

How! gains the leak so fast! Clean out the hold—
 Hoist up thy merchandise—heave out thy gold
 There—let the ingots go!—now the ship rights;
 Hurrah! the harbour's near—lo, the red lights!
 Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island;
 Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the high land;
 Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam—
 Christian! cast anchor now—HEAVEN IS THY HOME!

IX. WOLSEY'S FALLEN GREATNESS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

<p>Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear In all my miseries; but thou hast fore'd me Out of thy honest truth to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom- well; And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be; And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men- tion Of me more must be heard of,—say, I thought thee; Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory. And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,— Found thee a way out of his wreck, to rise in: A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it. Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me, Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition; By that sin fell the angels; how can man then, The Image of his Maker, hope to win by't?</p>	<p>Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee: Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle pence, To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not; Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's, Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O, Cromwell, Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king: And,—Pr'y thee, lend me in: There, take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe, And my integrity to heaven, is all I dare now call my own. O, Cromwell, Crom- well, Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.</p>
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X. THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

<p>How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank! Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night, Become the touches of sweet harmony. Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold; There's not the smallest orb, which thou be- hold'st, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims: Such harmony is in immortal souls; But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.</p>	<p>Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud, Which is the hot condition of their blood; If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound, Or any air of music touch their ears, You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze, By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods; Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage, But music for the time doth change his nature: The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And his affections dark as Erebus: Let no such man be trusted.</p>
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* Sir Thomas Cromwell.