

The Educational Weekly.

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SONNET.

[This beautiful sonnet, reprinted from the *Canadian Monthly*, of June, 1873, was written by an esteemed contributor of the EDUCATIONAL WEEKLY. At the time of its appearance one of the most eminent of living poets wrote to the author commending it in terms of the highest praise.]

"And there was no more sea."—*Rev. xxi., 1.*

"AND there was no more sea": to me erewhile
These words scant meaning and no comfort bore;
Regret to miss the myriad-dimpled smile
Of Ocean, and the music of his roar,
Possessed me rather. Time that proves all things
Has taught me better, and I love to muse
How each slow hour still near and nearer brings
That hour supreme when eyes that cannot choose
But weep to mark the barren, endless toil
Of the sad waves, shall hail this promise fair
With rich fruition crowned; and, cleansed from soil
Of life's long voyage, the tired mariner
Shall bid farewell forever to the sea,
Safe-anchored in the haven where he fain would
be.

FATE AND THE TIGER.

A HINDOO FABLE RETOLD IN VERSE.

PROWLING about in quest of food
Within the confines of a wood,
A tiger heard a calf bleat low.
He licked his chops. "Fate wills it so,"
Resignedly the feline said,
"Calves live that tigers may be fed;
And, though I pity the poor beast,
'Tis plain fate offers me a feast."
He sprang; but at that very minute
The trap sprang too—and he was in it
Two days he lay there, prisoned fast;
The third a Brahmin pilgrim passed.
"Oh! Brahmin!" cried the tiger, "see
My cruel state, and set me free!"
The pilgrim paused. "I would, with pleasure,
Did wisdom sanction such a measure,
Good friend," he said; "but much I fear
The kindly act would cost me dear;
And, once released, so well you'd treat me,
That—out of gratitude—you'd eat me."
"Nay," his petitioner replied,
"The calf my hunger's satisfied;
But were I starving, Brahmin, know
The base temptation I'd forego—
To make a meal of one who ne'er
Trode on a worm without a prayer,
And counts the meanest thing that lives
Sacred to Brahm who being gives."
"You move me much," the pilgrim said,
And on the spring his hand he laid.
A second, and the brute was free.
"I, too, am moved—much moved," quoth he,
"With liber'—(how strange!) I find
To let you go I'm disinclined;
For such an appetising savor
Greets me as I approach you, brother,
I yearn to taste the unknown flavor
Of Brahmin flesh without more pother.

'Tis fate; and fate we cannot fly,
Therefore, good priest, prepare to die."
"But, friend, your oath," the other pled.
"Oaths are for men," the tiger said.
"But you forget your life you owe
To one who might have been your foe."
"Tis true; and there you lacked discretion;
According to your own confession."
He smiled as only tigers can,
With eyes and teeth, upon the man,
And wagged his tail with satisfaction
At thought of his strategic action.
Just then, a rustling in the bush
His notice drew; a fox's brush
He saw, and soon the fox himself,
Smooth-seeing, sly, eaves-dropping elf,
As if by accident appeared;
And, swearing by the prophet's beard
No interruption he had meant,
Begged they would pardon the event
And suffer him at once to fare
Upon his journey to Hurdwar.

The lordly tiger shook his head;
"It cannot be," he sternly said,
Threatening the other's path, "unless
Frankly your errand you confess."
"Most willingly," returned the fox;
"I go to settle grave disputes
Between the Brahmins orthodox
And some of Chunder Sen's recruits;
Though Mussulman, my wisdom's known
And sought in every clime and zone;
They've asked me to decide the matter
As fair, impartial arbitrator;
And much I hope my judgment may
This strife of creeds at once allay."

"Ah! that's your business," spoke the priest;
"Since you're a learned, honored beast,
Delay your travel for a space,
And, if the tiger will agree,
Adjudicate another case
Betwixt his royal self and me."
Replied the tiger, "My permission
I grant, but on this sole condition—
That you, Sir Fox, your fee remit,
And bear in mind—I, too, have wit.
Brahmin, I'll first the facts relate,
And then your grievance you may state.
The last word's yours; but I incline
To think, good priest, *the case is mine.*"
A horrid wink the fox he gave,
Who looked as solemn as the grave;
Then plausibly his story told,
And nodded to the Brahmin old.

The judge upon his haunches sat,
Attent to this side, then to that;
At length he rubbed his head, and rose,
Glanced at the tiger's cruel toes,
And coolly said, his eyelids lifting,
"Your tale, O pilgrim, needs much sifting.
You make conflicting statements here.
And how to rule I am not clear.
Suppose this most confused transaction,
For my judicial satisfaction,
You now repeat—in act, I mean,
Such things are plainer when they're seen

Than when described—unless I ask
(The day is warm) too great a task.
You, honest tiger, be so good
As first to show me how you stood
Before this treach'rous cage, and then
Just how you got within the den.
Next, aged Brahmin, I would see
How you set the prisoner free;
The very way your hand was raised,
And on the spring obedient placed;
And how, friend tiger, you at once
Leaped out beside the reverend dunce.

To this proposal, both assented.
The Brahmin set the trap once more—
Nor was the good man so demented
As sooth he'd seemed to be before;
For well he guessed the fox's part,
And blessed the scamp with all his heart.
Behind the cage he backward stepped,
And into it the tiger leapt.
Jerk went the spring! the door shut fast;
The dangerous brute was caught at last.
Vanished the fox's gravity;
"Friend tiger," waggishly said he,
"My verdict you anticipate—
I leave you in the grasp of fate,
Good morrow; for I cannot hope
Successfully with fate to cope
Where you have failed. Good morrow, priest;
You're lucky thus to be released.
And suffer me this one suggestion:
When you a tiger meet again,
Whether in jungle or in pen,
Don't stop to parley or to question,
But show your heels without delay—
Believe me, 'tis the wiser way."

—E. D. K., 11 November *Wide Awake*.

LOVE-LILY.

A MODERN LYRIC.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

BETWEEN the hands, between the brows,
Between the lips of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born whose birth endows
My blood with fire to burn through me;
Who breathes upon my gazing eyes,
Who laughs and murmurs in mine ear,
At whose least touch my color flies,
And whom my life grows faint to hear.
Within the voice, within the heart,
Within the mind of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born who lifts apart
His tremulous wings and looks at me;
Who on my mouth his finger lays,
And shows, while whispering lutes confer,
That Eden of Love's watered ways
Whose winds and spirits worship her.
Brows, hands, and lips, heart, mind, and voice,
Kisses and words of Love-Lily—
Oh! bid me with your joy rejoice,
Till riotous longing rest in me!
Oh! let not hope be still distraught,
But find in her its gracious goal,
Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought—
Nor Love her body from her soul.