy way;
 Ere we could rise, with sudden flash, the levelled carbines rang,
 And with drawn swords, to close the strife, the horsemen forward sprang.

Unscathed we rose, and, as their steeds came plunging through the mire,
 On plumèd helm and bright cuirass poured down an answering fire;
 A moment’s space the smoke-cloud hid the glittering ranks beneath,
 And then through flying drifts we saw confusion, rage, and death.

With muttered oath the troopers turned, back-wheeling up the hill;
 The wounded charger shuddering reared, with neighings loud and shrill;
 Low drooped the plume, the nerveless hand let fall the slackened rein;
 They sank to earth, and earth drank in the red blood of the slain.

Then, gripping scythe and pike, we burst resistless on their rear;
 Rider and steed and all went down, as louder rose the cheer—
 “Sword of the Lord and Gideon! For God and for the right!
 Strike for the Cause, and think on those who fell at Rullion Fight!”

And thus across the dark morass, and up the slope of green,
 Swayed the broad stream of struggling men as never yet was seen;
 And Claver’sè, on his charmèd steed, a storm of bullets drew;
 They failed—I fired with silver—ha! she reeled; my aim was true.

Then panic fell on all, and fast with bloody spur they fled,
 Till they had set the Avon’s flood betwixt them and the dead.
 And low we knelt in praise to Him whose arm, made bare that day,
 Scattered the foe like mountain mist that sunrise rends away.

VIRGINIA.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

LORD MACAULAY.

OVER the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
 From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke:
 The city gates were opened; the Forum, all alive
 With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive:
 Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman’s stroke was ringing,
 And blithely o’er her panniers the market-girl was singing:

And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home—
 Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome,
 With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
 Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
 She crossed the Forum shining with the stalls in alleys gay,
 And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
 When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when, erewhile,
 He crouched behind his patron's wheels, with the true client smile;
 He came with lowering forehead, swollen features and clenched fist,
 And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist:
 Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast—
 And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
 And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
 The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go:
 Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled, in harsh, fell tone,
 "She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own.
 She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
 The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
 I wait on Appius Claudius; I waited on his sire:

Let him who works the client wrong, beware the patron's ire!"
 —But ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
 Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for aid,
 Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
 And stamped his foot and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
 And beckoned to the people, and, in bold voice and clear,
 Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear!
 "Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your fathers' graves,
 Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves;
 Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
 Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
 Exult, ye proud Patricians! the hard-fought fight is o'er:
 We strove for honour—'twas in vain: for freedom—'tis no more.
 Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will:
 Riches and lands, and power and state, ye have them—keep them still!
 Heap heavier still the fetters: bar closer still the gate;
 Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate:—
 But, by the shades beneath us, and by the God above,
 Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
 Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
 From Consuls, and high Pontiffs, and ancient Alban Kings?
 Ladies who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet—
 Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street
 Who, in Corinthian mirrors, their own proud smiles behold,
 And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold?
 Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
 The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife!—
 Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
 That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame;
 Lest when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
 And learn, by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare!"

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide;
 Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down—
 Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown;
 And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!
 Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
 To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?"

And how my darling loved me ! How glad she was to hear
 My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year !
 And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
 And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown !
 Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways—
 Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays ;
 And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
 Or watch beside the old man's bed or weep upon his urn.
 —The time is come ! See, how he points his eager hand this way !
 See, how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey.
 With all his wit he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
 Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left.
 He little deems, that, in this hand, I clutch what still can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave ;
 Yea, too, from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
 Foul outrage, which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know !
 Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss ;
 And now, my own dear little girl, there is no way—but this !”
 —With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died !

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
 And hid his face, some little space, with the corner of his gown,
 Till, with white lips and blood-shot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
 And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high :
 “ Oh ! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
 By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain ;
 And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
 Deal you by Appius Claudius, and all the Claudian line !”
 He writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then with steadfast feet
 Strode right across the market-place into the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius : “ Stop him ; alive or dead !
 Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head !”
 He looked upon his clients—but none would work his will ;
 He looked upon his lictors—but they trembled and stood still ;
 And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
 Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left :
 And he hath passed in safety unto his weeful home,
 And there ta'en horse to tell the Camp what deeds are done in Rome !

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
 And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire :
 “ I bring thee here my fortress keys ; I bring my captive train ;
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord—oh ! break my father's chain !”

“ Rise ! rise ! Even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day.
 Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way.”
 Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
 And urged, as if with lance in hand, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo ! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
 With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land :
 “ Now haste, Bernardo, haste, for there in very truth is he,
 The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see.”

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheeks' blood came and went ;
 He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting, bent—
 A lowly knee to earth he bent ; his father's hand he took :
 What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook ?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing ; it dropped from his like lead ;
 He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead !
 A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white.
 He met at last his father's eyes ; but in them was no sight.

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed. But who could paint that gaze ?
 They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze ;
 They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood,
 For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

“ Father ! ” at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then—
 Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men !
 He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his young renown ;
 He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sate down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
 “ No more, there is no more,” he said, “ to lift the sword for now.
 My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father,—oh ! the worth,
 The glory and the loveliness, are passed away from earth !

“ I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee yet,
 I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met :
 Thou wouldst have known my spirit then. For thee my fields were won ;
 And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son ! ”

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
 Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train,
 And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
 And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead !

“ Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss ?
 Be still and gaze thou on, false king, and tell me what is this ;
 The voice, the glance, the heart I sought, give answer—where are they ?
 If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay !

“ Into these glassy eyes put light—be still ! keep down thine ire—
 Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire !
 Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed.
 Thou canst not—and a king ! His dust be mountains on thy head ! ”

He loosed the steed ; his slack hand fell—upon the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turned from that sad place ;
 His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain ;
 His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

AS THE FLIGHT OF A SPARROW.

MARY GORGES.

[These verses embody an incident which is said to have occurred in Saxon England when Edwin, King of Northumbria, submitted to his Council the request of certain Christian missionaries to be allowed to preach the gospel in his dominions.]

THE wise men and the warriors, the greatest of the land,
 Had gathered in the Council Hall—a grave and noble band ;
 But eyes that in the battle hour had gleamed with battle fire
 Now wore the restless, yearning look of loss or vain desire.

Was *this* life all? Remained there not some nobler, worthier sphere?
 What said the gods?—The gods were dumb. When would the truth appear?
 It might be soon; e'en now there came strange tidings from afar,
 Of men whose token was a cross, whose beacon was a star.

“Chiefs! shall we hear these stranger priests?” thus spake the stern-browed king;
 “And question them of this new faith, the message that they bring;
 Or walk as those before us walked, and leave the unknown end
 To Him we know not, or can guess if foe He be or friend?”

In silence were the words received; then an old chieftain rose.
 “Edwin,” he said, “on winter nights, when the wild tempest blows,
 We sit within your open hall, warrior and sage renowned,
 The fire is warm, the lights are bright, the wassail bowl goes round.

“But outside falls the hail and snow, the night is black with storm—
 Lo! through the open door, there flies a sparrow’s shivering form;
 It flashes by the blazing fire—its shadow on the wall—
 Then out into the night again, beyond our ken or call.

“Whence did it come? We cannot tell, or whither it is gone;
 For brief space on its quivering wings the happy firelight shone,
 Then storm and darkness wrap it round—away into the night
 For evermore the fleeting wings have vanished from our sight!

“Is it not thus with man? He comes awhile into life’s hall,
 And feels the warmth, and sees the light—then passes from it all!
 But whither came the spirit here? And whither hath it flown?
 No hand hath ever traced that path—no mortal wit hath known.

“Have these, who claim a hearing now, a torch to light the gloom
 In which our souls for ever dwell—the shadow of the tomb?
 Then let them speak—we wander still, as birds who lose the nest,
 And know not where, above, below, their pinions shall find rest.”

So spake the chief, and touched a chord which thrilled in every heart.
 They bade the holy men appear, their message to impart;
 And from the land the shadows fled, the darkness from the soul,
 Drawn to its rest, the Cross of Christ, as magnet to the pole.

And ours is now the hope that sheds its light on death’s dark hour,
 And ours the charge to send it forth, to speed the word of power.
 For still, like that lost bird that passed storm-drifted through the night,
 Unguided souls go wandering on and miss the heavenly light.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

LORD MACAULAY.

OH! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the north,
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
 Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
 That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine ;
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
 And Astley and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 The General rode along us to form us for the fight,
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
 " For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !
 For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine ! "

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
 His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall ;
 They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks !
 For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken ! We are gone !
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
 O Lord, put forth Thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !
 Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last !

Stout Skippon hath a wound ; the centre hath given ground :
 Hark ! hark ! What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear ?
 Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys ;
 Bear up another minute : brave Oliver is here !

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
 And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar ;
 And he—he turns, he flies :—shame on those cruel eyes,
 That bore to look on torture and dare not look on war !

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the slain,
 First give another stab to make your search secure ;
 Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and locketts,
 The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
 When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;
 And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
 Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
 And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
 Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
 Your stage plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,
 With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon of the Pope ;
 There is woe in Oxford halls ; there is wail in Durham's stalls ;
 The Jesuit smites his bosom ; the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
 And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword ;
 And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
 What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

WILL CARLETON.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout ;
 For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out—
 We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
 Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

“What is the matter?” say you. I swan it's hard to tell !
 Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well !
 I have no other woman, she has no other man—
 Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
 And we have agreed together that we can't never agree :
 Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime :
 We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
 Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart ;
 I had my various feelings, bred in the flesh and bone :
 And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
 Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed ;
 We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea :
 And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow ;
 She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—how ?
 I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had ;
 And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke ;
 But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
 And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl,
 And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup ;
 And so that blamed cow-creature was always a-cumin' up ;
 And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
 But it gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way ;
 And always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say ;
 And down on us came the neighbours, a couple dozen strong,
 And lent their kindest service to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
 We was both of us cross and cranky, and both too proud to speak ;
 And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
 If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
 And we have agreed together that we can't never agree ;
 And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine ;
 And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
 Of all the farm and live stock that she shall have her half ;
 For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
 And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam,
 But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home ;
 And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
 That Betsey should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawing tol'erable pay,
 A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day ;
 Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;
 Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much ;
 Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such !
 True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young ;
 And Betsey was al'ays good to me excepting with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
 For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other chaps ;
 And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
 And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in the town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
 I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon ;
 Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
 She nursed me true and tender, and watched by me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
 Her house and kitchen were tidy as any I ever seen ;
 And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
 Excepting when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
 And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right ;
 And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
 And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur,
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her ;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lying together in silence, perhaps we will agree ;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

WILL CARLETON.

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer : how do you do to-day ?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures : make it an X or a V ;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do ;
And if my horses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over for certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was labourin' under a heavy load ;
No—for I was travellin' an entirely different road ;
For I was a-tracing over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper, and driven straight ahead ;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind ;
And these things flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

“ But,” says I, “ we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plough, I do not oft turn back,
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two ” ;
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house, 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hilltop I see the kitchen light ;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's going to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house, the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see ;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat-pocket like a cat would watch a mouse ;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holding it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper, I drew the agreement out,
 And gave it to her without a word, for she know'd what 'twas about ;
 And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
 Was busted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
 And read the article over quite softly to herself ;
 Read by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
 And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she gave my arm a touch,
 And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much.
 But when she was through, she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
 And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years !

I don't know what you'll think, sir—I didn't come to inquire—
 But I picked up that agreement, and stuffed it in the fire ;
 And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow ;
 And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
 If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash ;
 And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth,
 By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
 And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light ;
 And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
 Was nothing to that evening I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
 Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss ;
 But when she went a-pryin' and openin' of old sores,
 My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out of doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two ;
 But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do ;
 When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
 And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talking in this style,
 But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while ;
 And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
 That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer ; don't stop short of an X ;
 Make it more if you want to, for I have got the cheques.
 I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
 For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

A CHRISTMAS CAMP ON THE SAN GABR'EL.

AMELIA BARR.

LAMAR and his rangers camped at dawn on the banks of the San Gabr'el,
 Under the mossy live oaks, in the heart of a lonely dell ;
 With the cloudless Texas sky above, and the musquite grass below,
 And all the prairie lying still, in a misty, silvery glow.

The sound of the horses cropping grass, the fall of a nut, full ripe,
The stir of a weary soldier, or the tap of a smoked-out pipe,
Fell only as sounds in a dream may fall upon a drowsy ear,
Till the captain said, "'Tis Christmas Day! So, boys, we'll spend it here ;

"For the sake of our homes and our childhood, we'll give the day its dues."
Then some leaped up to prepare the feast, and some sat still to muse ;
And some pulled scarlet yupon-berries and wax-white mistletoe,
To garland the stand-up rifles,—for Christmas has no foe.

And every heart had a pleasant thought, or a tender memory,
Of unforgotten Christmas-tides, that never more might be ;
They felt the thrill of a mother's kiss ; they heard the happy psalm ;
And the men grew still, and all the camp was full of a gracious calm,

"Halt!" cried the sentinel ; and lo! from out of the brushwood near
There came, with weary, fainting step, a man in mortal fear,—
A brutal man, with a tiger's heart ; and yet he made this plea :
"I am dying of hunger and thirst, so do what you will with me."

They knew him well—who did not know the cruel San Sabatan—
The robber of the Rio Grande, who spared not any man?
In low, fierce tones they spoke his name, and looked at a coil of rope
And the man crouched down in abject fear—how could he dare to hope?

The captain had just been thinking of the Book his mother read,
Of a Saviour born on Christmas Day, who bowed on the Cross His head ;
Blending the thought of his mother's tears with the holy mother's grief,—
And when he saw San Sabatan, he thought of the dying thief.

He spoke to the men in whispers, and they heeded the words he said,
And brought to the perishing robber water and meat and bread.
He ate and drank like a famished wolf, and then lay down to rest,
And the camp, perchance, had a stiller feast for its strange Christmas guest.

But, or ever the morning dawned again, the captain touched his hand :
"Here is a horse, and some meat and bread. Fly to the Rio Grande!
Fly for your life! We follow hard ; touch nothing on your way—
Your life was only spared because 'twas Jesus Christ's birthday."

He watched him ride as the falcon flies, then turned to the breaking day.
The men awoke ; the Christmas berries were quietly cast away ;
And, full of thought, they saddled again, and rode off into the west—
May God be merciful to them, as they were to their guest !

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

MARY STANSBURY

'Twas long ago—ere ever the sound of the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North as one ;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their desire.

On roofs and glittering turrets, that night, as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jewelled crown.
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael, rise.

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall ;
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbour round,
And last slow-fading vision, dear to the outward bound.

The gently-gathering shadows shut out the waning light ;
The children prayed at their bedside, as they were wont each night ;
The noise from buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone,
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street ;
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet ;
Men stared in each other's faces, through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous, stroke on stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in nameless dread ;
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their daring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city was driven the surging crowd,
Where, firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger, the church of St. Michael's stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail—
A cry of horror, blended with the roaring of the gale
On whose scorching winds updriven a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

“Will it fade?” The whisper trembled from a thousand whitening lips.
Far out on the lurid harbour they watched it, from the ships,
A baleful gleam, that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-the-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

“Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the perilled city, plucks down yon burning brand.”
So cried the Mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard ;
But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky—
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted—that terrible sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But, see ! he has stepped on the railing ; he clings with his feet and his hands,
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he stands !
Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a single tempestuous breath—
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire ;
He stops ! Will he fall ? Lo ! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black !

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air ;
At the church door, mayor and council wait with their feet on the stair,
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand—
The unknown saviour, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them as they gaze?
 And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
 He stood in the gate of the temple he had perilled his life to save,
 And the face of the unknown hero was the sable face of a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking in tones that were clear, not loud;
 And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd.
 "Ye may keep your gold—I scorn it! But answer me, ye who can,
 If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a *man*?"

He stepped but a short space backward; and from all the women and men
 There were only sobs for answers; and the mayor called for a pen,
 And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran;
 And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door a man.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky:
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track.
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part.
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er;
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart:

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn";
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

MARY FLETCHER.

LONG ago, so says my story, dwelt in some far distant land
 Offerus, a mighty giant, stout of limb and strong of hand;
 Brave and fearless, too, in spirit, and within himself he said,
 "I will serve some royal master, one who knows nor fear nor dread.

"Him I serve must be the greatest of all kings upon the earth,
For the man who fears his fellow, him I hold of little worth."
So he searched through many countries, traversed many a river wide,
Passed o'er many a sandy desert, climbed up many a mountain side.

And at last he found a monarch great and powerful, and he thought,
"I have found the mightiest monarch, I have found the lord I sought!"
So he made that king his master, served him well, with all his might,
Did his pleasure, fought his battles, guarded him by day and night.

But one evening at the banquet, as went round the jest and tale,
Someone named a neighbour sovereign, and the king grew sad and pale;
And the giant, standing near him, saw amazed his looks, and said,
"Art thou not the mightiest monarch? wherefore then turn pale with dread?"

"Yes, I am the mightiest monarch," quoth the king, "except that one,
He whose name thou heardest. I fear him; other mortals fear I none."
Spake the giant, "Dost thou fear him? he shall be my master, then;
He whom I may serve and honour must not fear his fellow-men."

So he found that other sovereign; and he asked him, "Dost thou fear
Any mortal, man or woman, any sovereign, far or near?"
With a laugh the king made answer, "None fear I of mortal birth,
Far or near, the wide world over; I am mightiest on the earth."

Then quoth Offerus right joyful, "I thy servant true will be,
Fight for thee, do all thy pleasure, serve thee well and faithfully."
And from that time forth the giant served that mighty monarch well,
Honoured him, and loved him truly, till at last it thus befell;—

Sat the king with all his nobles in the stately palace hall,
Wine and mead were circling freely, gay and gladsome were they all;
Some were jesting, some were singing, some told tales of love and fame;
But, at last, a heedless courtier spoke the Evil Spirit's name.

Then the monarch crossed his forehead, and the giant, standing by,
Noted that his cheek grew pallid, and that fear was in his eye.
In amaze he looked upon him, then he spoke in tones of scorn,
"They were false, those words thou spakest, 'None fear I of woman born.'"

"Yea, 'tis true I fear no mortal; but the devil, him I fear—
Him, the spirit of all evil, all men dread him far and near."
Then quick answer made the giant, "Is it so? then I will find,
Find and serve him, for this spirit is the master to my mind."

So he left the stately palace, wandered forth into the night;
Wildly was a tempest raging, and the lightning flashing bright.
On he wandered, never heeding driving wind and pelting rain,
Lightning flash or rolling thunder, till he reached a barren plain.

Then a flash of dazzling splendour lighted all the scene around,
And a strange and awful figure, rising slowly from the ground,
For a moment stood before him; then the bright, unearthly light
Faded, and the vision also faded from his startled sight.

Motionless he stood, and wondering, till again, with blinding glare,
Came a lightning flash, and showed him still that figure standing there.
"Who art thou?" he asked, undaunted. "I am he whom thou dost seek.
I will give thee lavish payment. Wilt thou be my servant? Speak."

"Art thou then that mighty spirit? tell me true," the giant said,
 "Art thou he of whom all mortals, high or lowly, stand in dread?
 At whose very name all mortals quail and tremble, as I hear;
 Man or spirit, good or evil, is there none whom thou dost fear?"

With a mocking laugh the spirit—"Mightier than I is none;
 Good and evil, men and spirits, of them all I fear not one."
 "I will serve thee," quoth the giant. And he served him many a day,
 His commands, though hard and cruel, never failing to obey.

Now it chanced they twain were passing, on an evening fair and still,
 Down a lonely road, the spirit laughing o'er his deeds of ill,
 When they saw that by the wayside, shining in the silvery light
 Of the moon, a cross was standing. When the spirit saw that sight,

Crying out, he fled in terror. When at last his flight he stayed,
 Offerus, in tone full scornful, asked him, "Art thou then afraid?"
 "Yea," he said, "that cross betokens One whom I indeed must fear,
 Lord alike of earth and Heaven, spirits there and mortals here."

"Lord of all things?" said the giant, "He my Lord must also be;
 None who owns another mightier ever shall be served by me."
 Quoth the fiend, "Thou canst not serve Him, for He dwelleth not on earth;
 And His yoke is hard and galling, and His payment little worth."

Answering not a word, the giant turned and left the Evil One;
 Over stream, and plain and mountain, many a day he journeyed on,
 Many a weary mile he travelled, finding not the Lord he sought;
 But at length he found a hermit, and to him he told his thought.

"Christ thou seekest," said the hermit, "but He dwells not here below;
 Journeying thus thou canst not find Him. If thou wouldst His presence know,
 Go and toil, and serve thy fellows, for the Lord such work will own;
 What thou doest for His servants, to Himself He counts it done."

So the giant built a cottage where a lonely river flowed,
 Built a boat, and all who needed o'er the rushing stream he rowed.
 In his hut he sat one evening, while a storm raged fierce and wild;
 Hark! through all the tempest's howling, comes a cry as of a child.

"Offerus!" "'Twas but the storm wind." "Offerus!" that voice again,
 "Row me o'er." The giant wavered. "Rowing now were all in vain.
 "Offerus," in accents piteous came the childish voice once more,
 "'Tis so cold, so dark, so lonely; oh, good giant, bear me o'er."

Then the giant rose, and waded through the heaving, troubled tide,
 Raised the child to bear him gently back unto the other side.
 But the child, as on he struggled, heavier still and heavier grew;
 And with pain and toil the giant pressed the surging waters through.

When, at last, half spent, he landed panting on the further shore,
 Setting down the child, he started!—'twas a little child no more,
 But a figure radiant, heavenly, clothed in glory all divine,
 And he spoke in mildest accent, "I am Christ, and thou art Mine."

Then the giant knelt, and lowly Christ his Lord and King adored,
 And his name thenceforth was altered, for that he had borne his Lord.
 "Christopher"—"Christ bearer" was he, and the Lord, whom once he bore—
 Honouring Him in helping others—left that faithful heart no more.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast ;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert's
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared :
Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?
No—'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call that holy ground,
Which first their brave feet trod !
They have left unstained what there they
found—
Freedom to worship God !

MAGDA.

AN OLD SLAV STORY

M. E. R.

IN an old Slav scroll it is written—they say—
This story of years that are past ;
Written on vellum, in letters of gold,
So that the record should last,
Giving Slav races as yet unborn,
Whatever their name and creed,
A record of brave self-sacrifice,
The tale of a deathless deed.

Where the wild Hungarian mountains rise,
Cloudy and dim of hue,
Guarding their valleys of emerald green,
And their lakes of sapphire blue ;
Where the vines go trailing over the rocks,
With amethyst clusters hung,
And the grim old caverns echo back
The song of the vintage sung ;

There, in the arms of the rugged hills,
A village nestling lay,
Like a timid, gentle child, embraced
By a grandsire, old and grey.
And here, with none to whisper of guile,
And none to make them afraid,
Faithful and strong grew the peasant lad,
Simple and pure the maid.

But among the maidens there was one
Whom many a heart loved well ;
Bright was her face, and lithe her form,
Sweet her voice as a bell.
Yet not for her face, or form, or voice,
The villagers held her dear,
But for the true kind heart of her,
And a soul as the noonday clear.

And two there were, to each other kin,
Two men who loved her so,
That wherever her gentle will inclined,
They could not choose but go.
Cousins and friends, of the self-same name
Born in the self-same year.
One was dark as the rifts of the rocks,
Still as the inland mere.

The other passing fair in the face,
Light of heart as a child ;
Fleet of foot as the mountain goat,
Blithe as the woodbird wild.
The first was known as Boraak the dark,
The second—Boraak the fair.
Both loved the very ground that was trod
By the maiden Magda Geyre.

Time passed on, and there came from afar
 Rumours unknown before—
 Rumours of fierce invading foes,
 Rumours of strife and war.
 Then swooping down on this quiet spot,
 Came a rough, rude, soldier band,
 Sent by the chiefs to gather in
 Conscripts throughout the land.

And lots were drawn, and the numbers told
 Who were to join the war,
 And who were to till and to sow at home
 To keep the wolf from the door.
 Boraak the fair drew the lot to go,
 And Boraak the dark to stay ;
 And not till then did the maiden know
 She had given her heart away—

Given it up to Boraak the fair,
 Doomed to a soldier's fate.
 Alas, for the love of the hapless maid
 That had been revealed too late !
 And Magda's eyes were dim with tears,
 And her form was bowed with grief,
 And the bright young face, till now so gay,
 Drooped like a withered leaf.

'Twas the farewell night, and Boraak the fair
 Whispered a last good-bye.
 Then, blind with his tears, he rushed away,
 With a deep, heart-broken sigh.
 But lo, when he reached the village street,
 The peasants were there alone.
 The soldier band, with the conscript
 youths,
 All, all had vanished and gone.

"What meaneth this?" cried Boraak the fair,
 And his ruddy cheek grew white,
 "Did I not draw the fatal lot—
 Red threes on a ground of white?
 This very even Boraak the dark
 Sent me to Magda Geyre,
 Said, '*Haste thee not in thy last farewell,
 There is time enough and to spare.*'

Then up and spake a patriarch old,
 As he bared his silver hair.
 "A hero was in our midst," quoth he ;
 "Now listen, Boraak the fair !
 The drum was beat, and the roll was
 called,
 Our men were all in their place
 Save thou ; but there in thy stead there
 stood
 Boraak, with his dark still face.

"With shining eyes and with smiling lips,
 He turned and he leaned towards me ;
 'For Magda's sake I am going,' he said,
 'For my dear love's sake,' said he.
 Then the names were called, and the
 chosen men
 Made answer one by one.
 Last—'Boraak Maggior !' 'Here !—Thank
 God,
 The worst is over and done !'

"I heard the words, and I saw the light
 Of the mighty love in his face,
 And I threw my arms about him once,
 In a reverent, proud embrace.
 And then, in the silence of the night,
 The conscripts marched away ;
 Boraak the dark I shall see no more
 Till I wake in eternal day."

So runs the tale. And the war rolled on,
 With its terrible afterglow,
 And tidings came that Boraak the dark
 Had fallen—his face to the foe.

But still on vellum, in letters of gold,
 The record remains, to prove
 What man may learn, from his ransoming
 Christ,
 Of a self-renouncing love.

GETTIN' RELIGION.

IDA GOLDSMITH MORRIS.

I AIN'T much on religion, nor prayer-
 meeting beside ;
 I've never jined the Church as yet, nor
 ain't been sanctified ;
 But a tender sort of feeling draws me
 nearer to the skies,
 Since I got a peep of heaven through a
 pair of trusting eyes.

Time was when nothing moved my
 thoughts above this sinful world ;
 No preacher's words could stir me up, in
 wrath an' fury hurled ;
 But lately I've been drifting nigher to
 the better land,
 And the force that leads me upward is a
 little dimpled hand.

Seems like the bad thoughts sneak away,
 with that wee chap hard by ;
 And cuss-words that were handy once
 won't come when he is nigh ;

Fact is, it sort o' shames me to see those
clear blue eyes
Look at me (when I'm gettin' riled) in
pity an' surprise.

I don't know much of heaven or angels
an' such things;
But, somehow, when I picture 'em, it
ain't with harps and wings;
But with yeller curls, all tangled, and
tender eyes that shine,
An' lips that's soft and loving, like that
little chap of mine.

Then, when he folds his dimpled hands,
in his little bed at night,
An' whispers "Now I lay me," why thar's
something ails my sight,
An' my throat gits sort of husky when he
blesses me, an' then
I'm dead sure I've got religion by the
time he says "Amen!"

KING GABA'S BOND.

W. E. CULE.

PASSED Mura's troops in lengthy line
Along the dusty way,
And Pelis watched the sunbeams shine
Upon their bright array.

For archer strong and knight was there,
And bill and halberdier;
Flew many a banner bright and fair,
Flashed many a pennoned spear.

And one drew up his restless steed
Beside the peasant boy,
And in his glances sought to read
His wonder and his joy.

"Why smilest thou?" The gazer turned
To hear the rider speak,
His eyes with ardent longing burned,
Flushed was his boyish cheek.

"I love to see them riding by,
So sturdy and so true,
And, in my watching, long that I
Might be a warrior too."

The hero marked the open brow
Untraced by lines of thought,
"Some day," he answered, "even thou
Mayst fight as we have fought:

"Yet never present toil despise,
Hope on, and, working, wait;
By toil the lowest carle may rise—
Time opens every gate."

Upon his arm the horseman wore
Two bands of carven gold,
And each a mystic writing bore
Traced by a sage of old.

One band unclasping from its place,
With all its valued charm,
He stooped to bind, with kingly grace,
Upon the herd-boy's arm.

"By this," he said, "remember me,
And bear my words in mind;
The written charm shall speak to thee,
The gold thy purpose bind."

He shook his bridle-rein, and spurred
His all-impatient steed;
The shepherd turned to tend his herd
Upon his master's mead.

Long after, forced by traitor bands
To leave his father's throne,
King Gaba roamed in alien lands
Unaided and alone.

Yet not alone! for, last of all,
Through days of darkest fear,
One hand was ever at his call,
One ever-ready spear.

Not knight, nor chief of high degree,
Nor prince with honours bought
A peasant, poor and lowly, he,
Untitled and untaught.

And inly marvelling at the thing
When many days had passed,
Thus kindly spake the aged king—
"Thou, of them all the last,

"Why willing thus to dwell apart,
So faithful to the end?
Found ruler ne'er so true a heart,
Nor man a better friend."

Then bowed the faithful Pelis low,
"My sire," he cried, "Behold!"
He bared his mighty arm, to show
A band of graven gold.

"Thy gift, O King, hath worked its charm,
For when, in mood benign,
'Twas bound upon the herd-boy's arm,
His soul was bound to thine.

“ And when thou didst his service claim,
 What could he but respond,
 Though flight and shame, not warrior
 fame,
 Were payment of the bond ? ”

Then mused the king, “ By Him above,
 'Tis proved in trouble's hour,
 Of all that bind, the bond of love
 Holds far the mightiest power. ”

Before that troubled year was past
 The traitor-chief was slain,
 The rebels from the city cast,
 King Gaba ruled again.

And when, across the meadows wide,
 They heard the joy-bells ring,
 They entered Mura side by side,
 The peasant and the king !

THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE wine-month shone in its golden
 prime,
 And the red grapes clustering hung,
 But a deeper sound through the Switzer's
 clime
 Than the vintage music rung ;
 A sound, through vaulted cave,
 A sound, through echoing glen,
 Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave :
 'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
 'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
 Till the Alps replied to that voice of war
 With a thousand of their own.
 And through the forest glooms
 Flashed helmets to the day,
 And the winds were tossing knightly
 plumes
 Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel
 As the host of the Austrian passed ;
 And the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a
 savage peal,
 Made mirth at the clarion blast.
 Up 'midst the Righi snows
 The stormy march was heard,
 With the charger's tramp, whence fire-
 sparks rose,
 And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
 Through the rude Morgarten strait,
 With 'blazoned streamers and lances tall,
 Moved onward in princely state.
 They came, with heavy chains,
 For the race despised so long,
 But amidst his Alp domains
 The herdsman's arm is strong.

The sun was redd'ning the clouds of morn
 When they entered the rock defile,
 And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
 Their bugles rung the while.
 But, on the misty height,
 Where the mountain people stood,
 There was stillness as of night
 When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness—as of deep, dead night,
 And a pause—but not of fear,
 While the Switzers gazed on the gathering
 night
 Of the hostile shield and spear.
 On wound those columns bright
 Between the lake and wood,
 But they looked not to the misty height
 Where the mountain people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,
 All helmed and mail-arrayed,
 And their steps had sounds like a thunder-
 shower
 In the rustling forest shade.
 There were prince and crested knight,
 Hemmed in by cliff and flood,
 When a shout arose from the misty height
 Where the mountain people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down
 Their startled foes among,
 With a joyous whirl from the summit
 thrown ;
 Oh, the herdsman's arm is strong !
 They came like lauwine hurled
 From Alp to Alp in play,
 When the echoes shout through the snowy
 world,
 And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crashed on the mountain-side,
 And the Switzers rushed from high,
 With a sudden charge, on the flower and
 pride
 Of the Austrian chivalry.
 Like hunters of the deer,
 They stormed the narrow dell,
 And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
 Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
 And a cry of wild dismay,
 And many a warrior met his fate
 From a peasant's hand that day!
 And the empire's banner then,
 From its place of waving free,
 Went down before the shepherd men,
 The men of the forest sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they
 brake
 The cuirass and the shield,
 And the war-horse dashed to the reddening
 lake,
 From the reapers of the field!
 The field—but not of sheaves—
 Proud crests and pennons lay,
 Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood
 leaves
 In the autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,
 When the Austrian turned to fly,
 And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
 Had a fearful death to die!
 And the leader of the war
 At eve unhelmed was seen,
 With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
 And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman
 tills,
 Went back from the battle toil,
 To their cabin homes 'mid the deep green
 hills,
 All burdened with royal spoil.
 There were songs and festal fires
 On the soaring Alps that night,
 When children sprang to greet their sires
 From the wild Morgarten fight.

BISHOP HATTO.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE, A.D. 941.

W. G. K.

NEAR Bingen's town, where the broad
 Rhine flows,
 In the days when Otho the Great arose,
 Dwelt Hatto, the Bishop of Mentz, in
 state,
 A lord of the Church and Empire great;
 Who owned wide woods and castles high
 In the pleasant land of Germany.

Fair were the snow-crowned hilltops
 white,
 And the sun-robed landscape bathed in
 light;
 Bright were the banners of brave young
 knights,
 In the tournaments gay or border fights;
 While the village maidens fair were seen,
 In the evening dance on the meadow
 green.

But a cloud hung over the country now,
 Like the mist and gloom o'er a mountain's
 brow;
 For the harvest had failed, and fields were
 bare
 Of the ripening corn and wheat so fair;
 And famine, and want, and misery fell
 On the people round like a dismal spell.

And only the Bishop that year could say,
 That his barns were full and his heart was
 gay.

So the people haunted his palace door,
 Like the simple village folk of yore;
 For they thought full surely that he would
 give
 Of his golden grain that they might live;
 Would give them his benediction, too,
 As priest of the holy God and true.

But the Bishop grew black as a thunder-
 cloud
 At the cries of the poor, so shrill and loud;
 And he vexed his soul with the question
 how
 He might best get rid of this rabble low;
 For he called them "rats," in his angry
 spleen,
 That robbed the land of its produce green.

Then a dark thought grew in his dark-
 some soul,
 Fierce as a stormcloud's muttering roll;
 And he sent forth word to the poor around
 To come to his barn at the matin sound,
 When he would scatter his corn as free
 As the summer winds o'er the sounding sea.

The villagers flocked to the Bishop's barn,
 Like scattered sheep to a tinkling charm;
 And when they were all packed close and
 fast,
 And Hatto knew they were caught at last,
 He barred up the door with his wicked
 hand,
 And fastened them in with an iron band.

Thus the darksome thought into blossom
burst
In his evil heart and soul accurst ;
For he fired the barn, and the flames rose
high,
'Mid the shrieks of horror and agony.
Alas! for the poor, who had hoped to find
Comfort and food from the Bishop kind.

That eve, not a whit by his crime opprest,
He flung himself down for his nightly
rest,
Pleased with the horrible deed he had done ;
He thought to himself he had glory won,
For ridding the land of the folk so poor,
Who had dared ask food at his palace
door.

But when he arose in the early morn,
Mysterious sounds to his ears were borne ;
He learned that an army of rats that night,
Having eaten his corn to left and right,
Were hastening that way in a vengeful mood,
Like hungry wolves from their solitude.

Then his servants rush to his lordship's
room,
With fearful looks of a coming doom,
And hurry him off to his castle strong,
'Mid the flowing Rhine's unceasing song ;
For he thinks in his heart, no rats would dare
Scale the high walls of his fortress there.

But the rats go too, for they swim the
Rhine,
Breasting the wave in an endless line ;
And Hatto trembles in every limb,
For he knows full well they are after *him* ;
And at last he sinks on his bended knees,
As the fearful sight from his tower he sees.

They throng the castle by every nook,
Seeking the Bishop with eager look ;
They rush through the rooms, and spread
dismay
'Mid the awestruck people abroad that day ;
For in by the windows, and through the
doors,
The army of rats like a torrent pours.

They enter at last the topmost room,
Where Hatto hides from the awful doom ;
And they fall on the conscience-stricken
man,
Forsaken to meet them as best he can ;
And the gleam of teeth is the short reply
To his screams for mercy who feared to
die.

Thus the old legend to all declares—
He shall be pardoned who pitying spares ;
But he who is harsh to the poor and weak,
Pity one day shall vainly seek.

THE LADY RIBERTA'S HARVEST.

A LEGEND OF HOLLAND.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

In the days of old there was wont to be,
On the jagged coast of the Zuyder Zee,
A city from whence broad galleons went
To distant island and continent,
To lands that under the tropics lay,
Ind and the fabled far Cathay,
To gather from earth, and sea, and air,
All that was beautiful, rich, and rare ;
And back they voyaged, so laden full
With fairy fabrics from old Stamboul,
With pungent woods that breathed out
balms,
With brodered stuffs from the realm of
palms,
With shawls from the marts of Ispahan,
With marvellous lacquers from strange
Japan,
That through this traffic on many a sea
So grand did its merchants grow to be,
That even Venetian lords became
Half covetous of the city's fame.

