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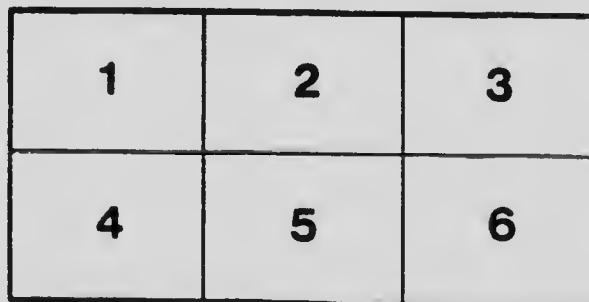
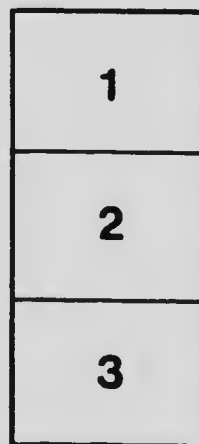
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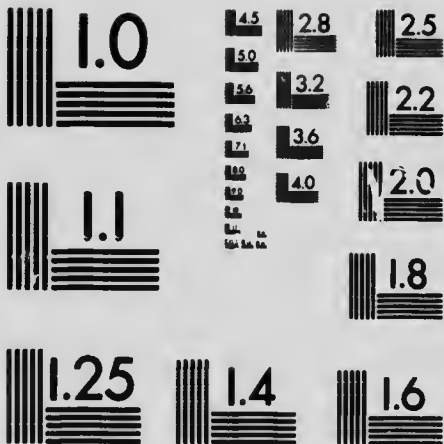
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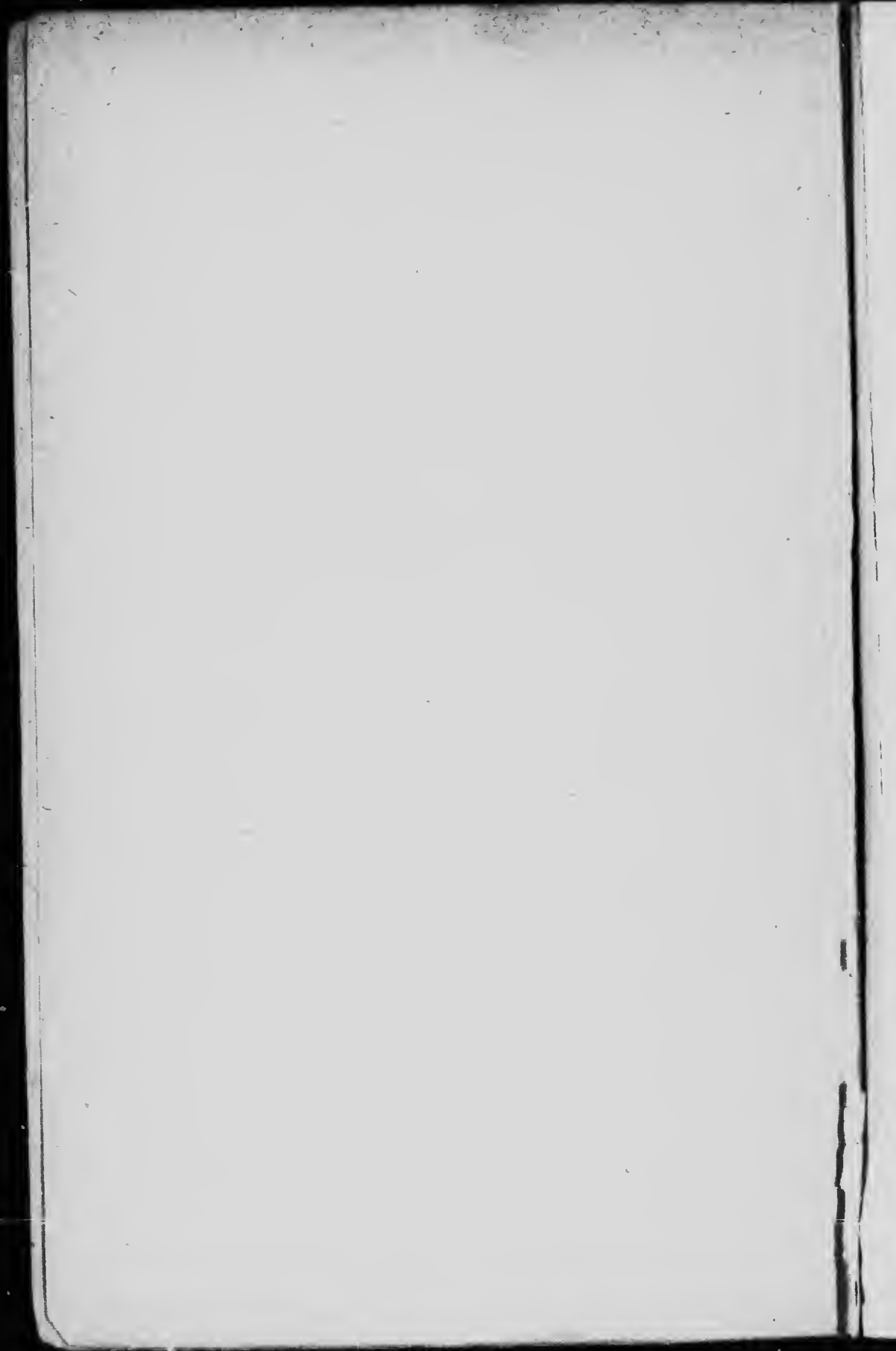
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# SELECTED POEMS

OF

## WORDSWORTH

AND

## TENNYSON

Edited by the University of Toronto  
and the Ontario Department of  
Education for 1918.

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY

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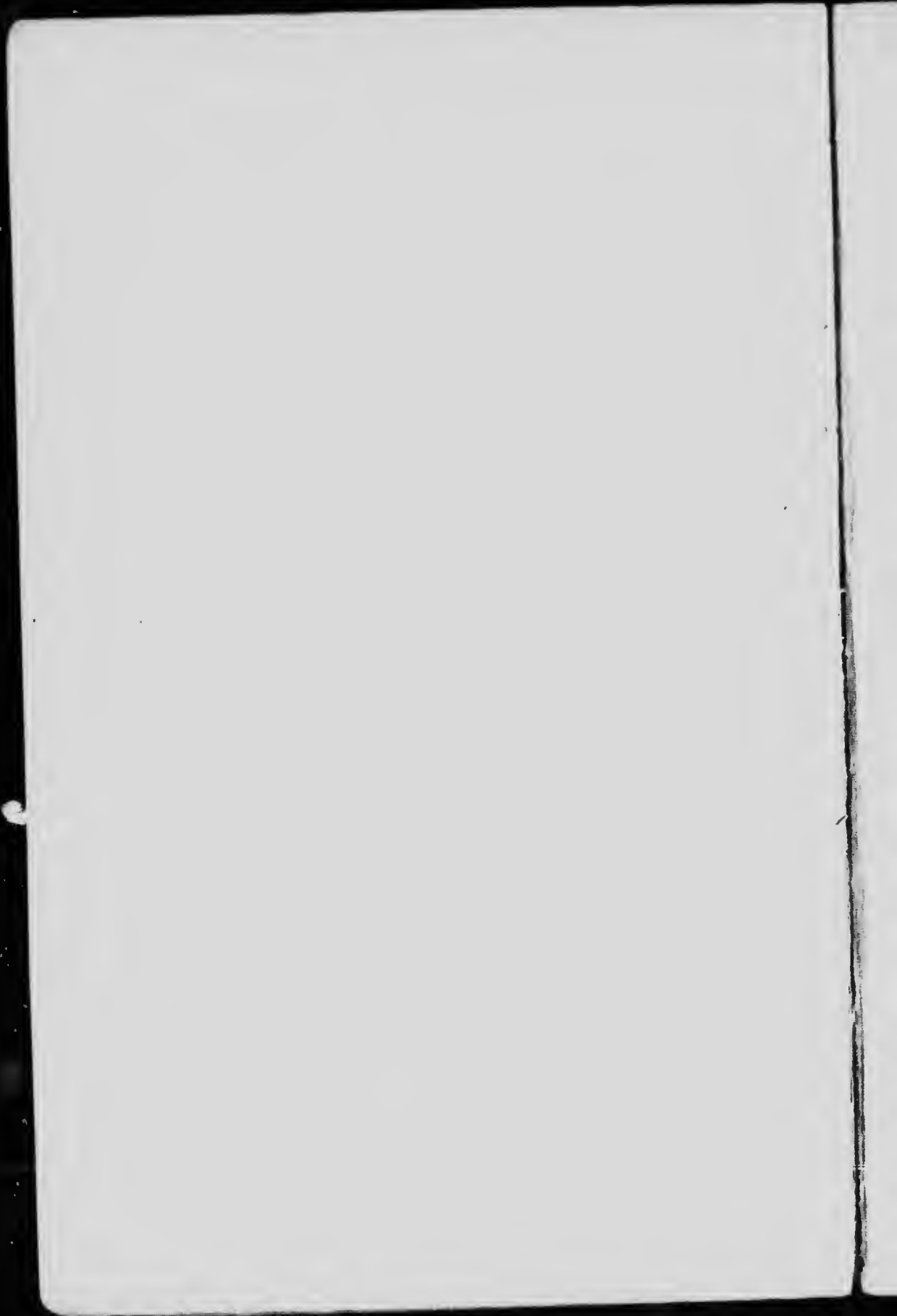
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PASSAGES FOR MEMORIZATION  
JUNIOR MATRICULATION, ENTRANCE TO NORMAL  
SCHOOL.

HONOUR MATRICULATION, AND ENTRANCE TO  
FACULTIES OF EDUCATION.

1918.

WORDSWORTH.

To the Cuckoo.

"It is not to be thought of that the Flood."

O Friend, I know not which way I must look.

Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour.

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide.

TENNYSON.

Morte d'Arthur: ll. 246-255.

Ænone: ll. 1-15, 144-150.

The Brook: Lyric Stanzas.

In Memoriam: 64, 83, 86, 101, 115, 118.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act 1, Sc. 1, ll. 79-99—Let me play—their brothers fools.

Act 2, Sc. 9, ll. 36-49—Who chooseth me—to be new varnished.

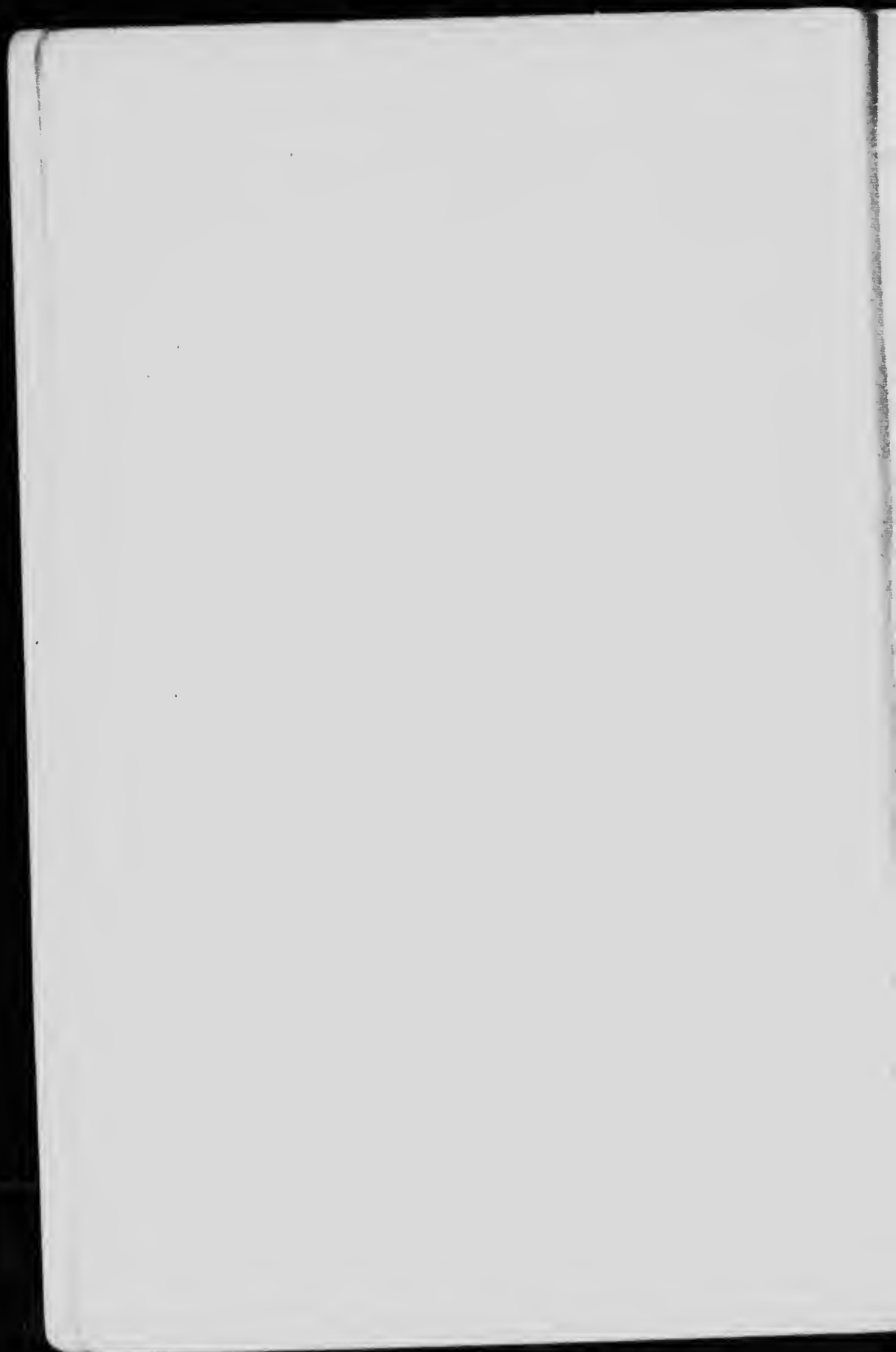
Act 4, Sc. 1, ll. 184-205—The quality of mercy—the deeds of  
mercy.

Act 5, Sc. 1, ll. 54-65—How sweet the moon's light—cannot hear  
it.

Act 5, Sc. 1, ll. 102-108—The crow doth sing—true proportion.



**WORDSWORTH**



MICHAEL.

5

MICHAEL.

A PASTORAL POEM.

If from the public way you turn your steps  
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,  
You will suppose that with an upright path  
Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent  
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face. 5  
But, courage! for around that boisterous brook  
The mountains have all opened out themselves.  
And made a hidden valley of their own.  
No habitation can be seen; but they  
Who journey thither find themselves alone 10  
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites  
That overhead are sailing in the sky  
It is, in truth, an utter solitude;  
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell  
But for one object which you might pass by, 15  
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook  
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones:  
And to that simple object appertains,  
A story—unenriched with strange events,  
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, 20  
Or for the summer shade. It was the first  
Of those domestic tales that spake to me  
Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men  
Whom I already loved:—not verily  
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills 25  
Where was their occupation and abode.  
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy  
Careless of books, yet having felt the power  
Of Nature, by the gentle agency  
Of natural objects, led me on to feel 30

For passions that were not my own, and think  
 (At random and imperfectly indeed)  
 On man, the heart of man, and human life.  
 Therefore, although it be a history  
 Homely and rude, I will relate the same 35  
 For the delight of a few natural hearts;  
 And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake  
 Of youthful Poets, who among these hills  
 Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale 40  
 There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;  
 An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.  
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
 Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,  
 Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs, 45  
 And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt  
 And watchful more than ordinary men.  
 Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,  
 Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,  
 When others heeded not, he heard the South 50  
 Make subterraneous music, like the noise  
 Of bagpipes on distant Highland hills.  
 The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock  
 Bethought him, and he to himself would say,  
 "The winds are now devising work for me!" 55  
 And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives  
 The traveller to a shelter, summoned him  
 Up to the mountains: he had been alone  
 Amid the heart of many thousand mists,  
 That came to him, and left him, on the heights. 60  
 So lived he till his eightieth year was past.  
 And grossly that man errs, who should suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,  
 Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.  
 Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had r 65  
 The common air; hills, which with vigorous step  
 He had so often climbed; which had impressed  
 So many incidents upon his mind  
 Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;  
 Which, like a book, preserved the memory 70  
 Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,  
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts,  
 The certainty of honourable gain;  
 Those fields, those hills,—what could they less?—had  
 laid  
 Strong hold on his affections, were to him 75  
 A pleasurable feeling of blind love,  
 The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.  
 His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—  
 Though younger than himself full twenty years. 80  
 She was a woman of a stirring life,  
 Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had  
 Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;  
 That small, for flax; and if one wheel had rest  
 It was because the other was at work. 85  
 The Pair had but one inmate in their house,  
 An only Child, who had been born to them  
 When Michael, telling o'er his years, began  
 To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,  
 With one foot in the grave. This only Son, 90  
 With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,  
 The one of an inestimable worth,  
 Made all their household. I may truly say,



That they were as a proverb in the vale  
 For endless industry. When day was gone, 95  
 And from their occupations out of doors  
 The Son and Father were come home, even then,  
 Their labour did not cease; unless when all  
 Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,  
 Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk, 100  
 Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,  
 And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal  
 Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)  
 And his old Father both betook themselves  
 To such convenient work as might employ 105  
 Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to card  
 Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair  
 Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,  
 Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge, 110  
 That in our ancient uncouth country style  
 With a huge and black projection overbrowed  
 Large space beneath, as duly as the light  
 Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;  
 An aged utensil, which had performed 115  
 Service beyond all others of its kind.  
 Early at evening did it burn—and late,  
 Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,  
 Which, going by from year to year, had found,  
 And left the couple neither gay perhaps 120  
 Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,  
 Living a life of eager industry.  
 And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,  
 There by the light of this old lamp they sate,  
 Father and Son, while late into the night 125

The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,  
 Making the cottage through the silent hours  
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.  
 This light was famous in its neighbourhood,  
 And was a public symbol of the life 130  
 That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,  
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground  
 Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,  
 High into Easdale, up to Dunmail-Raise,  
 And westward to the village near the lake; 135  
 And from this constant light, so regular  
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all  
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,  
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING  
 STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years, 140  
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs  
 Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart  
 This son of his old age was yet more dear—  
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same  
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all—145  
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts  
 That earth can offer to declining man,  
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,  
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they  
 By tendency of nature needs must fail. 150  
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,  
 His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes  
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,  
 Had done him female service, not alone  
 For pastime and delight, as is the use 155  
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced

To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked  
His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy  
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love, 160  
Albeit of a stern, unbending mind,  
To have the Young-one in his sight, when he  
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool  
Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched  
Under the large old oak, that near his door 165  
Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,  
Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,  
Thence in our rustic dialect was called  
The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.  
There, while they two were sitting in the shade, 170  
With others round them, earnest all and blithe,  
Would Michael exercise his heart with looks  
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed  
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep  
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts 175  
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up  
A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek  
Two steady roses that were five years old;  
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut 180  
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped  
With iron, making it throughout in all  
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,  
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt  
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed 185  
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;  
And, to his office prematurely called,

There stood the urchin, as you will divine,  
 Something between a hindrance and a help;  
 And for this cause, not always, I believe, 190  
 Receiving from his Father hire of praise;  
 Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,  
 Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand  
 Against the mountain blasts, and to the heights, 195  
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,  
 He with his Father daily went, and they  
 Were as companions, why should I relate  
 That objects which the Shepherd loved before  
 Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came 200  
 Feelings and emanations—things which were  
 Light to the sun and music to the wind  
 And that the old Man's heart seemed born again?

