

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

BURY the Great Duke  
With an empire's lamentation,  
Let us bury the Great Duke  
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,  
Mourning when their leaders fall,  
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?  
Here, in streaming London's central rear  
Let the sound of those he wrought for  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Laid round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long, long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow;  
The last great Englishman is low.

O good grey head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their enemies and men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fall'n at length that tower of strength,  
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore.  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
The great World-victor's victor will be seen  
no more.

All is over and done.  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
England, for thy son.  
Let the bell be toll'd.  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
And render him to the mould.  
Under the cross of gold  
That shines over city and river,  
There he shall rest forever  
Among the wise and the bold.  
Let the bell be toll'd:

And a reverent people behold  
The towering car, the sable steeds—  
Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,  
Dark in its funeral fold.  
Let the bell be toll'd:  
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;  
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd  
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;  
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;  
He knew their voices of old.  
For many a time in many a clime  
His captain's ear had heard them boom  
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom;  
When he with those deep voices wrought,  
Guarding realms and kings from shame;  
With those deep voices our dead captain taught

The tyrant, and asserts his claim  
In that dread sound to the great name,  
Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
In praise and in dispraise the same,  
A man of well-temper'd frame.  
O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,  
To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears;  
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs  
and tears:

The black earth yawns the mortal disappears;  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
He is gone who seem'd so great.—  
Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in State,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
But speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him.  
God accept him, Christ receive him.

A WEE boy beset his mother to talk to him, and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked. "Don't you see how busy I am baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charlie, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for you."

"INSULTS," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money; we cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

## VIC'S VALENTINE.

"I gave, I gave My life for thee:  
What hast thou done for Me?"



LITTLE Vic sang the sweet words over and over in a clear, loud treble as she sat on the hearthstone stretching out her feet toward the warm blaze. But she sang them without any thought of their meaning, for all her mind was intent upon a most delightful occupation. Vic was making a valentine, and all around her, on the floor, were scattered the treasures she had long been hoarding for this very purpose: some scraps of gilt paper and bits of ribbon, motto-papers and coloured letters, and, most beautiful of all, some scrap-book pictures, which had cost the only five cents she owned in the world. Already she had made a splendid beginning: the brightest butterfly in the very centre of the sheet of paper, and on each side a green beetle bug; and now Vic, with her head very much on one side, was weighing the comparative charms of a most brilliant bunch of flowers and a very red parrot. And still, as she turned over her little stock and vigorously pasted and dabbed, her clear, childish voice sang over and over:—

"I gave, I gave My life for thee:  
What hast thou done for Me?"

"Do stop your noise, child, and clear up all that litter! I am tired enough with toting this great basket all the way up town and back, and you'll just have to stop fooling and get tea."

Vic jumped up to her feet. She had been so occupied in her work she had not noticed how dark the room had grown; had not even heard when Aunt Edie came in with her big basket till she sank down heavily upon the chair by the fire. She began hurriedly to gather her scraps together, while Aunt Edie went on more gently:—

"Seems as if that basket of clothes grew heavier and heavier every time I do 'em up; and to-night I had to fetch home some corn-meal. You might have had tea all ready, Vic. But there! I suppose I can't expect to have things done for me."

And Aunt Edie slowly took up her heavy basket and carried it away to the pantry, while Vic began vigorously her preparations for tea.

With much noise and rattle and clatter she dragged the old wooden table from the corner toward the fireplace, and banged down upon it the heavy plates and cups and big steel knives. For although Vic could stop what Aunt Edie called "fooling," it was not in her to stop making a noise. But making tea was not so novel and exciting a work as making valentines, and now Vic began to think.

"Did Aunt Edie really think things were never done for her? Did she, Vic, really never help her? She meant to. Good old Aunt Edie, who had taken her home, a poor, hapless baby, when her mother had died in the Colored Hospital, and had clothed her, and fed her—yes, and loved her—ever since! 'What hast thou done for me?' Well, little enough!" thought Vic. "I declare, I ought to have had

tea ready!" and bang went the kettle on to the stove, spilling over a part of its contents upon the hot iron, where it hissed and sputtered angrily. "And she took all that new flannel to line my old waterproof, to make me warmer; and I do believe she never got any more for her skirt! There! how this old knife does drop!—and that is the very reason why she has been so cold and stiff this winter." And a big tear rolled down Vic's face, and splashed right down upon the loaf of bread she was cutting.

"What's that you're making, honey?" said Aunt Edie, a little later, when, warmed and rosted, she sat down by the fire with her knitting.

"A valentine," said Vic shortly. "Who for?"