The Lady Riberta's fleet was great,
And year by year it had brought such
store
Of treasures, until in her queenly state
There scarcely sufficed her room for
more.
Her feasts—no prince in the realms around
Had service so rich or food so fine
As daily her carven tables crowned ;
And proud she was of her luscious cates,
And her rare conserves, and her priceless
wine,
And her golden salvers and golden
plates ;
For all that the sea or the shore could
bring
Was hers for the fairest furnishing.

It fell one day that a stranger came
In garb of an Eastern sage arrayed,
Commended by one of noble name :
He had traversed many a clime, he said,
And, whithersoever he went, had heard
Of the Lady Riberta's state, that so
In his heart a secret yearning stirred
To find if the tale were true or no.

At once the Lady Riberta's pride
Upsprang, and into her lordly hall
She led the stranger, and at her side
She bade him be seated in sight of all.

Silver and gold around him gleamed,
The daintiest dishes before him steamed ;
The rarest of fish, and flesh, and bird,
Fruits all flushed with the tropic sun,
Nuts whose names he had never heard,
Were offered: the stranger would have
none;

Nor spake he in praise a single word.
"Doth anything lack?" with chafe, at last,
The hostess queried, "from the repast?"

Gravely the guest then made reply :
"Lady, since thou dost question, I,
Daring to speak the truth alway,
Even in such a presence, say
Something *is* wanting: I have sate
Oft at the tables of rich and great,
Nor seen such viands as these; but yet
I marvel me much thou shouldst forget
The world's one *best* thing; for 'tis clear,
Whatever beside, *it* is not here."

"Name it," the lady flashed, "and
nought
Will I grudge of search till the *best* is
brought."

But never another word the guest
Uttered, as smoothly he waved aside
Her question, that in the heat of pride,
Mindless of courtesies, still she pressed.
And when from her grand refectory hall
They fared from their feasting, one and all,
Again with a heightened tone and air
To the guest she turned, but no guest was
there.

"I'll have it," she stamped, "whatever it
be;
I'll scour the land, and I'll sweep the sea,
Nor ever the tireless quest resign
Till I know the world's one *best* thing
mine!"

Once more were the white-sailed galleons
sent
To far-off island and continent,
In search of the most delicious things
That ever had whetted the greed of kings:
But none of the luxuries they brought
Seemed quite the marvel the lady sought.

At length from his latest voyage back
Sailed one of her captains: he told her
how

Wild weather had driven him from his
track,
And his vessel had sprung a leak, till bow
And stern were merged, and a rime of
mould

Had mossed the flour within the hold,
And nothing was left but wine and meat,
Through weary weeks, for the crew to eat.
"Then the words of the stranger rose,"
he said,
"And I felt that the one *best* thing was
bread!"

And so, for a cargo, I was fain
Thereafter to load my ships with grain."

The Lady Riberta's wrath outsprang
Like a sword from its sheath, and her
keen voice rang
Sharp as a lance-thrust: "Get thee back
To the vessel, and have forth every sack,
And spill in the sea thy cursed store,
Nor ever sail with my galleons more!"

The people who hungered for daily bread
Prayed that to them in their need, instead,
The grain might be dealt; but she heeded
none,
Nor rested until the deed was done.

The months passed on, and the harvest
sown
In the furrows of deep sea-fields had
grown

To a forest of slender stalks—a wide,
Strong net to trap whatever the tide
Drew on in its wake—the drift and wreck
Of many a shattered mast and deck,
And all the tangle of weeds there be
Afloat in the trough of the plunging sea,
Until, as the years went by, a shoal
Of sand had tided a sunken mole
Across the mouth of the port, that so
The galleys grounded, and to and fro
Fared forth no longer, and merchants
sought
Harbours elsewhere for the stores they
brought.

The Lady Riberta's ships went down
In the offing; the city's old renown
Faded and fled with its commerce dead,
And the Lady Riberta *begged for bread*.

The hungry billows with rage and roar
Have broken the ancient barriers o'er,
And bitten their way into the shore;
And where such traffic was wont to be,
The voyager now will only see
The spume and fret of the Zuyder Zee.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand ;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand.
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
 The lordly Niger flowed ;
 Beneath the palm trees on the plain
 Once more a king he strode,
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
 Among her children stand :
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his
 cheeks,
 They held him by the hand !—
 A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
 And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
 Along the Niger's bank ;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains,
 And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of
 steel
 Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew :
 From morn to night he followed their flight,
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyæna scream ;
 And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For death had illumined the land of sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away !

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming
 Round Damietta's towers,
 Though a Christian banner from her walls
 Waved free its Lily-flowers.
 Ay, proudly did the banner wave,
 As queen of earth and air ;
 But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its folds,
 In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon
 Their kingly chieftain lay,
 And low on many an Eastern field
 Their knighthood's best array.
 'Twas mournful, when at feast they met,
 The wine-cup round to send ;
 For each that touched it silently
 Then missed a gallant friend.

And mournful was their vigil
 On the beleaguered wall,
 And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
 Of slow defeat and fall.
 Yet a few hearts of chivalry
 Rose high to breast the storm,
 And one, of all the loftiest there,
 Thrilled in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending
 O'er the slumber of her child,
 With her soft, sad eyes of weeping love,
 As the Virgin Mother's mild.
 Oh ! roughly cradled was thy babe,
 'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
 And a strange, wild bower was thine,
 young queen !
 Fair Marguerite of France !

A dark and vaulted chamber,
 Like a scene for wizard spell,
 Deep in the Saracenic gloom
 Of the warrior citadel ;
 And there 'midst arms the couch was
 spread,
 And with banners curtained o'er,
 For the daughter of the minstrel land,
 The gay Provençal shore !

For the bright queen of St. Louis,
 The star of court and hall !
 But the deep strength of the gentle heart
 Wakes to the tempest's call.
 Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,
 His soul with grief oppressed ;
 Yet calmly lay she, desolate,
 With her young babe on her breast.

There were voices in the city—
 Voices of wrath and fear :
 " The walls grow weak the strife is vain—
 We will not perish here !
 Yield ! yield ! and let the Crescent gleam
 O'er tower and bastion high ;
 Our distant homes are beautiful,
 We stay not here to die ! "

They bore those fearful tidings
 To the sad queen where she lay ;
 They told a tale of wavering hearts,
 Of treason and dismay :
 The blood rushed through her pearly cheek,
 The sparkle to her eye—
 " Now call me hither those recreant knights,
 From the bands of Italy ! "

Then through the vaulted chamber
 Stern iron footsteps rang ;
 And heavily the sounding floor
 Gave back the sabre's clang.
 They stood around her—steel-clad men,
 Moulded for storm and fight ;
 But they quailed before the loftier soul
 In that pale aspect bright.

Yes ; as before the falcon shrinks
 The bird of meaner wing,
 So shrank they from the imperial glance
 Of her—that fragile thing !
 And her flute-like voice rose clear and high
 Through the din of arms around—
 Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
 As a silver clarion's sound.

" The honour of the Lily
 Is in your hands to keep ;
 And the banner of the Cross for Him
 Who died on Calvary's steep ;
 And the city which, for Christian prayer,
 Hath heard the holy bell ;
 And is it these your hearts would yield
 To the godless infidel ?

" Then bring me here a breastplate
 And a helm, before ye fly,
 And I will gird my woman's form,
 And on the ramparts die !
 And the boy whom I have borne for woe,
 But never for disgrace,
 Shall go within my arms to death
 Meet for his royal race.

" Look on him as he slumbers
 In the shadow of the lance !
 Then go, and with the Cross forsake
 The princely babe of France !
 But tell your homes ye left one heart
 To perish undefiled ;
 A woman, and a queen, to guard
 Her honour and her child ! "

Before her words they thrilled, like leaves
 When winds are in the wood ;
 And a deepening murmur told of men
 Roused to a loftier mood ;
 And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
 Unsheathed in many a hand,
 As they gathered round the helpless one—
 Again a noble band.

" We are thy warriors, lady !
 True to the Cross and thee ;
 The spirit of thy kindling words
 On every sword shall be.
 Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast—
 Rest, we will guard thee well !
 St. Denis for the Lily-flower
 And the Christian citadel ! "

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

[The battle of Sempach, in which Leopold II. of Austria was defeated and slain by the Swiss, was fought 9th July 1386. The hero of the poem is Arnold Winkelried, the Swiss patriot.]

" MAKE way for liberty ! " he cried,
 " Make way for liberty ! " and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood
 A living wall, a human wood !
 Impregnable their front appears,
 All horrent with projecting spears.
 Opposed to these a hovering band
 Contended for their fatherland ;
 Peasants whose new-found strength had
 broke
 From manly necks the ignoble yoke ;
 Marshalled once more at freedom's call,
 They came to conquer or to fall !

And now the work of life and death
 Hung on the passing of a breath ;

The fire of conflict burned within ;
 The battle trembled to begin ;
 Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
 Point for assault was nowhere found ;
 Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
 The unbroken line of lances blazed.
 That line 'twere suicide to meet
 And perish at their tyrants' feet.
 How could they rest within their graves,
 To leave their homes the haunts of slaves ?
 Could they not feel their children's tread,
 In clanking chains, above their head ?
 It must not be : this day, this hour,
 Annihilates the invaders' power !
 All Switzerland is in the field ;
 She will not fly ; she cannot yield ;
 She must not fall. Her better fate
 Here gives her an immortal date.
 Few were the numbers she could boast,
 But every freeman was a host ;
 While each unto himself was he
 On whose sole arm hung victory.
 It did depend on one indeed ;
 Behold him—Arnold Winkelried !
 There sounds not to the trump of fame
 The echo of a nobler name.
 Unmarked, he stood among the throng,
 In rumination deep and long,
 Till you could see with sudden grace
 The very thought come o'er his face,
 And, by the motion of his form,
 Anticipate the bursting storm ;
 And by the uplifting of his brow,
 Tell where the bolt could strike, and how.
 But 'twas no sooner thought than done
 The field was in a moment won !

“ Make way for liberty ! ” he cried ;
 Then ran with arms extended wide,
 As if his dearest friend to clasp ;
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
 “ Make way for liberty ! ” he cried ;
 Their keen points crossed from side to
 side,
 He bowed amongst them like a tree,
 And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
 “ Make way for liberty ! ” they cry ;
 And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
 As rushed the spears through Arnold's
 heart,

While, instantaneous as his fall,
 Rout, ruin, panic, seize them all
 An earthquake could not overthrow
 A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;
 Thus Death made way for Liberty.

PARRHASIUS.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

[“ Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, among these Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man ; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint.”—*Burton's Anat. of Mel.*]

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
 A grey-haired and majestic old man,
 Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
 And the last seller from his place had gone,
 And not a sound was heard but of a dog
 Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
 Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
 As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
 He had stood there since morning, and
 had borne

From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
 Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
 For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
 And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
 And touched his unhealed wounds, and with
 a sneer
 Passed on ; and when, with weariness o'er-
 spent,

He bowed his head in a forgetful sleep,
 Th' inhuman soldier smote him, and, with
 threats

Of torture to his children, summoned back
 The ebbing blood into his pallid face.
 'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
 Tipped with a golden fire the lordly roofs
 Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
 Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
 Through which the captive gazed. He
 had borne up

With a stout heart that long and weary day,
 Haughtily patient of his many wrongs,
 But now he was alone, and from his nerves
 The needless strength departed, and he
 leaned

Prone on his massy chain, and let his
 thoughts

Throng on him as they would. Unmarked
 of him,

Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,
 Gazing upon his grief. Th' Athenian's cheek
 Flushed as he measured with a painter's eye
 The moving picture. The abandoned limbs,
 Stained with the oozing blood, were laced
 with veins

Swollen to purple fulness ; the grey hair,
 Thin and disordered, hung about his eyes ;

And as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodless face
Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colours stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
The walls were hung with armour, and about
In the dim corners stood the sculptured
forms

Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove,
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque long shadows, full and
true,

And, like a veil of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.
Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount
Caucasus—

The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh :
And, as the painter's mind felt through the
dim

Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
With his far-reaching fancy, and with form
And colour clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the
quick curl

Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip
Were like the wing'd god's, breathing from
his flight.

“Bring me the captive now !

My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colours of such divinity to-day.

“Ha ! bind him on his back !

Look !—as Prometheus in my picture here !
Quick—or he faints !—stand with the
cordial near !

Now—bend him to the rack !

Press down the poisoned links into his flesh !
And tear agape that healing wound afresh !

“So—let him writhe ! How long
Will he live thus ? Quick, my good pencil,
now !

What a fine agony works upon his brow !

Ha ! grey-haired, and so strong !

How fearfully he stifles that short moan !
Gods ! if I could but paint a dying groan !

“‘Pity’ thee ! So I do !

I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter ?
I'd rack thee though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like
mine ?

“‘Hereafter !’ Ay—*hereafter* !

A whip to keep a coward to his track !
What gave Death ever from his kingdom
back
To check the sceptic's laughter ?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that
story—
And I may take some softer path to glory.

“No, no, old man ! we die

Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe
away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they !
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee
more.

“Yet there's a deathless *name* !

A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars ! I'd bind it on !

“Ay—though it bid me rifle

My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened
first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went
wild—

“All—I would do it all—

Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot !
O heavens !—but I appal
Your heart, old man ! forgive—ha ! on
your lives
Let him not faint !—rack him till he revives.

“Vain—vain—give o'er ! His eye

Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back ! I'll paint the death-dew on
his brow !

Gods ! if he do not die

But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm
lips !

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so
—he's dead."

—
"THE INJUN."

AN INCIDENT IN THE MINNESOTA
MASSACRE OF 1862.

JOHN E. LOGAN.

YE say the Injuns all alike—
A bad an' sneakin' lot;
An' ain't no use for nuthin',
So the cusses should be shot?

Well, p'r'aps they is, an' p'r'aps they ain't
A lazy, wuthless crowd;
Yet, bother me ef I kin see
Why white men chin so loud.

Ef some o' them poor devils kicks
'Cause things ain't run quite squar',
An' jumps an Indian agent's ranch,
An' yanks his bloomin' har.

Thar' ain't no thought uv causes;
An' no one makes a fuss—
It's "Jes' call out the blue-coats,
An' give 'em somethin' wuss!"

Thar's good an' bad in Injun,
An' thar's good an' bad in White;
But somehow, they is allus wrong,
An' we is allus right.

But I'm an old, old timer,
I've jes' bin here so long,
That I kin mostly allus tell
The ones that's right an' wrong.

An' ye can bet yer sainted life,
When things get steamin' hot,
That some white fool or knave has lit
The fire that biles the pot.

Ye think the Injun isn't squar'?
That's jes' whar' ye mistake;
Fer bein' true to them that's true
The Injun scoops the cake.

Fer I ken tell ye what occurred,
'Way back in 'sixty-two,
When things in Minnesota State
Wuz lookin' kinder blue.

The Sioux wuz up an' on the shoot,
A-slingin' round their lead,
An' scalpin' every mother's son
That wuzn't bald or dead.

Thar' warn't a livin' Yankee—
An' lots wuz brave an' bold—
That would have crossed them plains alone
For a waggon-load uv gold.

'Cause why? We knowed the Guv'ment
Wuzn't treatin' Injuns fair;
That's why they're riz an' painted things,
An' raised the settlers' hair.

That summer, a fur-trader
Came up from Montreal,
An' on his way to Garry
He landed at Saint Paul.

An' all the guides an' hunters said
He couldn't cross the plains,
Fer them thar' painted devils
Wuz layin' low fer trains.

He only luffed, and said he knowed
The Injuns all his life,
An' he wuz goin' to mosey through,
An' take along his wife.

An' she, you bet, wuz plucky,
An' said she'd go along;
Fer Injuns only went fer them
As allus done 'em wrong.

I giv' a smile—'twuz risky;
An' all the fellers sed
The chances of their gettin' through
Warn't wuth an ounce uv lead.

But sure's yer born, they started
Right out the northern trail,
Aboard a praree schooner,
With a Texan steer fer sail.

An' right a-top that creekin' cart,
Upon the highest rack,
That trader nailed a bloomin' rag—
An English Union Jack.

So thar' he'd gone an' done it,
Es stubborn as a mule;
An' knowin' fellers said we'd seen
The last of that there fool.

They wuzn't long upon the trail
 Before a band of Reds
 Got on their tracks, an' follered up,
 A-goin' to shave their heads.

But when they seen that little flag
 A-stickin' on that cart,
 They jes' said, "Hudson Bay. Go on,
 Good trader, with good heart!"

An' when they struck the river,
 An' took to their canoe,
 'Twuz that thar' bit uv culler
 That seen 'em safely through.

Fer thar' that cussed little rag
 Went floatin' through the state—
 A-flappin' in the face uv death,
 An' smilin' right at fate.

That wuz the way them 'tarnal fools
 Crossed them thar' blazin' plains,
 An' floated down the windin' Red
 Through waves with bloody stains.

What give that flag its virtoo?
 What's thar' in red an' blue,
 To make a man and woman dar'
 What others daren't do?

Jes' this—an' Injuns knowed it—
 That whar' them cullers flew,
 The men that lived beneath them
 Wuz mostly straight an' true;

That, when they made a bargain,
 'Twuz jes' as strong an' tight
 As if 'twere drawn on sheep-skin,
 An' signed in black an' white.

That's how them Hudson traders done
 Fer mor'n two hundred year;
 That's why that trader feller crossed
 Them plains without a fear.

An' jes' so long ez white men
 Don't try some little game,
 To euchre out the red man,
 So long he'll act the same.

But when the men beneath that flag
 Tries any monkey ways,
 Then good-bye old-time friendship,
 For the Injun's goin' ter raise.

But jes' believe me, onst for all:
 To them that treats him fair,
 The Injun mostly allus wuz,
 And is, and will be, wuz.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CHAINED in the market-place he stood
 A man of giant frame,
 Amid the gathering multitude,
 That shrunk to hear his name;
 All stern of look, and strong of limb,
 His dark eye on the ground:—
 And silently they gaze on him,
 As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought—
 He was a captive now;
 Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
 Was written on his brow.
 The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
 Showed warrior true and brave;
 A prince among his tribe before—
 He could not be a slave!

Then to his conqueror he spake—
 "My brother is a king:
 Undo this necklace from my neck,
 And take this bracelet ring,
 And send me where my brother reigns,
 And I will fill thy hands
 With store of ivory from the plains,
 And gold-dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory or thy gold,
 Will I unbind thy chain;
 That fettered hand shall never hold
 The battle-spear again.
 A price thy nation never gave
 Shall yet be paid for thee;
 For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
 In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior-chief, and bade
 To shred his locks away;
 And, one by one, each heavy braid
 Before the victor lay.
 Thick were the plaited locks, and long;
 And deftly hidden there,
 Shone many a wedge of gold, among
 The dark and crispéd hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eyes with gold,
 Long kept for sorest need;
 Take it—thou askest sums untold,—
 And say that I am freed.
 Take it!—my wife, the long, long day
 Weeps by the cocoa tree,
 And my young children leave their play,
 And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold—but I have made
 Thy fetters fast and strong,
 And ween that by the cocoa shade
 Thy wife will wait thee long."
 Strong was the agony that shook
 The captive's frame to hear,
 And the proud meaning of his look
 Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain ;
 At once his eye grew wild ;
 He struggled fiercely with his chain ;
 Whispered, and wept, and smiled :
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands ;
 For soon, at close of day,
 They drew him forth upon the sands,
 The foul hyæna's prey.

THE DESERTER.

MARY A. BARR.

"DESERTER!" Well, captain, the word's
 about right,
 And it's uncommon queer I should run
 from a fight,
 Or the chance of a fight ; I, raised in a land
 Where boys, you may say, are born rifle
 in hand,
 And who've fought all my life for the right
 of my ranch,
 With the wily Apache and the cruel
 Comanche.

But it's true, and I'll own it, I did run away.
 "Drunk?" No, sir! I'd not had a drop
 all the day ;
 But—smile if you will—I'd a dream in the
 night,
 And I woke in a fever of sorrow and fright
 And went for my horse ; 'twas up and away :
 And I rode like the wind—till the break of
 the day.

"What was it I dreamt?" I dreamed of
 my wife—
 The true little woman that's better than
 life—
 I dreamt of my boys—I have three—one is
 ten,
 The youngest is four—all brave little men—
 Of my one baby girl, my pretty white dove,
 The star of my home, the rose of its love.

I saw the log house on the clear San Antoine,
 And I knew that around it the grass had
 been mown,

For I felt, in my dream, the sweet breath
 of the hay—
 I was there, for I lifted a jessamine spray ;
 And the dog that I loved heard my whispered
 command,
 And whimpered, and put his big head in my
 hand.

The place was so still ; all the boys were
 at rest ;
 And the mother lay dreaming, the babe at
 her breast.
 I saw the fair scene for a moment ; then
 stood
 In a circle of flame, amid shrieking and
 blood.
 The Comanche had the place—captain,
 spare me the rest ;
 You know what that means, for you come
 from the West.

I woke with a shout, and I had but one
 aim—
 To save or revenge them—my head was
 aflame,
 And my heart had stood still ; I was mad, I
 daresay,
 For my horse fell dead at the dawn of the
 day ;
 Then I knew what I'd done, and with heart-
 broken breath,
 When the boys found me out I was praying
 for death.

"A pardon!" No, captain, I did run
 away,
 And the wrong to the flag it is right I
 should pay
 With my life. It's not hard to be brave
 When one's children and wife have gone
 over the grave.
 Boys, take a good aim ! When I turn to
 the west
 Put a ball through my heart ; it is kindest
 and best.

He lifted his hat to the flag—bent his head,
 And the prayer of his childhood solemnly
 said—
 Shouted, "Comrades, adieu!"—spread
 his arms to the west—
 And a rifle ball instantly granted his rest.

Above that sad grave by the Mexican sea,
 Wives and mothers have planted a blossom-
 ing tree,
 And maidens bring roses, and tenderly say :
 "It was love—sweetest love—led the soldier
 away."

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

F. H. GASSAWAY.

SOUTH Mountain towered upon our right,
Far off the river lay ;
And over on the wooded height
We kept their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were stilled,
The day died slow and wan ;
At last the gunners' pipes were filled,
The sergeants' yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood
Our brushwood raised, before our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed ;
Of such a little one in heaven
I know one soldier dreamed.

And as she stood, her little hand
Went to her curly head
In grave salute. " And who are you ?"
At length the sergeant said.

" Where is your home ? " he growled again.
She lisped out, " Who is me ?
Why, don't you know I'm little Jane,
The pride of Battery B ?

" My home ? Why, that was burnt away,
And pa and ma is dead ;
But now I ride the guns all day,
Along with Sergeant Ned.

" And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers too ;
And I march beside the drummer-boy
On Sundays at review.

" But now our baccy's all give out,
The men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross ; why, even Ned
Won't play with me and joke !

" And the big colonel said to-day—
I hate to hear him swear—
' I'd give a leg for a good smoke,
Like the Yanks have over there.

" And so I thought when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent, and come
Out here across the hill.

" And beg, good Mr. Yankee-men,
You'd give me some Long Jack ;
Please do ! when we get some again,
I'll surely bring it back.

" And so I came ; for Ned, says he,
' If you do what you say,
You'll be a general yet, maybe,
And ride a prancing bay.' "

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er,—
You should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth, stooped down
A score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice
Said, "' Tention, squad ! " and then,

We gave her escort, till good-night
The little waif we bid,
Then watched her toddle out of sight,
Or else 'twas tears that hid.

Her baby form nor turned about,
A man nor spoke a word,
Until at length a far, faint shout
Upon the wind we heard.

We sent it back, and cast sad eyes
Upon the scene around ;
That baby's hand had touched the ties
That brothers once had bound.

That's all, save when the dawn awoke
Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
The screaming missiles fell,

Our colonel often rubbed his glass,
And marvelled much to see,
Not a single shell that whole day fell
In the camp of Battery B.

A BOY HERO.

IN heartless Paris, which to foreign eyes
Seems made of mirrors, gaslight, and
display,
A splendid building's walls began to
rise,
Ascending stone by stone from day to
day.

High and more high the pile was builded
 well,
 And scores of labourers were busy there,
 When suddenly a fragile staging fell,
 And two strong workmen swung aloft in
 air.

Suspended by their hands to one slight
 hold,
 That bent and cracked beneath their
 sudden weight :

One worn with toil, and growing grey and
 old ;
 One a mere boy, just reaching man's
 estate,

Yet with a hero's soul. Alone and young,
 Were it not well to yield his single life,
 On which no parent leaned, no children
 clung,
 And save the other to his babes and
 wife?

He saw that ere deliverance could be
 brought,
 That frail support they grasped must
 surely break ;
 And in that shuddering moment's flash of
 thought,
 He chose to perish for his comrade's
 sake.

With bravery such as heroes seldom know,
 " 'Tis right," he said, and, loosing his
 strong grip,
 Dropped like a stone upon the stones
 below,
 And lay there dead, the smile still on his
 lip.

What though no laurels grow his grave
 above,
 And o'er his name no sculptured shaft
 may rise ?
 To the sweet spirit of unselfish love,
 Was not his life a glorious sacrifice ?

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

OUR new flag-bearer, pale and slim,
 A beardless youth of quiet mien,
 Much chaffed at by old soldiers grim
 (Before in battle he had been),
 Hid the heroic fire in him.

He sang old hymns and prayed at night ;
 " A bad sign," quoth the sergeant bold
 " Camp-meeting tunes before a fight
 Loosen a soldier's moral hold,
 And pluck beats prayer a mighty sight.

The boy blushed red, but tenderly
 He to the sergeant turned and said :
 " That God should mind me, what am I ?
 And yet by Him my soul is fed—
 Send this to mother if I die."

The sergeant, with a knowing look,
 And winking at the rest, replied :
 " Yes, son, I'll give your ma the book"—
 Just then a volley rattled wide,
 And one great gun the valley shook.

The pale flag-bearer disappeared.
 " Gone to the rear," the sergeant said ;
 " Praying would make a Turk afear'd ;
 Those lonesome tunes have turned his
 head"—
 And then the tide of battle neared.

We formed in haste, and dashed away
 Across the field, our place to fill ;
 At first a skirmish, then a spray
 Of cannon-smoke upon a hill,
 Flanked by long lines in close array !

Down charged the foe ; we rushed to meet,
 We filled the valley like a sea ;
 The cannons flashed a level sheet
 Of blinding flame, the musketry
 Cut men as sickles cut the wheat !

Oh, then we shouted ! More and more
 The fervour of our courage rose,
 As through our solid columns tore
 The death-hail's crashing, gusty blows,
 And louder leaped the cannon roar !

But how could molten courage meet
 That icy flood ? All, all in vain
 Our counter-charge ; in slow retreat
 We crossed the tumbled heaps of slain,
 With grave-pits yawning at our feet !

" Rally ! For shame !" rang out a cry,
 Forth from the thundering vortex cast ;
 A voice so steady, clear, and high,
 It sounded like a bugle-blast
 Blown from the lips of victory.

We paused, took hope, yelled loud, and so
 Renewed the charge, all as one man ;
 Leaped where Death's waves had thickest
 flow,
 And felt the breath of horror fan
 Our naked souls as cold as snow !

The volleys quickened, coalesced,
 Rolled deep, rocked earth and jarred
 the sky,
 When lo! our banner-bearer pressed
 His standard forward, held it high,
 And rode upon the battle's crest.

We saw him wave it over all;
 Caught in the battle-trough, and dashed
 From side to side, it would not fall;
 But, like a meteor, danced and flashed,
 And revelled in the sulphurous pall!

We swept the field and won the hill;
 Our flag flared out upon the crest,
 Where, wavering, gasping, pale, and chill,
 A dozen bullets through his breast,
 The slender hero held it still!

We leaped to lift his drooping head,
 The sergeant clasped him to his breast;
 "I love the flag," the low voice said,
 "And God bore me; now let me rest."
 And so we laid him with the dead.

WILLIAM BROWN, THE BOY-
 MARTYR.

E. B. HARRISON.

THE sky is dark, although it is midday,
 But in the open space of Brentwood town
 Red, leaping flames about the faggots play,
 Waiting for William Brown;

Only a boy, a "heretic," though a boy,
 Brought from his home while all the
 heavens are dim—
 Brought here to die with courage—nay,
 with joy!
 Good people, pray for him.

Cold is the sky, and all those faces cold,
 And all is cold save where the faggots
 be;
 And the boy says—he is but twelve years
 old—
 "Good people, pray for me."

There stands a man with children of his own;
 There stands a mother, with her babe at
 breast;
 Brothers and sisters stand about the town—
 These hear his last request.

The father turns his scornful head away,
 The mother tighter holds her infant fair,
 Brothers and sisters laugh as if in play,
 But no one prays a prayer.

Yet one rude voice responds, while darken
 down
 The murky skies, as if it were not day:
 "I'll pray no more for thee, boy William
 Brown,
 Than for a dog I'd pray."

Then the boy-martyr heavenward lifts his
 eyes,
 From pitiless men, from fires of agony,
 And says, before dark faces and dark skies,
 "Son of God, shine on me!"

At once the sun shines through the thick,
 black clouds
 Full on his face, till from the radiance
 bright
 Dazzled he turns—the black looks of the
 crowd
 No more oppress his sight.

The sky is rent, the brightness of God's
 throne
 Pierces the darkness with a sudden joy;
 Ye need not pray—the need of prayer is
 gone
 For him, the martyr-boy.

A PARABLE.

MABEL GOODSSELL.

BEFORE an open window sat a youth,
 Turning the pages of the Book of Truth.
 To him the words seemed all too grand
 and deep;
 And, musing thus, he drifted into sleep.
 He dreamt an angel stood before him there,
 With radiant, gentle face, and floating hair.
 His robes were dazzling white, and on his
 head
 There blazed a crown with jewels ruby-red.
 The youth gazed at the vision in surprise,
 A look of eager longing in his eyes.
 "Ah, give to me," he cried, "thy jewels fair;
 Let me upon my head thy circlet wear."
 The angel gravely answered: "Nay, not so!
 Not yet may I these gifts on thee bestow.
 Go, serve thy time and seek to please the
 Lord;
 Then mayst thou have these jewels as
 reward."

Long years had passed ; the youth, to man-
hood grown,

Within his study precincts mused alone,
When suddenly, in flood of glory bright,
Once more the angel vision met his sight.

"Now tell to me," he said, "what thou
hast done,

That I may judge if thou the crown hast
won!"

"Position have I gained, wealth, honour,
fame ;

And many bow at mention of my name.

Give me, I pray, the jewelled circlet fair !

Surely, with justice I the crown may
wear!"

While speaking thus, he gazed with eager
eyes,

And stretched his hands to grasp the
Vision's prize.

The Angel Presence sadly shook his head,
And brighter, fiercer glowed the jewels red.

"All thou hast done is reckoned but as
naught

With what the Lord and Master for thee
wrought.

To wear the crown, thou must its glory
earn ;

Seek but to please the Lord : I will return."

Years passed. The man, now feeble, worn
and old,

Beheld once more the Vision's crown of gold,
And, falling on his knees, beseeching grace,
He hid with trembling hands his wrinkled
face.

"Ah, pardon me—I seek no golden crown ;
With sorrow is my weary soul bowed down.

The circlet fair I may not hope to win,
For weak has been my faith, and great my
sin ;

Unworthy I ; but, trusting in Thy love,
I humbly beg for mercy from above.

Grant me, O Lord, in heaven a lowly place ;
Forgive my sins by Thy exceeding grace."

The angel placed upon the sinner's head
The crown with jewels glowing ruby red.

THE HEALING

OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

FRESHLY the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying
girl

Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain

Since the hot noontide in a breathless
trance—

Her thin, pale fingers clasped within the
hand

Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motion-
less.

The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And, as it stirred with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turned upon her pillow. He was
there—

The same loved, tireless watcher, and she
looked

Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears ; and, with a
sigh

Of tremulous weakness, murmuring his
name,

She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kissed it as she wept. The old man
sank

Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face ;

And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirred with his prayer, but the slight hand

he held
Had ceased its pressure—and he could not
hear,

In the dead utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils — and her
temples gave

To his nice touch no pulse—and at her
mouth

He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze

Ached with its deathly stillness.

It was night—

And softly o'er the Sea of Galilee
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the
shore,

Tipped with the silver sparkles of the
moon.

The breaking waves played low upon the
beach

Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's
voice,

In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the
air,

Waked by the power of wisdom. On a
rock,

With the broad moonlight falling on His
brow,

Hestood and taught the people. At His feet

Lay His small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff—for they had waited by the sea
Till He came o'er from Gadara, and
prayed

For his wont teachings as He came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on His brow,
And the long curls from off His shoulders
fell,

As He leaned forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and
deep—

And in His looks the same mild majesty—
And in His mien the sadness mixed with
power—

Filled them with love and wonder.
Suddenly,

As on His words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them
stood

JAIRUS THE RULER. With his flowing
robe

Gathered in haste about his loins, he came,
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side ;
And silently the people shrank away,
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst
Alone. A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And, as the Twelve looked on him, by the
light

Of the clear moon they saw a glistening
tear

Steal to his silver beard ; and, drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of His coarse mantle, and with trembling
hands

Pressed it upon his lips, and murmured
low,

"Master! my daughter!"

The same silvery light
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea
Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
Jesus and His disciples. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy
beam

Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
As Jairus led them on. With hushing steps
He trod the winding stair ; but ere he
touched

The latchet, from within a whisper came,
"Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps faltered, and his broken voice

Choked in its utterance ;—but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
"She is not dead—but sleepeth."

They passed in.
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
Burned dimly, and the white and fragrant
smoke
Curled indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumbered in their
folds—

Not even a tassel stirring in the air—
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,
And prayed inaudibly, the Ruler heard
The quickening division of His breath
As He grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er His calm, sad
face ;

And, drawing nearer to the bed, He moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she
lay—

The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white, transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like
life ;

And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins ;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling
loose

Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they
hung,

Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour
raised

Her hand from off her bosom, and spread
out

The snowy fingers in His palm, and said,
"Maiden! arise!"—and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied colour
ran ;

And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirred in the linen vesture ; and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and, fixing her dark
eyes

Full on His beaming countenance—AROSE !

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

THE Roman sentinel stood, helmed and tall,

Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,

And basked his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned, and kept

His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head

To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon.

The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet

Unmixed with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide street, along whose paved way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,

Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walked with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one

Mourned with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate

Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers passed,

Bending beneath their burden. There was one—

Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,

Followed an aged woman. Her short steps

Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan

Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd

Followed apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—

A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale

With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat

Stood thickly on His brow, and on the worn

And simple latches of His sandals lay
Thick the white dust of travel. He had come

Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not

To wet His lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor wash His feet in Kishon's silver springs,

Nor turn Him southward upon Tabor's side

To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
Gennesaret stood cool upon the east,

Fast by the Sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveller might bide till eve ;

And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild ;

Yet turned He not aside, but, gazing on,
From every swelling mount, He saw afar,
Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain,
The place of His next errand ; and the path

Touched not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the east lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city gate the pitying crowd

Followed the stricken mourner. They drew near

The place of burial, and, with straining hands,

Closer upon her breast she clasped the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,

And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin grey lashes of her fevered eyes,

She came where Jesus stood beside the way.

He looked upon her, and His heart was moved.

"Weep not!" He said ; and as they stayed the bier,

And at His bidding laid it at His feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,

And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng

drew near,
And gazed on His calm looks. A minute's space

He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand,

He said, "Arise!" And instantly the
breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden
flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And, with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his
neck,
Jesus went calmly on His way to Nain.

THE LEPER.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

"ROOM for the leper! room!" And, as
he came,
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper!
room!"

Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the
far hum

Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells—
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence, or the
sick

Hailing the welcome light and sounds
that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.

"Room for the leper!" And aside they
stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood
—all

Who met him on his way—and let him
pass.
And onward through the open gate he
came,

A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put
down,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!"

'Twas now the first
Of the Judæan autumn, and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,

And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip
And sparkled in his glance, and in his
mien

There was a gracious pride that every
eye

Followed with benisons—and this was he!

With the soft airs of summer there had
come

A torpor on his frame, which naught that
stirs

The spirit to its bent, might drive away.

The blood beat not as wont within his
veins;

Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy
sloth

Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his
mien,

With all its loftiness, seemed struck with
eld.

Even his voice was changed—a languid
moan

Taking the place of the clear silver key;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the
light

And very air were steeped in sluggishness.

Day after day, he lay as if in sleep,
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and
white scales,

Circled with livid purple, covered him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell
away

From the dull flesh about them, and the
hues

Deepened beneath the hard, unmoistened
scales,

And from their edges grew the rank white
hair,

—And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense
lamp

Burned with a struggling light, and a low
chant

Swelled through the hollow arches of the
roof

Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.