Thus in his father's sight the Boy grew up:  
 And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, 205  
 He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived  
 From day to day, to Michael's ear there came  
 Distressful tidings. Long before the time  
 Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound 210  
 In surety for his brother's son, a man  
 Of an industrious life, and ample means;  
 But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly  
 Had prest upon him; and old Michael now  
 Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture, 215  
 A grievous penalty, but little less  
 Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,

At the first hearing, for a moment took  
 More hope out of his life than he supposed  
 That any old man ever could have lost. 220  
 As soon as he had armed himself with strength  
 To look his trouble in the face, it seemed  
 The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once  
 A portion of his patrimonial fields.  
 Such was his first resolve; he thought again. 225  
 And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,  
 Two evenings after he had heard the news,  
 "I have been toiling more than seventy years,  
 And in the open sunshine of God's love  
 Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours 230  
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think  
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.  
 Our lot is a hard lot: the sun himself  
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I;  
 And I have lived to be a fool at last 235  
 To my own family. An evil man  
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he  
 Were false to us; and if he were not false,  
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like this  
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—but 240  
 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak  
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.  
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land  
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free; 245  
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind  
 That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,  
 Another kinsman—he will be our friend  
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,

Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go, 250  
 And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift  
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then  
 He may return to us. If here he stay,  
 What can be done? Where every one is poor,  
 What can be gained?"

At this the old Man paused, 255  
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind  
 Was busy, looking back into past times.  
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,  
 He was a parish-boy—at the church-door  
 They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence 260  
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought  
 A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;  
 And, with this basket on his arm, the lad  
 Went up to London, found a master there,  
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy 265  
 To go and overlook his merchandise  
 Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,  
 And left estates and monies to the poor,  
 And, at his birth-place, built a chapel, floored  
 With marble, which he sent from foreign lands. 270  
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,  
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,  
 And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,  
 And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this scheme  
 These two days, has been meat and drink to me. 275  
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.  
 —We have enough—I wish indeed that I  
 Were younger;—but this hope is a good hope.  
 —Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best  
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth 280

To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:  
—If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night.”

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth  
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days  
Was restless morn and night, and all day long 285  
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare  
Things needful for the journey of her son.  
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came  
To stop her in her work: for when she lay  
By Michael's side, she through the last two nights 290  
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:  
And when they rose at morning she could see  
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon  
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves  
Were sitting at the door, “Thou must not go: 295  
We have no other Child but thee to lose,  
None to remember—do not go away,  
For if thou leave thy Father, he will die.”  
The Youth made answer with a jocund voice;  
And Isabel, when she had told her fears, 300  
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare  
Did she bring forth, and all together sat  
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work;  
And all the ensuing week the house appeared 305  
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length  
The expected letter from their kinsman came,  
With kind assurances that he would do  
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;  
To which requests were added that forthwith 310  
He might be sent to him. Ten times or more

The letter was read over; Isabel  
 Went forth to show it to the neighbours round;  
 Nor was there at that time on English land  
 A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel 315  
 Had to her house returned, the old Man said,  
 'He shall depart to-morrow.' To this word  
 The Housewife answered, talking much of things  
 Which, if at such short notice he should go,  
 Would surely be forgotten. But at length 320  
 She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultous brook of Greenhead Ghyll  
 In that deep valley, Michael had designed  
 To build a Sheepfold; and, before he heard  
 The tidings of his melancholy loss 325  
 For this same purpose he had gathered up  
 A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge  
 Lay thrown together, ready for the work.  
 With Luke that evening thitherward he walked.  
 And soon as they had reached the place he stopped, 330  
 And thus the old Man spake to him: "My Son,  
 To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart  
 I look upon thee, for thou art the same  
 That wert a promise to me ere thy birth  
 And all thy life hast been my daily joy 335  
 I will relate to thee some little part  
 Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good  
 When thou art from me, even if I should touch  
 On things thou canst not know of.—After thou  
 First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls 340  
 To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away  
 Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue  
 Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,



And still I loved thee with increasing love.  
 Never to living ear came sweeter sounds 345  
 Than when I heard thee by our own fireside  
 First uttering, without words, a natural tune;  
 While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy  
 Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,  
 And in the open fields my life was passed 350  
 And on the mountains; else I think that thou  
 Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.  
 But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,  
 As well thou knowest, in us the old and young  
 Have played together, nor with me didst thou 355  
 Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."  
 Luke had a manly heart; but at these words  
 He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,  
 And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see  
 That these are things of which I need not speak. 360  
 —Even to the utmost I have been to thee  
 A kind and a good Father: and herein  
 I but repay a gift which I myself  
 Received at others' hands; for, though now old  
 Beyond the common life of man, I still 365  
 Remember them who loved me in my youth.  
 Both of them sleep together: here they lived,  
 As all their Forefathers had done; and when  
 At length their time was come, they were not loath  
 To give their bodies to the family mould. 370  
 I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived:  
 But 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,  
 And see so little gain from threescore years.  
 These fields were burthened when they came to me;  
 Till I was forty years of age, not more 375  
 Than half of my inheritance was mine.

I toiled and toiled ; God blessed me in my work,  
 And till these three weeks past the land was free.  
 —It looks as if it never could endure  
 Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke, 380  
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good  
 That thou should'st go."

At this the old Man paused ;  
 Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,  
 Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :  
 "This was a work for us ; and now, my Son, 385  
 It is a work for me. But lay one stone—  
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.  
 Nay, Boy, be of good hope ;—we both may live  
 To see a better day. At eighty-four  
 I still am strong and hale ;—do thou thy part ; 390  
 I will do mine.—I will begin again  
 With many tasks that were resigned to thee :  
 Up to thè heights and in among the storms  
 Will I without thee go again, and do  
 All works which I was wont to do alone, 395  
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy !  
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast  
 With many hopes ; it should be so—yes—yes—  
 I knew that thou could'st never have a wish  
 To leave me, Luke : thou hast been bound to me 400  
 Only by links of love : when thou art gone,  
 What will be left to us !—But, I forget  
 My purposes. Lay now the çorner-stone  
 As I requested ; and hereafter, Luke,  
 When thou art gone away, should evil men 405  
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,  
 And of this moment ; hither turn thy thoughts,  
 And God will strengthen thee : amid all fear

And all temptations, Luke, I pray that thou  
 May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived, 410  
 Who, being innocent, did for that cause  
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—  
 When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see  
 A work which is not here:—a covenant  
 'Twill be between us;—but, whatever fate 415  
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,  
 And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped  
 down  
 And, as his Father had requested, laid  
 The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the sight 420  
 The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart  
 He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept;  
 And to the house together they returned.  
 —Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,  
 Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy 425  
 Began his journey, and when he had reached  
 The public way, he put on a bold face;  
 And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,  
 Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,  
 That followed him till he was out of sight. 430

A good report did from their Kinsman come,  
 Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy  
 Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,  
 Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout  
 "The prettiest letters that were ever seen." 435  
 Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.  
 So, many months passed on; and once again  
 The Shepherd went about his daily work

With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now  
 Sometimes, when he could find a leisure hour, 440  
 He to that valley took his way, and there  
 Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime Luke began  
 To slacken in his duty; and, at length,  
 He in the dissolute city gave himself  
 To evil courses: ignominy and shame 445  
 Fell on him, so that he was driven at last  
 To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;  
 'Twill make a thing endurable which else  
 Would upset the brain or break the heart: 450  
 I have conversed with more than one who well  
 Remember the old Man, and what he was  
 Years after he had heard this heavy news.  
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
 Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks 455  
 He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,  
 And listened to the wind; and, as before,  
 Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,  
 And for the land, his small inheritance.  
 And to that hollow dell from time to time 460  
 Did he ~~despair~~ <sup>repair</sup>, to build the Fold of which  
 His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet  
 The pity which was then in every heart  
 For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all  
 That many and many a day he thither went 465  
 And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he seen,  
 Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,  
 Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.

The length of full seven years, from time to time, 470  
He at the building of this Sheepfold wrought,  
And left the work unfinished when he died.

Three years, or little more, did Isabel  
Survive her Husband: at her death the estate  
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand. 475

The Cottage which was named THE EVENING STAR  
Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the  
ground

On which it stood; great changes have been wrought  
In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak is left  
That grew beside their door; and the remains 480

Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen  
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

—1800

## INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS.

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE  
IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!  
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!  
And giv'st to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion! not in vain,  
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn 5  
Of childhood didst thou interwine for me  
The passions that build up our human soul;  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;  
But with high objects, with enduring things,  
With life and nature; purifying thus 10  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying by such discipline  
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me 15  
With stinted kisses. In November days,  
When vapours hanging down the valleys made  
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods  
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling lake, 20  
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:  
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,  
And by the waters, all the summer long.  
And in the frosty season, when the sun 25

Was set, and, visible for many a mile,  
 The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,  
 I heeded not the summons: happy time  
 It was indeed for all of us; for me  
 It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud 30  
 The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,  
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
 That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel  
 We hissed along the polished ice, in games  
 Confederate, imitative of the chase 35  
 And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
 The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.  
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
 And not a voice was idle: with the din  
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud; 40  
 The leafless trees and every icy crag  
 Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills  
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,  
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west 45  
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
 Into a silent bay, or sportively  
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
 To cut across the reflex of a star; 50  
 Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed  
 Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,  
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
 And all the shadowy banks on either side  
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still 55  
 The rapid line of motion, then at once  
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,

Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round! 60  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

