

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.

## LESSON XXX.

## SOLON AND CRESSUS.

|                    |                   |                    |
|--------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| Cres-sus           | Cle-o-bis         | su-per-fi-cial     |
| sui-ta-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-lat-ed | ad-mo-ni-tion      |
| in-dif-fer-ence    | vi-cis-si-tude    | ve-ge-mence        |
| phi-lo-so-pher     | ac-ci-dents       | sub-lu-nar-y       |
| in-di-stance       | pros-per-i-ty     | com-mi-s-er-a-tion |
| un-sat-is-fac-tory | trai-ni-ent       | mon-arch           |

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