The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down
his head

Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb;

And with the sackcloth round him, and
his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom :—

“Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For He has smote thee with His chastening
rod ;

And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must
flee,
That from thy plague His people may be
free.

“Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more ;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er ;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way ; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by

“Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains
hide ;

Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to
drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink ;

“And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze ;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the
trees

Where human tracks are seen ;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the
plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn or yellow
grain.

“And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy and thine eyes are
dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod.
Depart! O leper! and forget not God!”

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose
name

Was woven in the fibres of the heart,
Breaking within him now, to come and
speak

Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his
way,

Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!

It was noon,

And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his
brow,

Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength
to flee,

He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, “Unclean! unclean!” and in the
folds

Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his
face,

He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending
o'er

The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his
name—

“Helon!” The voice was like the master-
tone

Of a rich instrument—most strangely
sweet ;

And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
“Helon! arise!” and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear,—yet in His
mien

Command sat throned serene, and if He
smiled,

A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and His sandals
worn ;

His stature modelled with a perfect grace ;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touched with the opening innocence of a
child ;

His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon ; His hair, unshorn,
Fell to His shoulders, and His curling
beard

The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart were moved, and stooping
down,

He took a little water in His hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, “Be
clean!”

And lo! the scales fell from him, and his
 blood
 Coursed with delicious coolness through
 his veins,
 And his dry palms grew moist, and on his
 brow
 The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipped
 Him.

“STAND BY ME.”

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF
 MARENGO.

W. E. CULE.

DARKLY pressed the tide of foes
 On the centre and the right,
 Where the loudest tumults rose
 From the fight.

All in vain the captains urged
 Every line with strength and skill,
 For the Austrian masses surged
 Heavier still.

And the faltering arms of France
 Turned, disordered, from the fray,
 Breaking from that strong advance
 In dismay.

Yet, in Danger's open course,
 Like a statue in relief,
 Motionless, upon his horse,
 Sat the Chief.

Saw his wavering lines retire
 From the long-contested ground,
 While the Austrians' hottest fire
 Spread around.

Till a horseman, spurring by,
 Hastening from the failing host,
 Bade the fearless leader “Fly—
 All is lost!”

But the answer, calm and stern,
 Shamed the heart so prone to flee,
 With its scorn:—“Nay, captain, turn,
 Stand by me.”

Lo! a faithful soldier heard
 That imperative command,
 And repeating but the word,
 Echoed, “Stand!”

Through the panic-stricken throng
 Passed the loud and sudden shout,
 And its spirit, borne along,
 Stayed the rout.

Back to face the battle-storm,
 Gathering at the firm appeal,
 Round the Chief began to form
 Lines of steel.

And the Austrian squadrons, torn
 In the ardour to pursue,
 By that fury backward borne
 Shrank anew.

Till each phalanx, rank on rank,
 Made disorderly retreat,
 And the Empire banners sank
 In defeat.

With Marengo's laurels won,
 France her gallant leader blessed,
 Ere the sinking of the sun
 In the west.

You who fight the fight of Life,
 Hear the word of Christ's command—
 In the fiercest of the strife
 Firmly stand.

Though the Future's path be dark,
 Keep your courage to the last,
 To your purpose and your mark
 Holding fast.

Though your comrades bid you fly,
 Though supreme the danger be,
 Hear your Captain's rallying cry—
 “Stand by Me!”

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

[Written by a young lady who had been
 accused of being a fanatic on the subject of
 temperance.]

Go, feel what I have felt;
 Go, bear what I have borne—
 Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
 And the cold world's proud scorn;
 Then suffer on from year to year,
 Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt—
 Implore, beseech, and pray—
 Strive the besotted heart to melt,
 The downward course to stay;
 Be dashed, with bitter curse, aside;
 Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go, weep as I have wept,
 O'er a loved father's fall ;
 See every promised blessing swept,
 Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
 Life's fading flowers strewn all the way
 That brought me up to woman's day.

Go to thy mother's side,
 And her crushed bosom cheer—
 Thy own deep anguish hide—
 Wipe from her cheek the tear ;
 Mark her worn frame and withered brow—
 The grey that streaks her dark hair now—
 With fading frame and trembling limb,
 And trace the ruin back to him
 Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
 Promised eternal love and truth ;
 But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
 That promise to the cursèd cup,
 And led her down through love and light,
 And all that made her promise bright,
 And chained her there 'mid want and
 strife,
 That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife .
 And stamped on childhood's brow so
 mild
 That withering blight—the drunkard's
 child.

PRAYING AND WORKING.

SAID Farmer Jones, in a whining tone,
 To his good old neighbour Gray,
 "I've worn my knees through to the bone,
 But it ain't no use to pray.

"Your corn looks twice as good as mine,
 Though you don't pretend to be
 A burnin' light in the church to shine,
 An' tell salvation's free.

"I've prayed the Lord a thousand times,
 For to make that 'ere corn grow,
 And why you'n beats it so and climbs,
 I'd gie a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbour Jones,
 In his easy, quiet way,
 "When prayers get mixed with lazy bones,
 They don't make farmin' pay.

"Your weeds, I notice, are thick and tall,
 In spite of all your prayers ;
 You may pray for corn till the heavens fall,
 If you don't dig up the tares.

"I mix my prayers with a little toil,
 Along in every row ;
 An' I work the mixture into the soil
 Quite vigorous with a hoe.

"An' I've discovered, spite of my sin,
 As sure as you are born,
 This kind of compost well worked in,
 Makes pretty decent corn.

"So while I am praying I use my hoe,
 An' do my level best
 To keep down the weeds along each row,
 An' the Lord, He does the rest.

"It's well for to pray both night and morn,
 As every farmer knows ;
 But the place to pray for thrifty corn
 Is right between the rows.

"You must use your hands while praying,
 though,
 If an answer you would get,
 For prayer-worn knees and a rusty hoe
 Ne'er raised a big crop yet.

"An' so, I believe, my good old friend,
 If you mean to win the day,
 From ploughing clean to the harvest end,
 You must hoe as well as pray."

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

MRS. E. L. BEERS.

WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?
 I looked at John—John looked at me ;
 Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
 As well as though my locks were jet.
 And when I found that I must speak,
 My voice seemed strangely low and weak :
 "Tell me again what Robert said !"
 And then I, listening, bent my head.

"This is his letter :
 "I will give
 A house and land while you shall live,
 If, in return, from out your seven,
 One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
 I thought of all that John had borne
 Of poverty, and work, and care,
 Which I, though willing, could not share ;
 I thought of seven mouths to feed,
 Of seven little children's need,
 And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
 "We'll choose among them as they lie
 Asleep"; so, walking hand in hand,
 Dear John and I surveyed our band.
 First to the cradle light we stepped,
 Where Lilian the baby slept,
 A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
 Softly the father stooped to lay
 His rough hand down in loving way,
 When dream or whisper made her stir,
 And huskily he said: "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
 And one long ray of lamp-light shed
 Athwart the boyish faces there,
 In sleep so pitiful and fair;
 I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,
 A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
 "He's but a baby, too," said I,
 And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
 Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
 "No! not for gold untold, not him,"
 He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
 Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
 Could he be spared? "Nay, He who
 gave,

Bade us befriend him to the grave;
 Only a mother's heart can be
 Patient enough for such as he;
 And so," said John, "I would not dare
 To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
 And knelt by Mary, child of love,
 "Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
 I said to John. Quite silently
 He lifted up a curl that lay
 Across her cheek in a wilful way,
 And shook his head: "Nay, love, not
 thee,"
 The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
 So like his father. "No, John, no!
 I cannot, will not, let him go."
 And so we wrote in courteous way,
 We could not give one child away;
 And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
 Happy in truth that not one face
 Was missed from its accustomed place;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

"INASMUCH."

(MATT. xxv. 45.)

THEY said, "The Master is coming
 To honour the town to-day,
 And none can tell at what house or home
 The Master will choose to stay."
 And I thought, while my heart beat wildly,
 What if He should come to mine?
 How would I strive to entertain
 And honour the Guest divine?

And straight I turned to toiling
 To make my home more neat;
 I swept and polished and garnished,
 And decked it with blossoms sweet.
 I was troubled for fear the Master
 Might come ere my task was done,
 And I hastened and worked the faster,
 And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties
 A woman came to my door;
 She had come to tell me her sorrows,
 And my comfort and aid to implore.
 And I said, "I cannot listen,
 Nor help you at all to-day;
 I have greater things to attend to,"
 And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another—
 A cripple, thin, pale, and grey—
 And said, "Let me stop and rest me
 Awhile in your home, I pray.
 I have travelled far since morning,
 I am hungry and faint and weak,
 My heart is so full of trouble,
 And comfort and help I seek."

And I said, "I am grieved and sorry,
 But I cannot help you to-day;
 I look for a great and noble Guest,"
 And the cripple moved away.
 And the day wore onward swiftly,
 And my task was nearly done,
 And a prayer was ever in my heart
 That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet
 Him,
 And serve Him with utmost care,
 When a little child stood by me,
 With a face so sweet and fair.
 Sweet, but with mark of tear-drops,
 And his clothes were tattered and old,
 A finger was bruised and bleeding,
 And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, "I am sorry for you,
 You are sorely in need of care,
 But I cannot stop to give it,
 You must hasten elsewhere."
 And at the words a shadow
 Swept o'er his blue-veined brow ;
 "Someone will feed and tend you,
 dear.
 But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,
 And my toil was over and done,
 My house was swept and garnished,
 And I watched in the dusk alone.
 Watched, but no footfall sounded,
 No one paused at my gate,
 No one entered my cottage door,
 I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,
 And the Master had not come.
 "He has entered some other door," I cried,
 "And gladdened some other home."
 My labour had been for nothing,
 And I bowed my head and wept ;
 My heart was sore with longing,
 Yet, spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,
 And His face was grave and fair :
 "Three times to-day I came to your door,
 And craved your pity and care ;
 Three times you sent me onward,
 Unhelped and un comforted,
 And the blessing you might have had was
 lost,
 And your chance to serve has fled."

HUMOROUS.

CANDOUR.

H. C. BUNNER.

OCTOBER: A WOOD.

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she
 said,

And she stood up, looking uncommonly
 tall ;

"You are going to speak of the hectic Fall,
 And say you're sorry the summer's dead.

And no other summer was like it, you
 know,

And can I imagine what made it so ?

Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I
 said.

"I know what you're going to say," she
 said ;

"You are going to ask if I forget
 That day in June when the woods were wet,
 And you carried me"—here she dropped
 her head—

"Over the creek ; you are going to say,
 Do I remember that horrid day ?

Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I
 said.

"I know what you're going to say," she
 said ;

"You are going to say that, since that
 time,

You have rather tended to run to rhyme ;

And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek
 grew red—

"And have I noticed your tone was
 queer?—

Why, everybody has seen it here!—

Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said ;

"You're going to say you've been much
 annoyed,

And I'm short of tact—you will say
 devoid—

And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call
 me Ted,

And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
 And you'll have me, any way, just as
 I am.

Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es,
 she said.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE ;
 OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-
 HOSS SHAY."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss
 shay

That was built in such a logical way,

It ran a hundred years to a day,

And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,

I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,
Snuffy old drone from the German hive,
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown,
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking
still,

Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*"),
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn't* break
daown :

"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the
strain ;

'n' the way to fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills ;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;
The crossbars were ash, from the straight-
est trees ;

The panels of white-wood, that cuts like
cheese,

But lasts like iron for things like these ;
The "hubs of logs from the Settler's sellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their
lips,

Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;

Thoroughbrace, bison-skin, thick and
wide ;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died,
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll
dew."

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less !
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were
they?

But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED : it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and
sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten ;
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came ;—
Running as usual ; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large ;
Take it. — You're welcome.— No extra
charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-
day.—

There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start,
For the wheels were just as strong as the
thills,

And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back cross-baras strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out* !

First of November, 'Fifty-five !
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way !
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay

Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went
 they.

The parson was working his Sunday's
 text,—

Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the—Moses—was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.

—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill,—

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house
 clock,—

Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !

—What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around ?

The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground !

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once,—

All at once, and nothing first,—

Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

CONTENTMENT.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;

I only wish a hut of stone

(A *very plain* brown stone will do),

That I may call my own ;—

And close at hand is such a one,

In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;

Three courses are as good as ten ;—

If Nature can subsist on three,

Thank Heaven for three. Amen !

I always thought cold victual nice ;—

My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ;—

Give me a mortgage here and there,—

Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,

Or trifling railroad share,—

I only ask that Fortune send

A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,

And titles are but empty names ;

I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—

But only near St. James ;

I'm very sure I should not care
 To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles ; 'tis a sin

To care for such unfruitful things ;—

One good-sized diamond in a pin,—

Some, *not so large*, in rings,—

A ruby, and a pearl, or so,

Will do for me ;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire

(Good, heavy silks are never dear) ;

I own perhaps I *might* desire

Some shawls of true Cashmere,—

Some marrowy crapes of China silk,

Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive

So fast that folks must stop and stare ;

An easy gait—two, forty-five—

Suits me ; I do not care ;—

Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,

Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own

Titians and Raphaels three or four,—

I love so much their style and tone,—

One Turner, and no more

(A landscape—foreground golden dirt,

The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few,—some fifty score

For daily use, and bound for wear ;

The rest upon an upper floor ;—

Some *little* luxury *there*

Of red morocco's gilded gleam,

And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,

Which others often show for pride,

I value for their power to please,

And selfish churls deride ;—

One Stradivarius I confess,

Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,

Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ;—

Shall not carved tables serve my turn,

But *all* must be of buhl ?

Give grasping pomp its double share,—

I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,

Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;

If Heaven more generous gifts deny,

I shall not miss them *much*,—

Too grateful for the blessing lent

Of simple tastes and mind content !

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

R. H. BARHAM.

THE jackdaw sat on the cardinal's chair !
 Bishop and abbot and prior were there ;
 Many a monk, and many a friar ;
 Many a knight, and many a squire ;
 With a great many more of lesser degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company :
 And they served the lord primate on
 bended knee.
 Never, I ween,
 Was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of
 Rheims !

In and out through the motley rout
 That little jackdaw kept hopping about ;
 Here and there,
 Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cates,
 And dishes and plates,
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Mitre and crosier—he hopped upon all !
 With saucy air,
 He perched on the chair
 Where, in state, the great lord cardinal sat
 In the great lord cardinal's great red hat ;
 And he peered in the face
 Of his lordship's grace
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
 "We two are the greatest folks here to-
 day !" . . .

The feast was over ; the board was cleared ;
 The flaws and custards had all dis-
 appeared,
 And six little singing-boys,—dear little
 souls !
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
 Came, in order due, two by two,
 Marching that grand refectory through !
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Embossed, and filled with water, as pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and
 Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
 Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne!
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
 One little boy more
 A napkin bore,
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
 And a cardinal's hat marked in "per-
 manent ink."

The great lord cardinal turns at the sight
 Of these nice little boys dressed all in white :
 From his finger he draws his costly
 turquoise ;
 And, not thinking at all about little
 jackdaws,
 Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence
 wait ;
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such
 thing,
 That little jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout, and *no end* of a
 rout ;
 And nobody seems to know what they're
 about ;
 But the monks have their pockets all
 turned inside out ;
 The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and
 feeling
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and
 the ceiling.
 The cardinal drew off each plum-coloured
 shoe,
 And left his red stockings exposed to the
 view ;
 He peeps, and he feels
 In the toes and the heels ;
 They turn up the dishes ; they turn up the
 plates ;
 They take up the poker and poke out the
 grates,
 They turn up the rugs ;
 They examine the mugs ;
 But no—no such thing ;
 They can't find THE RING !
 And the abbot declared that, "When
 nobody twigged it,
 Some rascal or other had popped in, and
 prigged it !"

The cardinal rose with a dignified look,
 He called for his candle, his bell, and his
 book !
 In holy anger, and pious grief,
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !
 He cursed him at board ; he cursed him in
 bed ;
 From the sole of his foot to the crown of
 his head ;
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every
 night
 He should dream of evil, and wake in a
 fright ;
 He cursed him in eating ; he cursed him
 in drinking ;

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing,
 in winking;
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in
 lying;
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in
 flying;
 He cursed him in living; he cursed him
 in dying!
 Never was heard such a terrible curse!
 But what gave rise
 To no little surprise—
 Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone; the night came on;
 The monks and the friars they searched
 till dawn;

When the sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
 Come limping a poor, little, lame jackdaw;
 No longer gay, as on yesterday;
 His feathers all seemed to be turned the
 wrong way;

His pinions drooped—he could hardly
 stand;
 His head was as bald as the palm of your
 hand;

His eye was so dim; so wasted each limb,
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried,
 "That's him!—"

That's the scamp that has done this
 scandalous thing!
 That's the thief that has got my lord
 cardinal's ring!"

The poor little jackdaw, when the monks
 he saw,

Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
 And turned his bald head, as much as to
 say,

"Pray be so good as to walk this way!
 Slower and slower, he limped on before,
 Till they came to the back of the belfry
 door,

When the first thing they saw, 'midst the
 sticks and the straw,
 Was the ring in the nest of that little
 jackdaw!

Then the great lord cardinal called for
 his book,
 And off that terrible curse he took;
 The mute expression served in lieu of
 confession,

And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
 The jackdaw got plenary absolution!
 When those words were heard, that poor
 little bird
 Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really
 absurd.

He grew sleek and fat; in addition to
 that,
 A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a
 mat!

His tail wagged more
 Even than before;
 But no longer it wagged with an impudent
 air;
 No longer he perched on the cardinal's
 chair.

He hopped now about with a gait devout:
 At matins, at vespers, he never was out;
 And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
 He always seemed telling the Confessor's
 beads.

If any one lied—or if any one swore—
 Or slumbered in prayer-time, and happened
 to snore,

That good jackdaw
 Would give a great "Caw!"
 As much as to say, "Don't do so any
 more!"

While many remarked, as his manners
 they saw,
 That they "never had known such a pious
 jackdaw!"

Helong lived, the pride of that country side,
 And at last, in the odour of sanctity, died;
 When, as words were too faint his merits
 to paint,

The Conclave determined to make him a
 saint!

And on newly-made saints and popes, as
 you know,
 It's the custom at Rome, new names to
 bestow,

So they canonised him by the name of
 Jim Crow!

A CULPRIT.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE maiden aunt, in her straight-backed
 chair,
 With a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek,
 And a horrified, mortified, mystified air,
 Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece—a nice little maid—
 Stood meekly twirling her thumbs about,
 With a half-triumphant, half-afraid,
 And wholly bewitching pout.

Said the maiden aunt, "Will you please explain
What your heads were doing so close together?"

You could easily, I assure you, Jane,
Have knocked me down with a feather!

"When I think of your bringing-up—my care—
My scrupulous care—and it's come to this!
You

Appeared to be sitting calmly there,
And letting a young man KISS you!

"Now tell me at once just what he said,
And what you replied. This is quite a trial,
So do not stand there and hang your head,
Or attempt the least denial!

"If I catch you once more in such a—fix,
Though you are eighteen, I can tell you,
Jane,

I shall treat you just as if you were six,
And send you to school again!"

Her voice was shaken—of course with
fear,—

"He said—he said, 'Will you have me,
Jane?'

And I said I would. But indeed, aunt,
dear,

We'll never do so again!"

THE TENDER HEART.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

SHE gazed upon the burnished brace
Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with
pride.

Angelic grief was in her face:
"How could you do it, dear?" she
sighed.

"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The song all hushed—oh, cruel shame!"

"The grouse," he murmured, "never
sings."

Said she: "The sin is quite the same—

"You men are savage through and through.
A boy is always bringing in
Some string of birds' eggs, white and blue,
Or butterfly upon a pin.

The angletworm in anguish dies
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease"—

"My own, I fish for trout with flies"—

"Don't wander from the question,
please!"

She quoted Burns's "Wounded Hare,"
And certain burning lines of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
And Coleridge on the water snakes.
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he
Began to feel his will benumbed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"

He saw her lashes hung with pearls,
And swore to give away his gun.

She smiled to find her point was gained,
And went with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained)

To trim her hat with humming-birds.

LOST ILLUSIONS.

H. M. PAULL.

THE Beadle of the town where I
Spent all my boyish days
Was three feet through and six feet high;
We cricked our necks to gaze
Upon the gold-laced hat he wore
As never hat was worn before.

We deemed the Beadle greater far
Than magistrate or mayor;
He was our bright particular star,
Olympian was his air;
And though we daily watched him, still
Each time we gazed renewed the thrill.

How condescending was he when
He stood before the Bench,
His glance would cow the fiercest men,
It made the women blench,
To see him marching down the street
Was quite an intellectual treat.

With head erect and shoulders stiff,
And chest to correspond,
He could not have looked straighter if
He'd swallowed his white wand;
In fact, 'twas rumoured in the town
The Beadle never *did* sit down.

But (must I own it?) one wet day
We saw this splendid man
Beside his door: he smoked a clay!
And drank from out a can!
Our dream was gone, and never more
We worshipped him as heretofore!

THE OWL CRITIC.

A LESSON TO FAULTFINDERS.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop ;
 The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop ;
 The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
 The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
 The young man who blurted out such a blunt question ;
 Not one raised a head, or e'en made a suggestion ;
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown," Cried the youth, with a frown,
 "How wrong the whole thing is,
 How preposterous each wing is,
 How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
 In short, the whole owl what an ignorant wreck 'tis?
 I make no apology ;
 I've learned owl-ology ;
 I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
 And cannot be blinded to any deflections
 Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
 To stuff a bird right from his beak to his tail.
 Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !
 Do take that bird down,
 Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town !"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls
 And other night fowls,
 And I tell you
 What I know to be true—
 An owl cannot roost
 With his limbs so unloosed ;
 No owl in this world
 Ever had his claws curled,
 Ever had his legs slanted,
 Ever had his bill canted,
 Ever had his neck screwed
 Into that attitude.

"He can't do it, because
 'Tis against all bird laws.

Anatomy teaches,
 Ornithology preaches,
 An owl has a toe
 That can't turn out so !
 I've made the white owl my study for years,
 And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !
 Mister Brown, I'm amazed
 You should be so gone crazed
 As to put up a bird
 In that posture absurd !
 To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;
 The man who stuffed him don't half know his business !"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes :
 I'm filled with surprise
 Taxidermists should pass
 Off on you such poor glass ;
 So unnatural they seem,
 They'd make Audubon scream
 And John Burroughs laugh
 To encourage such chaff.
 Do take that bird down ;
 Have him stuffed again, Brown !"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
 I could stuff in the dark
 An owl better than that.
 I could make an old hat
 Look more like an owl
 Than that horrid fowl,
 Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather—
 In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
 The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
 Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
 (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
 And then fairly hooted, as if he would say :
 "Your learning's at fault this time, anyway ;
 Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
 I'm an owl ; you're another. Sir Critic,
 good day !"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

C. F. ADAMS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
 Vot gomes schust to mine knee ;
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
 As efer you dit see.
 He runs, und schumps, und schmashes
 dings
 In all barts of der house ;
 But vot off dat? he vas mine son—
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He got der measles und der mumbs,
 Und eferding dot's oudt ;
 He sbills mine glass of lager beer,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
 He fills mine pipe mit limburg cheese,—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse.
 I'd dake dot from no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,

To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
 Mine gracious, dot vas drue !
 I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
 He kicks oup sooch a touse ;
 But never mind, der poys vas few.
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions, sooch as dese :
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Who vas it cuts dot schmooth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
 Und where der blaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse?
 How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I sometimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest
 Und beaceful dimes ensшой ;
 But ven he vash asleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, " Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

C. F. ADAMS.

MINE cracious ! mine cracious ! schust look here und see
 A Deutcher so habby as habby can pe !
 Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
 Vas grazzy mit trinking, or someding like dot ;
 Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
 Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer ;
 Not mooch pigger round as a goot glass off beer,
 Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a shpeck,
 A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
 Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
 To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine !

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
 Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise ;
 He schust has pegun to shbeak goot English, too,
 Says " Mamma," und " Bapa," und sometimes " ah-goo !"
 You don't find a baby den dimes oudt off mine
 Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloer over, und drows dings aboutt,
 Und puts eferding he can find in his mout ;
 He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
 Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible shkare.
 Mine hair stands like shquills on a mad borcupine
 Ven I dinks of dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Der vas someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty vell—
 To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutcher yell,
 Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
 While der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes.
 Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks wasn't so fine
 Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
 Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den ;
 Dey vill veer a white shirt-vront inshted of a bib,
 Und wouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib.
 Vell ! vell ! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
 May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine !

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the riverside,
 His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide ;
 The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
 Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
 Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade ;
 He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
 "I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
 "I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see ;
 I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
 Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
 And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam ;
 Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
 But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“Oh, what was that, my daughter ?”
 “'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water.”
 “And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast ?”
 “It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“Now bring me my harpoon !
 I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.”
 Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
 Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not from her swoond,
 And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned ;
 But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
 And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

E. T. CORBETT.

It's easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph! Job had nothin' to try him: If he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him. Trials indeed! Now, I'll tell you what—if you want to be sick of your life Jest come and change places with me a spell—for I'm an inventor's wife.

And sech inventions! I'm never sure, when I take up my coffee-pot That 'Bijah hain't been "improvin'" it, and it mayn't go off like a shot. Why, didn't he make me a cradle once that would keep itself a-rockin'? And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head bruised shockin'? And there was his patent "peeler," too—a wonderful thing, I'll say; But it had one fault—it never stopped till the apple was peeled away. As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers, and all such trash, Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps o' them, but they don't bring in no cash. Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's the aggravatinnest man— He'll sit in his little workshop there, and whistle, and think, and plan; Inventin' a Jew's harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder-horn, While the children's goin' barefoot to school, and the weeds is choking our corn.

When 'Bijah and me kep' company he warn't like this, you know, Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart—but that was years ago. He was handsome as any pictur' then, and he had such a glib, bright way— I never thought that a time would come when I'd rue my wedding day; But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the farm beside, And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped down and cried.

We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was inventin' a gun, But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu'st before it was done; So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to give thieves a fright— 'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits ef he sot it off at night.

Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does sech cur'ous things; Hev I told you about his bedstead yet? 'Twas full of wheels and springs; It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head; All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor, And then shet up, jest like a box, so you couldn't sleep any more.

Wa'al, 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at half-past five; But he hadn't more'n got into it, when—dear me! sakes alive! Them wheels began to whizz and whirr! I heerd a fearful snap, And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet up, just like a trap! I screamed, of course; but 't wa'n't no use. Then I worked the hull long night A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a fright; I couldn't hear his voice inside, and thought he might be dyin', So I took a crowbar and smashed it in. There was 'Bijah peacefully lyin', Inventin' a way to get out ag'in. That was all very well to say, But I don't believe he'd have found it out if I'd left him in all day.

Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of life? Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's wife?

THE DIGGING OF FARMER JONES' WELL.

M. M.

FARMER JONES (I will not give his real name, as the following story is based on fact), having started in life with slender means, and been more than successful in speedily growing rich, arrived at a period in his affairs when he could venture to indulge himself and his family in a more comfortable and elegant mansion.

Before determining positively whether the elevated plot of ground, crowned with oaks, he designed for a site, would be advisable, he concluded to sink a well, means for obtaining water being indispensable. He therefore procured the services of a water-finder, who was celebrated for his success in the use of the hazel switch divining-rod. Farmer Jones put three of his men to dig, the water-finder having, after repeated trials with his hazel wand, selected a spot very near a low partition fence running through the centre of the elevation between two fields.

I heard the disastrous occurrence from Dan, the labourer, who will describe it in his own way:—

“When we got that well about forty foot into the ground, and had went round to dinner, one day the old man Jones walked up the hill to see how we were getting on. When he arrove there he sat down on the earth of the side of the well, and by and by began stepping one foot after the other in the holes of the side we had dug for ourselves, and let himself down by the rope bit by bit.

“Now you know he’s a low-sized man, and mighty broad across. Well, while he was down there in the hole lookin’ if any water was a-coming at the bottom (but there weren’t any; it was dry as a sand-bed), his dog that had followed him took to prancing and barking after the sheep in the other field, and by and by the whole multitude of them come along, rippin’, tearin’, and jumping’ over the fence, and straight and clean running right for that well. First thing that old man Jones knows, without being asked, down come the biggest ram right on his back in the well. Sheep, you know without my tellin’, are mighty big fools. Where one jump all follow, and they just come a-crowdin’ down on that old man, forty head at once. You should have seen them stupid sheeps. As if that well wasn’t deep enough, every one of them must needs jump about five feet high before he leapt downward.

“I never heard such noise on or under the earth as that old man made. He halloood and halloood fit to crack his throat: ‘Draw me up! Draw me up!’

“We saw the sheep running with all their might as we came up from dinner, but didn’t know the old man was in the well, till we heard him a-shouting for help.

“Then we run hard.

“But, bless my heart, it was too late. The very last sheep was in a-top of him, and that there dog was barking and tearing about, and scouring round the well as if he would go in himself. He thought he had done mighty big things with that old man and them sheep. I gave him a poulder on the head with a stone, and when he come to he sloped off worse hurt than anything that came out of the well that day.

“We seized hold on the windlass, and tried to drag up the whole confluent in a mass. No! couldn’t budge them; a steam engine would have ‘struck’ with that pile. All them sheep lay still and said nothing, but the old man he made a noise down there like a bull-frog with a bad cold. If he wasn’t crowded up badly I wouldn’t say so.

“Sam ran down, and cut the rope above the sheep, and then we spliced it, and worked hard to relieve the old man and the sheep and all.

“Them sheep as we pulled them out was worse fools than ever. Didn’t know what way to go. Everyone went his own way. No two would go together. They all fell out with one another, and dissolved the flock for two days after. There were twenty-seven sheep over that old man, and thirteen under him. He done his best to keep on top, but he didn’t get quite to the middle of the excitement.

“When we did get him out, he looked the worse for wear. He smelt like a whole gang of sheep before shearing-time, and he was mightily skinned, over all his face and hands. He hadn't breath to say much. He just said, short and sharp—

“‘Fill up that well, and go and weed the corn,’ and went straight into the homestead.

“We thought he was a *wool-gathering*, and went on a-diggin', and next morning went on at diggin' again. But the old man came runnin' out to us double quick as soon as he saw us, and shouted at us twenty feet off—

“‘Didn't I bid you fill up that well? Fill it up hard, ram dirt in it tight, and plant grass sods, quick! I never want to see it any more.’

“We done it all, and left.

“The old man he sold off all them sheep. Said he had had enough of mutton. And he filled up the well at the house too, and only drinks rain-water since. And he has put it in his will, they tell me as knows, that he isn't to be buried underground, or where sheep can come grazing round; if sheep do, he is bound, he declares, to leave that there spot.”

III.—FOR YOUNG RECITERS.

A SONG OF LABOUR.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

No lack of work, O friend,
No lack of work in the land !
Till the dews of night descend
Not one need stay his hand.
There's never a man too great,
There's never a man too small ;
For each in his state, early and late,
There's a worthy task for all.
There's work for every one of us,
For every mother's son of us,
And labour is the crown of life, its mean-
ing and its zest ;
We'll have no paltry shirking, lads,
But right true manful working, lads,
The honest toil of sturdy hands that
frankly give their best.

Humble the task may be,
Not anywise great or grand,
But that is the task for thee
Marked out by the Master's hand.
Then do thy work with a will,
Wherever thou findest it lie,
Steady and still, with care and skill,
As under the Master's eye.
There's work for every one of us,
For every mother's son of us,
And labour is the crown of life, its mean-
ing and its zest ;
We'll have no paltry shirking, lads,
But right true manful working, lads,
The honest toil of sturdy hands that
frankly give their best.

Pure is the pride, and true,
That dares to the world out-tell—
“ He gave me that work to do,
And I strive to do it well ;
Stoutly I bear my part,
Giving a true man's best,
And I soothe my heart in ache and
smart
With thoughts of the evening rest.”

There's work for every one of us,
For every mother's son of us,
And labour is the crown of life, its mean-
ing and its zest ;
We'll have no paltry shirking, lads,
But right true manful working, lads,
The honest toil of sturdy hands that
frankly give their best.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

MRS. LA COSTE.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one
day—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so
brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's
grace.
Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young
brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of
gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.
Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low ;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know :
Somebody's hand had rested there ;
Was it a mother's, soft and white ?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light ?

God knows best ; he has somebody's love ;
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;
 Somebody wafted his name above
 Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched away,
 Looking so handsome, brave, and
 grand ;
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
 Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for
 him—

Yearning to hold him again to their heart ;
 And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim
 And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—
 "Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

ROBERT BROWNING.

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
 "Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
 Thereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;
 O'er his work the boy's curls fell :

But ever, at each period,
 He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
 And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well
 done ;

I doubt not thou art heard, my son :

"As well as if thy voice to-day
 Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
 Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
 Might praise Him, that great way, and
 die!"

Night passed, day shone,
 And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
 A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
 Now brings the voice of My delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
 Spread his wings and sank to earth ;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
 Lived there, and played the craftsman
 well :

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
 Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew :
 The man put off the stripling's hue :

The man matured, and fell away
 Into the season of decay :

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
 And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will ; to him, all one
 If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear ;
 There is no doubt in it, no fear :

"So sing old worlds, and so
 New worlds that from My footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways :
 I miss My little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off
 fell
 The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day : he flew to Rome,
 And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
 The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
 Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career
 Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
 Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
 An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel's-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it
dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up Creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound
him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid
him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for
retiring,
And we heard the distant and random
gun
That the foe was sullenly fring.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and
gory;
We carved not a line and we raised not a
stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

THE ARCHERS.

SARAH HERMANN.

AN archer stood on a sunlit shore,
Watching the white gulls whirl and soar,
And he set his arrow, and held his breath,
As the shaft sped forth to its work of death.
But the glittering light and the golden sand
Had dazzled his eyes and betrayed his hand;
And the gulls flew back to their rocky caves
As the arrow fell hissing upon the waves.

The owls held revel the long night through;
An archer awoke, and his bow he drew,
And he hied to the church tower, black
and still,

With a fixed intent the birds to kill.
He watched for a glimpse of the fiery eyes,
Ere he loosed the dart to secure his prize;
But the broken arrow fell back on the path,
And the owls whooped louder in scorn and
wrath.

A bittern was feeding among the reeds,
Whilst an archer lay crouched in the water
weeds,
Prepared, when the bird should raise its
head,
To loose his arrow and strike it dead.

But the sedges crackled beside the stream,
The bittern arose with a frightened scream,
The well-aimed shaft pierced the black
morass,
And fell where no foot of man could pass.

A royal eagle had sat all day
On the crags o'erlooking a sunny bay,
And an archer, ensconced in a sheltered
cleft,
Had watched him whilst yet there was day-
light left—
Nay, he lay and watched him the whole
night through
(For the moon was bright, though a keen
wind blew);
He was watching him still when the dark-
ness fled,
And the sleepy bird raised his heavy head.
The distance 'twixt cleft and crag was great,
But the archer, unseen, could aim and wait;
The bird swept down from his lonely bed,
Hereached the plain, but he reached it dead.

When the king of the archers passed that
way,
He noticed the arrow that broken lay,
And the one afloat on that sea of glass,
And the third embedded in the morass;
Then he met the man with his regal prize,
And the king's eyes glistened with glad
surprise,
And he said, in a voice full of earnest stress,
"I wish you all joy, friend, of your success.
Had the archer stood in the rock's deep
shade,
The gulls had surely his prey been made;
Had the owls been sought at the noontide
hour,
They'd not have defied the archer's power;
Had the bittern been menaced from yonder
hill,
He would now have been lying stiff and still;
And your baffled comrades had learnt to see
That strength without thought is not
archery."

Then the king looked up to the sunny skies,
And said, with a grave light in his eyes:
"We each have an archer's part to play
In the simplest actions of every day—
Some mark to hit, and some prize to gain,
Perchance after waiting, and toil, and pain.
The sheen on the world's bright, shifting
sand
May dazzle *our* eyes and betray *our* hand;
To aim too low is a waste of power;
And no skill avails in an ill-timed hour.

Be our mark on the hilltops next the skies,
And a calm, clear light in our watching
eyes;
Be our hand kept steady, our nerve kept true
By a thought of the great work we can do;
For that work needs more than a skilful
might;
Calm judgment must wing each arrow's
flight,
And a man should learn, ere he bends his
bow,
The best time, the best place, and the
manner how."

ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI.

HORACE G. GROSER.

HIS love went forth to high and low,
To saints and those whom pride would
shun,
For early he had learned to know
The brotherhood that makes us one.

Hearts which the preacher could not break
Melted like snow when he drew nigh,
Wielding, beyond the words he spake,
The magic power of sympathy.

Not men alone he sought to win,
But in the might of that great love
He claimed *all* creatures as his kin,
Dear to one Father God above:

Less wise than we, yet not denied
A share in the All-Father's grace,
He taught them on the lone hillside,
By reedy mere and woodland chase.

About his tattered gown would cling
Shy songsters, trembling with delight;
For shelter to his side would spring
The hare that feared the falcon's flight.