—1799



## NUTTING.

—It seems a day

(I speak of one from many singled out)  
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die;  
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth 5  
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,  
 A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my steps  
 Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,  
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds  
 Which for that service had been husbanded, 10  
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame—  
 Motly accoutrement, of power to smile  
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and, in truth,  
 More ragged than need was! O'er pathless rocks,  
 Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets, 15  
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook  
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
 Of devastation; but the hazels rose  
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung, 20  
 A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,  
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart  
 As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint,  
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
 The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sate 25  
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;  
 A temper known to those who, after long  
 And weary expectation, have been blest  
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.  
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves 30  
 The violets of five seasons re-appear

And fade, unseen by any human eye :  
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
 Forever ; and I saw the sparkling foam,  
 And—with my cheek on one of those green stones 35  
 That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,  
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—  
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
 Tribute to ease ; and, of its joy secure, 40  
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
 Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,  
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
 And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with  
 crash  
 And merciless ravage : and the shady nook 45  
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
 Their quiet being : and, unless I now  
 Confound my present feeling with the past ;  
 Ere from the mutilated bower I turned 50  
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
 The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.—  
 Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades  
 In gentleness of heart : with gentle hand 55  
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM,  
PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:  
I saw thee every day; and all the while  
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air! 5  
So like, so very like, was day to day!  
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;  
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep;  
No mood, which season takes away, or brings: 10  
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,  
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,  
The light that never was, on sea or land, 15  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile  
Amid a world how different from this!  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

Thou should'st have seemed a treasure-house divine  
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—  
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;  
 No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

25

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
 Such Picture would I at that time have made: 30  
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
 A stedfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;  
 I have submitted to a new control:  
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore; 35  
 A deep distress hath humanized my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been:  
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;  
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene. 40

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the  
 Friend,  
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend;  
 This sea in danger, and that dismal shore.

O, 'tis a passionate work! yet wise and well, 45  
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here;  
 That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
 I love to see the look with which it braves, 50

Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!  
Such happiness, wherever it be known, 55  
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!  
Such sights or worse, as are before me here.—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. 60

—1805

## TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER  
POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.)

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen, 5  
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,  
Nor check, the music of the strings; 10  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand;

And who but listened?—till was paid  
Respect to every Inmate's claim:  
The greeting given, the music played, 15  
In honour of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice  
That took thee from thy native hills; 20  
And it is given thee to rejoice:  
Though public care full often tills  
(Heaven only witness of the toil)  
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet would that Thou, with me and mine, 25  
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;  
And seen on other faces shine  
A true revival of the light  
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,  
In simple childhood, spread through ours. 30

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds;  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door 35  
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep  
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
To hear—and sink again to sleep!  
Or, at an earlier call, to mark, 40  
By blazing fire, the still suspense  
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod—the grave disguise  
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;  
And some unbidden tears that rise 45  
For names once heard, and heard no more;  
Tears brightened by the serenade  
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,  
With ambient streams more pure and bright 50  
Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,

Is to my heart of hearts endeared  
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence, 55  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;  
Remnants of love whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room withdraws;  
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,  
And ye that guard them, Mountains old! 60

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought  
That slights this passion, or condemns;  
If thee fond Fancy ever brought  
From the proud margin of the Thames,  
And Lambeth's venerable towers, 65  
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,  
Short leisure even in busiest days;  
Moments, to cast a look behind,  
And profit by those kindly rays 70  
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,  
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din  
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
A pleased attention I may win 75  
To agitations less severe,  
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
But fill the hollow vale with joy!



## TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice.  
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
 Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass 5  
 Thy twofold shout I hear,  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,  
 Of sunshine and of flowers, 10  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird, but an invisible thing, 15  
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
 I listened to; that Cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways  
 In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

To seek thee did I often rove  
 Through woods and on the green;  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
 Still longed for, never seen.

TO THE CUCKOO

33

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

25

O blesséd Bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place,  
That is fit home for Thee!

30

—1802

## TO THE DAISY.

Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere,  
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
 And all the long year through the heir  
     Of joy or sorrow;  
 Methinks that there abides in thee                   5  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other flower I see  
     The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?  
 A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,                   10  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason,  
 And thou would'st teach him how to find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind                   15  
     And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,                   20  
     Yet pleased and willing;  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all  
 Thy function apostolical  
     In peace fulfilling.

“IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE  
FLOOD.”

It is not to be thought of that the Flood  
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, “with pomp of waters, unwithstood,”  
Roused though it be full often to a mood 5  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish; and to evil and to good  
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old: 10  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milion held.—In everything we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold. —1802

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY.

ACROSS THE HAMBLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell;  
The wished-for point was reached—but at an hour  
When little could be gained from that rich dower  
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.  
Yet did the glowing west with marvellous power 5  
Salute us; there stood Indian citadel,  
Temple of Greece, and minster with its tower  
Substantially expressed—a place for bell  
Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting isle,  
With groves that never were imagined, lay 10  
'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for the eye  
Of silent rapture; but we felt the while  
We should forget them; they are of the sky,  
And from our earthly memory fade away. —1802

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look  
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,  
 To think that now our life is only drest  
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,  
 Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook 5  
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:  
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:  
 No grandeur now in nature or in book  
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
 This is idolatry: and these we adore: 10  
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:  
 The homely beauty of the good old cause  
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

LONDON, 1802.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:  
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: 10  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

SURPRISED BY JOY--IMPATIENT AS THE  
WIND.

Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind  
 I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom  
 But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,  
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?  
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind— 5  
 But how could I forget thee? Through what power,  
 Even for the least division of an hour,  
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
 To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return  
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore, 10  
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;  
 That neither present time, nor years unborn  
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN OF ONE  
PEACEFUL HOUR.

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!  
 Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;  
 But studious only to remove from sight  
 Day's mutable distinctions.—Ancient Power!  
 Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower, 5  
 To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest  
 Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest  
 On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower  
 Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen  
 The self-same Vision which we now behold, 10  
 At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! brought forth  
 These mighty barriers and the gulf between;  
 The flood, the stars,—a spectacle as old  
 As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

## AFTER-THOUGHT.

I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide,  
 As being passed away.—Vain sympathies!  
 For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,  
 I see what was, and is, and will abide;  
 Still glides the Stream, and shall forever glide;      5  
 The Form remains, the Function never dies;  
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,  
 We Men, who in our morn of youth defied  
 The elements, must vanish;—be it so!  
 Enough, if something from our hands have power      10  
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour;  
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,  
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent  
     dower,  
 We feel that we are greater than we know.

## TO [LADY FITZGERALD].

IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright,  
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined  
 By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind  
 To something purer and more exquisite  
 Than flesh and blood; when'er thou meet'st my sight,      5  
 When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,  
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,  
 And head that droops because the soul is meek,  
 Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;  
 That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb      10  
 From desolation toward the genial prime;  
 Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,  
 And filling more and more with crystal light  
 As pensive Evening deepens into night.

TENNYSON





## THE EPIC.

At Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve,—  
 The game of forfeits done—the girls all kiss'd  
 Beneath the sacred bush and past away—  
 The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,  
 The host, and I sat round the wassail-bowl,                   5  
 Then half-way ebb'd: and there we held a talk,  
 How all the old honour had from Christmas gone.  
 Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd games  
 In some odd nooks like this; till I, tired out  
 With cutting eights that day upon the pond,                   10  
 Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,  
 I bump'd the ice into three several stars,  
 Fell in a doze; and half-awake I heard  
 The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,  
 Now harping on the church-commissioners,                   15  
 Now hawking at Geology and schism;  
 Until I woke, and found him settled down  
 Upon the general decay of faith  
 Right thro' the world, 'at home was little left,  
 And none abroad: there was no anchor, none,                   20  
 To hold by.' Francis, laughing, clapt his hand  
 On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him.'  
 'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the wassail-bowl.'  
 'Why yes,' I said, 'we knew your gift that way  
 At college: but another which you had,                   25  
 I mean of verse (for so we held it then),  
 What came of that?' 'You know,' said Frank, 'he  
     burnt  
 His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books'—  
 And then to me demanding why? 'Oh, sir,

He thought that nothing new was said, or else 30  
 Something so said 'twas nothing—that a truth  
 Looks freshest in the fashion of the day:  
 God knows: he has a mint of reasons: ask.  
 It pleased *me* well enough.' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,  
 'Why take the style of those heroic times? 35  
 For nature brings not back the Mastodon,  
 Nor we those times; and why should any man  
 Remodel models? these twelve books of mine  
 Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-worth,  
 Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt.' 'But I,' 40  
 Said Francis, 'pick'd the eleventh from this hearth  
 And have it: keep a thing, its use will come.  
 I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes.'  
 He laugh'd, and I, tho' sleepy, like a horse  
 That hears the corn-bin open, prick'd my ears; 45  
 For I remember'd Everard's college fame  
 When we were Freshmen: then at my request  
 He brought it; and the poet little urged,  
 But with some prelude of disparagement,  
 Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes, 50  
 Deep-chested music, and to this result.

## MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,  
 King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep, 5  
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land. 10  
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.  
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
 'The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights 15  
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we  
 Shall never more, at any future time,  
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
 Walking about the gardens and the halls 20  
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
 I perish by this people which I made,—  
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again  
 To rule once more—but let what will be, be,  
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm 25  
 That without help I cannot last till morn.  
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how  
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake. 30  
 Clothed in white samite                      wonderful,

Holding the sword—and how I row'd across  
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king:  
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
 In aftertime, this also shall be known: 35  
 But now delay not: take Excalibur,  
 And fling him far into the middle mere:  
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:  
 'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, 40  
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.  
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.  
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept 45  
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
 By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50  
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt: 55  
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long  
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,  
 This way and that dividing the swift mind, 60  
 In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd  
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,  
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

65

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
 'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?  
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:  
 'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
 And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

70

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:  
 'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
 Thy fēalty, nor like a noble knight:  
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,  
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

75

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
 I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

80

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;  
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
 His palms together, and he cried aloud,

85

'And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,  
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
 What good should follow this, if this were done?  
 What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,  
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
 An act unprofitable, against himself?  
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.

