

towers of ancient English castles. The descriptive phrase "old in story," as well as the context, favors the latter.

(4) The notes of the bugle echoing from cliff to cliff, and growing continually fainter and fainter, are, by a beautiful poetic fancy, identified with the notes of the horns supposed to be blown by the fairies or elves of the fabled elf-land.

(5) Because the fairies or elves were conceived of as diminutive beings, the notes from whose horns would be comparatively feeble.

(6) The echoes were "wild" because of the wild or rugged character of the cliffs and ravines in which the scene is located. It may either be a case of "transferred epithet," or the ruggedness of the hills and cliff may be supposed to give to the echoes a corresponding character. The first four lines of the last stanza express a striking poetic thought and contrast. The echoes aroused by the bugle notes among the hills and cliffs grow gradually weaker and weaker until they die away in sky, or hill, or field, or river; but the impressions which human souls produce upon other souls, instead of dying away, go on re-echoing perpetually from soul to soul, not dying, but growing, forever and forever.

(7) The "glens" are, of course, the small valleys or hollows from which the echoes are returned. They are "purple" by reason of the heather, or some other purplish plant, with which they are supposed to be covered.

(8) It is not to be supposed that a poem, much less a song, must necessarily contain a "moral." Indeed, a prominent school of present day literary critics would, no doubt, maintain that any attempt to teach a distinct "moral" is destructive of the true artistic spirit in poem or novel. It is easy, however, we think, to evolve a most valuable moral from the thought which underlies the contrast which we have above pointed out, as embodied in the last stanza—the perpetuity, or indestructibility, or the waves of influence set in motion by the human soul, and affecting other souls.

Though Tennyson's "The Princess" is a "medley," and a close connection is not always easily traced between the songs and the narrative, it is difficult, if not impossible, to enter fully into the spirit of this "Bugle Song" without a careful reading of the whole poem, especially of Part III., in which the song is embedded.

E.G.M.—(1) Give relation of the word "convictions," stanza 10, Lesson xcv., Fourth Reader.

(2) Supply ellipsis for analysis, stanza 111, Lesson xxxi., Fourth Reader.

ANSWERS.

(1) "Conviction" is in the same grammatical relation to "with" as "obedience" which precedes. The "with" is evidently to be repeated.

(2) "Our destined end, or way, is not enjoyment, (it is) not sorrow, but (our destined end or way is so) to act that each to-morrow (may) find us," etc.

A.M.—(1) How would you pluralize the following words?  
Jack-in-a-box, Jack-in-the-pulpit.

(2) On page 21 of "Grammatical Analysis," by H. I. Strang, some sentences are given containing noun clauses in the adverbial objective, this being one: "You have no proof that he took it." To me, the clause "that he took it" seems to have an adjectival force. Is the construction similar to that given on page 310 of the H.S.G., illustrated by the expressions, "my dream last night"; "his adventures this day"?

In the analysis of the principal clause in, "You have no proof that he took it," where would the subordinate clause go?

Kindly demonstrate the adverbial value if possible.

ANSWERS.

If it is absolutely necessary to pluralize the compound form, we know no other way in which it can be done than by adding the sign of plurality to the initial noun, thus, "Jacks-in-the-box." But careful writers will be found, we think, to avoid such doubtful expedients, as far as possible, even at the cost of a little circumlocution.

We have not a copy of Mr. Strang's work within reach, and so cannot study his method of treatment. To our thinking, the clause "that he took it" is, in reality, a noun clause, in the objective, in virtue of (governed by) the verb force retained in

the noun "proof." Just as when we use the verb "prove" the question instantly suggests itself, "Prove what?" so the use of the noun "proof," derived from the verb, suggests "proof of what?" That is, "proof" is one of a class of nouns derived from verbs which retain so much of their verb force that they equally require the objective or complementary noun, or noun clause. Perhaps this is virtually the explanation favored by Mr. Strang. The clause certainly modifies the noun "proof," and may be said for this reason to have an adjectival force, but it modifies it in a peculiar way, the same way, in fact, in which the same clause would modify the verb, had "prove" been used instead of "proof," and the explanation or classification should, we think, indicate this peculiarity. Its construction is clearly *not* similar to that referred to on page 310 of the High School Grammar.

In analysis "that he took it" must go in predicate, as modifying the noun "proof," which is itself objective modifier of principal verb "have."