Often as he, with pilgrim feet,
By shady coverts took his way,
The owl her silent wings would beat
With joy, and dare the beams of day.

And when around his dying bed
In the hushed cell his brethren drew,
About the moonlit bars o'erhead
A feathered throng complaining flew.

And at his passing, gyre on gyre,
Up rose into the dawn-bright dome
The music of a skylark choir;
And on its wings the saint went home.

THE LEAK IN THE DYKE.

PHEBE CARY.

The good dame looked from her cottage
 At the close of the pleasant day,
 And cheerily called to her little son
 Outside the door at play ;
 "Come, Peter, come ! I want you to go
 While there is light to see,
 To the hut of the blind old man who lives
 Across the dyke, for me ;
 And take these cakes I made for him,—
 They are hot and smoking yet ;
 You have time enough to go and come
 Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labour,
 Humming a simple song,
 And thought of her husband, working hard
 At the sluices all day long ;
 And she set the turf a-blazing,
 And brought the coarse black bread,
 That he might find a fire at night,
 And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
 With whom all day he had played,
 And the sister who had watched their sports
 Beneath the willow's shade ;
 And told them they would see him back
 Before a star beamed bright,
 Though *he* wouldn't be afraid to go
 In the very darkest night !

And now, with his face all glowing,
 And eyes as bright as the day,
 With the thought of his pleasant errand,
 He trudged along the way ;
 And soon his joyous prattle
 Made glad a lonesome place—
 Alas ! if only the blind old man
 Could have seen that happy face !
 Yet he somehow caught the brightness
 Which his voice and presence lent ;
 And he felt the sunshine come and go
 As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
 And the winds began to rise,
 The mother looked from her door again,
 Shading her anxious eyes ;
 And saw the shadows deepen,
 And birds to their homes come back,
 But never a sign of Peter
 Along the level track.
 But she said, "He will come at morning,
 So I need not fret or grieve,—

Though it isn't like my boy at all
 To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying ?
 On the homeward way was he,
 And across the dyke while the sun was up
 An hour above the sea.
 He was stooping now to gather flowers,
 Now listening to the sound,
 As the angry waters dashed themselves
 Against their narrow bound.
 "Ah ! well for us," said Peter,
 "That the gates are good and strong,
 And my father tends them carefully,
 Or they would not hold you long !
 You're a wicked sea," said Peter ;
 "I know why you fret and chafe ;
 You would like to spoil our lands and homes ;
 But our sluices keep you safe !"

But hark ! through the noise of waters
 Comes a low, clear, trickling sound ;
 And the child's face pales with terror,
 And his blossoms drop to the ground.
 He is up the bank in a moment,
 And, stealing through the sand,
 He sees a stream not yet so large
 As his slender, childish hand.
 'Tis a leak in the dyke ! He is but a boy,
 Unused to fearful scenes ;
 But, young as he is, he has learned to know
 The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dyke ! The stoutest heart
 Grows faint that cry to hear,
 And the bravest man in all the land
 Turns white with mortal fear.
 For he knows the smallest leak may grow
 To a flood in a single night ;
 And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
 When loosed in its angry might.

The boy has seen the danger,
 And, shouting a wild alarm,
 He forces back the weight of the sea
 With strength of his single arm !
 He listens for the welcome sound
 Of a footstep passing nigh ;
 And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
 The answer to his cry.
 And he hears the rough wind blowing,
 And the waters rise and fall,
 But never an answer comes to him,
 Save the echo of his call.
 He sees no hope, no succour—
 His feeble voice is lost ;
 Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
 Though he perish at his post ?

So, faintly calling and crying,
 Till the sun is under the sea ;
 Crying and moaning till the stars
 Come out for company—
 He thinks of his brother and sister,
 Asleep in their safe, warm bed ;
 He thinks of his father and mother,
 Of himself as dying—or dead ;
 And of how, when the night is over,
 They must come and find him at last ;
 But he never thinks he can leave the place
 Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
 Is up and astir with the light,
 For the thought of her little Peter
 Has been with her all night.
 And now she watches the pathway,
 As yester eve she had done ;
 But what does she see so strange and black
 Against the rising sun ?
 Her neighbours are bearing between them
 Something straight to her door—
 The child is coming home, but alas !
 As he never came before !

“ He is dead ! ” she cries ; “ my darling ! ”
 And the startled father hears,
 And comes and looks the way she looks,
 And fears the thing she fears :
 Till a glad shout from the bearers
 Thrills the stricken man and wife,—
 “ Give thanks, for your son has saved our
 land,
 And God has saved his life ! ”
 So, there in the morning sunshine,
 They knelt about the boy ;
 And every head was bared and bent
 In tearful, reverent joy.

’Tis many a year since then ; but still,
 When the sea roars like a flood,
 Their boys are taught what a boy can do
 Who is brave and true and good.
 For every man in that country
 Will take his son by the hand,
 And tell him of little Peter,
 Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
 Remembered through the years ;
 But never one whose name so oft
 Is named with loving tears.
 And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
 And told to the child on the knee
 So long as the dykes of Holland
 Divide the land from the sea !

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

JOHN G. SAXE.

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

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

The Second, fingering his tusk,
 Cried, “ Ho ! what have we here
 So very round and smooth and sharp ?
 To me ’tis mighty clear,
 This wonder of an Elephant
 Is very like a spear ! ”

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

The Fourth reached out his eager hand
 And felt about the knee,
 “ What most this wondrous beast is like
 Is mighty plain,” quoth he ;
 “ ’Tis clear enough the Elephant
 Is very like a tree ! ”

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

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

And so these men of Hindostan
 Disputed hard and long,
 Each in his own opinion
 Exceeding stiff and strong,

Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong !

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars,
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen !

MY TOYS.

"MANY toys make tiresome boys !"
If that's the truth, I must have been
About as mischievous a youth
As ever in this world was seen.

At three, while I was still in frocks,
And not allowed to wander far,
I used to draw about the floor
A little painted railway car.

And well it was that friends declined
To let me use it in the street,
For half a dozen times a day
The string would catch in people's feet.

At four, I had a grand desire
To have a paint-box of my own,
And in a week you could not find
A book that I had let alone.

My pictures round the nursery shone,
They got upon the staircase wall,
And visitors, with curious eye,
Surveyed them in the entrance hall.

But when the house was papered fresh,
My pots and paints were stowed away ;
And, to console me for the loss,
A Noah's Ark came home next day.

But never yet were birds or beasts
So shamefully and hardly used ;
Before I got the paper off,
The pairs were hopelessly confused.

And when at bedtime aunt came up,
I had to sob a sad confession :
That Japheth's feet were far too weak
To follow in the long procession.

Nor this alone, for soon the head
Was missing from his elder brother,
And one of the hyæna's legs
Was somehow shorter than the other.

And so it went from bad to worse :
Some creature disappeared each night ;
The very ark in which they lived
Was now no longer water-tight.

They called me " a destructive child " !
What that might mean I hardly knew,
Unless it meant a host of toys
Of which I tried to keep a few.

They blamed me when I burst my drum
To look for music through the cracks,
And held my dolls before the fire
To melt them down for sealing-wax.

Then older grown, and wiser too,
The whipping - top my thoughts em-
ployed ;
I scared old ladies into fits,
And many a window-pane destroyed.

When tops " went out " I bought a
hoop,
And made the street a racing-ground ;
The big policeman seemed annoyed,
The cabmen " Hi'd," the neighbours
frowned.

Till one day, coming home from school,
The hoop went trundling on too fast,
And tangled up and overturned
A stranger whom it should have passed.

From that day forth I never saw
My dear old iron hoop again,
But, looking round for some new sport,
I soon had leap-frog " on the brain."

We played it on the gravel walk,
We played it up and down the hall ;
We pushed the furniture aside,
And said the rooms were built too
small.

And when they put a stop to this,
To walk on stilts we all aspired,
And from the carpenter obtained
The wooden poles that each required.

We thought it splendid fun indeed
To stride like giants through the town,
Till on a slide we stepped one day,
And three of us came tumbling down.

From that time forth we thought it best
To walk the earth like other people—
Not half on earth and half in air,
Like weathercocks above the steeple.

While sundry cuts about the hands,
And smaller ones about the nose,
Sufficed to teach in slippery paths
A wiser use of heels and toes.

When happy summer-time returned,
And talk of cricket filled the air,
I longed to have, like other boys,
A snowy flannel suit to wear.

And proud was I, when thus attired,
With bat and cap and shoes complete,
Against the High School boys I played,
And saved my side from sure defeat.

So ran the years of childhood by,
Till I and they, no longer boys,
To business went, and soon forgot
That we were ever fond of toys.

(By permission from *Little Folks' Land*.)

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

HON. CAROLINE NORTON.

A SOLDIER of the legion lay dying in Algiers.
There was lack of woman's nursing ; there was dearth of woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand ;
And he said : " I never more shall see my own, my native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine ;
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet, and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely—and, when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars ;
But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one came from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age ;
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage ;
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it, where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread ;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too,—and not afraid to die.
And, if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honour of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine !

" There's another—not a sister—in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye ;
Too innocent for coquetry ; too fond for idle scorning ;—
Oh, friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning !

Tell her, the last night of my life (for, ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!”

His voice grew faint and hoarser; his grasp was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look; he sighed, and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him . . . but the spark of life had fled!
The soldier of the legion, in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

THE LAST HYMN.

THE sacred day was ending in a village by the sea;
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the golden glowing west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air;
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned, and
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed! [boomed,

Sad and anxious were the people, on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling fearful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Tangled wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw upon the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh, it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
Oh, for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow; tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

“She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! is His heaven far to seek, for those who drown?”
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck, across the wave,
 And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
 "Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet. Shout away."
 'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
 There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
 So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus. Can you hear?"
 And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters, loud and clear.

Then they listened: "He is singing, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul';"
 And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll."
 Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"
 Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not,"—the singer dropped at last into the sea.
 And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes by tears made dim,
 Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

HOW JANE CONQUEST RANG THE BELL.

JAMES MILNE.

'Twas about the time of Christmas, and many a year ago,
 When the sky was black with wrath and rack, and the earth was white with snow,
 When loudly rang the tumult of winds and waves at strife;
 In her home by the sea, with her babe on her knee, sat Harry Conquest's wife.
 And he was on the waters, she knew not, knew not where,
 For never a lip could tell of the ship to lighten her heart's despair.
 And her babe was dying, dying; the pulse in the tiny wrist
 Was all but still, and the brow was chill, and pale as the white sea mist.
 Jane Conquest's heart was hopeless; she could only weep, and pray
 That the Shepherd mild would take the child painlessly away.

Slowly the darkness deepened, and the storm had a stronger will,
 And, buried in dreamless slumber, lay the hamlet under the hill;
 And the fire was dead on the hearthstone within Jane Conquest's room,
 And still sat she with her babe on her knee, at prayer amid the gloom,
 When, borne above the tempest, a sound fell on her ear,
 Thrilling her through, for well she knew 'twas a voice of mortal fear;
 And a light leapt in at the lattice, sudden and swift and red,
 Crimsoning all the whited wall, and the floor and the roof o'erhead.
 It shone with a radiant glory on the face of the dying child,
 Like a fair first ray of the shadowless day of the undefiled;
 And it lit up the mother's features with a glow so strange and new,
 That the white despair that had gathered there seemed changed to hope's own hue.

For one brief moment, heedless of the babe upon her knee,
 With the frenzied start of a frightened heart, up to her feet rose she;
 And through the quaint old casement she looked upon the sea—
 Thank God, that the sight she saw that night so rare a sight should be.
 Hemmed in by hungry billows, whose madness foamed at lip,
 Half a mile from the shore, or hardly more, she saw a gallant ship
 Aflame from deck to topmast, aflame from stem to stern;
 For there seemed no speck on all the wreck where the fierce fire did not burn.
 And the night was like a sunset, and the sea like a sea of blood,
 And the rocks and the shore were bathed all o'er as by some crimson flood.

She looked and looked, till the terror crept cold through every limb,
And her breath came quick, and her heart turned sick, and her sight grew dizzy and
dim,

And her lips had lost their utterance ; though she strove, she could not speak,
But her feeling found no channel of sound in prayer, or sob, or shriek.
Silent she stood and rigid, with her child to her bosom pressed,
Like a woman of stone, with stiff arms thrown round a stony babe at breast ;
Till once more that cry of anguish thrilled through the tempest's strife,
And it stirred again in her heart and brain the active, thinking life ;
And the light of an inspiration leapt to her brightened eye,
And on lip and brow was written now a purpose pure and high.

Swiftly she turned, and softly she crossed the chamber floor,
And faltering not, in his tiny cot she laid the babe she bore ;
And then, with a holy impulse, she sank to her knees and made
A lowly prayer in the silence there, and this was the prayer she prayed :
"Christ, who didst bear the scourging, but now dost wear the crown,
I at Thy feet, O true and sweet, would lay my burden down.
Thou badest me love and cherish the babe Thou gavest me,
And I have kept Thy word, nor stepped aside from following Thee ;
And lo ! the boy is dying, and vain is all my care,
And my burden's weight is very great ! yea, greater than I can bear.
And, Lord, Thou knowst what peril doth threat these poor men's lives ;
I, a lone woman, most weak and human, plead for their waiting wives.
Thou canst not let them perish ; up, Lord, in Thy strength and save
From the scorching breath of this terrible death on the cruel winter wave.
Take Thou my babe and watch it, no care is like to Thine,
And let Thy power, in this perilous hour, supply what lack is mine."
And so her prayer she ended, and, rising to her feet,
Turned one look to the cradle nook where the child's faint pulses beat ;
And then with softest footsteps retrod the chamber floor,
And noiselessly groped for the latch, and oped and crossed the cottage door.

The snow lay deep, and drifted as far as sight could reach,
Save where alone the dank weed strewn did mark the sloping beach.
But, whether 'twas land or ocean, or rock, or sand, or snow,
Or sky o'erhead, on all was shed the same fierce, fatal glow.
And through the tempest bravely Jane Conquest fought her way,
Though the wild winds blew, and the foam flakes flew, and the dark around her
lay.

Silent and weird, and lonely amid its countless graves,
Stood the old grey church on its tall rock perch, secure from the leaping waves ;
And beneath its sacred shadow lay the hamlet safe and still,
For, wild though the sea and the wind might be, 'twas quiet under the hill.
Jane Conquest reached the churchyard, and stood by the old church door ;
But the oak was tough, and had bolts enough, and her strength was frail and poor ;
So she crept through a narrow window, and climbed the belfry stair,
And grasped the rope, sole cord of hope for the mariners in despair.

The wild wind helped her bravely, and she wrought with an earnest will,
And the clamorous bell spake out right well to the hamlet under the hill.
And it roused the slumb'ring fishers, nor its warning task gave o'er
Till a hundred fleet and eager feet were hurrying to the shore ;
And then it ceased its ringing, for the woman's work was done,
And many a boat that was now afloat showed man's work was begun.
But the ringer in the belfry lay motionless and cold,
With the cord of hope, the church-bell rope, still in her frozen hold.

How long she lay it boots not, but she woke from her swoon at last,
 In her own bright room, to find the gloom and the grief of the peril past ;
 With a sense of joy within her, and the Christ's sweet presence near,
 And friends around, and the cooing sound of her babe's voice in her ear.
 And they told her all the story : how a brave and gallant few
 O'ercame each check, and reached the wreck, and saved the hapless crew ;
 And how the curious sexton had climbed the belfry stair,
 And of his fright, when, cold and white, he found her lying there ;
 And how, when they had borne her back to her home again,
 The child she left with a heart bereft of hope, and wrung with pain,
 Was found within its cradle in a quiet slumber laid,
 With a peaceful smile on its lips the while, and the wasting sickness stayed.

" 'Twas Christ," said she, " that watched it, and brought it safely through,"
 And she praised His truth, and His tender ruth, who had saved her darling too.
 And in due time came a letter across the surging foam,
 And last the breeze that over the seas bore Harry Conquest home.
 And they told him all the story, that still their children tell,
 Of the fearful sight on that winter night, and the hand that rang the bell.

THE HISTORY OF A BIBLE.

EDWARD H. HILL.

WELL, you see, sir, that Book has its history, and that's why it's lying there,
 And that's why the glass shade is o'er it. I promised to keep it with care—
 I promised the wee little lassie, 'twas the very last thing that she heard ;
 I said, " I will keep it for your sake," and, sir, I have kept my word.

Yes, well I remember the night that I spent in the hospital ward
 By the side of my little Nellie, as she lay there breathing so hard,
 And the doctor's grave face had told me that the worst was soon to come ;
 So I kissed her lips in my anguish—the lips that would soon be dumb.

She opened her eyes when I kissed her ; she smiled, such a bright, happy smile,
 As though she'd been dreaming of heaven ; and the vision still lingered awhile—
 Seemed to linger one tiny moment, then vanish ; and o'er her face
 Spread a look of sad disappointment, as her gaze wandered round the place.

She had thought, maybe, that in heaven her spirit had found its rest,
 That her sufferings all were ended—she was safe in the land of the blest ;
 But she woke, and the dream was over ; she was back in her hospital bed.
 She tried to seem happy, and smiled ; " Let me kiss you, dear daddy," she said.

" Was she my daughter ?" Well, no, sir ; I loved her, nevertheless ;
 For the sake of her mother for one thing ; the reason you well may guess.
 But I loved her as well for herself, sir ; her pretty and winsome ways
 Won my heart, and her innocent prattle brightened my wearisome days.

Well, yes, if you've patience to listen, I'll tell you as near as I can,
 How I first came to know little Nell, and the reason our friendship began ;
 We seemed to grow fond of each other the very first night that we met ;
 It was love at first sight, I suppose, sir—a love which I cannot forget.

It was evening ; the weather was chilly, the streets were deserted and still ;
 The moon shone out in its brightness, from over the distant hill,

Its pale beams shone through the casement ; the fire burned low in the grate ;
I had dozed as I sat in the twilight, and now it was getting late—

So late, that I thought of retiring ; but just as I rose from my chair
I saw, as I glanced at the doorway, my landlady standing there ;
And I saw, in the light of the moonbeams, that fast in her arms she bore
A child in a shawl ; and her face such an anxious expression wore.

She motioned to me to be silent, then beckoned me into the hall,
And beneath the light of the lamp, sir, she showed me the child, so small ;
She was lying asleep in her arms, so pretty, as still as a mouse,
And I wondered what strange thing had happened, that she should be brought to
our house.

Going back to my room, I waited, all anxious to know what it meant ;
I lighted my lamp and sat down, sir, and over the fireplace bent ;
And when, after waiting a little, she made her appearance again,
She told me the whole of the story—a story of sorrow and pain.

She had gone up the street on an errand, and had called at the house of a friend,
Who had told her of some poor woman, who seemed to be nearing her end ;
She'd come there to lodge, in the autumn, with a wee little girl of two,
And had gone out to work for a wage, in a laundry—'twas all she could do.

She had worked till her health had failed her, toiling from morning till night
Through the long, dreary days of the winter, till her face became pallid and white ;
She had daily grown weaker and weaker, more feeble her lustreless eye,
And now it had come to the worst, for the doctor had said she would die.

But the most touching part of the story to me was the tale that she told,
As my landlady sat beside her, and the veil of the past she unrolled ;
As she spoke of a time when, all happy, she lived with her father at home,
And over the fields in the summer with her dog she had loved to roam—

Those bright, happy days of the past, which first with her childhood began !
But she sacrificed all, friends and home, for the sake of a worthless man—
A man who had proved a base scoundrel, been killed in a drunken brawl,
And had left her to face the world's hardness, alone and bereft of all.

Her father was wroth when he heard, but she *was* such a wayward child
That it hardened his heart when she went, and they'd never been reconciled ;
He died not very long after, and all that he had to leave
He left to a scamp of a nephew, too selfish and heartless to grieve,

Much less to have taken compassion on the daughter of him who was dead ;
And she, left alone in her widowhood, laboured for daily bread,
Working away in the laundry,—ah, sir, it was better than fast,
And more than two years she had done it, bravely right up to the last.

In the midst of my landlady's story, we heard a noise in the hall,
A sound as of pattering footsteps,—'twas the two-year-old maiden so small ;
Her eyes were as bright as the noonday, they sparkled and gleamed with delight,
As she tripped o'er the carpet so briskly, and they flashed 'neath the lamp burning
bright.

They were blue, were her eyes, and her hair was as light as the waving corn,
When, ripened by summer's sunshine, it waits from the field to be borne ;
It was neatly brushed back from the forehead, and tied with a ribbon of blue ;
And her cheeks were as rosy as morning, and softer than velvet too.

So you see, sir, it wasn't a wonder that I should make friends with the maid ;
 And though at the first she was timid, and seemed as if half afraid,
 Yet she soon got over her shyness, and prattled away with delight,
 Her little face gleaming with pleasure, so pretty, so happy, so bright.

But to make a long story short, sir, next morning the mother died,
 Cheered by my landlady's promise, "No ill shall your darling betide" ;
 She told her that she would adopt her, and treat her as though she were hers,
 And teach her the love of the Saviour, and the God who all blessing confers.

It wasn't till after the funeral that I found out the woman's name ;
 When I heard it, it filled me with wonder, and I pondered if she were the same,
 The sweet Alice Gray that I knew—it was Alice M'Carthy, sir, then ;
 But she left the old homestead one winter, to wed a young fellow from Penn.

I found it was only too true, sir ; 'twas Alice M'Carthy's child,
 That had come like an angel of mercy, with a heart pure, happy, and mild ;
 And I thought of the days of our youth, how as lovers we strolled down the lane ;
 How we foolishly quarrelled and parted, never to meet again.

Of course, when I knew it was she, sir, I loved little Nell all the more ;
 I watched her with interest deepening, and traced the resemblance she bore
 To the pretty young Alice, her mother, in the summers of long ago,
 When our hearts were so young and tender, untried by earth's suffering and woe.

One day when I took little Nellie to visit her mother's grave,
 We stood by the mound, talking softly of Him who is mighty to save,
 Of the angels that join in the chorus of praise in the heavens above,
 And the thousands from every nation who have learned their Redeemer to love.

I pictured the beautiful city, true home of the happy and free,
 I spoke of the golden pavements, the gems and the glassy sea,
 The harps that the ransomed carry, the crowns that they ever wear,
 As they chant their loud praises to Jesus, who reigneth all-glorious there.

I told her of thousands of children thronging those streets of gold,
 Who were once in this world of suffering, and are now amongst joys untold ;
 How amid the sweet strains of the music, their voices in worship blend,
 As they sing with triumphant rejoicing the anthem that never shall end.

Nell listened in childish wonder to all that I had to say,
 Then asked if I thought that her mother was in that bright land far away,
 And whether I thought she would see her, if she followed her there when she died ;
 If she would be able to find her, with the city so crowded and wide.

A fortnight from that very day, sir, I sat in the hospital ward
 By the side of my Nell, as I said, sir, while she lay there breathing so hard ;
 She'd been brought in unconscious that evening—been nearly killed, out in the street,
 Knocked down by a pair of gay horses, and trampled beneath their feet.

She was hurrying to show us a Bible they'd given to her at the schools,
 'Twas a special reward for good conduct and attention paid to the rules ;
 And she, in her joy and excitement, not dreaming that danger was near,
 Crossed the road where the traffic was thickest, with never a thought of fear.

As soon as they brought me the news, sir, I rushed to the hospital straight,
 Half expecting that when I arrived, I should find I had come too late ;

I thought that perhaps they would show me the corpse of my dear little Nell,
Instead of my bright-eyed darling, the maiden I loved so well.

I flew through the streets in my hurry, nor stopped till I reached her side ;
She was asking the nurse for her Bible, "Where is it? where is it?" she cried.
They brought it her soon, for, when rescued, she was clasping it tight to her breast,
As though 'twere a treasure more precious than anything else she possessed.

She seemed so delighted to see me, so glad that her daddy was near
(She always did call me her daddy from the day that she first came here ;
And I'd grown quite used to the title, and looked upon her as mine,
By the sacred ties of affection which ever our hearts will entwine).

I stayed by her side all the night, and my landlady stayed there too ;
She got there soon after it happened, and waited the whole night through ;
And we watched by that bed with forebodings, expecting, each moment that fled,
To find that the soul of our darling on its heavenly journey had sped.

It was just as the day was breaking, and a faint light was seen in the sky,
That she gave me her Bible to keep, for she knew she was going to die ;
The doctor could see it, and told her—'twas right that the child should know—
That so soon she would join the angels, and back to her mother go.

I took it, and promised to keep it, and sealed my word with a kiss,
And told her 'twould always remind me of one whose dear face I should miss ;
And when, in the days of the future, I read through its pages divine,
I should think of my darling in heaven, who owned it before it was mine.

I looked for her answering smile, as I spoke, but I looked in vain ;
Her eyelids drooped, and her fingers fell back on the counterpane ;
Her golden head sank on the pillow ; a sigh went around the bed ;
Her pure little heart stopped beating ; my beautiful Nellie was dead.

So you see, sir, that Book has a history, and that's why it's lying there,
And that's why the glass shade is o'er it. I promised to keep it with care—
I promised the wee little lassie, 'twas the very last thing that she heard ;
I said, "I will keep it for your sake," and, sir, I am keeping my word.

BE THOROUGH, BOYS

WHATSOEVER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might !
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man ;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honour bright ;
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white !

He who falters,
Twists, or alters
Little atoms, when we speak,
May deceive me ;
But, believe me,
To himself he is a sneak !

Help the weak if you are strong ;
Love the old if you are young ;
Own a fault if you are wrong ;
If you're angry, hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut !

If you think a word will please,
 Say it, if it is but true ;
 Words may give delight with ease,
 When no act is asked from you.
 Words may often
 Soothe and soften,
 Gild a joy or heal a pain ;
 They are treasures
 Yielding pleasures
 It is wicked to retain !

Whatso'er you find to do,
 Do it, then, with all your might ;
 Let your prayers be strong and true—
 Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
 Prayer in all things,
 Great and small things,
 Like a Christian gentleman ;
 And for ever,
 Now or never,
 Be as thorough as you can.

THE OLD CHAPEL BELL.

JOHN G. SAXE.

WITHIN a churchyard's sacred ground,
 Whose moss-grown tablets tell
 Where they who built the village church
 In solemn silence dwell,
 Half hidden in the earth, there lies
 An ancient Chapel Bell.

Broken, decayed, and covered o'er
 With mouldering leaves and rust ;
 Its very name and date concealed
 Beneath a cankering crust ;
 Forgotten—like its early friends,
 Who sleep in neighbouring dust.

Yet it was once a trusty Bell,
 Of most sonorous lung,
 And many a joyous wedding-peal
 And many a knell had rung,
 Ere Time had cracked its brazen sides,
 And broke its iron tongue.

And many a youthful heart had danced
 In merry Christmas time,
 To hear its pleasant roundelay,
 Sung out in ringing rhyme,
 And many a worldly thought been checked
 To list its Sabbath chime.

A youth—a bright and happy boy—
 One sultry summer's day,
 Awearied of his bat and ball,
 Chanced hitherward to stray,

To read a little book he had,
 And rest him from his play.

“A soft and shady spot is this !”
 The rosy youngster cried,
 And sat him down beneath a tree,
 That ancient Bell beside ;
 (But hidden in the tangled grass,
 The Bell he ne'er espied).

Anon, a mist fell on his book,
 The letters seemed to stir ;
 And though, full oft, his flagging sight
 The boy essayed to spur,
 The mazy page was quickly lost
 Beneath a cloudy blur.

And while he marvelled much at this,
 And wondered how it came,
 He felt a languor creeping o'er
 His young and weary frame,
 And heard a voice, a gentle voice,
 That plainly spoke his name.

That gentle voice that named his name
 Entranced him like a spell,
 Upon his ear so very near
 And suddenly it fell,
 Yet soft and musical, as 'twere
 The whisper of a bell.

“Since last I spoke,” the voice began,
 “Seems many a dreary year !
 (Albeit, 'tis only since thy birth
 I've lain neglected here !)
 Pray list, while I rehearse a tale
 Behoves thee much to hear.

“Once, from yon ivied tower, I watched
 The villagers around,
 And gave to all their joys and griefs
 A sympathetic sound,—
 But most are sleeping now, within
 This consecrated ground.

“I used to ring my merriest peal
 To hail the blushing bride ;
 I sadly tolled for men cut down
 In strength and manly pride :
 And solemnly,—not mournfully,—
 When little children died.

“But, chief, my duty was to bid
 The villagers repair,
 On each returning Sabbath morn,
 Unto the House of Prayer,
 And in His own appointed place
 The Saviour's mercy share,

" Ah ! well I mind me of a child,
A gleesome, happy maid,
Who came, with constant step, to church,
In comely garb arrayed,
And knelt her down full solemnly,
And penitently prayed.

" And oft, when church was done, I marked
That little maiden near
This pleasant spot, with book in hand,
As you are sitting here,—
She read the Story of the Cross,
And wept with grief sincere.

" Years rolled away—and I beheld
The child to woman grown ;
Her cheeks were fairer, and her eye
With brighter lustre shone ;
But childhood's truth and innocence
Were still the maiden's own.

" I never rang a merrier peal
Than when, a joyous bride,
She stood beneath the sacred porch,
A noble youth beside,
And plighted him her maiden troth,
In maiden love and pride.

" I never tolled a deeper knell,
Than when, in after years,
They laid her in the churchyard here,
Where this low mound appears—
(The very grave, my boy, that you
Are watering now with tears !)

" It is thy mother, gentle boy,
That claims this tale of mine,—
Thou art a flower whose fatal birth
Destroyed the parent vine !
A precious flower art thou, my child,—
Two lives were given for thine !

" One was thy sainted mother's, when
She gave thee mortal birth ;
And one thy Saviour's, when in death
He shook the solid earth ;
Go, boy, and live as may befit
Thy life's exceeding worth !"

The boy awoke, as from a dream,
And, thoughtful, looked around,
But nothing saw, save at his feet
His mother's lowly mound,
And by its side that ancient Bell,
Half hidden in the ground !

ONE CAN END IT.

THERE's a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain ;
But in Northland, as in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart ;
Neither lose nor lend it :—
" Two it takes to make a quarrel ;
One can always end it."

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true.
In a fight without a foe,
Pray what could you do ?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it.
" Two it takes to make a quarrel ;
One can always end it."

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun :
If one voice shall cry for " Peace,"
Soon it will be done ;
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it ;
" Two it takes to make a quarrel ;
One can always end it."

THE RAILWAY PORTER'S SONG.

MARY E. ROPES.

PUFF! puff! puff! Did ye near her
whistle blowin' ?
That's the night-mail Flyer, on her way
to the north.
Such a bustle and a fuss till the moment of
her goin' !
It's a blessin' when we see her pantin'
engine steamin' forth.
Watch her as she goes, round the curve so
swiftly glidin',
Breathin' fast and heavy as she buckles
to her work ;
For spirit and for stayin' power, that's the
hoss for ridin',
A hoss that's never tired, and is never
knowed to shirk.

But it's " Hi, Porter, hi !"
Here again begins the cry !
" Please I've luggage in the van !"
And " Will someone call a man ?"
" Porter ! Where's a porter ?" " Here,
Sir ! Comin' ! Here am I !"

'Tain't *quite* a easy life, sir, but bless you,
that don't matter!

A workin' man can't pick and choose
just all he thinks he'd like;

And I'd sooner be myself than a tailor or
a hatter,

Or a miner or a fact'ry hand for ever
on the strike.

With a back and shoulders broad as mine,
who'd grumble at a trunk, sir?

And if I growl at work, I ain't a porter
but a *bogus*;

So bring the luggage on, for I'm never in
a funk, sir,

No, not of packin'-cases or the ladies'
Saratogas.

Hark! It's "Hi, Porter, hi!"

Everywhere I hear the cry;

"Big box, black bag, band-box,
bundle!"

"Truck, ma'am? All right! Now we
trundle!"

And, by your leave, sir—here comes truck
and I.

What's that you ask, sir? In the wintry
weather

Do I find it chilly, workin' here the live-
long day?

Well, yes, sir, there's times when I feel like
a feather,

Blowed clean through and through, on
a mornin' wild and grey.

For a wonderful draught comes sweepin'
with a whirl

Through the station as we stand here in
waitin' for the train;

And I've knowed a stalwart feller start and
shiver like a girl,

When the sudden blast have caught him
with a splash of drivin' rain.

But it's "Hi, Porter, hi!"

And soon we're warm and dry.

Ah, there's nothin' like a crowd,

For their luggage bawlin' loud,

To rouse you and to warm you; or at least,
sir—so say I.

It's a interestin' callin' too—when all's said
and done;

And you'd hardly believe, sir, the things
I've seen and heard.

The station's quite a world, and there's
grief and mirth and fun,

With stories sad and glad in just a
single look or word.

And now and again, 'mong the poorer folk
and weaker,

I've had a chance to help a bit, all in the
way of duty;

And a word for the Master—though a
porter be the speaker—

May carry to a dreary life some tiny ray
of beauty.

So when I hear the cry

Of "Hi, Porter, hi!"

I like to feel I'm ready,

With a lovin' heart and steady,

To say a Christian word, and do some good
afore I die.

LEFT IN CHARGE.

H. G. G.

THERE was never such a boy

For recreative pleasure,

Who did so little work,

And seemed so much at leisure,

As Noisy Tom, the blacksmith's son.

Not a lazy lad was he

(Though by no means fond of working);

He was not the kind of boy

You could fairly blame for shirking;

And of failings—ah! he had just one.

A friend more kind than wise

Had purchased him a present;

And the constant use he made

Of the gift was hardly pleasant.

'Twas a flute of the most shrill tone;

And whenever he could steal

A moment from his labours,

His instrument he took,

And distracted all the neighbours,

If you left him in the workshop alone.

One day his master went

To a village at a distance,

Leaving Noisy Tom in charge

Of the forge, without assistance;

And bade him keep an eye on Baby Jane.

But as soon as he was gone,

Tommy, flute in hand, was seated;

While the anvil made a stand,

Which a packing-case completed;

And soon the neighbours heard the dismal
strain.

For an hour he piped away,

Work and Baby Jane forgetting,

Quite unconscious how his charge
 In her cradle-bed was fretting,
 Tired of being left alone so long.
 While the chickens from the yard,
 Through the open doorway stalking,
 By the music tempted in,
 Round the premises came walking,
 Putting in a lively chorus to the song.

Oh, great was Tom's dismay
 When there came a voice of thunder,
 Asking, "What are you about?"
 In a tone of wrath and wonder.
 "The fire is out, boy, and the forge is cold!"
 And Tom too late perceived
 That his favourite recreation
 Had somewhat interfered
 With his daily avocation,
 And book and flute too well their story told.

But it taught him once for all,
 Without further rule or reason,
 That for everything in life
 Is assigned a proper season :
 A time for piping, and a time for play ;
 But when duty's fire is hot,
 And the anvil standing ready,
 Then the hand must grasp the tool
 With a willing heart and steady,
 Taking up the tunes of life another day.

THE KING AND THE SNAKE.

IN an ancient city, whose walls are dust,
 There reigned a king who was called the
 Just.
 The light of his eyes was quenched in night,
 But the eye of his mind was keen and bright.
 A bell was hung, by the monarch's grace,
 In a tower that fronted the market-place,
 So lightly poised that a young child-hand
 Might set it swinging to wake the land.
 Whoever was wronged this bell might ring,
 And he should have justice of the king.

Many a day, in sun and shower,
 The bell hung silent up in the tower ;
 For the blind king's rule was firm and strong,
 And few in his kingdom suffered wrong.
 So moss grew green on the belfry stair,
 And the birds of the air resorted there ;
 And creeping creatures, great and small,
 Dwelt in the clefts of the ivied wall.

But a wavering peal rang out one day
 From the rusty bell in the belfry grey ;

And the king commanded, "Go and see
 Who now is wronged and has need of me."
 His servants laughed as they came from
 their quest :

"A toad has stolen a serpent's nest ;
 And it is the serpent, strange to tell,
 Which, wreathed in the bell-rope, rings the
 bell.

Shall we kill her, then, that the din may cease,
 And let your majesty rest in peace?"
 "Nay," said the king ; "let the toad beslain,
 And give the serpent her nest again."

That night, as the king in his palace slept,
 Into his chamber a serpent crept.
 Softly she glided over the floor,
 And a marvellous stone in her mouth she
 bore ;

No wisest jeweller on the earth
 Could have told its name or guessed its
 worth.

It lighted the depths of the king's dark room,
 As the moon illumines the midnight's gloom.
 Up to his pillow she wound her way,
 Where, deep asleep on his couch, he lay ;
 She touched his eyes with the stone she bore,
 And the king received his sight once more.
 Then she slipped away, and he woke, alone
 In a room made bright by the luminous
 stone.