90

95

What record, or what relic of my lord  
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
 And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept, 100  
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
 Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps 105  
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills."  
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
 To all the people, winning reverence.  
 But now much honour and much fame were lost.  
 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, 110  
 And hid Excalibur the second time,  
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.  
 Then spake King Arthur, breathing heavily:  
 'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'  
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere: 115  
 'I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'  
 To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:  
 'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me! 120  
 Authority forgets a dying king,  
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,  
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
 In whom should meet the offices of all, 125  
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;  
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence: 130

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword, 135  
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140  
By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:

But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 145  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
And light sent the other to the King.

Then spake King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:  
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?' 150

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:  
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men, 155  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;  
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 160  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:  
'My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.



Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
 And bear me to the margin; yet I fear 165  
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere 170  
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears.

And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs. 175

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,  
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,  
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!  
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die.' 180

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,  
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
 Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad. 185  
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based  
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190  
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
 Beneath them; and descending they were ware 195  
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these  
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them  
 rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
 And, as it were one voice an agony 200  
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'  
 And to the barge they came. There those three  
 Queens 205

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.  
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,  
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, 210  
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
 Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white  
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon  
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;  
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops 215  
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—  
 That made his forehead like a rising sun  
 High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;  
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his  
 lips. 220

So like a shatter'd column lay the King;  
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings. 225  
 Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,

'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
 For now I see the true old times are dead,  
 When every morning brought a noble chance, 230  
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
 Such times have been not since the light that led  
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.

But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved  
 Which was an image of the mighty world; 235  
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
 And the days darken round me, and the years,  
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:  
 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240  
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
 Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
 May He within Himself make pure; but thou, 245  
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats 250  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. 255

But now farewell. I am going a long way  
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
 To the island-valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail 265  
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan  
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
 Revolving many memories, till the hull 270  
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn.  
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

---

Here ended Hall, and our last light, that long  
 Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell:  
 At which the Parson, sent to sleep with sound, 275  
 And waked with silence, grunted 'Good!' but we  
 Sat rapt: it was the tone with which he read—  
 Perhaps some modern touches here and there  
 Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness—  
 Or else we loved the man, and prized his work; 280  
 I know not: but we sitting, as I said,  
 The cock crew loud; as at that time of year  
 The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn:  
 Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,  
 'There now—that's nothing!' drew a little back, 285  
 And drove his heel into the smoulder'd log.  
 That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue;  
 And so to bed; where yet in sleep I seem'd  
 To sail with Arthur under looming shores,

Point after point; till on to dawn, when dreams 290  
Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,  
To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,  
There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore  
King Arthur, like a modern gentleman  
Of stateliest port; and all the people cried, 295  
'Arthur is come again: he cannot die.'  
Then those that stood upon the hills behind  
Repeated—'Come again, and thrice as fair;'  
And, further inland, voices echo'd—'Come  
With all good things, and war shall be no more.' 300  
At this a hundred bells began to peal,  
That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed  
The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas-morn.

ÆNONE.

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier  
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.  
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,  
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,  
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand 5  
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down  
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars  
 The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine  
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.  
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus 10  
 Stands up and takes the morning: but in front  
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal  
 Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,  
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon 15

Mournful Ænone, wandering forlorn  
 Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.  
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck  
 Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.  
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine, 20  
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade  
 Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 For now the noonday quiet holds the hill: 25  
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass:  
 The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,  
 Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead:  
 The purple flower droops: the golden bee  
 Is lily-cradled: I alone awake. 30

My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,  
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,  
And I am all weary of my life.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. 35  
Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves  
That house the cold crown'd snake O mountain  
brooks,

I am the daughter of a River-God,  
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all  
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls 40  
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,  
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be  
That, while I speak of it, a little while  
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida, 45  
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
I waited underneath the dawning hills,  
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,  
And dewy dark aloft the mountain pine:  
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris, 50  
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,  
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:  
Far up the solitary morning smote 55  
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes  
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star  
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin  
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair

Cluster'd about his temples like a God's: 60  
 And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens  
 When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart  
 Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm 65  
 Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,  
 That melted ambrosially, and while I look'd  
 And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech  
 Came down upon my heart.

"My own Ænone, 70  
 Beautiful-brow'd Ænone, my own soul,  
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingravn  
 'For the most fair,' would seem to award it thine,  
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt  
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace 75  
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,  
 And added "This was cast upon the board,  
 When all the full-faced presence of the Gods 80  
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon  
 Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:  
 But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,  
 Delivering, that to me, by common voice  
 Elected umpire, Hērè comes to-day, 85  
 Pallas and Aphrodîtè, claiming each  
 This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave  
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine.  
 Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard  
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods." 90



'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 It was the deep midnight: one silvery cloud  
 Had lost his way between the piney sides  
 Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,  
 Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower, 95  
 And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,  
 Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,  
 Lotus and lilies: and a wind arose,  
 And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,  
 This way and that, in many a wild festoon 100  
 P. n riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs  
 With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,  
 And o'er him flowed a golden cloud, and lean'd 105  
 Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.  
 Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom  
 Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows  
 Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods  
 Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made 110  
 Proffer of royal power, ample rule  
 Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue  
 Wherewith to embellish state, "from many a vale  
 And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,  
 Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore. 115  
 Honour," she said, "and homage, tax and toll,  
 From many an inland town and haven large,  
 Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel  
 In glassy bays among her tallest towers."

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die. 120  
 Still she spake on and still she spake of power,

"Which in all action is the end of all;  
 Power fitted to the season; wisdom-brilliant  
 And throned of wisdom—from all nations about crowns  
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand 125  
 Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,  
 From me Heaven's Queen, Paris to thee king-born,  
 A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,  
 Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power  
 Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd 130  
 Rest in a happy place, and quiet seats  
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss  
 In knowledge of their own supremacy."

Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 I have ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit 135  
 Out at my length, so much the thought of me  
 Tripp'd his serpent; but Pallas where she sits  
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs  
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear  
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold, 140  
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye  
 From her snow-cold breast and angry cheek  
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power. 145  
 Yet not for power (power of herself  
 Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,  
 Acting the law we live by without fear;  
 And, because right is right, to follow right  
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." 150

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 Again she said: "I woo thee not with gifts.  
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me  
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,  
 So shalt thou find me fairest. 155

Yet, indeed,  
 If gazing on divinity disrobed  
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,  
 Unbias'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure  
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee, 160  
 So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,  
 Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,  
 To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,  
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow  
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will, 165  
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,  
 Commesure perfect freedom."

'Here she ceas'd,  
 And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, "O Paris,  
 Give it to Pallas!" but he heard me not, 170  
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.  
 Idalian Aphroditè beautiful,  
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells, 175  
 With rosy slender fingers backward drew  
 From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair  
 Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat  
 And shoulder: from the violets her light foot  
 Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form 180  
 Between the shadows of the vine-bunches  
 Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
 She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,  
 The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh 185  
 Half-whisper'd in his ear, "I promise thee  
 The fairest and most loving wife in Greece,"  
 She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:  
 But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,  
 And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes, 190  
 As she withdrew into the golden cloud,  
 And I was left alone within the bower;  
 And from that time to this I am alone,  
 And I shall be alone until I die.

'Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die. 195  
 Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?  
 My love hath told me so a thousand times.  
 Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,  
 When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,  
 Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail 200  
 Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?  
 Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms  
 Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest  
 Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew  
 Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains 205  
 Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
 They came, they cut away my tallest pines,  
 My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge  
 High over the blue gorge, and all between 210  
 The snowy peak and snow-white cataract  
 Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath  
 Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn

The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat  
 Low in the valley. Never, never more 215  
 Shall lone Ænone see the morning mist  
 Sweep thro' them; never see them over-laid  
 With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,  
 Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die. 220  
 I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,  
 Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,  
 Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her  
 The Abominable, that uninvited came  
 Into the fair Peleian banquet-hall, 225  
 And cast the golden fruit upon the board,  
 And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,  
 And tell her to her face how much I hate  
 Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
 Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,  
 In this green valley, under this green hill,  
 Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?  
 Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?  
 O happy tears, and how unlike to these! 235  
 O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?  
 O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?  
 O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,  
 There are enough unhappy on this earth,  
 Pass by the happy souls, that love to live: 240  
 I pray thee, pass before my light of life.  
 And shadow all my soul, that I may die.  
 Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,  
 Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die. 245  
 I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts  
 Do shape themselves within me, more and more,  
 Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear  
 Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,  
 Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see 250  
 My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother  
 Conjectures of the features of her child  
 Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes  
 Across me: never child be born of me,  
 Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes! 255

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
 Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,  
 Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me  
 Walking the cold and starless road of Death  
 Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love 260  
 With the Greek woman. I will rise and go  
 Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth  
 Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says  
 A fire dances before her, and a sound  
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men. 265  
 What this may be I know not, but I know  
 That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,  
 All earth and air seem only burning fire.'

