

When I think of my own native land,  
 In a moment I seem to be there :  
 But, alas ! recollection at hand,  
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea fowl has gone to her nest,  
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;  
 Even here is a season of rest,  
 And I to my cavern repair.

There is mercy in every place,  
 And mercy (encouraging thought !).  
 Gives even affliction a grace :  
 And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

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### LESSON XXX.

#### SOLON AND CROESUS.

Croe-sus	Cle-o-bis	su-per-fi-cial
suit-a-ble	fra-ter-nal	per-pet-u-al-ly
re-pu-ta-tion	fes-ti-val	un-for-tu-nate
mag-ni-fi-cent	con-gra-tu-la-ted	ad-mo-ni-tion
in-dif-fe-rence	vi-cis-si-tudes	ve-he-mence
phi-lo-so-pher	ac-ci-dents	sub-lu-nar-y
in-di-gence	pros-per-i-ty	com-mis-e-ra-tion
u-ni-ver-sal-ly	trans-i-ent	mon-arch

The name of Croesus, the fifth and last king of Lydia, who reigned 557 years before Christ, has passed into a proverb to describe the posses-