The gem was brought by the grateful king
 To the fane of a god for an offering.
 It shone in the shades of the temple old
 Like one great pearl in a sea-cave cold ;
 Like one white rock in a darksome pass ;
 Like one white flower in a black morass ;
 Like the one clear star on a cloudy morn,
 When the night is dead and the day unborn.
 And long they guarded the serpent stone,
 Till the last of the good king's race was gone.
 Then, they say, it vanished away,
 And no man vieweth its like to-day.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

G. CUTLER.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands ;
 Be sure of your curb and rein,
 For I scorn the power of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns a chain.
 How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
 For many a countless hour,
 At the childish boast of human might,
 And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
 A navy upon the seas,
 Creeping along, a snail-like band,
 Or waiting the wayward breeze ;
 When I marked the peasant faintly reel
 With the toil which he daily bore,
 As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel,
 Or tugged at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courser's
 speed,
 The flight of the carrier dove,
 As they bore the law a king decreed,
 Or the lines of impatient love ;
 I could not but think how the world would
 feel,
 As these were outstripped afar,
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chained to the flying car.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! they found me at last ;
 They invited me forth at length,
 And I rushed to my throne with thunder blast,
 And laughed in my iron strength.
 Oh ! then ye saw a wondrous change
 On the earth and ocean wide,
 Where now my fiery armies range,
 Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the waters o'er
 The mountain's steep decline ;
 Time—space—have yielded to my power—
 The world ! the world is mine !—
 The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
 Or those where his beams decline,
 The giant streams of the queenly West,
 Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
 To hear my strength rejoice,
 And the monsters of the briny deep
 Cower, trembling, at my voice.
 I carry the wealth of the lords of earth,
 The thoughts of the god-like mind ;
 The wind lags after my flying forth,
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless
 mine
 My tireless arm doth play,
 Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day.
 I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden cave below,
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush overflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In the busy hives of trade ;
 I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
 Where my arms of strength are made ;
 I toil at the furnace, the mill, the mint ;
 I carry, I spin, I weave :
 And all my doings I put into print
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
 No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
 And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
 While I manage the world by myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein ;
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
 As the tempest scorns a chain.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth,
 And he watched how the veering flaw did
 blow
 The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
 Had sailed the Spanish Main,
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see !"
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
 A gale from the North-east ;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
 The vessel in its strength ;
 She shuddered and paused, like a frightened
 steed,
 Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little
daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast";
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming
snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and
prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the
wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and
drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a weary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
waves
Looked soft as carded wool;

But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board:
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow!
Heaven save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

CASABIANCA.

FELICIA HEMANS.

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 fires made way.

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

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 that perished there
 Was that young faithful heart.

LUCY GRAY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray;
 And, when I crossed the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
 She dwelt on a wide moor;
 The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a cottage door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,
 You to the town must go;
 And take a lantern, child, to light
 Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, I will gladly do;
 'Tis scarcely afternoon—
 The minster clock has just struck two,
 And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
 And snapped a faggot band;
 He plied his work, and Lucy took
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;
 With many a wanton stroke

Her feet disperse the powd'ry snow,
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
 She wandered up and down.
 And many a hill did Lucy climb,
 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
 Went shouting far and wide;
 But there was neither sound nor sight
 To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood,
 That overlooked the moor;
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
 A furlong from their door.

They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
 "In heaven we all shall meet!"
 When in the snow the mother spied
 The print of Lucy's feet!

Half breathless from the steep hill's edge,
 They tracked the footmarks small;
 And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
 And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed—
 The marks were still the same;
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
 And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank—
 And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day,
 She is a living child;
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
 And never looks behind;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

TWO CHURCH-BUILDERS.

JOHN G. SAXE.

A FAMOUS king would build a church,
 A temple vast and grand;
 And that the praise might be his own,
 He gave a strict command
 That none should add the smallest gift
 To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was done,
 Within the noble frame,
 Upon a tablet broad and fair,
 In letters all aflame
 With burnished gold, the people read
 The royal builder's name.

Now when the king, elate with pride,
 That night had sought his bed,
 He dreamed he saw an angel come
 (A halo round his head),
 Erase the royal name, and write
 Another in its stead.

What could it be? Three times that night
 That wondrous vision came ;
 Three times he saw that angel hand
 Erase the royal name,
 And write a woman's in its stead
 In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave command
 To all about his throne
 To seek the owner of the name
 That on the tablet shone ;
 And so it was, the courtiers found
 A widow poor and lone.

The king enraged at what he heard,
 Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
 And to the woman trembling sore,
 He said, "'Tis very clear
 That thou hast broken my command ;
 Now let the truth appear!"

"Your majesty," the widow said,
 "I can't deny the truth :
 I love the Lord—my Lord and yours—
 And so in simple sooth,
 I broke your majesty's command
 (I crave your royal ruth).

"And since I had no money, sire,
 Why, I could only pray
 That God would bless your majesty ;
 And when along the way
 The horses drew the stones, I gave
 To one a wisp of hay!"

"Ah! now I see," the king exclaimed,
 "Self-glory was my aim :
 The woman gave for love of God,
 And not for worldly fame—
 'Tis my command the tablet bear
 The pious widow's name."

THE OPEN DOOR.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
 A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
 So poor, alas! her children asked
 One night, in vain, for bread.
 But this poor woman loved the Lord,
 And knew that He was good ;
 So, with her little ones around,
 She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, the eldest child,
 A boy of eight years old,
 Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
 Dear mother, we are told
 How God, with food by ravens brought,
 Supplied His prophet's need."
 "Yes," answered she ; "but that, my son,
 Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
 What He has done before ;
 And so, to let the bird fly in,
 I will unclosethe door."
 Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
 Threw back the door full wide,
 So that the radiance of their lamp
 Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
 And, noticing the light,
 Paused to inquire why thus the door
 Was open so at night.
 "My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
 The widow, smiling, said,
 "That ravens might fly in and bring
 My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried.
 "Then, here's a raven, lad ;
 Come to my home, and you shall see
 Where bread may soon be had."
 Along the street to his own house
 He quickly led the boy,
 And sent him back with food that filled
 His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
 Went to the open door,
 Looked up, and said, "We thank Thee,
 Lord!"
 Then shut it fast once more.
 For, though no bird had entered in,
 He knew that God on high
 Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
 And sent this full supply.

THE THREE KINGS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar ;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept
by day ;
For their guide was a beautiful, wonder-
ful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming
was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-
bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys ;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-
trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the
West,
Through the dusk of night over hills
and dells,
And sometimes they nodded with beard
on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to
rest,
With the people they met at the wayside
wells.

"Of the Child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the
news ;
For we in the East have seen His star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the
Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in
vain ;
We know of no King but Herod the
great !"
They thought the Wise Men were men
insane,
As they spurred their horses across the
plain,
Like riders in haste who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the great, who had heard this
thing,

Sent for the Wise Men, and questioned
them ;
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new King."

So they rode away ; and the star stood
still,
The only one in the grey of morn ;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own
free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was
born.

And the Three Kings rode through the
gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their
horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great
inn-yard ;
But the windows were closed, and the
doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of
kine,
The little Child in the manger lay,
The Child that was to be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of His breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet :
The gold was a tribute to a King ;
The frankincense, with its odour sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete ;
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her
head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone ;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's
throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;
But they went not back to Herod the great,
For they knew his malice and feared his
hate,
And returned to their homes another
way.

WE ARE SEVEN.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

*A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?*

I MET a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the chestnut tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's
door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven !"
'Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven !"

 NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG
ENGLISH SAILOR.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I LOVE contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain, half-way over,
With envy—*they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day, laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Oh, dear me! 'twas a thing beyond
Description!—such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have faced
The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering.
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger.

“Rash youth, that wouldst yon channel
pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned.”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad;
“But, absent years from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.”

“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
“You've both my favour justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buonapartè.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;—
Their graves are severed, far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

JOHN MAYNARD.

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
 One bright midsummer day,
 The gallant steamer *Ocean Queen*
 Swept proudly on her way.
 Bright faces clustered on the deck,
 Or, leaning o'er the side,
 Watched carelessly the feathery foam
 That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
 That smiling bends serene,
 Could dream that danger awful, vast,
 Impended o'er the scene—
 Could dream that e'er an hour had sped
 That frame of sturdy oak
 Would sink beneath the lake's blue
 waves,
 Blackened with fire and smoke.

A seaman sought the captain's side,
 A moment whispered low ;
 The captain's swarthy face grew pale,
 He hurried down below.
 Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp
 And clear his orders came,
 No human effort could avail
 To quench the insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,
 It sped from lip to lip,
 And ghastly faces everywhere
 Looked from the doomed ship.
 "Is there no hope—no chance of life?"
 A hundred lips implore ;
 "But one," the captain made reply—
 "To run the ship on shore."

A sailor whose heroic soul
 That hour should yet reveal,
 By name John Maynard, eastern born,
 Stood calmly at the wheel.
 "Head her south-east!" the captain
 shouts,
 Above the smothered roar,
 "Head her south-east without delay!
 Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,
 Or clouds his dauntless eye,
 As in a sailor's measured tone
 His voice responds, "Ay, ay!"
 Three hundred souls, the steamer's freight,
 - Crowd forward wild with fear ;
 While at the stern the dreadful flames
 Above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched the nearing flames,
 But still with steady hand,
 He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
 He steered the ship to land.
 "John Maynard, can you still hold out?"
 He heard the captain cry ;
 A voice from out the stifling smoke
 Faintly responds, "Ay, ay!"

But half a mile! a hundred hands
 Stretch eagerly to shore.
 But half a mile! That distance sped,
 Peril shall all be o'er.
 But half a mile! Yet stay, the flames
 No longer slowly creep,
 But gather round the helmsman bold
 With fierce, impetuous sweep.

"John Maynard," with an anxious voice
 The captain cries once more,
 "Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
 And we will reach the shore."
 Through flame and smoke that dauntless
 heart
 Responded firmly, still
 Unawed, though face to face with death,
 "With God's good help, I will!"

The flames approached with giant strides,
 They scorch his hands and brow ;
 One arm disabled seeks his side,
 Ah, he is conquered now!
 But no! his teeth are firmly set,
 He crushes down the pain—
 His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
 He guides the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet!
 Brave heart, thy task is o'er!
 The pebbles grate beneath her keel,
 The steamer touches shore.
 Three hundred grateful voices rise
 In praise to God, that He
 Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
 And from th' ingulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?
 The captain saw him reel—
 His nerveless hands released their task,
 He sank beside the wheel.
 The waves received his lifeless corpse,
 Blackened with smoke and fire ;
 God rest him! Hero never had
 A nobler funeral pyre!

A HEROINE AFTER ALL.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

SHE had read of heroines far away,
Of wonderful deeds that girls had done,
And wished that she were as brave as they
Who such high praise and applause had won.

There was nought she could do to gain
renown,
No chance for a commonplace girl like
her ;

For a blizzard never had reached the town,
Nor anything else that made a stir.

She had often read of Joan of Arc,
And in spirit followed the daring maid,
And wondered if she was scared at the dark,
Or of ghosts and goblins had been afraid
When *she* was a child. And was it true
That angels came to her in a trance,
And told her exactly what to do
For fame, and the glory and good of
France ?

And Amy sighed, as she said, " 'Tis well
That I lead an easy and quiet life,
With nothing that's likely to compel
My taking part in such active strife ;
For I faint away at the sight of blood ;
Would run a mile to avoid a cow ;
And at thought of the terrors of fire and
flood
Am ready to go in hysterics now.

"I am only brave in my dreams ; and then
To accomplish my purpose I never fail ;
But rush to the charge with valiant men,
And a heart that scoffs at a coat of mail.
What plans I make ! and what deeds I do !
King Arthur himself had no grander
schemes,
Nor ever more glorious triumphs knew,
Than I in my rapturous girlish dreams."

That night came a wild, fierce cry of "Fire!"
And Amy sprang from her couch with a
scream ;

For the flames about her were drawing
nigher,

And seemed at first like a horrid dream.
The stairs were ablaze ! and below them
stood

Her mother,—the baby in her arms,—
And she looked as only a mother could
Whose heart was tortured with wild
alarms.

She strove to speak, but her lips were
dumb ;

She tried to move, but she could not stir ;
Oh, why should horror her strength
benumb,

And at that moment so cripple her ?
There, above, in an inner room,
Her children slept, while the flames rose
higher ;

How could she ward their fearful doom,
While thus held back by a wall of fire ?

Quick as a flash did Amy speed
To the bed where nestled each tiny elf.
Strength was given for the hour of need,
She had no time to think of herself ;
But, seizing each with a loving kiss,
She stood once more in the fiery glow,
And dropped them down through the red
abyss

To a score of uplifted arms below.

Awhile she paused at the head of the stair,
Alone and pallid—but not with fright ;
Like an angel presence standing there,
Crowned with a halo of dazzling light.
Then forth she sprang, and oh, what bliss
To gaze once more on her mother's face,
To be rewarded kiss on kiss
When closely held in her fond embrace !

From the noisy plaudits she shrank dis-
mayed,
With a feeling that her deserts were
small ;

'Twas but an impulse that she obeyed,
Yet she was a heroine after all ;
Learning the lesson, that from above
Strength is imparted for all our needs ;
And that even a child with a heart of love
May thrill the world with its mighty
deeds.

"WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?"

ANNA R. HENDERSON.

COME, children, and listen : I'll tell you in
rhyme

A story of something which happened one
time.

There was war in the land, and each heart
beat high,

And many went forth for their country to
die ;

But words fail to tell of the fear and dismay
Which swept through the homes of a
village one day,

When the enemy's army marched into the
street,

And their own valiant soldiers were forced
to retreat ;

Such hiding, surrend'ring, and trembling
with fear !

When, what in the midst of it all should
appear

But Grandmother Gregory, feeble and old,
Coming out of her cottage, courageous and
bold !

She faced the intruders who marched
through the land,

Shaking at them the poker she held in her
hand.

"How foolish!" her friends cried, pro-
voked, it is true ;

"Why, Grandmother, what did you think
you could do?"

"Not much," answered Grandma, "but
ere they were gone

I wanted to show them which side I was on."

Now, children, I've told this queer story to
you

To remind you of something the weakest
can do—

There is always a fight 'twixt the right and
the wrong,

And the heat of the battle is borne by the
strong ;

But no matter how small, or unfit for the
field,

How feeble or graceless the weapon you
wield,

Oh! fail not, until the last enemy's gone,
To stand up and show them which side
you are on !

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

LIZZIE ALDRIDGE.

AT a temperance meeting we held in our
town,

It may be a year ago,
A Quaker lady rose up to speak,
A Quaker lady, aged and weak,
With hair as white as snow.

A reverent stillness hushed the crowd,
And the whisperers paused to hear,
While she told a story in Quaker phrase,
Simple and sweet, like her people's ways,
In a voice still firm and clear.

"In our household," she said, "in years
gone by,

When I was a new-wed wife,
We had a servant prone to drink,
Tottering hard by the fearful brink
Of a drunkard's death in life.

"Deeply I grieved o'er the man and his sin,
And said, 'I entreat thee, shun
Thy evil habit, and take the pledge ;
Thou art so near the perilous edge—
Abstain, or thou art undone.'

"'At your table, madam, I wait,' he replied,
'And, when company comes to dine,
I place three glasses, by your command,
Three glasses fair at each guest's right
hand,
And serve them all with wine.

"'Every day by your chair I stand,
And every day of the year
With your favourite wine your glass I fill ;
You always drink it, thinking no ill—
Why shouldn't I have my beer?'

"The words of that man went home to my
soul,
And my conscience smote me sore ;
'I know 'twas so in the past,' I said ;
'For that I take the blame on my head—
Thou shalt fill my glass no more.

"'Greatly I fear that my thoughtless ways
May lead thy soul to death ;
But if thou wilt abstain, by help Divine,
From thy spirits and beer, I will leave my
wine
From now till my latest breath.'

"So we took the pledge, and for many a year
We kept our temperance vow ;
And a happy home and children dear
Our butler had ; and we all revere
His name and memory now.

"And he, when dying, thanked God for me,
As only the dying can,
That the Lord had helped me to make
that stand
'Gainst evil ways, and to stretch a hand
To save a sinking man.

"I trust that his soul is safe above,
For he sought the Lord of a truth ;
And I thank my God, now I'm feeble and old
And the days of my life are well-nigh told,
For the pledge I took in my youth."

"BABY'S ASLEEP!"

MARGARET M'KENZIE.

BOTHER the baby! It's *always* asleep;
A fellow can't move: I am sick to death
Of being kept quiet, and made to creep
Like a mouse, and to speak below my
breath!

If ever I whistle, or jump, or sing,
Or bang on the wall to the next-door
boys,
They're "down on my tracks" with the
same old thing,—
"The baby's asleep; don't make such a
noise!"

The baby indeed! From morning till
night
That baby just bothers me all the day;
I wish 'twas grown up, and could romp
and fight,—
It *oughtn't* to sleep in that tiresome way!

"The baby's asleep—to wake up no more!"
Mother, you can't mean the darling is
dead!
Oh, mother, I never half guessed before
How I loved every curl on its tiny head!

I know it's happy, up there in the sky,
But I fancy God took it away to keep,
'Cause He thought *I* wanted the pet to
die,—
I made such a noise when it went to
sleep!

THE FIRST TANGLE.

ONCE, in an Eastern palace wide,
A little child sat weaving;
So patiently her task she plied,
Her fellow-servants at her side
Flocked round her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,
"You always work so cheer'ly?
You never seem to break your thread,
Or twist or tangle it, instead
Of working smooth and clearly.

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken,
For all we've fretted, wept, and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled
Before the king has spoken."

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble;
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own, as sometimes flies
The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the king,"
She said, abashed and meekly;
"You know he said, In everything"—
"Why, so do we!" they cried. "We bring
Him all our troubles weekly!"

She turned her little head aside;
A moment let them wrangle.
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!"

And we—are we not weavers all?
Our broidery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall,
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle!

TURN THE CARPET.

HANNAH MORE.

AS at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They pitched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state;
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him, and none to me?"

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed, I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppressed,
And 'tis the wicked who are blessed."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of His way alone we know;
'Tis all that man can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass it makes one stare.

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle, where's the
border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits.
Besides, you reason like a lout;
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Said John, "Thou sayst the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world that clouds thy soul with doubt
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright;
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is Divine.

"What now seem random strokes will
there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick; "no more
I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble
My impious thoughts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park
(Here truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still,
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill,

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely
hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade;
And many a wing the foliage brushed,
And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the shades by day
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew, and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind:
When now a short, quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turned—it stopt—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame,
For, when the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same!
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do;
When, through the cheating gloom of night,
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt
It followed down the plain!
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
The white park-gate in view,
Which, pushing hard, so long it swung
That ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack,
For much she feared the grizzly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went
As it had done before:

Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised ;
Out came her daughter dear :
Good-natured souls ! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the
night,
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park ;
And, simple as the playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he, no imp of sin ;
No crimes had ever known :
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor ;
The matron learned to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive ;
And long he lived and spread his fame
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale,
And some conviction too :
Each thought some other goblin tale
Perhaps was just as true.

BETH GELERT.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn ;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn :

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer :
"Come, Gelert ! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear ?

"Oh ! where does faithful Gelert roam ?
The flower of all his race !

So true, so brave ; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase !"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare ;
And small and scant the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there,

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound was smeared with goutts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet :
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd—
And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-goutts shock'd his view !

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found !
The blood-stain'd covert rent !
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besrent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied ;
He searched, with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child !

"Hell-hound ! by thee my child's de-
voured !"
The frantic father cried ;
And, to the hilt, his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side !

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh :
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry !

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub-boy he kissed !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death !

Ah ! what was then Llewellyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear :
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe :
"Best of thy kind, adieu !
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue !"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd ;
And marbles, storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass
Or forester unmoved ;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear ;
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell !

THE STONE-BREAKER'S FIVE WISHES.

AN EASTERN TALE.

H. G. G.

How hot it was ! How the sun beat down on the rocks of the quarry, till the sand underfoot burned like hot ashes, and everything around glistened and sparkled. In that far-off Eastern country there was no pleasant stretch of cool grass for the eye to rest upon, nor were there close by any trees to give soft shade.

Here in this hot prison-like place a

number of dark-skinned men were at work. Some were young, and took things easily ; they had not been there long, and they laughed and sang at their tasks cheerfully enough. But there was one poor fellow, named Hafiz, who had been at work in this place for many years. His wages were little more than enough to buy him his daily food. The time when he could give up work and live on his savings seemed a long way off.

"Ah," he sighed, resting a moment on his pickaxe and wiping his hot brow, "what a hard life is mine ! Why should I have to quarry big stones when other men ride on horseback in beautiful clothes and have troops of servants to wait on them?"

Just then a noise caught his ear, and, turning round, Hafiz saw a great procession filing by along the dusty road that ran past the entrance to the quarry.

"Ah," he murmured, "there goes the king. Why, now, should his life be all pleasure and mine all toil and fret ? Oh, that I could change places with him !"

Then the voice of his guardian angel seemed to whisper out of the air, "Have, then, thy wish." And suddenly the poor stone-breaker felt a great change come over him. When he looked down, his ragged garments were gone, and instead were beautiful robes sparkling with jewels. He was riding a splendid horse, and his feet were thrust into sandals of cloth of gold ; while on either side, and behind and before him, marched hundreds of tall soldiers and brightly-dressed servants, ready to do his bidding. Hafiz had become king.

But oh, how the sun beat down ! Even the golden umbrella over his head seemed of little use as a protection. The horses of the company began to lag, the men in armour grew faint, and thirst came upon all.

Then Hafiz said to himself, "The sun is greater than the king. Would that I were the sun !"

Again a change came over him, and from the blue sky he found himself looking down on the royal procession to which he had just belonged. Ah, how powerful he felt ! He shone on the fields, and scorched the crops. He shone on the streams, and dried them up. He shone on the cities, and people suffered and died.

But out of the east there rose a little

cloud. And as it drifted up the sky it grew and spread, until it slid between the sun and the parched earth.

"Ho! ho!" cried Hafiz, "is there indeed anything more powerful than the sun? Would that I were the rain-cloud!"

The next moment he had become a rain-cloud, pouring down refreshing showers on the hills and the rivers and the fields. All day and all night he steadily kept raining, till there was more water on earth than was needed. The little streams became dangerous rushing torrents, carrying all things before them.

Did I say all things? No. One thing the waters could not move, and that was a great rock that rose up in the channel of the stream. In vain the flood foamed and thundered round and over it. It did not even tremble.

Hafiz noticed all this, and cried, "Is there something mightier than the torrent which I made? I would be the rock! then shall I be the mightiest of all things, whether in heaven or earth."

And he became the rock in the river-bed. And the sun came out, and the clouds fled away, and the waters subsided, and the great rock was left alone in the dry channel.

But as he prided himself on his strength

and firmness, there came slowly by a poor quarryman, and he stopped in front of the boulder.

And presently blow after blow fell upon the great stone. The man's face streamed with heat, but his skilful arm never tired as he struck—always at one spot—on the rock's face.

Then Hafiz felt great cracks running through his stony body, and he cried out quickly—

"Oh that I were a stone-breaker once more! For though the midday sun is greater than the king and his soldiers, yet the rain-cloud is stronger than the sun, and the rock is stronger than the rain-torrent, and the poor quarryman is greater than the rock."

A mist came over his eyes, and when it cleared Hafiz found himself leaning on his pickaxe in his old place, and through the opening of the quarry he saw the royal procession still filing past.

"Was it a dream? Was it a vision?" he said to himself. "What matters? I have learned the lesson which my guardian angel has taught me. I envy no longer the king and his glittering train, for lo, the poor stonebreaker is mightier than them all."

And Hafiz turned again to his work.

CONCERTED PIECES.

THE LOST PURSE.

A DIALOGUE FOR NINE BOYS.

CHARACTERS.

GUIDO, a Peasant.

FREDERICK, his Son.

FRIULI, a Merchant.

THE DUKE.

THE DUKE'S SECRETARY.

FIRST SERVANT.

SECOND SERVANT.

ATTENDANT.

TOWN CRIER.

SCENE I.—*A lane near Florence.**(Enter GUIDO.)*

Guido. What a day this is! I have been so busy, and it is so hot, and I am so unlucky. I think nobody ever was so plagued as I am. Now, boy, what is it? More trouble?

(Enter FREDERICK, in haste.)

Fred. Oh, father, the ass has fallen in the lane!

Guido. Is she hurt?

Fred. Her knees are broken.

(Exit FREDERICK.)

Guido. Unhappy beast! She has this day ruined me. In the morning she kicked over my neighbour's stall, and broke all his bowls, and jugs, and glasses. At noon, while I was busy, she ate up Mother Petrie's carrots. Now she has lamed herself, and I shall have to carry all my timber to market myself. What an unhappy man I am!

(Enter FREDERICK, again in haste.)

More trouble, son?

Fred. No, father. Here is a purse of gold.

Guido. Gold! a purse of gold! Why, these are ducats (*counts*)—sixty ducats.

Fred. Oh joy! now we are rich. Now no more black bread, no more ragged coats, no more heavy loads. Father, you will be a gentleman, and I will go to school.

Guido. Stay, boy; this purse is not ours. Where did you pick it up?

Fred. In the very spot, father, where the ass fell down. She is not so unlucky after all, you see. This will pay for the broken crockery, and Mother Petrie's carrots, and the rent—

Guido. Steady, boy. Sixty ducats! It is a great sum. But it is not mine.

Fred. But, father, we have found it.

Guido. Say no more, Frederick. We can be poor, but not dishonest. Who comes here?

(Enter FRIULI and TOWN CRIER—GUIDO and FREDERICK move to one side apart.)

Fred. It is the merchant, Friuli, father, with the Town Crier.

Friuli. Now, Crier, make the proclamation here, so that the people in yonder cottage may know.

Crier. Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! This is to give notice that Signor Friuli of Florence has lost a purse of gold—

Guido (to Fred. aside). That is the purse we have found.

Crier. Containing sixty ducats—

Guido (to Fred. aside). The very thing, you see.

Crier. And that a reward of ten ducats will be given to anyone who finds and restores the purse.

Guido. Ten ducats! Then we are still rich, my boy—*(calls after Crier and Friuli as they retire)*—Here, master merchant, I have the purse.

(FRIULI returns.)

Friuli. You have my purse, good fellow; let me see!

Guido. Not so fast, master; was it a dark purse?

Friuli. Yes; a dark silk purse, with sixty golden ducats.

Guido. Then here it is.

Friuli. Thanks, worthy peasant (*examines it*). Here is a ducat for thine honesty.

Guido. Is the purse all right, master?

Friuli. The very thing. Every coin is here. Take thy ducat, friend.

Guido. I want ten ducats.

Friuli. Ten ducats for ten seconds' labour? Thou art mad!

Guido. Sir, you promised.

Friuli. When and how?

Guido. Here and now. Do you think I am deaf?

Friuli. Not if thine ears are as wide as thine expectations. Thou art dishonest.

Guido. Come, come, master! big words won't pay me my ten ducats.

Friuli. Thy ten ducats! Thou shalt have ten blows of my stick. Go to thy cabin, and do not dare to speak to Signor Friuli again. *[Exit.*

Fred. What a shame! And now we are as poor as ever. I wish you had kept the purse; it would have served him right.

Guido. But it would not have made us right. We may be poor and suffer wrong, but let us keep our consciences clear.

(Re-enter the CRIER.)

Crier. Did you get your reward, friend?

Guido. Alas! no. I received nothing but insults.

Crier. I thought so. But this shall not be. You must appeal.

Guido. Appeal! as well talk to a stone; he has no true feeling.

Crier. I mean appeal to our Duke.

Fred. The Duke!

Crier. Yes, the Duke; he is just, and will see justice done.

Fred. Go, father. I will stay with the ass.

Crier. Nay, you must come as a witness. You found the purse.

Guido. I will go, and thou shalt go with me, and Frederick and the ass—all are witnesses; and we will see if our good Prince will not give me my rights.

[All go out.]

SCENE II.—*The Duke's Palace.*

(Enter DUKE, with SECRETARY, two SERVANTS, and FRIULI.)

Friuli. These, your Highness, are the jewels I spoke of. I have brought them express from Rome to show your Grace.

Duke. They are very fine ones, but I do not wish to purchase. *[Exit FRIULI.]*

Attendant. Your Highness, here is a peasant, craving admission.

Duke. What is his business?

Attendant. He would not tell me; but he says it is important.

Sec. It is the man, your Grace, of whom I spoke; a very obstinate fellow.

Duke. Do any of you know him?

Servant. I know him well, your Highness. He lives in the woodman's hut, close to your hunting lodge.

Duke. Ha! is it he? Let him come in.

Attendant. But, sire, he is not alone. He demands admission for himself and his boy, and his ass and the town crier.

Sec. A goodly company to visit our Duke.

Duke. Nay, let him come.

Attendant. And his witnesses, your Grace?

Duke. Certainly. Why do you wait?

Attendant. But the ass, your Highness?

Duke. True; keep it outside. Let the rest come in. *[Exit ATTENDANT.]*

Sec. It is too much that your Highness' time should be taken up by such people.

Duke. My time is my subjects'; but here they come!

Crier (aside to Guido). Now, man, be bold, and civil, and humble, and above all say, "your Highness!"

Sec. Now, friend, what is your business? The Duke waits.

Guido. I want justice, your Highness.

Duke. What is your case?

Guido. I want my ten ducats, sir.

Crier (plucking his sleeve). Say your Highness.

Guido. I mean, your Highness.

Duke. I have not ten ducats of yours.

Guido. No; but—I mean your Highness, Signor Friuli has.

Duke. Friuli? Is he in the matter? *(To Second Servant.)* Hie thee, call him back. He cannot be far yet. *(Exit Servant.)* Now, go on, friend.

Guido. Please, sir, Friuli lost his purse and I found it—at least, my boy, Frederick, did—that is to say, my ass did; for she broke her knees, and I have her at the door if you wish to see her.

Duke. But what has all this to do with Signor Friuli?

Crier. He owned the purse, your Highness, and offered ten ducats to the finder.

Duke. I see; and you found it?

Guido. I did, sir—that is, my boy—or rather, my ass—

Duke. Yes, yes! But here comes the merchant.

(Enter FRIULI with SERVANT.)

Friuli. Your Grace.

Duke. Signor, here is a man who charges you with something or other about a purse.

Guido. With cheating me out of ten ducats.

Friuli. It is false, your Highness.

Duke (to Guido). Let me hear thy tale, good fellow.

Guido. Well, sir, he lost a purse, and offered ten ducats to the finder. I found it and gave it to him, and he offered me, then, ten blows with his stick.

Duke. Is this true, Friuli?

Friuli. Certainly not, your Grace.

Duke. Did you lose a purse?

Friuli. I did, sire. This is it (*showing purse*).

Duke. And you offered ten ducats reward for it?

Friuli. Yes, your Highness.

Duke. Did he restore it?

Friuli. He did.

Duke. Has he received the reward?

Friuli. Not from me, sire, because he had helped himself already.

Guido. 'Tis false! I—

Crier and Servants. Hush!

Sec. You must not speak so in the Duke's presence.

Friuli. It is quite true, your Grace, that I offered ten ducats for my purse; but, as I said, the man has paid himself.

Guido. I did not take one coin.

Friuli. It is very simple, your Grace. When I lost my purse, I did think it contained sixty ducats, and so I advertised it; but when I came to think it over, I found that it contained seventy ducats.

Duke. Indeed your purse contained seventy ducats?

Friuli. Yes, sire.

Duke. And this purse (*taking it from Friuli*) only contains sixty?

Friuli. Just so; and that is the reason why I would not give him the ten ducats.

Duke. Very ingenious, no doubt, signor. But I think this is all a mistake. This purse cannot be yours.

Friuli. Not mine, your Highness?

Duke. No; your purse had seventy ducats, this has only sixty. Now, I have such a high opinion of this man's honesty, that I am sure he has not taken anything out of it, and, therefore, your purse is still lost.

Friuli. Oh, your Highness, I will give him the ten ducats.

Duke. Yes, when he finds your purse. But, in the meantime, as this cannot be yours, and no other person claims it, I award it to the peasant for his honesty.

Guido. Thank you, sire, most humbly do we thank you.

Fred. Oh, father, now we shall be able to buy all those good things we talked about—indeed, we shall be quite rich.

Crier. Long live the noble Duke!

Friuli. And I lose all for my greediness.

THE CHILDREN OF THE YEAR.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR GIRLS AND EIGHT BOYS.

CHARACTERS.

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| JANUARY, a boy. | JULY, a boy. |
| FEBRUARY, a boy. | AUGUST, a girl. |
| MARCH, a boy. | SEPTEMBER, a boy. |
| APRIL, a boy. | OCTOBER, a boy. |
| MAY, a girl. | NOVEMBER, a boy. |
| JUNE, a girl. | DECEMBER, a girl. |

[No special dresses are needed for this piece, but a little attention to dress will make it more effective. Beginning with January, winter garments—fur cap and coat—are seasonable, and as the year passes on, lighter and brighter articles of dress may be worn. May, June, and July cannot be too light and bright. December will, of course, end as January begins.]

JANUARY.

Of one family we are twelve,
Sisters, brothers dear;

FEBRUARY.

Linked by bonds that never break,
Children of the Year.

MARCH.

We are old and hoary folk,
Full of age and pain;

APRIL.

Dying yearly, yet each year
We are born again.

MAY.

One of us is always here,
One just run his race;

JUNE.

One just coming, and yet none
See the others' face.

JULY.

Quick to come, and quick to go,
To each other near ;

AUGUST.

Only one is seen at once
In the current year.

SEPTEMBER.

We have all a tale to tell
Of our deeds renowned,

OCTOBER.

Of the changes that we bring,
As the year goes round.

NOVEMBER.

The days among ourselves we share,
As told in simple rhyme,

DECEMBER.

For boys and girls at school to learn
How we divide the time.

ALL.

Thirty days are in September,
April, June, and dull November ;
February hath twenty-eight alone ;
All the rest have thirty-one.
But leap-year coming once in four,
February then hath one day more.

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

JANUARY.

I am January, cold and drear,
Yet I bring the glad New Year ;
Merry bells my welcome ring,
For the joy and hope I bring.
Cold and piercing winds I blow,
Wrap the earth in coat of snow,
Freeze the ponds on every side,
So that boys and girls may slide.

ALL.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

FEBRUARY.

I am February ; rain and sleet
Fill the ditches, flood the street.

Yet one day of days is mine
When I send a Valentine.
Now the heavy plough I guide,
Scatter seed on every side ;
Snowdrops pure and white I bring,
And the lark begins to sing.

ALL.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the forest on the hill.

MARCH.

I am March, a blustering boy,
And the people I annoy.
Like a lion I draw nigh,
Like a lamb I say, " Good-bye."
I am found from early morn,
Digging, planting, sowing corn.
Primrose, crocus, violet sweet,
Spring where'er I set my feet.

ALL.

April comes with gentle showers,
Strewing all the land with flowers.

APRIL.

I am April, month of Spring,
Buds and blossoms forth I bring,
But more famous you will say
For the fun of All-Fools' Day.
" Cuckoo ! " I am first to hear,
Birds from other lands appear,
Doves in quiet woodlands rest,
And the swallow builds its nest.

ALL.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

MAY.

I am May, a maiden fair,
Sweet May blossom in my hair ;
Merry May-day sports I bring,
Round the May-pole children sing.
Songs of praise from many a bird
In the fields and woods are heard ;
Lovely flowers of varied hue,
In my hands I bring to you.

ALL.

June brings pansies, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

JUNE.

I am June, a matron bright,
Robing all the earth with light ;

Ere I leave you, will appear
The longest day in all the year.
Loads of hay and wool I yield,
Shear the sheep and mow the field.
Now the honeysuckle fair
And the wild rose scent the air.

ALL.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Pleasant shade in leafy bowers.

JULY.

I am July ; while I stay
All should have a holiday.
Boys and girls should wander free,
In the woods and by the sea.
In the hayfield, some will play,
Tossing to and fro the hay.
Fruits now ripen in the sun—
July is the month of fun.

ALL.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

AUGUST.

I am August, ripe and brown
Is the grain that I cut down.
Then I thresh and grind the wheat,
To make bread for you to eat.
In the garden, plum and peach
Ripe and juicy you may reach.
Few the birds I have to sing,
Silent they or flown till Spring.

ALL.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

SEPTEMBER.

I'm September ; you may see
Autumn tints on every tree.
Days begin to shorten fast,
Summer weather's almost past.
To the orchard come with me,
Pears and apples you shall see.
Shake the trees, now on the ground
Ripe and juicy fruit is found.

ALL.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

OCTOBER.

I'm October ; days grow cold ;
What care I ? a hunter bold !
To the woods I now repair,
Game of every kind is there :
Pheasant, partridge, rabbit, hare ;
What I capture you shall share.
And on tree and bush we see
Nuts all ripe for you and me.

ALL.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are falling fast.

NOVEMBER.

I'm November ; cold I blow,
On the ground the leaves I throw.
Nearly all the flowers have gone,
With dark clouds I hide the sun ;
Outside fog, and sleet, and rain,
Inside we have fires again.
Of twelve months I'm last but one,
And the year is nearly done.