## THE BROOK.

Here, by this brook, we parted; I to the East  
 And he for Italy—too late—too late:  
 One whom the strong sons of the world despise;  
 For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,  
 And mellow metres more than cent for cent;  
 Nor could he understand how money breeds,  
 Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make  
 The thing that is not as the thing that is.  
 O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,  
 Of those that held their heads above the crowd,     10  
 They flourish'd then or then; but life in him  
 Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd  
 On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
 When all the wood stands in a mist of green,  
 And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved,  
 For which, in branding summers of Bengal,  
 Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air  
 I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,  
 Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,  
 To me that loved him; for 'O brook,' he says,     20  
 'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,  
 'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
 I make a sudden sally,  
 And sparkle out among the fern,  
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
 Or slip between the ridges,  
 By twenty thorps, a little town,  
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,  
 Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,  
 It has more ivy; there the river; and there  
 Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,  
 In little sharps and trebles, 40  
 I bubble into eddying bays,  
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
 By many a field and fallow,  
 And many a fairy foreland set  
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever. 50

'But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird;  
 Old Philip; all about the fields you caught  
 His weary daylong chirping, like the dry  
 High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,  
 With here a blossom sailing,  
 And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
 Upon me, as I travel 60  
 With many a silvery waterbreak  
 Above the golden gravel,



And draw them all along, and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

'O darling Katie Willows, his one child!  
 A maiden of our century, yet most meek;  
 A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;  
 Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand; 70  
 Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair  
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

'Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,  
 Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,  
 James Willows, of one name and heart with her.  
 For here I came, twenty years back—the week  
 Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost  
 By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,  
 Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam 80  
 Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,  
 Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,  
 And push'd at Philip's garden gate. The gate,  
 Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,  
 Stuck; and he clamour'd from a casement, "Run"  
 To Katie somewhere in the walks below,  
 "Run, Katie!" Katie never ran: she moved  
 To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,  
 A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,  
 Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon. 90

'What was it? less of sentiment than sense  
 Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those

Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,  
 And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,  
 Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

'She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why?  
 What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;  
 James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,  
 I learnt that James had flickering jealousies  
 Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I said. 100  
 But Katie snatched her eyes at once from mine,  
 And sketching with her slender pointed foot  
 Some figure like a wizard pentagram  
 On garden gravel, let my query pass  
 Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd  
 If James were coming. "Coming every day."  
 She answer'd, "ever longing to explain,  
 But evermore her father came across  
 With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;  
 And James departed vext with him and her." 110  
 How could I help her? "Would I--was it wrong?"  
 (Claspt hands and that petitionary grace  
 Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)  
 "O would I take her father for one hour,  
 For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!"  
 And even while she spoke, I saw where James  
 Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,  
 Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!  
 For in I went, and call'd old Philip out 120  
 To show the farm: full willingly he rose:  
 He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes  
 Of his wheat-suburb. babbling as he went.

He praised his land, his horses, his machines ;  
 He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs ;  
 He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens ;  
 His pigeons, who in session on their roofs  
 Approved him, bowing at their own deserts :  
 Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took  
 Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each, 130  
 And naming those, his friends, for whom they were :  
 Then crost the common into Darnley chase  
 To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern  
 Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.  
 Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,  
 He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said :  
 "That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire."  
 And there he told a long long-winded tale  
 Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,  
 And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd, 140  
 And how he sent the bailiff to the farm  
 To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,  
 And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,  
 But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;  
 He gave them line : and five days after that  
 He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,  
 Who then and there had offer'd something more,  
 But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;  
 He knew the man ; the colt would fetch its price ;  
 He gave them line : and how by chance at last 150  
 (It might be May or April, he forgot,  
 The last of April or the first of May)  
 He found the bailiff riding by the farm,  
 And, talking from the point, he drew him in,  
 And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,  
 Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

'Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,  
 Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,  
 And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,  
 Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho, 160  
 Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,  
 Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,  
 Till, not to die a listener, I arose,  
 And with me Philip, talking still; and so  
 We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,  
 And following our own shadows thrice as long  
 As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,  
 Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content  
 Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, 170  
 I slide by hazel covers;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
 Among my skimming swallows;  
 I make the netted sunbeam dance  
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
 In brambly wildernesses;  
 I linger by my shingly bars; 180  
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,  
 All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,

Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,  
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome  
 Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and he, 190  
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words  
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb:  
 I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks  
 By the long wash of Australasian seas  
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars,  
 And breathes in April-autumns. All are gone.'

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile  
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind  
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook  
 A tonsured head in middle age forlorn, 200  
 Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath  
 Of tender air made tremble in the hedge  
 The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings;  
 And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,  
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared  
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair  
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within:  
 Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the farm?'  
 'Yes' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little: pardon me; 210  
 What do they call you?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange.  
 What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my name.'  
 'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self-perplext,  
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he  
 Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,  
 Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.  
 Then looking at her; 'Too happy, fresh and fair,  
 Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom.

To be the ghost of one who bore your name  
About these meadows, twenty years ago.' 220

'Have you not heard?' said Katie, 'we came back.  
We bought the farm we tenanted before.  
Am I so like her? so they said on board.  
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,  
My mother, as it seems you did, the days  
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.  
My brother James is in the harvest-field:  
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!'

## SELECTIONS FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

## XXVII.

I envy not in any moods  
 The captive void of noble rage,  
 The linnet born within the cage,  
 That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes 5  
 His license in the field of time,  
 Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,  
 To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest, 10  
 The heart that never plighted troth  
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;  
 Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
 I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
 'Tis better to have loved and lost 15  
 Than never to have loved at all.

## LXIV.

Dost thou look back on what hath been,  
 As some divinely gifted man,  
 Whose life in low estate began  
 And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar, 5  
 And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
 And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
 And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known  
And lives to clutch the golden keys, 10  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a people's hope, 15  
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet, feels as in a pensive dream,  
When all his active powers are still,  
A distant dearness in the hill,  
A secret sweetness in the stream, 20

The limit of his narrower fate,  
While yet beside its vocal springs  
He play'd at counsellors and kings,  
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea 25  
And reaps the labour of his hands,  
Or in the furrow musing stands;  
"Does my old friend remember me?"

## LXXXIII.

Dip down upon the northern shore,  
O sweet new-year delaying long;  
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;  
Delaying long, delay no more.



What stays thee from the clouded noons,                   5  
     Thy sweetness from its proper place?  
     Can trouble live with April days,  
 Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,  
     The little speedwell's darling blue,                   10  
     Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,  
 Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,  
     Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
     That longs to burst a frozen bud                   15  
 And flood a fresher throat with song.

## LXXXVI.

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,  
     That rollest from the gorgeous gloom  
     Of evening over brake and bloom  
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below                   5  
     Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,  
     And shadowing down the horned flood  
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
     The full new life that feeds thy breath                   10  
     Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,  
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas  
 On leagues of odour streaming far,  
 To where in yonder orient star  
 A hundred spirits whisper "Peace." 15

## CI.

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,  
 The tender blossom flutter down,  
 Unloved, that beech will gather brown,  
 This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair, 5  
 Ray round with flames her disk of seed,  
 And many a rose-carnation feed  
 With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,  
 The brook shall babble down the plain, 10  
 At noon or when the lesser wain  
 Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,  
 And flood the haunts of hern and crane;  
 Or into silver arrows break 15  
 The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild  
 A fresh association blow,  
 And year by year the landscape grow  
 Familiar to the stranger's child; 20

As year by year the labourer tills  
 His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;  
 And year by year our memory fades  
 From all the circle of the hills.

## CXIV.

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail  
 Against her beauty? May she mix  
 With men and prosper! Who shall fix  
 Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire: 5  
 She sets her forward countenance  
 And leaps into the future chance,  
 Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—  
 She cannot fight the fear of death. 10  
 What is she, cut from love and faith,  
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst  
 All barriers in her onward race  
 For power. Let her know her place; 15  
 She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,  
 If all be not in vain; and guide  
 Her footsteps, moving side by side  
 With wisdom, like the younger child: 20

For she is earthly of the mind,  
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.  
 O, friend, who camest to thy goal  
 So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee, 25  
 Who grewest not alone in power  
 And knowledge, but by year and hour  
 In reverence and in charity.

## CXV.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
 Now burgeons every maze of quick  
 About the flowering squares, and thick  
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, 5  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And drown'd in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
 The flocks are whiter down the vale, 10  
 And milkier every milky sail  
 On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
 The happy birds, that change their sky 15  
 To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast  
 Spring wakens too; and my regret  
 Becomes an April violet,  
 And buds and blossoms like the rest. 20

## CXVIII.

Contemplate all this work of Time,  
 The giant labouring in his youth;  
 Nor dream of human love and truth,  
 As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead 5  
 Are breathers of an ampler day  
 For ever nobler ends. They say,  
 The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,  
 And grew to seeming-random forms, 10  
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms,  
 Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,  
 The herald of a higher race,  
 And of himself in higher place, 15  
 If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;  
 Or, crown'd with attributes of woe  
 Like glories, move his course, and show  
 That life is not as idle ore, 20

But iron dug from central gloom,  
 And heated hot with burning fears,  
 And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
 And batter'd with the shocks of doom