Vic did not answer. There was no real reason why Aunt Edie might not know that it was for Ida Jackson, her dearest friend, but you know there is no fun in a valentine unless there is a great deal of mystery.

"Well," pursued Aunt Edie, "young ones must have their fun, is 'pose. Dear knows they'll have trouble enough by and by. You don't care much about valentines when you have to work hard just to keep warm, and no one to do a thing for you but your own two hands!"

What made Aunt Edie talk so much to-night about "doing?" It recalled to Vic the words which had been in her mind all day, and as she settled down to her pasting and gilding, she began once more to sing to herself:—

"I gave, I gave My life for thee."

Aunt Edie watched and listened in silence awhile, and then said softly:—

"We don't do much for Him, that's a fact, and I reckon He means to keep on taking care of us. Sometimes I hope He'll remember that I've tried to take care of you, child, and maybe He'll be as well pleased with that."

Long after Aunt Edie had gone to sleep that night, little Vic lay awake trying to think of something she could do for the kind old woman who had done so much for her. If only she could get the flannel and send it to her for a valentine, how perfectly beautiful that would be! But she could think of no way of earning it; and at last fell asleep and dreamed she had cut all the lining out of her cloak, and found there was not nearly enough.

Bright ideas are apt to come with the morning, and it certainly was a very bright idea that prompted Vic to stop at the store on her way to school the next day, and ask Mr. Kane just how much flannel it would take for a skirt and how much it would cost.

"About three yards, I guess, and it is 40 cents a yard, so it would be just \$1.20," said Mr. Kane glibly.

The little girl's lip quivered. She could never earn so much. Mr. Kane saw her trouble.

"Did you want it for yourself?"

"No, sir; for Aunt Edie. She used hers for me, and she has not got any; and I did want to buy it myself, but I can't get so much money."

"Well," said Mr. Kane slowly, "I'll tell you what we can do, if you've a mind. I want all these beans picked over and sorted, and if you'll come here and do the job I'll give you the flannel."

Vic thanked him eagerly and promised to do her best. Fortunately for her, Aunt Edie had a long job of

house-cleaning that week, and came home too late to notice Vic's long absences. And day after day, after several hours and during the short intermission, Vic sat in the close, dark room behind the store, toiling faithfully over her task. Very monotonous it grew and tiresome, and the restless, noisy child, compelled to sit so quietly at an unaccustomed work, was often sorely tempted to give it all up. Still she persevered. And now, in this quiet, for the first time in all her little life Vic began to realize how much had been done for her. Not by Aunt Edie only. There was Miss Annie, her Sunday-school teacher, who had never failed to greet her with loving welcome week after week, who never forgot to notice whether her shoes and hat were comfortable, and had so many times given her new ones, and once such a lovely brown dress. Vic remembered many a kindness from school teachers and scholars. Best of all, she began now to think lovingly and gratefully of the dear Lord who had given His life for her and shielded her life from care and harm. "Dear me!" thought little Vic. "What can I do for Him? I do hope he'll be pleased if I begin by doing something for Aunt Edie."

At last the work was done to Mr. Kane's satisfaction, and he put into the child's hands a big paper package with "Aunt Edie" in big printing letters outside. Vic danced and capered down the street, and placed the precious bundle in the very centre of the table. Then she made the tea; and if the cups and saucers were not all broken to atoms in her wild haste, it was only because those long-suffering articles were all of the very toughest material.

All was ready long before the usual "Well, child!" announced Aunt Edie's return.

Vic could wait no longer.

"Oh, Aunt Edie! Here's a valentine for you. Do open it, quick! See, it says, 'For Aunt Edie!'"

"For me!" said Aunt Edie doubtfully.

"Oh, do open it!" pleaded Vic. But Aunt Edie spelled slowly out the printed letters, and turned the bundle over and over, and pinched it, and wondered who sent it. But at last the knot was untied and the folds of bright red flannel were displayed. And Vic forgot that it was a valentine, and ought to be mysterious, and exclaimed:—

"I did it, Aunt Edie. It's from me. I earned it all myself, because you've always done so much for me, and I wanted to do something for you. Isn't it pretty? Don't you like it?"

"You blessed child!" exclaimed Aunt Edie; and Vic felt more than satisfied.—*Christian Union.*

At a dinner party the little son of the host and hostess was allowed to come down to dessert. Having had what his mother considered a sufficiency of fruit, he was told he must not have any more, when, to the surprise of every one of the guests, he exclaimed, "If you don't give me some more, I'll tell!" A fresh supply was at once given him, and as soon as it was finished he repeated his threat; whereupon he was suddenly and swiftly removed from the room, but he had just time to convulse the company by exclaiming, "My new trousers are made out of ma's old bedroom curtains!"