ALL.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

DECEMBER.

I'm December ; well you know
That I bring the frost and snow.
Autumn's gone and Winter's here,
For I come to end the year.
Very cold my days may be,
Yet I know you welcome me.
Kind and loving words you say
When you meet on Christmas Day.

ALL.

Now we say to all, "Farewell !"
May you long in comfort dwell.
Yet we ask a parting cheer
For the Children of the Year.

PALISSY, THE POTTER; OR,
PATIENCE REWARDED.A DIALOGUE FOR SEVEN BOYS AND
TWO GIRLS.

CHARACTERS.

BERNARD PALISSY, *the Potter.*
HIS SON.
ANNETTE, *his Daughter.*
AUNT.
HUBERT, *Palissy's Friend.*
ERIC } *Neighbours.*
FRITZ }
BAKER.
LANDLORD.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

(*Enter ERIC and FRITZ. A moment later,
BERNARD PALISSY walks past them.*)

Eric. There goes the crazy man

Fritz. The man who threw up good
work to follow a shadow!

Ber. Friends, I follow no shadow.

Eric. And you will deny that you are
crazy?

Ber. I hope I am not.

Fritz. You are. You starve your wife.
Your children go hungry. Your business
is ruined, and all the time you are sitting
by a big fire that would roast an ox.

Eric. With nothing inside but a parcel
of old clay pots.

Ber. You do not understand, neighbours.
I am not seeking a shadow. I am trying
to benefit the whole country with my in-
vention, and to find a trade for thousands.

Fritz. Ha! ha! You benefit your
country! You had better take example
by us, and look after number one.

Eric. Come away, Fritz, the poor man
is out of his mind; he benefit us, indeed—
ha! ha!

[*Exit ERIC and FRITZ.*]

(*Enter LANDLORD.*)

Land. Sir, I have been down to your
house.

Ber. Indeed, sir, I am sorry.

Land. I went for my rent.

Ber. You are hasty; the half-year is not
up till noon.

Land. Yes; but I understand that you
have little or nothing, and I wished to be
the first to get it.

Ber. To get nothing?

Land. No; my rent! It must be paid
at noon.

Ber. I have no money.

Land. Then I must take the furniture.

Ber. And turn my sick wife into the
street? Give me a little time—a month.

Land. I cannot.

Ber. A week.

Land. It is no use, Mr. Palissy.

Ber. Landlord, I have paid you my rent
regularly for years; cannot you trust me
now for a few days?

Land. Why, you see, I do not wish to be
hard; and if only you were working.

Ber. Working! when do I play? when
do I rest?

Land. Yes; but I mean working at
something likely to make money.

Ber. If I succeed, I shall make a fortune.

Land. Ay, "if," Mr. Palissy; "if"—
that's just it.

Ber. But you can wait; you are rich.

Land. Well, I will wait just one week.

Ber. Thank you.

Land. But mind, *only* one week.

[*Exit LANDLORD.*]

Ber. When will my torture end? Oh if
only I could just succeed!

(*Enter BAKER.*)

Baker. Ah, Mr. Palissy, I have just had
your girl at my shop.

Ber. Indeed?

Baker. Yes, she came for some bread.

Ber. And you let her have it?

Baker. No, I did not.

Ber. You did not, and there is not a
crust in the house!

Baker. That is what I wanted to say.
You've nothing in the house, and no
money. And your wife, I hear, is sick.

Ber. And knowing this, you would not
let us have a morsel of bread?

Baker. Not one crumb. I don't work
hard to keep people who won't work.
Besides, you owe me fifty francs.

Ber. Oh, man, you will distract me!
Work! I work while you are at the ale-
house; I work while you sleep; I work,
yes, long ere you have risen in the morning
I have been toiling at my invention.

Baker. Rubbish, Mr. Palissy, rubbish.
If you had a few good loaves of bread in
your oven, you might keep up your fire;
but to waste fuel as you do over empty
pots, I am not going to encourage that, I
can tell you. [*Exit.*]

Ber. At last, then, the end of my struggle is come, and I must yield just when I have reached the point of victory.

(*Enter HUBERT behind—touches him on the shoulder.*)

Hub. My friend, Bernard.

Ber. Who calls me friend?

Hub. Hubert!

Ber. Hubert! I am glad to see you; but what brings you so suddenly to Saintes?

Hub. No good cause, I assure you. The fact is, dear Palissy, I am in want.

Ber. You in want?

Hub. My shop and all my stock were destroyed by fire last week.

Ber. Then you will need money?

Hub. It does grieve me, dear friend, but I do.

Ber. I owe you five hundred francs.

Hub. And I thought perhaps you would be able to let me have it, as I need it so much.

Ber. Then the last blow has fallen upon me.

Hub. Upon you, dear friend?

Ber. Alas, I am in despair! My wife is sick; my family is in want; my credit is gone; my rent is overdue; my neighbours have turned against me; and I am penniless.

Hub. I am indeed sorry.

Ber. And my invention is almost perfected. Another week, nay, another day, may complete it.

Hub. And you have hoped on till now.

Ber. In God was my hope, that He would not desert me.

Hub. He will not. I am poor, but not so poor as you. Keep my money. Here are a few coins more, and may God give you success.

Ber. Come to my poor house, Hubert. I cannot thank you now; but when I do succeed, you shall not find your friend forgetful of your kindness.

SCENE II.—*The House.*

(BERNARD and his BOY.)

Ber. How weary I am!

Boy. Father, are you going to do it to-day?

Ber. My darling, I cannot tell. I—I hope so.

Boy. Mother is so sick, and aunt says—

Ber. Never mind what your aunt says. But look, the fire burns low! I must attend to it. [*Exit.*]

(*Enter AUNT and ANNETTE.*)

Aunt. Where is your father, child?

Boy. Gone to the furnace, aunt.

Aunt. Just as I thought. The silly, silly man, and his poor wife so sick. Oh, child, your father is surely crazy!

Annette. Aunt, you should not say so; father is the best man in all France.

Boy. And he has such a lovely vase in the furnace.

Aunt. He may have a vase, but he has no food there, and no money; and how we are to live I cannot tell.

(*Enter PALISSY hurriedly.*)

Ber. Fuel, boy! fuel! where is it?

Aunt. There is none in the house.

Ber. Not one faggot?

Aunt. Not one stick. You took the last from underneath the pan this morning.

Ber. I must have something. Here, boy (*takes a chair*), break this up quickly. (*Boy carries out the chair. Bernard takes up another.*)

Aunt. Oh dear, your father is mad. Annette, call in the neighbours!

Annette. Father! father! do you know what you are doing?

Ber. Do not hinder me, child. I cannot wait. [*Exit with chair.*]

Aunt. I shall fetch in our neighbours; he is surely beside himself. [*Exit AUNT.*]

(*Re-enter PALISSY.*)

Ber. Annette, take this chair and stool, and fetch the old oak chest.

Annette. Oh, father! all the furniture?

Ber. Yes; do not waste one moment. All depends upon speed now. [*Exit both.*]

(*Enter AUNT with FRITZ, ERIC, BAKER, and LANDLORD.*)

Aunt. He is in the workshop, my masters. Hark! he is breaking up the chairs. Do go in.

(*They go to the side as if to a door, and try in vain to open it.*)

Land. Oh, how foolish I was to give him another week. He is burning all the chairs, and there will be nothing left to pay my rent.

Baker. I am glad I did not trust him with any bread to-day.

Eric. It is just as I said ; the poor fellow is quite out of his mind.

(*They batter again at the door, calling "Bernard!" "Palissy!" Enter HUBERT.*)

Hub. How, now, masters ; what are you doing in my friend's house ?

Eric. Are you his friend, sir ?

Hub. I am.

Fritz. Then you are just in time, sir. He's gone mad.

(*Enter PALISSY.*)

Ber. Joy ! joy ! It is done at last

Land. Villain—my rent !

Baker. My bill !

Ber. Hubert, dear friend, in a minute more I shall have gained all I hoped for. The enamel was nearly perfect, when I found my fuel done ; so I took even the very furniture to keep up the fire. It is cooling now, but in a minute or two you shall see it. [*Exit PALISSY.*]

Eric. Marvellous ! suppose he succeeds ?

Fritz. Oh, he never can. I was talking last week to Antoine, the Parisian merchant, and he said he would give a thousand francs for such a vase as Palissy was trying to make.

(*Enter PALISSY with a Vase figured in Enamel.*)

Ber. See, friends, the result of sixteen years of labour. Children (*to Annette and the boy*), you will have no more hunger now.

Aunt. Oh, what a beautiful vase ! and you have made that ?

Ber. I and the fire.

Hub. You will be rich now, Bernard, and famous, too. In all the land, in all the age, there will be no man greater than you.

Ber. And my first gains, dear friend, shall be spent in repaying your kindness.

Baker. Mr. Palissy, you can have as many loaves at my shop as you please.

Land. There is not the slightest hurry about the rent, sir.

Eric. I always knew you were a wonderful man, Master Bernard.

Fritz. Yes, sir ; you were born to be a great man.

Hub. Dear friend, God has rewarded your noble patience and self-denial. You have given a new industry to man, and your invention will be useful as long as the earth shall last ; while your example of faith and patience will ever remain a noble lesson for mankind.

WHO BUILT THE SHIP ?

A DIALOGUE FOR SEVEN BOYS.

CHARACTERS.

TOM, *Fitter.*GEORGE, *Draughtsman.*FRED, *Smith.*ANDREW, *Riveter.*PETER, *Carpenter.*ALFRED, *Rigger.*MR. THOMPSON, *Umpire.*

(*Cheers are heard outside, then in rush TOM, GEORGE, FRED, ANDREW, PETER, and ALFRED.*)

Tom. Didn't she go beautifully ? I never saw a better launch in my life.

George. Nor I. She took the water like a swan.

Fred. How well she steadied herself.

Andrew. How gracefully she floated. I never put a finer ship in the water.

Peter. You put her in the water, indeed ! You put her in the water ? That's a good joke, anyhow.

Andrew. Yes ; I put her in the water. I reckon I built her.

Peter. Why, man, it was I, and the men I work with, who built her.

Tom. Hear that, George. These fellows say that they built the ship.

George. Ha ! ha ! that is good. Why, it was our gang that built her ; you only helped.

Tom. No, not exactly that, George ; your men helped. I and my mates built her, you know.

Alfred. Well, that is cool, Tom. You built the ship ? I built her myself.

All the Rest. Oh ! You built her, did you ?

Alfred. Of course I built her. That is a fact beyond all question. I appeal to any person of understanding.

George. Here is Mr. Thompson ; let him decide.

(*Enter MR. THOMPSON.*)

Alfred. All right. Mr. Thompson, will you be the umpire in this little matter ?

Mr. T. What is the little matter you have in dispute ?

George. We have just launched the new iron vessel yonder, and we are all contending for the honour of having built her.

Tom. Yes ; and I say that I and my mates did it, of course, as everybody knows.

Andrew. Everybody does not know that

the men of your trade built the ship. Let me have a word—

Alfred. That's just what I want, Andrew; so, if you please, I will state my case.

Peter. No; my turn comes before yours—

George and Fred. Stay, stay; my turn first.

Mr. T. Excuse me, my friends; but nature has only provided me with one pair of ears, so that I cannot listen to six persons at the same time.

George. Of course not, Mr. Thompson; that is why I want to tell you my story—

Alfred. So do I—

All. And I—

Mr. T. There again. Now listen; if I am to be judge, I will decide who shall speak. You all claim to have built the ship?

All. Yes.

Mr. T. And you ask me to decide your rival claims as to who is the real ship-builder?

All. Yes.

Mr. T. Then, Tom, let me hear you first.

Tom. I say that I and my comrades built the ship, because we put her together.

Mr. T. You are a fitter?

Tom. Yes, I am a fitter; that is, a ship-builder. We take the iron plates and fit them into their places.

Andrew. But what is the good of your work without me and my mates? We are the riveters. Tom's plates would not be of much use without us. When he puts an iron plate into position, we put in the red-hot rivets, and clinch them fast; and that, I say, is by far the most important work about a ship.

Fred. But who gets the iron plates ready, pray? A lot of good you and your rivets would be, if I did not bore the holes and cut the shapes for you. You talk of building a ship! why, you only put the vessel together when we have done the work.

George. Ha! ha! when Fred has done the work! and all the work he does is simply to stand beside a big punch, and let it make the holes in the plates. Now, my work is of far greater importance. Without me you could do nothing at all.

All. Without you?

Peter. You, indeed?

Fred. Not build a ship without you? Why, you do nothing but sit in the office all day.

Mr. T. But let us hear what George does.

George. I draw the designs. I plan the ship. I show all the workmen what they have to do.

Tom. Yes, but we do it.

George. Of course you do it; any dunce could do it when he has been shown how. But it would be a queer ship if it were built without a draughtsman.

Tom. And a poor one without a fitter.

Andrew. And a shaky one with all your drawing and fitting without a riveter.

Fred. And you could not work at all if I did not prepare the plates.

Mr. T. Stay, now. I can make nothing of all this tumult. Have I heard all the claims now?

Peter. I should think not, Mr. Thompson. To hear these fellows talk, one would fancy that there was no such article as timber, and no such person as a joiner.

Mr. T. You are a joiner, then?

Peter. Yes, I am a ship's joiner; and I say that I am the real builder of the ship. When all these people have finished their work, what have they got? A mere shell, an iron box; nothing else. You can't walk on it; you can't store anything inside of it. The thing has no deck, no cabins, no hold; nothing but bare, ugly iron plates. It is useless.

Tom. Oh, that's nonsense.

Andrew. Certainly it is.

Fred. As if our work was nothing.

Mr. T. Now you are all off again.

Tom. Well, Mr. Thompson, to hear him talk—

Peter. Yes, to hear me talk you must see that my trade is the most important one; and now let me ask—

Who lines your ship? The carpenter.

Who lays the deck? The carpenter.

Who makes the cabins? The carpenter. A pretty ship you would have without me; and so, Mr. Umpire, I claim the first place as the builder of the ship.

Alfred. One moment, if you please. I have listened with a good deal of amusement to all your claims, and I have tried to fancy the ship you people would build. George draws the plans, Fred prepares the plates, Tom fits them, Andrew rivets them, and Peter does the woodwork.

Peter. Yes; and it is well done, too.

Alfred. But your ship would be of no use, man, when you have all done, if no one else took her in hand. Why, she would tumble and roll about like a barrel.

Mr. T. Then what could you do to prevent it?

Alfred. I? What could I do? I could do all that was needed. I could fix her rigging; I could bend her sails; I could make her ready for sea.

Mr. T. So you are a rigger?

Alfred. Yes, sir; I am the man who does the work without which all the other labour would be thrown away.

Tom. And a lot of use your rigging would be if we did not build the ship to set it on.

Alfred. Let Mr. Thompson decide.

All. Yes; please decide.

Mr. T. Well, my friends, I have listened attentively to all you have said, and I will now try to settle the rival claims. You, George, are the draughtsman or architect: you plan and make a drawing of the ship.

George. Yes; I knew you would decide in my favour.

Mr. T. Not so fast. You, Tom, fit the parts of the ship together.

Tom. Exactly so, Mr. Thompson; so you see there is no question that I am the real shipbuilder.

Mr. T. You, Andrew, rivet the plates, and so fasten them in their places.

Andrew. That is just it, Mr. Thompson. I bind the whole ship together; when she goes to sea, she depends entirely on the strength of my work for her safety.

Mr. T. And Fred prepares the plates for the rivets.

Fred. That is my work, Mr. Thompson; and you can easily understand that Andrew, and all of them, would be able to do very little without me.

Mr. T. And Peter is the maker of the woodwork.

Peter. Yes, sir, and I say timber for ever; because, till my work is done, she is nothing but a shell.

Mr. T. Mr. Alfred rigs the ship, and fits her out for sea.

Alfred. True; and as she cannot sail at all until I have done my work, I, of course, am the actual shipbuilder.

All. Now, sir, who is the shipbuilder?

Mr. T. Not one of you.

All. Oh!

Mr. T. Stop a minute; I said not *one*, because it is quite plain that you are *all* of you shipbuilders. Each one does his part, and, if he does it well, the ship launched is your united production. Not one of you could build the ship alone. You divide the work, and so share the honour.

Tom. After all, then, I am a shipbuilder.

George. So am I.

Fred. So am I.

Andrew. So am I.

Peter. So am I.

Alfred. So am I.

ALL (together).

Whatever we do, this thing we say:
We'll do our work in the very best way;
And whether we work with hammer or pen,
We'll be good, and honest, and useful men.

THE CAGED SKYLARK.

CONCERTED PIECE FOR TWO YOUNG CHILDREN AND AN ELDER GIRL.

ELIZABETH W. WOOD.

CHARACTERS.

TOM, EVA, COUSIN MAY.

EVA.

We have been for a walk, Cousin May,
Through the valley, and over the hill,
And we stayed to rest on the stile
Of a cornfield down by the mill.

There *could* be no prettier place
Than that cornfield sunny and fair,
Sloping down to the river-bank,—
I wish you had been with us there!

Before us the green corn waved,
The still, cool woods lay behind,
And afar through the meadow-land
We could see the bright river wind.
And the little boats sailed by,
Away to the east and the west—

TOM.

Who cares for such things as *these*?
You haven't told her the best!
Never mind the trees and the flowers,—
Just tell what a prize we found,
At the foot of the mossy bank,
Where tall grass covers the ground!

EVA.

No, that is a kind of thing
Cousin May wouldn't care to hear;
[*Aside.*
(Besides, if we told her, Tom,
She would say 'twas naughty, I fear!)]

MAY.

I like to hear of the woods,
And the flowers and the cornfields too ;
And the river, Eva, you know
I love it as much as *you*.

But before you go on with your tale,
I should really like to know
What you found by the mossy bank
To delight Cousin Tommy so.

I cannot guess what it may be,—
Perhaps 'twas a beautiful flower,
Or a tempting wild-strawberry bed,—
But I might guess in vain for an hour !

So please *do* tell me at once,
What this wonderful treasure may be !

EVA.

Well, Tom, you can tell her yourself,—
She shall not hear it from me.

TOM (*confidentially*).

Now, listen to me, Cousin May,
And *I'll* tell you what we found
At the foot of the mossy bank,
Where tall grass covers the ground.

As we sat on the stile to rest
And watch the little boats pass,
We suddenly heard a sound
At our feet, in the long, thick grass.

'Twas a tiny, rustling noise,
And, with no one near but ourselves,
Just at first I almost thought
'Twas perhaps one of Eva's elves.

But before I had time to look,
A sad little chirp we heard,
And then in a moment I knew
It was not an elf, but a *bird* !

It was caught in a tangled weed,
And held there, fast, by its feet ;

EVA (*rapturously*).

(It was such a *dear* little lark,
So tiny and pretty and sweet !)

TOM.

So, before it had time to get free,
I caught it quite safe and tight ;
And then I carried it home,
And had the old cage rubbed bright,
And in it we put our new bird.

EVA (*doubtfully*).

But he doesn't look happy *yet*.

TOM.

And we're going to love him so much,
And make him our dearest pet.

EVA.

We shall feed and care for him well,
Until he grows happy and tame ;

TOM.

We'll keep him safe from the cats ;

EVA.

" Prince Charming " shall be his name !

TOM.

But he's timid yet, Cousin May,
For when Evie was standing near,
And trying to stroke his wings,
I saw him tremble with fear.
I know when you see him you'll say
We have found a most beautiful prize,—

EVA (*aside*).

Cousin May doesn't like it at all ;
I can tell by the look in her eyes.

MAY.

Pray what has the poor bird done,
To deserve such a pitiful fate ;
To be kept in a prison like that,
Away from his home and his mate ?

TOM.

But he isn't in prison at all ;
For our cage is the one, dearest May,
Where Dick the canary lived,
For many and many a day.

MAY.

But Dicky had lived in a cage
From being a baby-bird ;
Of the joys of a wild, free life
He never had even heard ;

He could not but happy be,
Loving you all so much ;
And *he* found nothing to fear
In Eva's gentle touch.

And if, from his pretty cage,
Away to the woods he had flown,

Quite lonely, weary, and cold,
 Poor Dicky would soon have grown ;

'Twould have been no joy to him,
 At his own sweet will to roam ;
 For you were his dearest friends,
 And the cage was his happy home !

TOM.

Yes, I understand what you say,
 And I know 'tis perfectly true ;
 But why should the lark not make
 His home in the bird-cage, too ?

MAY.

Because he has never been tamed,
 But has always been free to fly,
 Winging his way, at will,
 Far up through the sunny sky.

He loves the bright summer world,
 The cornfields, the dancing rills,
 The meadow-grass round his nest,
 The blue of the distant hills.

And now, in his narrow cage,
 He sighs for them, all in vain ;—
 Oh ! poor little homesick heart,
 It is weary and wild with pain !

EVA (*earnestly*).

Oh, Tom, let the poor lark fly !
 To keep him is surely wrong !
 And think how the sun would miss
 His beautiful morning song !

TOM (*slowly*).

Cousin May, do you really think
 He will never grow merry and gay,
 But be always frightened and sad,
 As he seems to be to-day ?

MAY.

As long as he lives in the cage,
 He can never be happy, I *know*.

TOM.

But he *shall* be happy, at once,
 For I'll let the little thing go !

MAY.

And we'll strive—Tom, Eva, and I—
 More truly than ever before,
 With every day of our lives
 To care for God's creatures more !

THE FOUR COINS.

M. E. R.

CHARACTERS.¹

SOVEREIGN, SHILLING, PENNY, AND
 FARTHING.

Enter FARTHING.

I'm a little dusky copperhead, and Farthing
 is my name ;
 A member of the currency, but hardly
 known to fame.
 I was very bright and shining for a few
 weeks after birth,
 But now I'm brown and ugly, and a coin
 of little worth.
 I'm very poor indeed, there's almost
 nothing I can buy ;
 For who would part with goods for one so
 valueless as I ?
 Others may brag of what they get : their
 purchases are many ;
 But as for Farthings—why, it takes just
 four to make a Penny.

Enter SOVEREIGN.

Dear me ! Who's this ? Well, I declare,
 There's not much pleasure in being King,
 And to have the pure metallic ring
 Of the golden Sovereign bright and rare,
 When at any moment, in any place,
 With a "*by your leave, your Majesty,*"
 My poorest subjects may jostle me,
 Scraping acquaintance face to face.
 What do you want, you mean little thing ?
 Why do you come and bother me so ?
 Do you think I have gifts for one so
 low ?
 What do you ask of the Golden King ?

FARTHING.

Oh, sire, I ask no favour ; neither gifts nor
 alms I crave,
 And poor and lowly though I am, I beg
 for nothing, save
 To know how I may useful be, in some
 small, humble way.
 Trust me who am the least of those who
 bow beneath your sway.

¹ It is suggested that each performer should wear, hung round his or her neck, a badge representing the coin he is personating. An imitation of the coin cut out of gold, silver, or bronze-coloured paper, and tacked on to a groundwork, could easily be made.

SOVEREIGN.

What next, I wonder? The world's too wide
For one like you to be taking a part
In its work, and showing your foolish
heart

With its ignorance—for all to deride.
Keep in the dark, Miss Farthing, I pray;
There is nothing that such as *you* can do!
If you try to meddle, you'll bitterly rue
And sorely repent that you came our way.

[*Exit* FARTHING.]

(*Enter* SHILLING and PENNY.)

SHILLING.

Your Majesty, I represent the Middle Class
Of useful Shillings; sterling metal, too,
We are: intrinsic value—old and new—
And worth twelve Pennies each, where'er
we pass.

To your estate I never can aspire,
Nor would I grudge the reverence that's
your due,

But there are those who, when they
speak of you,
Say twenty of us are your equal, sire.

SOVEREIGN.

How dare you, sir! I would have you know
That silver can never equal gold;
And a Sovereign does not want to be told
All the notions of Shilling and Co.

SHILLING.

Have patience, sire; I have not finished yet.
Your very loyal subjects, one and all,
Holding themselves at your high beck
and call—
Would still remind you "love should love
beget."

PENNY.

Moreover, King, since you are gold, pure
gold,

Show us your value by your sympathy;
Can we not work together heartily?

Then shall you peace and happiness behold
Throughout your land. And after all, oh
sire,

Though *you* are gold, and *I* a copper
Penny,

Reasons for mutual sympathy are many.
We all alike were molten in the fire,
Moulded and stamped; and he who made
us so

Formed us for mutual service. Spurn
us not

Unless you fain would cast a marring
blot—

A stain of tarnish on your gold's bright glow.

SOVEREIGN.

Away, intruders! I've borne too much:
Leave me; I'm sick of your foolish gabble.
Am I to be always swayed by the rabble?
Probed, and pestered, and badgered by
such?

Henceforth from the Court ye are banished
all;

I'll dwell alone, and I'll work my will,
Whether it be for good or ill,
And never for *your* opinions call.

[*Exeunt* SHILLING and PENNY.]

So now I'm alone! No more petitions
And interference in matters of state;
No teasing again for easy conditions;
None need apply—it is now too late.

[*Pauses for a moment.*]

And yet, it is dull in this empty space;
My Nobles and burgher Florins gone,
Not even a Shilling to count upon,
Or a Penny with homely copper face.
In my loneliness I could almost repent
Of banishing thus my servants all;
I might have kept them at least in call;
And as for Farthing—perhaps she meant
To show her sympathy with her King.
She was in earnest—it seems to me—
I'm sorry I spoke so hastily—
I'm grieved that I hurt the poor wee thing.

(*Enter* FARTHING.)

FARTHING.

Forgive me, oh your Majesty—I *could* not
stay away,
Because I learned that all your Court had
left this very day.
I'm but a little Farthing—I'm sadly weak
and poor,
But I'd be glad to serve you, King; of that
be very sure.

SOVEREIGN.

Why, Farthing, you're just the help I need.
Go, call my people back to the Court,
And tell them, Farthing, how I've been
taught
That a friend in need is a friend indeed.

FARTHING.

I go, sire! What a joy to find I am not
useless quite!

There's work that even I can do, though
 I've so little might.
 Oh, welcome day! I am so glad, that I
 could dance and sing!
 A copper Farthing has been called to serve
 a golden King.

[Exit FARTHING.]

SOVEREIGN.

"Poor little soul! How glad she seems
 To be of use to me now at last!
 Her love has touched me. Methinks
 my past
 Is wanting in all save foolish dreams:
 Dreams of pride, and a silly scorn
 For the loyal service my people give.
 But now, henceforth, as long as I live,
 I shall know that just to be nobly born
 Conveys no merit. But hearts sincere,
 That glow with generous love of their
 kind,
 Shall higher, more lasting favour find
 With their Maker, than Sovereigns lording
 it here.

(Enter SHILLING, PENNY, and FARTHING.)

Welcome back to my palace once more!
 Short though the time that you were
 banished,
 My foolish pride and my scorn have
 vanished;
 I trust I'm a wiser King than before.

SHILLING.

Dear sire, with all the Shillings in the land,
 I thank you for your altered mood and
 mien.

PENNY.

And now, behold—shall be what has not
 been:
 Our Sovereign and his people hand in hand.

SOVEREIGN.

The praise is due to my Farthing here;
 Her gentle spirit forgave my slight;
 She sought her King in his lonely plight,
 She took his messages far and near.
 Of a truth our Maker hath wise decrees;
 He honours the lowly and the meek,
 And even a Farthing can work and
 speak
 For Him, though "one of the least of
 these."

THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD STORY.

ELIZABETH W. WOOD.

CHARACTERS.

THE FAIRY, THE FOUR SISTERS.

FAIRY.

GOOD-morrow, my pretty maidens,
 My face you, sure, must know,
 For I am the self-same fairy
 Who sought you a month ago.

'Twas then I promised to meet you,
 On the first sweet day of June—
 Glad month when flowers are brightest,
 And birds are in merry tune!

And I vowed that on this morning,
 When thus to your home I came,
 The maid with hands most lovely
 A fairy gift should claim.

So show me your hands, dear maidens,
 That I may judge with care.
 Let each one tell her reasons
 For thinking her own most fair.

FIRST SISTER.

I rose with the sun this morning,
 And wandered over the hill,
 And down by a quiet brooklet,
 Where all was hushed and still.

It seemed to laugh with the sunshine,
 To dance with each golden beam,
 And its glad voice murmured ever,
 "Come, bathe thy hands in the stream!"

Then I knelt by the rippling waters,
 Where the softest mosses grew,
 And the dainty ferns were spangled
 With glittering drops of dew.

And I dipped my hands in the streamlet
 That rippled and babbled there,
 For I thought that the sparkling waters
 Would make my hands most fair.

And the drops are still upon them
 (For my footsteps were light and swift),
 Oh, surely my hands are the fairest,
 And mine is the fairy gift!

SECOND SISTER.

Nay, mine are a thousand times fairer
 Bedecked with jewels bright,
 That glow rich and deep in the shadows,
 And glisten and flash in the light.

Not the merriest streamlet or river
 That dances down to the sea
 Has half their splendour and brightness,
 No matter how clear it be.

The rings that adorn my fingers,
 The bracelets that clasp my wrist,
 Some shining with noontide glory,
 And some like stars through a mist,

Outvie your liquid jewels,
 Your drops from the streamlet swift,—
 My hands are surely the fairest,
 And mine is the fairy's gift!

THIRD SISTER.

This morn, while one sister wandered
 Down by the rippling brook,
 And another donned her jewels,
 My lonely way I took

To the depths of a leafy garden,
 Where, on a hundred trees,
 Sweet roses shook their petals
 In the breath of the western breeze.

Strewn was the ground beneath them,
 Littered the dewy lawn,
 For the gentle wind had been blowing
 Since earliest streak of dawn.

Long, long did I rest beside them,
 In the quiet morning hours,
 With my hands buried deep in the perfume
 That clung to the fallen flowers.

Till they grew both soft and fragrant,
 As they lay in the rosy drift;—
 My hands are surely the fairest,
 And mine is the fairy's gift!

FAIRY, to FOURTH SISTER.

You hide *your* hands, pretty maiden,
 And utter never a word;—
 The voices of your sisters
 You scarcely seem to have heard!

Cease, maiden, to look so dreamy,
 No longer idly stand,—
 A face so pure and lovely
Must go with a lovely hand.

Then, from the folds of your garment,
 Those little white hands uplift,
 Nor fear to tell me *your* reasons
 For claiming the fairy gift.

FOURTH SISTER.

Alas, I can never claim it!
 'Twill never be mine, I know,—
 The gift must go to another;
 My hands I dare not show.

At dawning I sat by my window
 To watch the sun arise,
 And, down in the road beneath me,
 A sad sight met my eyes.

A woman, so pale and feeble,
 Lay 'neath the hawthorn hedge,
 And I heard her moaning faintly,
 As I leaned from the window-ledge.

So I hastened down to the roadway,
 And prayed her to tell me her grief;
 For I hoped it might be in my power
 To give the poor soul relief.

Then she raised her head, still weeping,
 And with sorrow her eyes were wild,
 As she cried in anxious longing,
 "Oh, help me to seek my child!

"Last night, at the hour of sunset,
 He left his peaceful cot,
 And I fear he is lost in the forest,—
 A dreary, desolate spot.

"I have sought, but cannot find him,
 And now I am weary and faint;
 But the passers-by have no pity,—
 They heed not my sad complaint!"

My help I willingly offered,
 And left her at rest in my room,
 While I went to seek for the truant
 Afar in the forest's gloom.

And through the dark, pathless woodlands
 Through thickets of brier and thorn,
 Through clinging brambles I struggled,
 With hands all bleeding and torn.

Till at length I found him resting
 On a cushion of withered fern,
 Tired out with his lonely wandering,
 And longing to return.

And I brought him back to his mother,
That weary but happy boy ;
And in the bliss of their meeting
I, too, found perfect joy.

Nor could I wish that to help them
My footsteps had been less swift,
Though my hands may have lost their
whiteness,
And mine be no fairy's gift !

FAIRY.

My work of choosing is easy ;
Though lovely the hands may be
That are decked with precious jewels,
They are not the hands for me.

And though more fair are the others
That with Nature's gems are content,
And those that have shared the sweetness
Of the fallen rose-leaves' scent ;

Yet surely they are the fairest,
Those hands that were strong and swift
To do such a deed of mercy,
And *theirs* is the fairy gift !

THE FOUR SEASONS.

CLARA J. BLAKE.

CHARACTERS.¹

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER,
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS, AN
ENGLISH CHILD.

SPRING.

FROM over the distant seas I come,
From sunny islands, from golden shores,
And back again to my own dear home
I bring the wealth of my flowery stores ;
White bells, blue bells, star-flowers yellow,
Daisies and buttercups, snowy May
I bring, with breezes and sunshine mellow,
That all may welcome the Spring's glad
day.

¹ It is suggested that the characters, except the last, should wear some distinctive badge or sign. The first three might be taken by girls, Spring wearing a wreath of primroses (real or artificial) ; Summer, a crown of white and red roses ; Autumn, a wreath of corn ears, poppies, and blue cornflowers. Winter might be represented by a tall boy, suitably dressed. The part of Christmas might also be taken by a boy, dressed according to the popular notion of Father Christmas.

Soon as they see me the trees begin
To put on their fresh and leafy crowns,
Mosses and lichens creep gently in,
And turf grows greener on fields and
downs ;
Within the woods you may hear sweet
singing—
Just hark ! how the little birds rejoice !
The cuckoo's note from the distance ringing
Sounds over all like a wandering voice.

ENGLISH CHILD.

Your eyes are very bright, Spring,
Your hands are full of flowers,
You fill us with delight, Spring,
You bring us happy hours ;
But you are fond of change, Spring,
Your tales are not all true,
And perhaps it is not strange, Spring,
We dare not trust in you.
Too often your glad days, Spring,
Are drowned in floods of rain,
And, for the sun's warm rays, Spring,
You bring us fogs again ;
You even let the snow, Spring,
Fall in the young bird's nest,
And, on the whole, we know, Spring,
That summer must be best.

SUMMER.

I am Summer, crowned with roses,
Sweet with scent of new-mown hay,
Take away the cowslip posies,
Take the lilac blooms away ;
Here are fairer, richer flowers,
Here's a sky more brightly blue,
Here's a wealth of golden hours
Such as Springtime never knew.
You may ramble in the meadows,
You may bask in sunny rays,
You need fear no gathering shadows
In the sultry summer days ;
You may bathe in cooling streams,
You may linger by the sea ;
All your best and fairest dreams
You may find fulfilled in me.

ENGLISH CHILD.

Oh, Summer, you are fair and good !
We love your long, bright, happy times ;
We love the stream, the field, the wood,
The music of your sunset chimes ;
Yet often in the dusty town,
Or toiling on the open plain,
We long to put your burden down,
To breathe a cooler air again ;

We faint beneath your glowing heat,
 We tremble when your thunder peals ;
 On country road, in crowded street,
 The plodding traveller weary feels.

AUTUMN.

Then let me bring my load of purple
 treasures,
 My painted woods, my fields of waving
 corn,
 The splendid circle of my harvest pleasures,
 The cool, crisp freshness of my early morn ;
 Let me bring nuts and berries, grapes and
 apples,
 The ruddy thorn-bush and the bending
 bough,
 While silver frost the falling leaves be-
 dapples,
 And the full year comes to its glory now.

ENGLISH CHILD.

Ah ! Autumn, could we keep you,
 We'd gladly bid you stay ;
 But soon we have to weep you,
 You're quick to flee away ;
 And ere your sweet September,
 With all its joys, is gone,
 We shiver to remember
 That Winter's coming on

WINTER.

Yes, I am come, in spite of all your shrinking,
 With ice and snow, and frost and fog
 and rain ;
 For many months 'tis useless to be thinking
 That you will e'er be free from me again.
 I'll cloud the air, I'll make all dark before
 you ;
 My snows shall fall, my winds shall fiercely
 blow,
 And while my heavy clouds are darkening
 o'er you,
 No respite from my malice you shall know.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

Stay, Winter, stay ! You are a king,
 And think to be a tyrant too,
 But there's another song to sing,
 A part that will not do for you.
 Above the tale your sad voice tells,
 Through all your threats of woe severe,
 Come pealing sounds of Christmas bells,
 Come happy songs of Christmas cheer.
 And while men keep the Christmas birth,
 And while the bells of Christmas speak,
 There must be still good cheer on earth,
 The winter cannot all be bleak.

ENGLISH CHILD.

So will I thank the Lord,
 Who sends both sun and rain,
 Who by His gracious word
 Can bring light back again.
 Spring, summer, autumn show
 The greatness of His powers,
 And winter-time, we know,
 Must make glad Christmas ours

What though the frozen land
 Rings hard beneath our tread,
 Though snow-veiled bushes stand
 Where once bright blooms were spread,
 Though singing-birds are still,
 Though soft airs will not come,
 Though all is dark and chill
 And dead, except at home ?