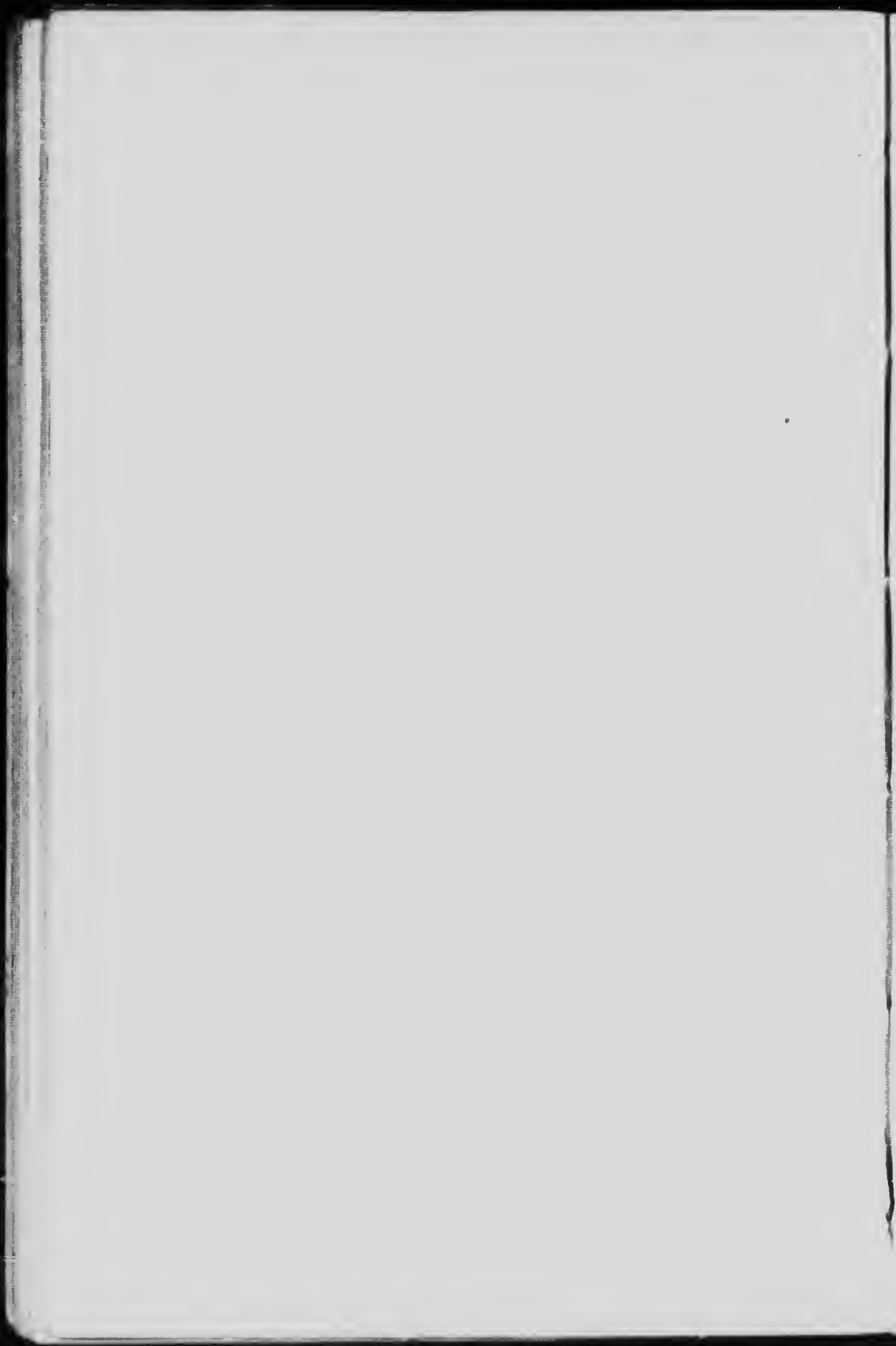
To shape and use. Arise and fly 25  
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;  
 Move upward, working out the beast,  
 And let the ape and tiger die.

## CXXIII.

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.  
 O earth, what changes hast thou seen!  
 There where the long street roars, hath been  
 The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow 5  
 From form to form, and nothing stands;  
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
 Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
 And dream my dream, and hold it true; 10  
 For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,  
 I cannot think the thing farewell.



## SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS AND PUPILS.

The teacher of literature has these aims for his class: *First*, the class should understand what the poet is saying. That involves a close study of every word, phrase, and sentence, and a general grasp of the poem as a whole, and its main divisions of thought. The minute study, even microscopic at times, is necessary, but the broad conception must not be forgotten. *Secondly*, the class must learn to express clearly and concisely what they have studied. This is, perhaps, the tedious part of the work in literature, but it is fundamental. To say, "I know, but I cannot explain," is to confess failure. The pupil must be trained most carefully and patiently in the art of expression. *Thirdly*, the class should learn to appreciate good literature. For some pupils this is really difficult, possibly through lack of previous culture, or through defective early teaching, or through inability to appreciate rhythm and imagination. But the majority of the class will respond to any earnest effort on the part of the teacher to interest them in good poetry.

The following suggestions may be found useful in realizing these aims. To the young teacher, however, it may be said that few can follow exactly the methods of another. A method that brings success to one teacher may prove a flat failure with another. Further, a method that is successful with one class may fail, or prove only a partial success, with the same teacher in another class. The most valuable phase of any other teacher's plans is their suggestiveness. As long as a teacher is satisfied with his work he is in peril of losing his effectiveness. The real benefit of these suggestions, therefore, or of any others, is to create a spirit of constant testing of one's work, and of constant desire for better work.

It is necessary that the class be properly equipped, so to speak. A good text of at least one of the poets to be studied, an annotated edition of the selections prescribed for the year's work, and a substantial notebook would constitute such an equipment. For various reasons it is preferable to ask the class to provide themselves with Tennyson rather than with Wordsworth, and the Canadian edition of Tennyson (Macmillan, 50c.) is just what they need. It is a complete and authoritative text (exclusive of the dramas). A complete text is valuable for many reasons, *e.g.*, for reference, for use in supplementary reading, as a means of leading the class to get some adequate knowledge of a great English poet, and as a permanent addition to the pupil's own library.



As to annotated editions of the year's selections, the teacher might very well choose one edition for general use by the class. At least one copy of all the other editions on the market should be in the classroom for reference. The various annotations are of value in class discussions as to the meaning of difficult passages, etc., but the teacher should endeavor to have the class work out its own interpretations from the poems themselves before consulting the notes. After the class has done its own thinking, then every available help from editors, critics, biographers, and all other sources should be utilized.

A good notebook, with pages about 7 by 9 inches, and substantially bound, is one of the essentials. The ability to make good notes is one of the tests of a pupil's progress, and by the time he graduates from High School a pupil ought to be thoroughly trained in this kind of work. The science teachers insist on well prepared notes, which they periodically inspect. The teachers of history and geography usually pay attention to the making of careful notes in their subjects. The teacher of literature and composition ought to insist on equally good notes in his subjects. Poem by poem the student should note the difficult passages and their interpretations, the main thought, the outline of the thought, and any other matters of interest. In the study of the Shakespearian play the outline of each of the main characters should be noted. Hints as to side reading on the poems, lists of books on current topics, examination questions, studies of versification and of poetry in general may all be noted by the pupil, and at the end of the year his notebook should form a good resume of the work done in the class during the year. If credit is given for the notebook at term examinations, it will assist in securing good work. To avoid drudgery the notes should be made in class (a fountain pen being a valuable factor). This eliminates re-copying at home, and trains pupils to make good notes promptly. The pupil's time is too valuable to be wasted in unnecessary labor.

Examinations are important in good teaching. A student who cannot express clearly, concisely and promptly his interpretations of passages in the poems studied, and his views on the ideas of the poems, has still much to learn. But examinations are a bugbear on account of the labor involved, and any suggestions as to lightening this labor, or increasing the value of the results of the labor, are to be welcomed. The following methods have been tried with excellent results:

A. Special care is given to the form of the question, so as to ask for very definite things, *e.g.*, "Who is the first speaker

in Act I., Sc. I., of *The Merchant of Venice*?" "How many scenes in Act I. of the same play?" "In what year was Tennyson made poet-laureate?" These are questions of fact and admit of only one answer. A test examination of one class period may be given once or twice a term, made up wholly of such questions, increasing the number of the questions with each test. This type of test develops accuracy and speed.

B. Questions of interpretation require different kinds of answers. For example, to explain "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control" requires considerable writing, and tests not only the memory of the student in respect to what the teacher has said in the classroom, but his maturity of thought and his power of expression as well. Very few passages of this type should be given on an ordinary examination paper, and pupils should be encouraged to work out their answers very carefully. It may be well for a student at the beginning of the examination to go over the passage slowly and underline every word or phrase that seems to need explaining. When he has finished his answer, the student can then check his answer with these underlined words or expressions to see if he has covered them all. Especially at the beginning of the year's work should the student be thus carefully trained in answering this kind of question. If it is objected that this is mechanical work, the objector can be referred to the teacher of music or of art for a comparison of methods. Patient, careful practice is as necessary in one sphere as another.

C. The reading and valuing of papers in the class is an excellent training. It is first of all one of the best methods of review. It is also worth while as a training in judgment. The student comes quite rapidly to exercise good judgment in valuing answers, and is thereby learning how to improve his own answers. He learns to know what constitutes a good answer, what the chief faults of ordinary answers are, and how to lay out his time so as to make the most of the time allotted. It is remarkable how quickly a class will learn to give fairly just valuations. They have little or no difficulty with good and bad answers. It is the mediocre that causes difficulty, and just here the teacher has his opportunity to show how that mediocre answer can be improved or re-written to bring it up to standard. It is hardly necessary to say that all papers read in class should be re-read by the teacher.

There will be many opportunities in class discussions for references to other poems by Tennyson and Wordsworth, and if the class is provided with a complete Tennyson, rapid refer-

ence can be made to his work. Other authors and their works will also be noted, and extracts can be read, and a few words will locate the author in his place in the history of literature, and indicate his chief works and main characteristics. Thus incidentally a class will increase its general knowledge of authors and literature, and this increase will tend to develop appreciation of good literature.

Occasionally the teacher will find an opportunity to read something from current poetry and from our Canadian poets. The magazines contain many short poems that are both beautiful and timely, and the newspapers contain a good deal of fugitive verse of real merit. Pupils can be encouraged to be on the lookout for such current poetry and to bring clippings to be read. The class may express its opinion of the merits of these and thus a valuable opportunity is afforded of developing both taste and appreciation. It would be unfortunate for our High School graduates to spend four years in the study of poetry and to know nothing of either our Canadian poets or the younger poets of Great Britain and the United States. It would be equally unfortunate if during this time they acquire no liking for poetry. No matter what examinations they passed, the teacher of literature would feel that his work was a failure.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770. Born at Cocker-mouth, Cumberland, son of John Wordsworth, an attorney. Educated at grammar school at Hawkshead, and at St. John's College, Cambridge.

1790. Made walking tour on the continent.

1791. Took his B.A. degree.

1792. Travelled in France, where he fostered his inclination towards the principles of liberty.

1793. Published "Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches."

1795. Became acquainted with Coleridge, probably in this year.

1798. Published with Coleridge "Lyrical Ballads."

1798-9. Lived at Goslar, Germany, beginning "The Prelude" and writing poems to Lucy.

1799. Settled with his sister Dorothy at Grasmere, and there remained till the end of his life.

1802. Married Mary Hutchinson.

1801 and 1803. Made tours in Scotland, and began cordial friendship with Sir Walter Scott in latter year.