C. M.—Please explain fully the last stanza of Coleridge's poem "Youth and Age," "Dew drops are . . . without the smile."

ANSWER.

We can find no such words in Coleridge's "Youth and Age." Please give exact reference, or quotation in full.

For Friday Afternoon.

THE VOICE OF THE HELPLESS.

BY CARLOTTA FERRY.

I hear a wail from the woodland,  
A cry from the forest dim;  
A sound of woe from the sweet hedgerow,  
From the willows and reeds that rim  
The sedgy pools; from the meadow grass  
I hear the fitful cry, alas!

It drowns the throb of music,  
The laughter of childhood sweet,  
It seems to rise to the very skies,  
As I walk the crowded street;  
When I wait on God in the house of prayer,  
I hear the sad wail even there.

'Tis the cry of the orphaned nestlings,  
'Tis the wail of the bird that sings  
His song of grace in the archer's face,  
'Tis the flutter of broken wings,  
'Tis the voice of helplessness—the cry  
Of many a woodland tragedy.

O! lovely, unthinking maiden,  
The wing that adorns your hat  
Has the radiance rare that God placed there,  
But I see in place of that  
A mockery, pitiful, deep, and sad,  
Of all things happy, and gay, and glad.

O! mother, you clasp your darling  
Close to your loving breast;  
Think of that other, that tender mother,  
Brooding upon her nest!  
In the little chirp from the field and wood,  
Does no sound touch your motherhood?

That little dead bird on your bonnet,  
Is it worth the cruel wrong?  
The beauty you wear so proudly there  
Is the price of a silenced song;  
The humming-bird on your velvet dress  
Mocks your womanly tenderness.

I hear a cry from the woodland,  
A voice from the forests dim;  
A sound of woe from the sweet hedgerow,  
From the willows and weeds that rim  
The sedgy pool; from the meadow grass  
I hear the pitiful sound, alas!

Can you not hear it, my sister,  
Above the heartless behest  
Of fashion, that stands, with cruel hands,  
Despoiling the songful nest?  
Above that voice have you never heard  
The voice of the helpless, hunted bird?

THE PUZZLED BIRD BEAST.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

I've a hole in the eaves of the house,  
And I lie there and play mouse  
Till the day is almost gone;  
And then I slip out and fly—  
A bird in the evening sky—  
And creep in my hole at dawn.

Because my feathers are fur,  
And my wings are of "gossamer,"  
And I cannot twitter a note,  
Some think it is quite absurd  
That I should pass for a bird,  
No matter how well I float!

The boy shouts: "Here's a bat!  
Ho, bat, come under my hat!"  
He tosses it up, and I come;  
Then he bangs me with a pole,  
And I wish I was back in my hole,  
And that boys were blind and dumb!

Then puss comes out of the house,  
"Ho-ho!" she says, "it's a mouse!"  
And I show her my teeth, how nice!  
She stops, she spits, she stares,  
You could half believe she swears,  
"Oh, my, I'm shy of such mice!"

Ah! what is the use of my wings?  
The birds disown such things.  
"No feathers? Oh, what a sham!"  
And where is the use of my fur?  
The mice will never concur.  
Oh, I wish I knew what I am!

—Our Little Ones.

ONLY.

It was only a sunny smile,  
And little it cost in the giving;  
But it scattered the night  
Like morning light,  
And made the day worth living.  
Through life's dull warp a woof it wove  
In shining colors of light and love;  
And the angels smiled as they watched above,  
Yet little it cost in the giving.

It was only a kindly word,  
A word that was lightly spoken;  
Yet not in vain,  
For it stilled the pain  
Of a heart that was nearly broken.  
It strengthened a fate beset by fears,  
And groping blindly through mists of tears  
For light to brighten the coming years,  
Al though it was lightly spoken.

It was only a helping hand,  
And it seemed of little availing;  
But its clasp was warm  
And it saved from harm  
A brother whose strength was failing.  
Its touch was tender as angels' wings,  
But it rolled the stone from the hidden springs  
And pointed the way to higher things,  
Though it seemed of little availing.

A smile, a word, or a touch,  
And each is easily given;  
Yet either may win  
A soul from sin,  
Or smooth the way to heaven.  
A smile may lighten the failing heart,  
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,  
A touch may lead us from sin apart—  
How easily either is given!

—Selected.

If we cannot command attention and enforce the command, we are much like ships without a rudder, and must drift with the strongest tide.—  
B. F. Austin, St. Thomas, Ont.