At home there shall be light,
 And blessedness and joy,
 Good gifts and offerings bright,
 For every girl and boy :
 For brighter than the sun
 The heavenly Light doth shine
 And Christ for us hath won
 A happiness divine.

THE FIRE AND ITS FRIENDS.

M. E. R.

CHARACTERS.¹

FIRE, KETTLE, POKER, TONGS,
 SHOVEL, BELLOWS.

Fire. I've had quite enough of this drudgery, Mrs. Kettle, and it is but right to tell you I don't mean to stand it any longer. Every day I'm expected to set you boiling two or three times, to cook the dinner, to dry the clothes, to warm everybody ; in short, to do all the work of the house.

Kettle. Think again, Mr. Fire ; not *all* the work—surely not quite all.

Fire. Don't interrupt, Mrs. Kettle ! I repeat—*all the work of the house*, while in return I only get knocked about. Just look at me. No wonder I'm miserable. The wood that brightened me up when the kindlings were laid, is long ago burnt out,

¹ It is suggested that each performer should wear a badge with the name or a representation of the article personated.

and now I'm as dull as a street lamp in a fog. I've made up my mind to go out. I won't burn at all, if I can't be like my brothers in the grand furnaces and engines. This low sort of life I hate, and I won't bear it any longer.

Kettle. My dear Mr. Fire, I think you are extremely foolish. Forgive my being so outspoken, but I really must say what I feel. You complain of being dull and miserable, and yet you will not suffer those to approach you who could brighten you up. Here, for instance, is my friend Mr. Poker, who would soon open a passage for the air, and shake out all your old ashes, if only you would let him.

Poker. Yes, that I would, Mr. Fire—and with all the pleasure in life.

Fire. Nonsense! I hate Mr. Poker. He only tires me out, and hurts me, and all to no purpose. He is the worst enemy I have—you know you are, Mr. Poker, for you won't let me alone. I always know very well that there is no peace for me when once *you* get up from your place in the fender. You rake and you pound, you jostle and jar me, until I feel all upside down and inside out. I think my temper is as good as most people's. Indeed, I shouldn't wonder if it were better than many others; but—dear me, Mr. Poker!—it would take a slow-combustion stove to stand patiently such treatment as yours.

Poker. Is it *my* fault, pray, that you are so obstinate? Am *I* to blame that you pack and cake the fuel, hugging yourself in your pride and ill-humour, till nothing short of rough treatment can keep the life in you? I am sure I only try to do you good; I have endeavoured to teach you to do your duty as a good fire, and now and then, perhaps, my lessons may have been pretty severe; but they wouldn't have been so bad if you hadn't set yourself against me, and stuck your cinders so hard together that I had to use force.

Tongs. I quite agree with my friend Poker; and nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to put a piece or two of coal into the grate, but I know I should be blamed for so doing. The truth is, we are looked upon as enemies, whereas we are nothing but friends. We are accused of ill-treating Mr. Fire, when really we only wish to help him to lead a useful and happy life—a life in which his real warmheartedness and naturally cheerful disposition would be properly brought out.

Shovel. Just so. Look here, Mr. Fire! I do wish you would let me scrape up a few of your cinders; there is a sad waste of them under the grate. It won't take a minute, and you will look as tidy again when I've finished.

Bellows. Hear, hear! and then, you know, I can blow you up till your flames flash out merrily, and you set Mrs. Kettle singing for joy. If you don't care for *yourself*, at least you might have a little feeling for *her*, poor soul. She is growing cold, and I can guess how miserable she feels. Surely you are not such a surly fellow that you want to make everyone wretched about you? Come now, say the word, Mr. Fire, and I will blow you up with a will; see if I don't!

Fire. Much obliged; but it seems to me that I have had blowing-up enough already. Why can't people mind their own business and let me alone? Now then, hold your tongues, all of you. I have made up my mind to go out, and I forbid anyone to meddle with me.

[*Long silence—then a heavy sigh from FIRE.*]

Kettle. What is the matter, Mr. Fire?

Fire. Matter? Oh, nothing *you'll* care about; I'm dying, that's all. I never went out of my own free will before, and I feel very queer indeed. Of course it's different when I'm raked out at night, because that's only like going to bed, and I know I shall awake with the lighting in the morning. But I'm awfully low now, and, what's more, Mrs. Kettle, I'm thinking that when master comes home he'll find you cold, and no tea ready.

Kettle. To be sure he will; but that is what you wished, is it not?

Poker. Hush, there! Don't plague the poor fellow. You women folk are far too fond of nagging. Look here, Mr. Fire; are you willing to bear a little knocking about, if we try to bring you back to life? We'll be as gentle as we can.

Fire (faintly). Yes, I'm willing; only be quick, or I shall die first.

Poker. Crack, crack, scrunch! There, I'm pushing away the ashes to give you some air. Come here, Mrs. Bellows; I want your help. And as for you, Mrs. Kettle, if you'll excuse my making the suggestion, I think you would do well to take a hop on to the hob, so as to be out of the way for the present. Now, please don't frown and look black at me; it is quite as much a duty to help a brother in

distress as it is to pitch into him when he deserves it; surely a person of your experience should know this, Mrs. Kettle!

Shovel. Now I'm coming to get up some of those cinders; if there's one thing I hate more than another, it's waste!

Fire. I feel better now! A warm glow is spreading to the fresh fuel, and flames will soon go crackling up the chimney. Oh, what a comfort this is!

Poker. Glad you feel better—poor old boy!

Kettle. So am I—though I must confess you don't deserve it.

Fire. No, I'm afraid I don't. But, dear, kind friends, I'm going to turn over a new coal (for we fires have nothing else to turn over), and I mean to try and do my duty in the future. I shall endeavour not to mind the troubles and work of the day, nor the blows you are obliged to give me, but I will do my best as cheerfully as I can, and—

Kettle. Dear me! What a long speech! But never mind, Mr. Fire, we're all glad to see you again so cheerful, and it would be a pity indeed if you couldn't say what you felt; the thing, however, is to *do* right, not talk only.

Poker. Yes, and that is a word you might take to yourself, too, Mrs. Kettle. Indeed, it will suit you and me and all of us. Have we not each some faults to conquer? Mine, I fear, is a want of gentleness.

Shovel. And mine is inquisitiveness, as I turn over the ashes of the past and the cinders of the present.

Tongs. My besetting sin is that when once I get hold of anything, I can't bear to let it go.

Bellows. As for me, I fear I am *all* faults, for at best I am only a bag of wind. But my greatest is the fondness I have for blowing people up too hard.

Kettle. And, now I think of it, I myself am by no means perfect. I have altogether too much steam sometimes, and have even blown my lid off in a temper; and, what's more, I am afraid I am rather too fond of spouting, and also of giving black looks when anything angers me.

Poker. There now—we have all made our confessions; and since the knowledge of our faults is half-way towards their amendment, let the future find us conquering our weaknesses, and growing in all that is good. Shake hands upon it, friends! Shall it be a mutual promise and compact?

All (shaking hands). Agreed! Agreed!

THE NEW YEAR.

A CONCERTED PIECE FOR SIX
YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHARACTERS.¹

WINTER, CHRISTMAS, THE OLD YEAR,
THE SPIRIT OF THE MISTLETOE,
THE NEW YEAR, HOPE.

(*Enter WINTER; He speaks in a
masterful style.*)

THE last leaf has fallen,
The woodlands are bare;
The Storm-King is crying,
And keen is the air.
I lift up my sceptre
And flowers droop and fade,
The buttercup meadows
My snowflakes invade;
The birds twitter sadly,
The insects are gone,
And pale are the sunbeams
That merrily shone;
The brooklet is frozen,
The mill wheel is still,
And all things lie lonely
And dreary and chill.
Ho! where is the monarch
Hath power such as mine?
What tyrant so feared—till
My power I resign?

(*Enter CHRISTMAS, joyfully.*)

Ah! dreaded you indeed would be,
And hated, were it not for me;
But when your sway is most severe,
To earth I come and sojourn here.
Then smiles to faces sad return;
All hearts with mirth and gladness burn;
I banish care, I banish pain,
Till all the world seems young again:
For "tidings of great joy" I bring,
And sons of men with angels sing.
So loved in heaven and earth am I,
They all rejoice when I am nigh.

(*Enter THE OLD YEAR, gravely and
impressively.*)

Not many hours have I to live,
Not long to linger here,

¹ It is suggested that the characters should be appropriately dressed, or, at all events, distinguished by some sign or badge indicative of the character represented.

For weary of the world am I,
 And now the end is near.
 Through varied scenes I've journeyed on,
 Through clouds and sunshine too,
 Alike when storm-clouds hid the skies
 And when those skies were blue.
 Ordered by an Almighty Hand
 Unhalting thus to go ;
 At first with light and sportive tread,
 And now with footsteps slow.
 I've seen strange things I may not tell,
 And secrets none may know ;
 I bear them, treasured up, to Him
 To whom in haste I go.
 To Him shall I reveal them all,
 And then my work is done :
 And men will cease to think of me
 When I am past and gone.
 For this I care not, if that I
 Have brought to some poor heart
 A blessing from the Father's hand,
 Before I hence depart.

(Enter SPIRIT OF THE MISTLETOE, with
sprightliness.)

In days of old, ere Christian light
 Scattered the shades of heathen night,
 Great forest-groves of giant oak,
 That never heard the hatchet stroke,
 Stretched far and wide in Britain's Isle ;
 And as on some grim face a smile
 Will hover, so against the dark
 Rough gnarled bows and wrinkled bark
 Of those great trees we grew and hung,
 And waxen berries gleamed among
 Our pale green leaves—a pretty sight,
 High up, in the dim forest light.
 But when came round the Yule-tide feast,
 With golden knife the Druid priest,
 Approaching, under starry light,
 Gathered us for his mystic rite.
 For, in those days so long ago,
 A sacred thing was the mistletoe.
 But now a happier purpose claims
 Our festive presence: purer names
 We help to honour: and, this day,
 Before the Old Year haste away,
 We come, a last farewell to say.

(WINTER *speaks.*)

Methought I heard a footstep light,
 Approaching slowly through the night,
 And hark! 'tis drawing near.
 The stormy winds forget to blow,
 And all is hushed and still below.

(Enter THE NEW YEAR, to be represented
 by a little Girl or Boy.)

ALL.

All hail the glad New Year !

THE OLD YEAR *speaks.*

My time is gone: no longer must I stay ;

(Turning to THE NEW YEAR.)

So, little stranger, I resign, to-day,
 My power to thee, from this day forth to
 reign
 King } of the Seasons Four till Yule-tide
 Queen } come again.

WINTER, *addressing* THE NEW YEAR.

And are you not afraid
 Thus to go forth alone?
 Many and great have been
 The dangers I have known ;
 Troubles there are ahead,
 Evils to battle through ;
 If I to meet them feared,
 What will they be to you?
 Dangers and sore distress,
 Terrors by night and day,
 Clouds that the summer sun
 Never can drive away.
 How will you meet them all?
 Feeble and weak and frail ;
 Think if your step should slide !
 Think if your heart should fail !

THE NEW YEAR *replies.*

I have no fear for the future ;
 The days come one by one,
 And I shall have strength to meet them
 (Please God) as I onward run.
 And though the dark clouds may gather,
 I will not then despond,
 But I'll say, "Cheer up! Go forward!
 There's sunshine still beyond."

Enter HOPE.

Fear not, New Year, the way unknown,
 Thou shalt not traverse it alone ;
 For, though to thee the future seem
 As dark and shadowy as a dream,
 Yet thou in pressing on shalt find
 The haunting shadows fall behind,
 And clouds that seemed to bid thee stay
 At thine approach shall melt away.
 God bids thee go! and thou shalt fear
 No other power while I am near.

ALL *singing.*

Great God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commend,
Who art our Maker, Father, Friend !

AN OLD FABLE.

M. E. R.

CHARACTERS. ¹

NORTH WIND, EAST WIND, SUN,
TRAVELLER.

(*Enter* NORTH and EAST WINDS.)

NORTH WIND.

TWIN brothers are we, and we walk in
space ;

EAST WIND.

The realm of air is our dwelling-place.

NORTH WIND.

I come from the cheerless icy North
Where the Frost-King reigns ; and my
breath goes forth

Sharp as an arrow, while with my hand
I heap the snowdrifts over the land,
Till the earth is wrapt in a winding-sheet.
I hurl the avalanche from its seat,
I lash the billows to foaming spate,
I hound the doomed ship on to her fate.
In the fields of air whom shall you find
Like the boisterous, blustering, strong
North Wind ?

EAST WIND.

I fly from the East ; 'tis mine to bring
The withering blast. On my outspread wing
The pestilence travels from shore to shore,
Across the main where the surges roar.

¹ It is suggested that the three first performers should wear suitable badges intimating what they represent.

Past arid desert and lonely plain,
To many a city I carry pain.
Weeping and woe proclaim my might,
Murrain and mildew and grievous blight ;
And the harvest fails, and the weak ones
die,

For the pest-bearing Wind of the East
am I.

Enter SUN.

I burst from the clouds that enfold me—
I come in my glory ; behold me !
My Maker hath set on my face
The seal, as it were, of His grace ;
In the warmth and the light that are mine
Through His power I rise and I shine.
I open the gates of Day,
I gather the vapours that stray ;
I touch the dark seed in its tomb,
I smile on the flowers till they bloom ;
I carry life, gladness, and health,
And beauty, and fulness, and wealth ;
I shine through the tears of the rain,
I burnish the gold of the grain.
I warm the glad air as it flows,
I flush in the red of the rose ;
And the glorious emblem am I,
As I light up the fathomless sky,
Of Him who in measureless space
Still holds His invisible place,
Drawing all things beneath and above
By the warmth of His infinite Love.

NORTH and EAST WINDS.

Boast not of thy pomp and power !
Rather in our presence cower.
How compare thy short-lived light,
Quenched at the approach of night,
With our fierce, resistless might ?

SUN.

Violence you well may claim,
Making terrible your name ;
But a gentler sovereignty
Over earth and sea have I,
Ruling from the lofty sky.

WINDS.

Ha ! We dispute it. Let our strength be
tried.

SUN.

Propose a test. I shall be satisfied.

WINDS.

See yonder traveller trudging o'er the
heath,
Look how he shivers his stout cloak
beneath.

Meet and assail him—whoso first shall
make
His grip relax, and from his shoulders
take
The folds he clutches, shall the conqueror
be.

SUN.

Agreed. Put forth your powers. I long
to see.

(*Enter TRAVELLER, wrapped in cloak.*)

TRAVELLER.

'Tis a far journey that my weary feet
Have trodden. By a pathway desolate
I hasten home, to hearts that warmly beat,
To arms that cling and lips where kisses
wait.

WINDS.

Now to the contest swift we go—
Howl at him! Tear him! Rage and
blow!

TRAVELLER.

Surely Dame Nature hath strange freaks
to-day;
This morn the sky was calm, the earth
serene;
But now the clouds are chasing in mad
play,
Boughs break, and whirl of eddying dust
is seen.
How bitter is the blast! Close wrap me
round,
Oh, friendly cloak; shelter my heart and me
From this wild buffeting, until the sound
Of winds is hushed, and I my home shall
see.

(*Enter SUN.*)

Hold off, noisy Winds, and forbear!
Your efforts I bid you to spare.
The harder you bluster and scold
The tighter his cloak he will hold.
You may strive, but your strength is in
vain;
Go, leave him to me, and refrain!

TRAVELLER.

The winds are hushed. Only a whispering
air
Breathes in my face; and now behold the
Sun

That like a strong man comes—how fresh,
how fair!

As though his day's race were but just
begun.

Hail, genial warmth! Transformed, indeed,
I feel;

Off with this cumbrous cloak! The kindly
beams

Touch my chilled limbs and breast, and
quickenning steal

Even to my heart. The whole world
altered seems.

NORTH WIND.

The winds of passion may rage and roar,

EAST WIND.

And the blast of oppression smite full sore;

NORTH WIND.

But the cloak of pride clings closer still.

EAST WIND.

What power can conquer the stubborn
will?

SUN.

Mine is the Power? 'Tis from above.

TRAVELLER.

Bright emblem, thou, of conquering Love.

SUN.

My tender warmth has won the day.

TRAVELLER.

Love makes us cast our pride away.

SUN.

Fair skies will cloud, and brightest suns
will set;

TRAVELLER.

But the great love of God ne'er failed us
yet.

So, then, in faith and hope I'll travel on,
Taking this one sweet thought to rest
upon:

Unchanging Love — an ever-present
Friend—

Shall be my Strength unto the journey's
end.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

CHARACTERS.

MISS FOREST, *known as Aunt Mary.*GERTRUDE, *her Niece.*MAURICE, *her Nephew, Cousin to Gertrude.*NELLIE, *Sister to Maurice.*SCENE.—*An ordinary sitting-room.**(Enter GERTRUDE, reading aloud out of a cookery-book.)*

Gert. 1 lb. of flour, 4 ozs. of butter,—dripping will do just as well,—6 ozs. of white sifted sugar, 6 ozs. of sultanas—

Maur. (entering behind her). Stir it all well together with the cat's tail, and bake in the kitchen boiler! I say, Gertie, are you going to make another cake? The last one was prime! I shouldn't mind a small slice of it now!

Gert. You will have to do without it, then, Mr. Greedy!—first, because there is none left, and secondly, because the cakes go quite quickly enough without being attacked at odd times.

Maur. (insinuatingly.) Ah, but it is not everyone who can make cakes like you, Gertie! You are 18-carat gold and AI, my dear cousin!

Gert. You are too flattering, sir! But I am looking out a recipe for Nellie. She wants to try her 'prentice hand to-day, because her last idea is to become a professional lady-cook.

Maur. Nellie! Why, she'll go and make a thing as heavy as a pair of dumb-bells! For the sake of suffering humanity, stop her before it is too late, Gertie! Think of Aunt Mary's feelings if we all expired between tea and supper!

(NELLIE enters, tying on a cooking-apron.)

Nellie. What is that impertinent boy saying? Maurice, dear, I am going to make the loveliest cake! I know you will pine to eat it all yourself!

Maur. I don't fancy I shall repine if I get none at all!

Nellie. Do pinch him, Gertie, for that shocking pun! But seriously, Maurice—don't you think it would be a splendid thing for me to be a professional cook? Of course, I should have to go through the School of Cookery at Kensington, and get certificates, and all that; but afterwards, I

could hold classes, and make heaps of money!

Maur. I don't think it is half a bad idea; and when I have made my fortune with my new patent corkscrew—

Gert. (laughing). Your corkscrew? Why, Maurice, only the other day you were going to make your fortune with a penholder on improved principles. What has become of that?

Maur. (a little confused). That penholder? Oh! ah!—yes! There was a little hitch about it somewhere, so I have put it on one side for a day or two. But this corkscrew will turn out a real good thing, I believe. You see, it is quite different from all that have been invented up to the present time. I'll just go and get a drawing I began to make of it.

[*Exit.*]

Nellie. And I will retire to wrestle with my cake, and dream myself lady superintendent of the School of Cookery, with a salary of—how much a year, Gertie?

Gert. £2000 at the very least. I would not accept the post for less!

Nellie. Oh, here is Aunt Mary.

[*Enter MISS FOREST.*]

Aunty, dear, you will be glad to hear that our futures are quite decided. Maurice is going to make his fortune with a new patent corkscrew, and I am to be superintendent of the Kensington School of Cookery, with a salary of £2000 a year.

Miss F. I congratulate you both heartily. In the meantime, Nellie, the oven is just right for your cake; and, if I may offer a word of advice to the future superintendent of the School of Cookery, the sooner it is in the better!

Nellie. Where is the cookery-book? Where is that cookery-book? I must fly!

[*Runs out of the room.*]*(MISS FOREST and GERTRUDE look at each other and smile.)*

Gert. The last new craze, aunty. I suppose it will blow over like all the rest!

Miss F. Now, what have I done with my spectacles? Thank you, dear. *(Gertrude hands them to her.)* Those two have far too many crazes, as you call them. I suppose Maurice has hit upon something fresh that is to astonish the world?

Gert. He is very clever, and so is Nellie.

Miss F. Yes; I think there are plenty of brains packed away in those flighty young

heads, but the question is, will they ever put them to any practical use?

Gert. Yes, I wish they would not fly from one thing to another as they do. Nellie was getting on so well with china-painting. Really, she has quite a talent for it; and she would have been able to take orders soon, I am sure! But she never touches a brush now.

Miss F. What she wants is a little of your perseverance, Gertrude dear!

Gert. And what I want is some of her talent; then we should both do very nicely. Heigh-ho! I wish I were clever—that I do!

Miss F. I think you do very well as you are. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Better be a tortoise, and plod slowly along in the right direction, than a flighty hare, skipping here and there, and getting no farther.

Maur. (entering). What's that I hear?—Aunt Mary talking in parables, or telling Gertie fairy tales—which is it?

Gert. Your aunt was comparing you to a flighty hare, sir, because you have a habit of skipping from one project to another, and never finishing anything. Please, where is the patent corkscrew?

Maur. You must not be in such a hurry! Rome was not built in a day, you should remember! I see there is one little point about the corkscrew that I had overlooked. It is not quite right yet.

Nellie (popping her head in). Oh, Gertie, when does the baking-powder go in—first or last?

Gert. I will come and see how you are getting on.

[*Exit.*]

Miss F. Well, Maurice dear, have you made up your mind what you would like to be? Time flies, and lads of your age have no business to be idle. Last week you fancied a doctor's life.

Maur. (hastily). Be a doctor? Oh no, Aunt Mary, I don't believe that would suit me at all! But a first-class architect, or a civil engineer, must make a lot of money! It is jolly work, too!

Miss F. You and Nellie are just like your poor father, Maurice! You look at the end instead of the beginning.

Maur. (interrupting). But I think that is the right thing to do, Aunt Mary. One must have an aim, you know!

Miss F. Yes; but not one aim to-day and another to-morrow, and a third the

day after! Don't you see what I mean, Maurice?

Maur. (slowly). Y—es, I suppose I am a little bit of a rolling-stone!

Miss F. Then stop rolling, my dear, and begin to gather moss. Great things may be done through devotion to one idea, Maurice.

(*Enter GERTRUDE.*)

Gert. Nellie is coming by stages to the conclusion that the Superintendent of a School for Cookery cannot have a very easy time of it. She is also beginning to doubt whether her vocation lies in that direction. Maurice, why so grave?

Miss F. We are talking over what he is to be. It is quite time something was settled. In these days one needs to be a very nimble bird, as well as an early one, to get a worm at all.

Gert. Well, Maurice—tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor—?

Maur. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief! Rich man for choice, Gertie!

Miss F. Very well; but remember that is the end—not the beginning. Don't overlook the steady, hard work that lies between; and then, some day, I hope I shall have great reason to be proud of my nephew.

(*Enter NELLIE during the last sentence.*)

Nellie. You will have reason to be proud of your niece, aunty, when my cake comes out of the oven. It will be Superior—with a capital S—I feel sure. But oh! cooking is fidgety work. I don't believe I should like it for a continuance.

Maur. (laughing). Oh, Nell, Nell, Nell! if I am a rolling-stone, you are certainly another.

Nellie. What do you mean?

Miss F. Maurice is beginning to agree with me, Nellie, that if he is to succeed in life he must keep to one thing, and work with might and main at that one thing, making all else subordinate to it. Don't you think so too, Nellie?

Nellie (shaking her head playfully). I perceive your meaning quite clearly, Miss Forest, ma'am. You wish to accuse your nephew and niece of having too many irons in the fire.

Gert. Seriously, Nell, it is a great pity you gave up china-painting. Don't you remember what Mr. Harding said—that there was money in your brush?

Nellie (counting on her fingers medita-

tively). Let me see—how many different things have I wanted to be?—a scientific dressmaker, a hospital nurse, a board-school mistress, a type-writer (not the *machine*, you understand), a post-office clerk, an artist, a professional cook—I can't remember any more just now! As for you, Maurice dear, the puzzle would be to say what you had *not* thought of becoming, at one time or another. Aunt Mary, the prisoners at the bar are obliged to plead guilty!

Gertr. But are recommended to mercy!

Miss F. The judge, being a prejudiced party, will be content to dismiss the prisoners with a few words of advice.

Well, I was about to observe, ladies and gentlemen, that you have doubtless heard of a certain occupation called building castles in Spain. It is extremely fascinating work, and the castles are often magnificent beyond all description; but they lack one rather important thing—a foundation. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that they are liable to crumble into dust at a moment's notice. Now, if there are any architects present (*Maurice and Nellie smile and point to each other*), I would say to them, Build castles if you like, but take care and put firm foundations to them!

[*Exit all.*]

DRAWING-ROOM CHARADE.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

S. G. TOPLIS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WILLIAM TELL.

MARGERY DAW.

THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

ST. GEORGE OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

THE BLUE BELLE OF SCOTLAND.

BLONDEL.

JOHNNY BULL AND HIS FATHER.

SCENE.—*A Drawing-room after a party.*

(*Enter WILLIAM TELL and the BLUE BELLE OF SCOTLAND, from opposite sides.*)

Belle. My good man, do you know why my arrival here has been delayed so late this evening? I can only visit this mortal world once a year, on this night, and now there is only half an hour before twelve o'clock. Can you tell me?

Tell. My name is Tell, madam, therefore I can.

Belle. Tell? How remarkable! I remember now. You were a market-gardener, were you not? I know you had something to do with apples.

Tell. Well—yes—*something*. I was an archer, but found it did not pay; so, remembering my name, I used it as an advertisement, and turned myself into a private inquiry officer, so I can tell every-

thing, and *that* needs an archer man than the rest of the world.

Belle. Then tell me all I want to know. Firstly, the cause of this delay; secondly, where the other people are; thirdly, if poor little Margery Daw has passed her examination.

Tell. Johnny Bull had a party to-night, and the silly mortals did not leave till very late; so *our* time here is curtailed. And here comes Margery Daw to answer for herself.

(*Enter MARGERY DAW and THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.*)

Margery. Yes, here I am; this is an anonymous lady who seems sadly dejected, so I brought her here to be cheered up. Don't ask her any questions yet; no doubt she will talk to us by and by.

Belle (aside). Anonymous? Can she be Miss Anon, the great poetess? I must cultivate her acquaintance. (*Aloud.*) And what about your examination, Margery?

Margery (sighing). Alas! I have failed. They said to me, "What is the past tense of the verb 'to see.'" I answered, "Seed." Then the examiner said, "No, it is *see—saw*, Margery Daw."

ALL SING—(*Air*—"Margery Daw.")

See-saw, Margery Daw,
She never will be a grammarian;
Alas! alas!

She never will pass,
Until she's a centenarian.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Wasn't it aggravating?
All we could cram in her
Vexed the examiner;
He didn't like speculating.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
What is the use of crying?
Taking pains
Will bring great gains
If you will keep on trying.

(Enter MISS MUFFET and ST. GEORGE.)

Miss Muffet. Singing here and singing
outside! My poor, poor head! George,
do ask them to be quiet.

George (to Tell). See to what I am
reduced! I used to go about championing
distressed damsels and slaying dragons,
and now I *drag* on a weary existence, killing
spiders for Miss Muffet.

(MISS MUFFET suddenly springs up from
the chair, screaming.)

Miss Muffet. Oh, George! slaughter
this spider. (He draws his sword and
obeys.) Now go and tell that man outside
to leave off singing. (Exit GEORGE.
BLONDEL singing outside.)

(Air—"The Blue Bells of Scotland.")

Oh where, and oh where has my royal
master gone?

Oh where, and oh where has the kingly
Richard gone?

I'm getting tired of singing and wandering
alone,

And it's oh, in my heart, that I wish we
were at home!

Through every sort of weather I wander,
wander, yet,

And if it rains, you understand, I'm often
very wet;

The boots I wear out on my tramps,
pedestrians would amaze,

But yet I wander, singing still, and
searching all my days.

(Enter GEORGE and BLONDEL.)

George. This is the minstrel Blondel,
making the grand tour. He affects to be
very disgusted because people ignore his
pretensions and offer him pennies.

Tell. I believe he is only an itinerant
nigger.

Blondel (indignantly). You are not one
of my century, or you would not be so dis-
courteous. Sir, you are an anachronism!

Tell. Sir, you are another.

Belle (authoritatively). Peace, William
Tell! I will not hear a genius insulted;
(aside) especially as, by the tune, I feel
sure he was serenading me.

(MISS MUFFET sees another spider and
screams. GEORGE gallantly slays it.)

Margery (aside). That lady has evidently
been in for an examination; her mental
equilibrium is upset.

Belle. Perhaps that is the case also with
the lady who accompanied you. Shall we
ask her?

Margery (to Maiden all Forlorn). Maid-
en, are you a fellow-sufferer?

Maiden (stiffly). I am a sufferer, but I
object to being called a fellow.

George. I assure you, madam, it was a
mere miss-take. Now, if you will let me
know the cause of your grief, I will do my
best, as ever, to help you.

Maiden. I am the Maiden all Forlorn;
that will tell you all. (Sobs.)

George. I regret greatly, maiden, that
though I often made an attack on dragons
in old times, with regard to a cow I am
compelled to own myself a coward. If I
ever emigrate, it will not be to Cape Horn,
I trust.

Margery (silly). No. You had better
Cape Clear of that.

Belle (sarcastically). I wonder you did
not fail in geography as well as in grammar.

Maiden. Then I must give up hope,
and resign myself to despair.

Blondel. Pray do not! Like you, I live
on hope. Let us mutually cheer each
other up, rather than be a pair of despair-
ing grizzlers.

Maiden (aside). What a very superior
young man!

Blondel. Mine has been a lonely life.
Year after year I wander about sighing,
singing, seeking. How different my travels
would be had I a companion! Maiden!—
Lady!

Maiden. I object to being called a
maiden-lady; I don't want everyone to
know it.

Tell (aside). Rather a tempestuous
temper, friend Blondel. You will rue his
wooing.

Blondel. Nay. When we have cheered
each other she will be quite different.
Lady, listen to my pleading. (Indignantly.)
I wish you others would not listen. This
is private.

Tell. Let us all talk at once, then, so that they may be quiet.

Miss Muffet. I spy a spider! Ugh!
[*GEORGE officiates.*]

ALL SING—(*Air*—"Oh, dear! What can the Matter be?")

Oh, dear! what shall we talk about?
Oh, dear! how shall we make a rout?
Oh, dear! say, shall we all go out?

So that they shall not be heard.
Their *tête-à-tête* conference looks interesting,

For he seems persuading, and she seems protesting,
The slightest of pauses their chatter arresting.

Oh, dear! we can not catch a word.

Oh, dear! would we could hear it all!

So hard thus to be near it all,

Yet must not use our ear at all,

Trying to seem deaf and blind;

And how can we help guessing what he is stating,

Or what she will say in reply speculating?

We wish we might hear! It is so aggravating!

So hard on the rest of mankind!

(*Enter JOHNNY BULL, rubbing his eyes.*)

Johnny. What is all this noise about? Am I dreaming? or do I recognise some of the friends of my youthful days?

George. All old friends, Johnny! You did not invite us to your party, so we have all come now that the other guests have departed.

Johnny. I guessed as much. Well, I am very glad to see you, though your invitations were neglected. Please accept my apologies, and entertain me now.

Miss Muffet. I always thought that was the host's duty, not his visitors'. George, there's another spider! [*GEORGE slays it.*]

Tell. I must explain, Johnny, that this lady disapproves of entomology.

Johnny. What a telling explanation!

Tell. If people continue thus to harrow my feelings with jokes upon my name, I shall give up being a walking "inquire-within-upon-everything."

George. Then let me suggest that in future you keep an *hotel* for tourists on your native Swiss mountains.

Tell (wrathfully). Draw your sword and defend yourself; I cannot let these insults pass unpunished.

Johnny. Nonsense, *Tell*. I don't allow fighting at my parties. What makes you two so quarrelsome? Behave yourselves peaceably.

Belle. Does it not remind you, Johnny, of something in your classical studies about dragons and apples?

Johnny. You hard-hearted blue-stocking, to remind me of lessons in the holidays! I always try to forget all I've learnt in the term before, and all I'm going to learn, too!

Tell. Clever boy, Johnny!

Belle. I should much like to examine you to see what you *have* learnt, or rather—for there is a stupendous difference between the two—what you have remembered. So answer a few questions, Johnny.

Johnny (dismayed). Oh! please, George, don't let her. It's holiday time. Ma says my brain needs rest (*whimpering*). Do tell her she must not.

George. Sorry I can't help you, Johnny. I only assist ladies, and have always found the race of schoolboys able to look after themselves.

Miss Muffet. Oh! Another spider! George, another spider!

[*GEORGE destroys it.*]

Belle. And now, Johnny, give me a list of the subjects which you have been studying.

Johnny (glibly). Astrology, philology, sociology, ornithology, conchology, etymology, histology, morphology, biology, osteology, tautology.

Margery. What a nice school it must be! He does not have to learn grammar.

Johnny (contemptuously). Grammar! nothing so old-fashioned. But I haven't finished yet.

Belle (benignly). You have told me quite enough, Johnny; now I know where to begin.

Johnny. Oh, I've not nearly finished yet; I know lots more than that. Let me see—where did I get to? Tautology? Oh yes! Tautology, campanology, physiology, phraseology, numismatology, entomology, archæology—

Margery (wildly, putting her fingers in her ears). Stop, stop, Johnny; my head won't stand any more!

Johnny (contemptuously). Of course not; you are a girl. As if you could learn a list like that! And I have not nearly finished yet.

Belle. That will do for the present, however; now we can begin.

Johnny. Oh, I've not nearly finished yet! Chronology, geology, zoology, psychology, mythology, pathology, neology, palæontology, anthropology, homology, meteorology, technology, terminology, toxicology, climatology, *o-don't-ology*—

Margery. You are teaching us all that.

George. Only listen! Isn't it marvellous? Alas! there was no Educational Department in my young days.

Tell. Nor in mine. We used to make lucky shots if we were ever asked awkward questions; in fact, guessing was the only thing expected of us. You have heard of Gesler, have you not? That was really how he got his name; only in these days we dare not give the real reason. But listen!

Belle (*fumbling among her papers for examination questions*). And now, Johnny, please to attend.

Johnny. Oh, let me finish; I have not half got through the list yet. Where did I leave off? If you just start me with the right word again, I can go on for ever so long.

Belle (*calmly*). Thank you; I think the list you have given us will supply us with a good evening's work. Give me the subdivisions of the study of campanology.

Johnny (*whimpering*). Please, I never learnt that.

Belle. Describe the various systems of chronology, and the arguments in favour of each, giving a brief sketch of the originators whose names they bear.

Johnny (*overcome with misery*). Oh, please, I never learnt anything but those names.

George. If I may make the suggestion, madam, why do you not examine Margery and Johnny together? He has ridiculed the idea that she knows anything. Let her have a fair chance.

Belle. A very good idea. Come here, Margery.

Margery. Please, I only learnt common things at my school. We were never taught all those grand words.

Johnny (*recovering*). I know comic sextons, too!

Tell (*to George*). Wonderful, isn't it?

Belle. Silence, please. Margery, tell me the particulars of the erection of the Monument.

Margery. Please, it came over with the Conqueror.

Belle. Quite right. Johnny, it is your turn; endeavour to emulate Margery's accuracy. Give a brief sketch of the chief characteristics of British sovereigns up to the present date.

Johnny (*hesitating*). Oh, they used to—I mean, they sometimes did—no, I meant, they sometimes didn't—something—I forget exactly what.

Belle (*witheringly*). So it appears. Margery, I transfer the inquiry to you.

Margery. Please, all the Henrys used to keep poultry, and all the Richards used to be misers, and all the Williams used to be their own lawyers, as well as made out their own accounts.

Belle. Excellent! most excellent! It is indeed cheering to find such profound knowledge in one so young. Johnny, I will give you another chance. Relate the history of Utopia.

Johnny (*with spasmodic exertions*). Oh, he was a man—and something happened to him—and then something else—and—I forget exactly what.

Belle. Margery, enlighten this ignorant. Contrast the conditions of Utopia and Arcadia.

Margery. Please, Utopia is the place where people always pass their examinations, and Arcadia is the place where they never have any at all.

Belle (*to Tell and George*). I am more and more delighted with the erudition this infant prodigy displays. Gentlemen, would you each like to ask her a question?

George. I gladly avail myself of the opportunity. Margery, will you tell—

Tell (*interrupting*). I rise to order. I object to that form of question.

George. Then I will change it. Can you inform me of any cure for ladies who scream at spiders?

Miss Muffet (*with much displeasure*). George, you are very personal; henceforth I dispense with your services.

George (*aside*). I fear that I do not feel it so much as I ought.

Margery (*meditatively*). Screaming at spiders? Let me think—ah, I know! Spelling at bees.

Tell. That would, indeed, be a cure for Miss Muffet. She has a peculiar *whew* of spelling, quite unique and original, and never stops to *weigh* her words before writing them.

George. One question more, Blue Belle;

may I? Thank you. I wish to make an *altar-ation* in the tendency of this examination. Margery Daw, I adore you: will you marry me?

