

- (b) But Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and
bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-
headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning
cold,
The while, above, her full and
earnest eye
Over her snow cold breast and
angry cheek,
Kept watch, waiting decision,
made reply.
"Self-reverence, self-knowledge,
self-control,
These three alone lead life to
sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of her-
self
Would come uncalled for) but to
live by law
Acting the law we live by without
fear ;
And, because right is right, to
follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of
consequence."

Tennyson—"Æneone."

- (c) As one that museth where broad
sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral,
through the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling
waves
Of sound on roof and floor
Within and anthem sung, is
charmed and tied
To where he stands—so stood I,
when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that
died,
To save her father's vow ;
The daughter of the warrior
Gileadite,
A maiden pure ; as when she
went along
From Mizpeh's towered gate with
welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.
Tennyson—"A Dream of Fair
Women."

*For Public School Leaving and
Entrance.*

- (a) Branches they have of that en-
chanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit,
whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive
of them
And taste, to him the gushing of
the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn
and rave
On alien shores ; and if his fellow
spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from
the grave ;
And deep asleep he seemed, yet
all awake,
And music in his ears his beating
heart did make."

Tennyson—"The Lotos Eaters."

- (b) So shape chased shape as swift as,
when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the
self-same way,
Crisp foam-flakes send along the
level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray.
I started once, or seemed to start,
in pain,
Resolved on noble things, and
strove to speak,
As when a great thought strikes
along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.
(c) Losing her carol I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement
leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing
suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

Tennyson—"A Dream of Fair
Women."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Having been asked to exemplify
what I consider the best forms to use
in writing out analysis and parsing, I
give those agreed on by a joint Com-
mittee a few years ago for adoption
by the teachers of Huron. They are