Margery (shyly). Is "yes" the right answer?

Belle (scandalised). The second in less than an hour! What is the world coming to? And, by the way, where *are* the other two?

(BLONDEL and THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN have been sitting in the background apparently conversing beneath an open umbrella).

Tell. Now, Blondel, put down that umbrella; we want you to go in for an examination. Tell us the result of your long *tête-à-tête*.

Blondel. Nay, you must let me off. Let me sing to you instead.

Belle. We consent.

Johnny. Let it be a song with a chorus, please.

Belle. You were not so vociferous a little while ago, Master Johnny.

(*Air*—"Weel may the keel row.")

BLONDEL.

Once a year on Twelfth-night, briefly appearing,

We come again to earth, as it were, in a dream.

MAID.

Ah! the sweet reality has been so bright and cheering,

Never more again all forlorn can I seem.

MARGERY.

George shall never more draw his sword for a spider,

Though he will be ever my gallant, brave, good knight.

GEORGE.

All she ever asks me shall never be denied her;

Margery! to please thee shall be my heart's delight.

BELLE.

I think that I must give these four a stiff examination, Asking searching questions, to see what they will say.

MISS MUFFET.

Everybody looks at me with such disapprobation, I'll leave them altogether, and return to curds and whey.

TELL.

It's on the stroke of midnight, and we must all be starting.

JOHNNY.

You must not go away yet; you nearly make me cry.

ALL.

We'll come again next year, John, so never mind the parting;

Do you hear the clock striking? Twelve! Good-bye! good-bye!

(*Exeunt all slowly. Voice outside, "Johnny, Johnny!" Enter FATHER. JOHNNY rubs his eyes as his father shakes him.*)

Johnny. Wherever am I?

Father. Where indeed? Have you been dreaming down here? I thought you were in bed long ago.

Johnny (sleepily). Where have they all gone?

Father. What *are* you talking about, you sleepy fellow? Everyone has gone home, and is now, where you ought to be, in bed.

Johnny. I think I have been dreaming without going to bed. Well, good-night, father. (*Yawning.*) George was a good knight.

Father. He's half asleep still! Come, Johnny, off to bed. The breakfast-bell will ring before you know where you are.

Johnny (drowsily). Bell! Blue Belle of Scotland!

Father (shaking him). Wake up first, Johnny, and then go to bed and dream. Now, be off.

Johnny. Good-night, father, good-night. [Exit.

(*Curtain.*)

IV.—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

THREE YEAR OLD'S APPLE.

ELIZABETH W. WOOD.

"VERY good he has been all morning,"
Thought Three-year-old's mother one
day,

So she said to the dear little fellow
On the nursery hearthrug at play—

"See, here is a rosy-cheeked apple,
But don't eat it all alone ;
Go and offer a half to some playmate
Who hasn't got one of his own."

Just half an hour later she asked him
(For mothers never forget),
"How did you like your apple?
And whom did you share it with, pet?"

"Well, I went to my little pussie,
And whispered into her ear,
'I've got such a pretty red apple,
So will you have half of it, dear?'"

"I'm sure that you tried," said his mother,
"To do just what you were told ;
But why wish to share it with *Kitty*,
You queer little Three-year-old?"

Then Three-year-old looked up bravely,
Though his dear baby face was red,
"'Cause pussies don't ever eat apples,
And I wanted it *all*," he said !

MISS JONES'S CAT.

ELIZABETH W. WOOD.

MISS JONES'S cat was a gentle creature,
Who never seemed to know he had claws ;
You could read his goodness in every
feature
And every hair on his velvet paws.

He was shy and timid, and far from clever,
And did not wish to wander at all ;
Indeed, I very much doubt if he ever
Had been to the top of the garden wall.

Till one sad evening six cats came peeping
At Puss 'mid the flower-pots, trying to
play ;
Right over the wall they came crawling,
creeping,
And led Miss Jones's pussy astray.

For he showed the delight he couldn't help
feeling,
As soon as he heard of the wondrous store
Of dainty scraps, to be had for the stealing
Each night in the boarding-house next
door.

So off they went, and, all danger scorning,
They sat in the pantry, having a feast ;
When suddenly, without sound or warning,
Appeared the big house-dog,—terrible
beast !

To the six strange cats it little mattered
How their new friend might fare ; and
they fled,
Leaving him there with wits so scattered,
That, up to the third-floor landing he sped.

In the night there arose a dismal howling
('Twas Pussy, waking from troubled
dreams !),
Which set the house-dog barking and
growling,
And roused the sleepers with starts and
screams.

They left their beds with no thought of pity,
And all the house through, with bustle
and shout,
They followed the steps of Miss Jones's
Kitty,
Until they found him and drove him out.

He reached his own door all dusty and weary,
 And wept, "I'll be good, and no more
 will roam ;
 Miss Jones may be dull, and the garden
 dreary,
 But still, after all, there's no place like
 home!"

KEEP YOUR PLACES.

H. G. GROSER.

THREE learned professors from Trin-
 comalee
 Went seeking for knowledge across the sea.

Said the first, "Such a dangerous way we
 are going,
 I'll manage the sail when the wind is
 blowing."

The second one said, "While you hold
 the rope,
 I'll keep a lookout with my telescope."

And the third remarked, "Lest we all
 grow thinner,
 The fish that I catch must serve for dinner."

All went well, till the first one cried
 To the third, who was fishing over the side—

"Not much chance of a dinner *to-day* ;
 Take my place, and I'll show you the
 way."

And the third exclaimed, "We shall never
 get in
 While our friend stands staring and
 stroking his chin.

"*He* shall manage the sail, for I
 Am better able the land to spy."

But the second replied, "We had better
 keep still,
 For, to tell you the truth, I am feeling ill."

"No," said the first ; "you shall do as we
 wish!"

And so said the one who was catching
 fish.

Each fought as fiercely as any sea-rover,
 When—all of a sudden, the boat tipped
 over.

The man who had managed the sail went
 under,
 Dragging the fisher, who belloved like
 thunder ;

And sorrowing friends have lost all hope
 Of the poor little man with the telescope.

Such is the tale of the learned thræ,
 Who sailed for knowledge across the sea—
 What is its lesson for you and me?

[By permission from *Little Folks' Land*,
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THE TWO CATS.

JEALOUS of Bob, you say?
 Envy him?—Well I may.
 Bobbie is petted and spoiled exceed-
 ingly ;
 When he does wrong he is talked to
 pleadingly.
 Life to him is all food and play.

He on the sofa sits,
 Fed with daintiest bits ;
I am told to keep to the kitchen—
 That is the place that *I* grow rich in.
 Common cats must live by their wits.

He is fed from a plate,
I by a mouse-hole wait ;
 He on the hearthrug curls and doses,
 I sit quiet where whiskered noses
 Pop through the floor, inside the grate.

What is the use of him,
 Silky and sleek and trim?
 Where would he be if a rat ran past
 him?
 Say, how long would a fat mouse last
 him?
 Change his diet from cream to skim.

Bobbie would "fetch a price" ;
 But for clearing the house of mice
 It's better to have well-sharpened claws
 And wide-awake eyes and active paws,
 Like me, though beauty *is*—rather nice!"

[By permission from *Little Folks' Land*.]

A QUEER SORT OF PARTY

ANNA M. PRATT.

QUEEN MARGUERITE went to a party
As Mabel and I went to bed ;
She wore a white gown,
And a pretty gold crown
On the top of her dear little head.

She didn't come back till next morning,
And her crown had tipped over her nose ;
But her eyes were as bright
As the stars are at night,
And her face was as fresh as a rose.

She laughed as she told us about it,
And of all the strange folk who were there ;
How she talked on the lawn
To a pink and blue fawn,
And a guinea-pig combing its hair.

How Dash, in a hat trimmed with daisies,
Played musical chairs with a wren ;
How the man in the moon
Sang a Japanese tune,
While an elephant danced with a hen.

Her dolls played at ball with a rabbit
Whose ears were embroidered with thread—
Where they'd ravelled in spots
He had tied them in knots,
Which gave him a pain in the head.

Fresh chocolates hung upon bushes
That had travelled for miles upon miles ;
Young grasshoppers pumped
Lemonade as they jumped,
And recited a lesson with smiles.

Though the ice-cream looked very delicious,
And was baked till 'twas softer than
dough,
She had only a taste,
Because she made haste,
When some peacocks screamed out, " You
must go."

It was quite an unusual party,
But yet not so strange as it seems ;
For your friend, Mrs. White,
Has a party each night
At her house in the Country of Dreams.

DADA MADE ME A FOX.

DADA made me a fox
And a little painted man,
Out of a sardine box
And an old tomato can.

He made a little nag,
Some sheep, a cow, and a pig ;
A soldier with his flag,
And a lawyer with a wig.

A pretty puppy dog,
A castle-keep and a house ;
A yellow jumping frog,
And a tabby cat and a mouse.

Wasn't my dada clever,
To make them from box and can ?
Do you think there was *ever*
So wonderful a man ?

[By permission from *All the Prettiest
Nursery Rhymes.*]

THE FAIRY'S SUMMER PARTY.

ONE sunny afternoon,— 'twas the middle day of June,
When the carol of the lark was clear and hearty,
That a Fairy by a pool, sitting prim upon her stool,
Called her subjects to arrange a summer party.

And the Lady waved her wand, first across the shining pond,
Over copses, and the lowlands, and the upper ;
And she called on one and all, now invited to her ball,
Saying, " Plan the entertainment and the supper."

Then there came a spotted Hawk, with a very stealthy walk,
Saying, " I will fetch you feathered game in plenty ;
I'll get pheasants from the wood, and a chicken from the brood,
And for pies I'll bring you tender rabbits twenty."

When the Hawk was gone, a Fox came running down the rocks,
And his little eyes were full of exultation.

"Of geese and ducks a score, and of hens as many more,
And some chickens too, I'll bring for the collation."

"Since of meat ye are not scant," quoth an ancient mother Ant,
With her shining eyes, and little waist so slender,

"Down from yonder golden plain I shall bring you balls of grain;
You can season, then, your twenty rabbits tender."

Then there rose a Squirrel pert, "What," he cried, "about dessert?
I can bring you hither from my winter larder

Nuts and little berries red, that I stowed beneath my bed,
For the season when the tempest whistles harder."

Then the Fairy next did see, booming up, a golden Bee;

And he murmured, "For this summer feast of ours,
To the uplands I can go, where the fields of clover grow,
And fetch yellow, fragrant honey from the flowers."

"When the supper bill you fill," came a dainty little shrill
From a Cricket who was seated on a thistle,

"And you get a band to play music sweet at close of day,
Then I shall be the one to blow the whistle."

"Evening music in the bog," quoth a mottled, singing Frog,

"Is not sweet enough, alone, to charm a party;
In my stave there is no grace, but I'll make it do for bass—
If not dainty like the Cricket's, 'twill be hearty."

'Twas the middle day of June, on a sunny afternoon,

When the carol of the lark was clear and hearty,
That a Fairy by a pool, sitting prim upon her stool,
Thus arranged to carry out her summer party.

AMONG THE MER-BABIES.

H. G. GROSER.

MERMEN and mermaids and mer-babies too,
What a world they live in (if the tales be true)!

Never, never troubled by the thirsty August weather,
In the cool sea-depths they can romp at will together.
The hot sun may beat on the fishing-boats above them,
And flash upon the wavelets and the white-winged birds that love them,
Till tired grow the cattle in the green fields straying,
And tired grow the children on the sand and shingle playing,
And tired grows the waggoner, and sleepy grows, and surly,
And tired grow the flowers that have been awake so early.
And all the world is glad when the quiet evening comes,
And the workers and the players gather in to their homes.

But, all the while, far down in the merry, merry sea,
What noises you shall hear where the mer-babies be!

What laughter, and what screams, and what games of "touch-and-go,"
 What nooks for "hide-and-peek" in the seaweed groves they know ;
 What fun to chase the fishes and pinch their silver tails,
 Or—a hundred at a time—mount and ride the monster whales!

At night, when all come home, then the mermaids comb their curls,
 And ask for fairy-tales about earthly boys and girls ;
 And when of ships and cities the kind mer-mothers tell,
 And shops, and schools, and children who learn to read and spell ;
 When all is told, the mer-baby that listens on her knee
 Says, "Mother, shall we ever those happy fairies see?"

And, just above a whisper, she answers, with a kiss,
 "Of all my fairy story, the strangest part is this—
 That in spite of books and lessons they are *not* always happy,
 And some who have the most are quite often cross and snappy ;
 And 'tis said an earthly boy (well, he must have been a mad one)
 Was known to thump his school-books, and say he wished he had none!"

Then all the mer-boys shout, and the mermaids, laughing too,
 Exclaim, "Oh, really, mother, *that* story *can't* be true!"

[By permission from *Little Folks' Land*.]

THE MONKEY'S LITTLE JOKE.

A VENERABLE elephant of three-score years and ten,
 Had served for many a weary day among the haunts of men ;
 Great weights he pulled, great loads he bore, ate little, rested less—
 "It's time I was allowed," said he, "a spell of idleness."

So off, one moonlight night, he ran, and reached a lonely plain ;
 "How nice it is," he murmured, "to be really free again."
 And on his knees he smiling fell and rolled upon the sand,
 Kicking his feet into the air—"This liberty is grand."

But stealing up behind him came a monkey small and sly,
 Who poked him with a prickly stick, and made the great beast cry.
 He started up, and screamed with fear, when lo! that goblin black,
 Leaped nimbly up and gaily danced a hornpipe on his back.

Bewildered quite, the elephant at last sat down to think ;
 And soon he gave a knowing smile, and then he gave a wink ;
 And ere the silly acrobat knew what he was about,
 The long grey trunk stole round the ear, shot up, and found him out.

And "Ah!" and "Oh!" that monkey cried, as round and round he spun,
 "Forgive me, Mr. Elephant, for all the ill I've done.
 I never thought a pachyderm¹ would feel so soft a stroke ;
 Indeed, indeed, your Majesty, I did it as a joke."

Another twirl the monster gave, and then he slowly said,
 "It hardly seemed respectful to be dancing on my head ;
 But only when it comes to blows we have to draw the line—
 We all must have our little joke, and—here, my friend, is mine!"

¹ A thick-skinned animal.

With that he loosed his hold upon the monkey's slender tail,
 And up, up, up into the air, that whirling sprite did sail ;
 The waters of a muddy pool received him as he fell.
 And—" Did he try that joke again ? " I think I need not tell.

HOW MR. BUNNIE MISSED THE PARTY.

" SHEILA."

MRS. BENJAMIN BUNNIE, of Bunniecomb Lea,
 Was a lady of spirit ; folk said that when she
 Had made up her mind, the thing had to be done ;
 There was no one who cared about old Papa Bun.

" We must give a grand party when Mopsy is wed.
 My dear, 'tis quite useless to waggle your head ;
 If you don't know your duty, it's well I know mine ;
 And you'll order six bottles of gooseberry wine."

" Must I wear my top-hat, love, the new one that rubs ?
 And the collar you gave me ? 'Twas kind, but it scrubs !
 My party shoes pinch, and my coat is too tight."
 —" Of course, sir ! I can't have you looking a fright !"

At this Bun dejectedly drooped his long ears,
 Saying, " Settle the matter between you, my dears.
 A party is hard to arrange, as you'll find,
 So I'll just turn it quietly round in my mind."

Well, the thoughts Bunnie had were so clever and deep,
 Small wonder they very soon sent him to sleep ;
 And Mopsy discovered him near the back door,
 Giving vent to them all in a very loud snore !

The guests, when invited to Bunniecomb Lea,
 Said, " Really they didn't quite know, but they'd see ;
 They perhaps might accept, but they rather thought not " ;
 All the same, they inquired—" Will the supper be hot ?"

And old Jimmy Jackdaw remarked to his wife,
 That parties were nonsense at *their* time of life ;
 But still he supposed, for the dear children's sake,
 An effort to go they must certainly make.

Mrs. Daw slightly coughed, and observed, in that case
 She would order a costume of real Spanish lace ;
 For her kind hubby knew it was never her habit
 To be put in the shade, least of ail by a rabbit.

The day came at length, and the guests too, by dozens ;
 Pa Bunnie was sent to beg plates from some cousins ;
 " Hurry back," cried his wife, " just as fast as you can !"
 But he did not return ; and the party began.

Mrs. Bunnie was splendid, with plumes in her hair,
 And a train of such length, it made all the folk stare ;

While the young-lady linnets with envy turned pale
At the sight of Miss Mopsy's long, elegant veil.

The music struck up ; it was something to see
The way they all capered on Bunniecomb Lea ;
How the cuckoo persisted in dancing alone,
And the owls set to partners who were not their own.

The dormice were yawning the very first set,
While poor Mr. Hedgehog no partners could get ;
The ladies would never have proved so unkind,
Had the thoughtless young man left his prickles behind.

The band sat and fiddled as hard as could be ;
"Tumty—tum—tumty, and tumty—tum—tee!"
There was blind Mr. Raven and lame Mr. Crow,
And both of them knew how to handle a bow.

But listen ; the party was just at its height,
When in burst old Bun in a terrible plight,
As battered a rascal as ever was seen.
His wife shrieked, "Oh, Benjamin, *where* have you been?"

"My darling," said Bunnie, in quivering tones,
"I sat down a minute to rest my old bones ;
The dogs came and found me, and vowed I was *game* ;
And though I denied, I was chased all the same!"

"Go at once, sir, and dress" ; this was all his wife said.
The truant ran off ;—but he jumped into bed ;
And, happy at last, he extinguished the light,
Lay down on the pillow, and murmured—"Good-night."

MR. NOBODY.

THERE is a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar ;
He pulls the buttons from our clothes,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
Because, you surely see
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
And kettles cannot boil ;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid ;
Who had them last but he ?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made ;
We never leave the blinds unclosed
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill ; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots ; they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

IN TOPSY-TURVEYDOM.

Oh, in Topsy-Turveydom have you been,
Where the grass is blue and the sky is
green,

And cats rush off pursued by mice,
And sweets are nasty and physic's nice?

There the moon all day gives a splendid
light,

While the sun has a fancy to shine by
night;

And children are fonder of work than play,
And the merry are sad and the grave are
gay.

Moreover, I've heard, or have somewhere
read,

That everyone walks on his hands or
his head;

Wears boots on his fingers and gloves on
his toes,

And plays the guitar with the end of his
nose.

'Tis a curious country, you all must confess,
But you never will get there—no, never!
unless

You somehow persuade, upon Valentine's
Day,

Some learned Professor to show you the
way.

FIVE LITTLE OWLS.

FIVE little owls in an old elm tree,
Fluffy and puffy as owls could be,
Blinking and winking with big round eyes
At the big round moon that hung in the
skies:

As I passed beneath, I could hear one say,
"There'll be mouse for supper, there will,
to-day!"

Then all of them hooted, "Tu-who, tu-
who!"

Yes, mouse for supper, Hoo hoo, hoo
hoo!"

Five little kittens curled up to rest,
Five little kits in a snug, warm nest;
Five little bundles of softest fur,
Each one purring a gentle purr.
And one of them sang as I passed that way,
"We'd mouse for dinner, we had, to-day!"
While four little kits chimed in with glee,
"Yes, mouse for dinner and mouse for
tea!"

WHEN I KEEP A SCHOOL.

A LITTLE GIRL'S NOTION.

ELIZABETH W. WOOD.

GOING to school on a hot summer day,
So wearisome, dusty, and long is the
way!

I'd much rather play like the birds and
the bees,

Or rest where the river flows under the
trees.

But that's not the rule
Where I go to school.

Sums are so tiresome and books are so
dry,

When waters are sparkling and blue is the
sky;

On sunshiny mornings, I wish, oh, I wish
I could leave all my lessons and just be a
fish!

But that's not the rule
Where I go to school.

When I am older I'll keep a school too,
Where games shall be many and lesson-
books few;

A beautiful garden my schoolroom shall
be,

And the scholars will always be happy
and free.

I'll make that a rule
When I keep a school.

Their bright arithmetic won't make them
sad,

For daisies and lilies together they'll add,
Subtracting the roses that grow by the
wall,

And never do multiplication at all!

I'll make that a rule
When I keep a school.

Most of the time they shall laugh, jump,
and run,

But I'll ask a few questions when playtime
is done,

With answers quite easy—just plain "Yes"
or "No,"

And when they are tired of it, home they
shall go!

I'll make that a rule
When I keep a school.

A STORY OF AN APPLE.

SIDNEY DAYRE.

LITTLE Tommy and Peter and Archy and Bob

Were walking one day, when they found
An apple: 'twas mellow and rosy and red,
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy, "I'll have it." Said Peter,
" 'Tis mine."

Said Archy, "I've got it, so there!"

Said Bobby, "Now let us divide in four
parts,
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy; "I'll have
it myself."

Said Peter, "I want it, I say!"

Said Archy, "I've got it, and I'll have it
all;

I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he
fought

("Tis sad and distressing to tell),

And Archy held on with his might and his
main,

Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it
flew,

And then down a green little hill:

That apple it rolled and it rolled and it
rolled,

As though it would never be still.

A lazy old cow was there cropping the
grass,

And switching her tail at the flies;

When all of a sudden the apple rolled
down,

And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or
two—

That apple was seen never more!

"I wish," whimpered Archy and Peter and
Tom,

"We'd kept it, and cut it in four."

MY RED FROCK.

ELIZABETH W. WOOD.

I WAS sad and sorrowful all the day,
And I cared not a bit for dolls or for play,
And all because of my new red frock!
They teased me about it, and cousin Fred,
He called me a scarlet lobster, and said,
"To suddenly meet you is quite a
shock!"

To call me a *lobster* was so unkind
That I couldn't "run home and never
mind";

—His sisters said that, but teased me
too,

And laughed, "If you ever go out at night,
The cocks will crow with a wild delight,
Thinking the dawn is coming with
you!"

It was really *too* bad, and I cried and I cried,
And longed all the time to go somewhere
and hide,

Because my frock was so terribly red!

But a pretty, kind lady was with them
there,

And, when I cried so, she smoothed my
hair

So softly, and this is just what she
said:—

"My child, I like your pretty red dress,
Shall I tell you why, for you never can
guess?

'Tis the colour of thousands of lovely
things!—

Of the cherry that hangs from the orchard
tree,

The sunset that paints all the sky and sea,
And the prettiest part of a butterfly's
wings;

"The coral whose life-story seems so strange,
The caves in the fire that glow and change,
And Autumn's beautiful haws and
hips;

Roses and poppies, and many a flower
That grows to beauty by sun and shower,
But, sweetest of all, your own red
lips!"

They *couldn't* have teased me after that!

I cared no more whatever they said,
But I kissed the lady, and laughed for joy
Because my frock was so bright and red!

LITTLE DILLY DALLY.

I DON'T believe you ever
 Knew anyone so silly
 As the girl I'm going to tell about—
 A little girl named Dilly,
 Dilly Dally Dilly!
 Oh, she is very slow!
 She drags her feet
 Along the street
 And dilly dallies so!

She's always late for breakfast,
 Without a bit of reason;
 For Bridget rings and rings the bell,
 And wakes her up in season.
 Dilly Dally Dilly!
 How can you be so slow?
 Why don't you try
 To be more spry,
 And not dilly dally so?

'Tis just the same at evening;
 And it's really quite distressing
 To see the time that Dilly wastes
 In dressing and undressing.
 Dilly Dally Dilly
 Is always in a huff;
 If you hurry her
 Or worry her
 She says, "There's time enough."

Since she's neither ill nor helpless,
 It is quite a serious matter
 That she should be so lazy, that
 We still keep scolding at her.
 Dilly Dally Dilly,
 It's very wrong, you know,
 To do no work
 That you can shirk,
 And dilly dally so.

THE WONDERFUL FAIRY
DREAM.

H. G. GROSER.

THEY woke me just in the very best part
 Of the wonderful fairy dream,
 I heard a noise, and I gave a start,
 And I blinked at the morning beam.

I rubbed my eyes, and I stared around,
 For it seemed so *very* strange
 That a knock at the door—such a little
 sound—
 Should work such a wondrous change.

One moment back I had bird-like wings,
 And fast through the sky I flew,
 And I looked on a world of beautiful
 things
 My governess never knew.

There were creatures roaming and racing
 there
 That never are seen in books—
 Fishes that swam through the golden air,
 And singing-birds down in the brooks.

Woolly-white sheep as tiny as mice
 Up in the mulberry trees;
 With shepherds that lived on sugar and
 spice,
 And shepherd-dogs shaped like bees.

I saw the King of this wonderful place,
 And I kissed the hand of the Queen;
 She smiled, and I fancied I knew her face,
 And I asked what it all could mean.

For now, as I looked, it seemed to me
 I had been to that land before;
 And the wonder and puzzle how this
 could be
 Perplexed me more and more.

Then a bird that sat on a tree close by
 Said something, and flew away;
 And great black clouds crept over the sky,
 And I knew that I must not stay.
 Then the thunder rolled in the dark—and I
 Woke to the light of day!

But all that morning my thoughts ran back
 To the country where I had been,
 And I fancied I spied through the lilac
 flowers
 The face of the fairy Queen.

And when the hush of the evening fell,
 And the white moths flew in the lane,
 I hoped through the gates of sleep to pass
 To that wonderful land again.

[By permission from *Little Folks' Land*.]

THE SNAIL WHO STARTED.

A FABLE.

FELIX LEIGH.

A SNAIL resolved to walk a mile,
 And forth he set in gallant style.
 In seven days he crawled three feet,
 When a black slug he chanced to meet,
 Who, to gain favour with the snail,
 To praise the latter did not fail.
 "How wonderful! But pray take heed,"
 He cried, "and moderate your speed.
 Why, in the time of which you talk
 I couldn't mount a cabbage-stalk.
 Three feet you say you've travelled? You
 Surprise me greatly—yes, you *do!*"
 "Oh!" quoth the snail, "then there's no
 doubt
 That I'm the greatest walker out!"
 He gave a self-conceited smile,
 And thought no more about his mile.

MY DOLLIES.

MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

PLEASE come and see my dollies,
 I've such a lot, you know;
 My teasing brother calls them,
 "The Far-famed Remnant Show."

Here's Gladys, first and oldest,
 So pretty and so sweet,
 Although her head is broken
 And she has lost her feet.

Then comes my precious Eva,
 Her hair looks rather wild,
 And one eye fell inside her;
 I'm sure it hurts the child!

The next, in shawl and apron,
 And hat with steeple crown,
 Is little Welsh girl, Daisy,
 She came from Cardiff town.

She brought her knitting with her
 (The needles wouldn't go);
 Her real wax nose is flattened,
 Where I have hugged her so.

My Sunday doll is Rosie;
 Her frock is pink and white,
 Her curls are new and shining,
 And both her eyes are right.

Yet, somehow, I can't love her
 So dearly as the rest;
 For still, with dolls and people,
 The oldest friends are best!

IF I KNEW.

IF I knew the box where the smiles were
 kept,
 No matter how large the key
 Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—
 'Twould open, I know, for me;
 Then over the land and the sea broadcast
 I'd scatter the smiles to play,
 That the children's faces might hold them
 fast
 For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
 To hold all the frowns I meet,
 I would like to gather them, every one,
 From nursery, school, and street;
 Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them
 in,
 And turning the monster key,
 I'd hire a giant to drop the box
 To the depths of the deepest sea.

BUSY-BODY JOE.

"A BUSY-BODY," did you say?
 Uncle, that can't be I!
 I haven't worked one bit to-day—
What's that about a pie?

I did *not* have a finger in—
 I only tried to see
 If it was hot—and dropped the tin
 Because it burnt me.

And when I turned the beehives 'round,
 And let the poor pigs loose,
 And stuck the new axe in the ground,
 And chased the speckled goose,

I did 'em every one in play—
 It wasn't work, you know.
 I can't see why, then, you should say,
 "That *busy-body*, Joe!"

A DOLL'S LETTER.

(To her Little Mother in the Country.)

DEAR LITTLE MOTHER,—I love you so well,

Better than thousands of words can tell,
So I write to ask you not to forget
To think sometimes of your little pet.
For it's very lonely when you're away,

And I lie and think all the dreary day—
What is she doing, my little Mamma,
When from her dear baby she's gone so far?

Does she ever wish I was with her there,
To roam abroad in the free, fresh air,

Where the sun shines brightly all day long,
And the wee birds sing their summer song?
And when her head on the pillow lies,
Does she ever open her little eyes,
And say, in a whisper soft and light,
"I wish my dolly was here to-night"?

Little Mamma, I want you so!
Nobody seems to think or to know
That Dolly wants loving and kissing too—
Nobody cares for me, Mother, like you!
But I won't be selfish, and wish you here,
For far away in the sunshine clear
I know you are growing rosy and strong,
Out in the meadows the whole day long.

I only ask you to think sometimes
Of the little Dolly who writes these
rhymes!

Now I must stop, with love to all,
(But most for you!)
From your loving

DOLL.

THE CLOCK ELVES.

FELIX LEIGH.

IN the clock-case there are fairies, little
energetic elves,
And they never sleep a moment, for
most diligent are they;
If they either napped or nodded, if they
sought to rest themselves,
It is certain that we shouldn't have the
proper time o' day.

Tiny cogs they're deftly oiling,
At a dozen wheels they're toiling,
They are busily attending to each spring
and to each screw;
To the pendulum they're clinging,
As they guide it in its swinging,
And control its tick-a-tack-a-tick-a-tack-a-
tick-a-too!

You may fancy that by winding you can
get a clock to go,
But the elves inside the clock-case chuckle
slyly as they say,
"If we ceased from *our* exertions, as men
ought, of course, to know,
It is certain that they wouldn't have the
proper time o' day!
Tiny cogs we're deftly oiling,
At a dozen wheels we're toiling,
We are busily attending to each spring
and to each screw;
To the pendulum we're clinging,
As we guide it in its swinging,
And control its tick-a-tack-a-tick-a-tack-a-
tick-a-too!"

PRISSY'S CURLS.

(Recitation for a Little Boy.)

ELIZABETH W. WOOD.

DEAR Auntie told us a tale one night,
Of a sweet little girl who always did right;
She had golden curls and her eyes were blue,
And the thing she was bid she would
gladly do.

Now you all may be sure when Auntie
said this
She looked at us both—and especially Pris;
But Pris (who's a naughty and mischievous
girl)
Said, "I should be good, if my hair would
curl!"

So when Prissy and I were going to bed,
I looked at her smooth, straight locks, and
said,
"If you'd only let me, I'd make you good—
With a comb and some papers I easily
could."

And Prissy was willing, so then and there,
I brushed, and I combed, and I curled her
hair;

But oh! if you'd seen her when it was done,
You'd have laughed, though *she* didn't
think it fun!

Yet my time and trouble were simply a loss,
For all next day she was naughty and cross.
"Curls aren't so pleasant" (she said) "as
they seem,
For they hurt your head and they make
you dream;

"And mine aren't pretty at all, as I know,
For everyone looks and laughs at me so!
And I wonder how she of the golden curls
Could be such a pattern to other girls!"

THE ACROBATS.

ELIZABETH W. WOOD.

"'Tis tiresome dwelling on this plain,
With nothing to be seen
But stupid sand and stupid trees,
All yellow and all green;
And here and there a water-spring
That isn't even clean!"

While thus a sulky lion once
Lamented his sad lot,
A cheerful hippopotamus
Exclaimed, "Nay, grumble not!
For, since the weather is so clear,
The sun so bright and hot,

"I've planned this very afternoon,
That we shall have a treat,
In watching two skilled acrobats
Perform a daring feat;
So please attend my party, sir,
For many friends you'll meet!"

That afternoon, the eager beasts
Sat by a water-hole,
On either side of which arose
A gaily tinted pole;
A tight-rope was between them fixed—
Two storks surveyed the whole.

At length one stork politely asked,
"Have you a barrow, pray?"
"'Tis here," the genial host replied,
"There need be no delay;
It is the monkey's very own,
He stole it yesterday!"

Behold them, then, upon the rope!
'Tis neither strong nor wide.
One stork the barrow has to wheel,
The other stork must ride.
But ah! 'tis vain, they cannot hope
To reach the other side!

That slender rope is far too weak,
It breaks, for all their care;
And shrieks and cries in every key
Are floating through the air,
As every beast lifts up its voice
In accents of despair.

But lo! what awful sight is this?
The beasts all change their tone,—
The thieving storks are flying off,
The monkey gives a groan;
No more will he that barrow see
Which was "*his very own.*"

THE CATS' CONCERT.

GOOD-EVENING, Kitty Snowflake,
I'm glad to find you in!
The round white moon is shining,
The fun will soon begin.

The merry stars are twinkling
With wonder and delight,
Because the great Cats' Concert
Is being held to-night.

If only you will join us,
I promise you a treat;
You'll hear some famous singers,
With voices loud and sweet.

There's gentle Madam Tabby,
And fair Miss Tortoiseshell,
Young Sandy, Master Tiger,
And fifty more as well.

The city cats are hasting
O'er tile and slate and spout;
They're hasting to the concert,
So, Pussie, *please* come out.

The night could not be finer,
The roof is clean and dry,
And with your friends the kittens,
You'll surely not be shy!

Come then, O Kitty Snowflake,
To linger thus is wrong ;
The music is beginning,
I hear the first sweet song.

O lovely Kitty Snowflake,
Please do not stand aloof,
But favour with your presence
The concert on the roof !

THE BEE THAT WAS NOT BUSY.

"SHEILA."

THERE was a bee, I grieve to say,
Who only cared for idle play ;
Not, so to speak, for love or money,
Would he go out to gather honey ;
In point of fact, this lazy fellow
Refused to brush his suit of yellow,
Declined to polish up his sting,
Or shake the dust from either wing.
Not the least claim, in short, had he
To the proud name of " Busy Bee."

His comrades said, " 'Twill never do
For us to be disgraced by you ;
What in the world would children say,
If told about a bee at play ?"

And so they built a narrow cell,
With door that fitted close and well,
And then, in less than half a minute,
Plastered the idle bee up in it.

He's in there still, and much I doubt
If they will ever let him out !

JENNY'S LETTER.

I'VE had a letter from our dog,
Indeed, the postman brought it ;
So darling Donne can write ! although
One never would have thought it.

It says, " Dear Jenny, do come home,
For oh, we miss you sadly ;
I'm not the dog I ought to be,
And Tib behaves *so* badly !

" We fight about the smallest thing,
We snarl at one another ;
Your dolly says it's lonely, too,
Without her little mother.

" The parrot hardly talks at all,
And *how* he used to chatter !
The neighbours call him ' Poor old
Poll !'
And can't think what's the matter.

" Cook says the house is *that* forlorn,
She finds it quite depressing ;
Oh, Jenny, if you'd pack at once,
It would be such a blessing !

" You're just the kind of little girl
That everybody misses :
Good-bye. Your very loving Donne.
P.S.—The blots are kisses."

Please, Auntie Jane, may I go home ?
My cough is truly better,
And oh, I'm very nearly sure
That Daddy wrote my letter.

IF ! IF !

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan to do, the whole day
through,
The good deeds to be done—

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should lend—

If every man, and woman too,
Should join these workers small—
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall !

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care !
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, prefer to see,
If *other* folks are true ;
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

WINTER, THE WIZARD.

WINTER, the wizard, was gruff and grim ;
He saw how the little ones frowned on
him.

"Do they think," he cried, "that the
flowers are dead,
Just because they are sent to bed?"

And he blustered and blew with much ado,
To find how little the children knew ;
But in the night, with a pencil white
Upon their window a sketch he drew.

Lovely it was in the morning sun :
Who can say just how it was done?
"Ah!" said Daisy, and "Oh!" said Don,
"Here are the flowers with their night-
clothes on!"

 ICICLES.

ELIZABETH W. WOOD.

THE earth is frosty and hard to-day,
And the flowers of summer have passed
away ;
See, the fire is bright, so please draw near ;
I've a story to tell you, auntie dear.

Last night it was misty and damp, you
know,
And we heard the drip, drip, of melting
snow ;
And so did the beautiful fairy queen,
Though she lives where the grass is always
green.

So she told each dear little fairy child
That the weather on earth was wet and
wild ;
And then she gave them a strict command
That they all were to stay in fairyland.

But will you believe it? those naughty
boys
They didn't make even the tiniest noise,
But they spread their wings, and down
they came
On the cold, wet earth to have a game.

By their little feet they hung from the edge
Of our old barn roof, and the window
ledge ;
And they thought it was *such* fun to stop
All upside down till they had to drop !

But, dearest auntie, it makes me sad,
Though the little fairies *were* so bad,
When I come to the part where I must tell
What a dreadful thing to the dears befell.

Jack Frost came out, and he caught them
there,
And (perhaps you will say it wasn't fair)
He breathed on them all, and in a trice
They were changed into little lumps of ice !

There they hang, poor things ! I can see
them now,
Cannot you? out there in the cold, cold
snow ;
Mother says they're *icicles* ; she, 'tis clear,
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dear.

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