1807. Published poems, including odes on "Duty" and of "Intimations of Immortality," "Miscellaneous Sonnets," and sonnets dedicated to "Liberty."

1813-50. Occupied Rydal Mount, Grasmere.

1813-42. Held office of distributor of stamps for county of Westmoreland.

1814. Again toured Scotland. Published "The Excursion."

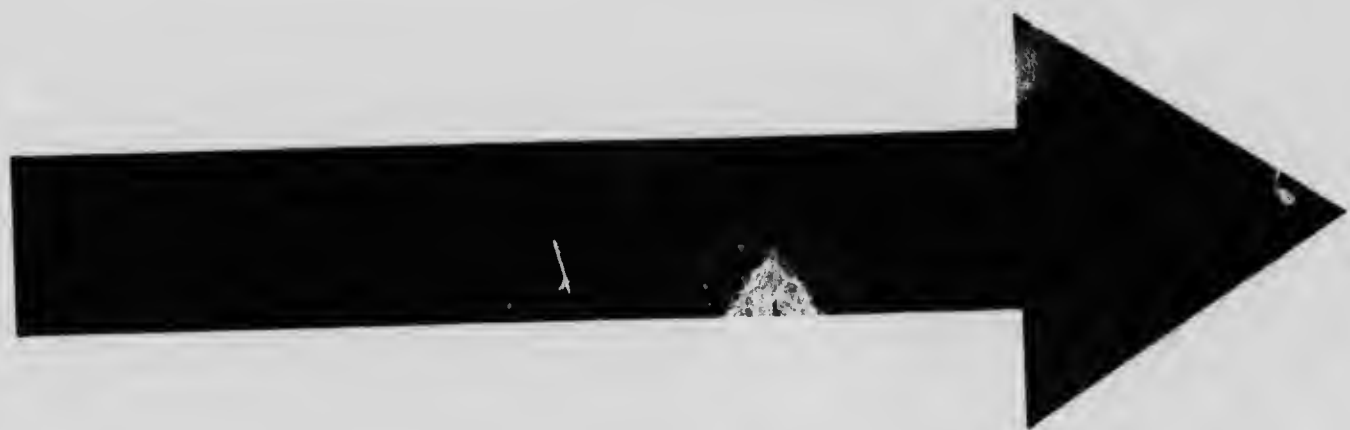
1819. Published "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner." Placed on the commission of peace for Westmoreland.

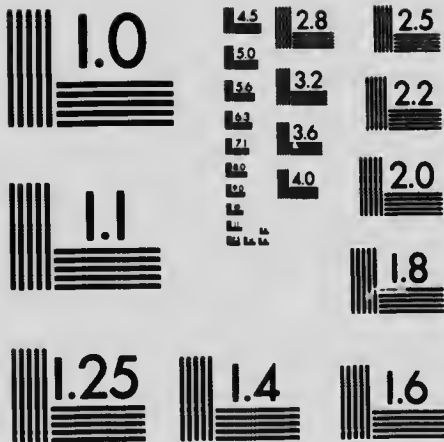
1820, 1823, and 1828. Travelled on the continent.

1829. Travelled in Ireland.

1831. Travelled in Scotland, visiting Scott at Abbotsford, and writing "Yarrow Revisited."

1833. Travelled in Isle of Man and Scotland.





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1837. Travelled on the continent with Henry Crabbe Robinson, former foreign editor of "The Times" and acquainted with many notables of the day in England and on the continent.

1838. Hon. D.C.L. of Durham.

1839. Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford.

1842. Resigned place in stamp office and received pension from civil list.

1843. Succeeded Southey as poet-laureate.

1850. Died April 23rd. Buried in Grasmere churchyard.

Wordsworth's aim as a poet was to find fit utterance for the primary and simple feelings, but his revolt against the "artificial" style of the previous school led him not infrequently to trivialities.

—From "Dictionary of National Biography."

#### WORDSWORTH'S ART AND HIS PLACE IN LITERATURE.

"Behold, within the leafy shade,  
Those bright, blue eggs together laid!  
On me the chance-discovered sight  
Gleamed like a vision of delight.  
I started—seeming to espy  
The home and sheltered bed,  
The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by  
My father's house, in wet or dry  
My sister Emmeline and I  
Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;  
Dreading, though wishing, to be near it;  
Such heart was in her, being then  
A little prattler among men.  
The blessing of my later years  
Was with me when a boy:  
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
And love, and thought, and joy."

In the above poem, *The Sparrow's Nest*, written in 1801, Wordsworth reveals two phases of his life and

art, the influence of his sister and his life-long intimate study of nature. In many other poems Wordsworth tells us frankly and in detail the story of his life and how he grew to be a poet. *The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind*, is an attempt to "take a review of his own mind, and examine how far nature and education had qualified him to construct a literary work that might live." This is a very long poem, in fourteen books, or sections, and yet was introductory to a second poem, *The Recluse*, which was to have consisted of three parts. Part I., called *The Recluse*, was published, as was Part II., called *The Excursion*, another very long poem in nine books, or sections. Part III. never appeared. In many other poems there are autobiographical touches, e.g., *Nutting*. Few poets, in fact, have revealed themselves so fully to us.

There are two great themes in Wordsworth, nature and liberty. The love of each was deep in his heart, and constant throughout his long life. The love of liberty flowered out into many sonnets, some of which are among the finest in our literature. In his nature poetry, Wordsworth is essentially the interpreter of nature, rather than the painter or the scientist. Moreover, his mind was occupied, not with nature at large, or in her great moods, but rather with the details around about him, the flower, the tree, the bird. It is true he has given us some majestic pictures of nature in her awful moods of storm, but usually it is everyday nature around his dwelling and in his walks at home or travels abroad that fills his mind. "The humble cares" and "delicate fears" are full of suggestiveness for this thoughtful observer and interpreter.

Of the essentials of Wordsworth's art and his place in literature much has been written. The following excerpts give a careful and judicial estimate:



“What Wordsworth did was to deal with themes that had been partially handled by precursors and contemporaries, in a larger and more devoted spirit, with wider amplitude of illustration, and with the steadfastness and persistency of a religious teacher. ‘Every great poet is a teacher,’ he said; ‘I wish to be considered as a teacher or nothing.’ It may be doubted whether his general proposition is at all true, and whether it is any more the essential business of a poet to be a teacher than it was the business of Handel, Beethoven, or Mozart. They attune the soul to high states of feeling: the direct lesson is often as nought. But of himself nothing could be more sound. He is a teacher or nothing.”

“Wordsworth’s claim, his special gift, his lasting contribution, lies in the extraordinary strenuousness, sincerity and insight with which he first idealizes and glorifies the vast universe around us, and then makes of it, not a theatre on which men play their parts, but an animate presence, intermingling with our works, pouring its companionable spirit about us, and ‘breathing grandeur upon the very humblest face of human life.’ This two-fold and conjoint performance, consciously and expressly—perhaps only two consciously—undertaken by a man of strong inborn sensibility to natural impressions, and systematically carried out in a lifetime of brooding meditation and active composition, is Wordsworth’s distinguishing title to fame and gratitude.”—John Morley.

“The principal object, then, proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them, throughout, as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and, further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them,

truly though not ostentatiously the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions." — Wordsworth. Preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*.

"In Wordsworth, the poetry is almost always the mere setting of a thought. The thought may be more valuable than the setting, or it may be less valuable, but there can be no question as to which was first in his mind: what he is impressed with, and what he is anxious to impress, is some proposition, more or less distinctly conceived; some truth, or something which he deems such.

"His poetry, therefore, may be defined to be, his thoughts, coloured by, and impressing the selves by

means of, emotions. Such poetry Wordsworth has occupied a long life in producing. And well and wisely has he so done."—John Stuart Mill.

"Take from Wordsworth all which an honest criticism cannot but allow, and what is left will show how truly great he was. He had no humour, no dramatic power, and his temperament was of that dry and juiceless quality, that in all his published correspondence you shall not find a letter, but only essays. If we consider carefully where he was most successful, we shall find that it was not so much in description of natural scenery, or delineation of character, as in vivid expression of the effect produced by external objects and events upon his own mind, and of the shape and hue (perhaps momentary) which they in turn took from his mood or temperament. His finest passages are always monologues."—Lowell.

"Every one has been influenced by Wordsworth, and it is hard to tell precisely how. A certain innocence, a rugged austerity or joy, a sight of the stars, "the silence that is in the lonely hill," something of the cold thrill of dawn, cling to his work and give it a particular address to what is best in us. I do not know that you learn a lesson; you need not—Mill did not—agree with any one of his beliefs, and yet the spell is cast. Such are the best teachers; a dogma learned is only a new error—the old one was perhaps as good, but a spirit communicated is a perpetual possession. These best teachers climb beyond teaching to the plane of art; it is themselves, and what is best in themselves, that they communicate."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Yet I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognizes the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. Chaucer is anterior; and on other grounds, too, he cannot well be brought into comparison. But taking the roll of our chief poetical names, besides Shakes-

peare and Milton, from the age of Elizabeth downwards, and going through it—Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats (I mention those only who are dead)—I think it certain that Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all. Several of the poets named have gifts and excellences which Wordsworth has not. But taking the performance of each as a whole I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left.

“But that is not enough to say. I think it certain, further, that if we take the chief poetical names of the Continent since the death of Molière, and, omitting Goethe, confront the remaining names with that of Wordsworth, the result is the same. Let us take Klopstock, Lessing, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and Heine for Germany; Filicaja, Alfieri, Manzoni, and Leopardi for Italy; Racine, Boileau, Voltaire, André Chenier, Béranger, Lamartine, Musset, M. Victor Hugo (he has been so long celebrated that, although he still lives, I may be permitted to name him) for France. Several of these again, have evidently gifts and excellences to which Wordsworth can make no pretension. But in real poetical achievement it seems to me indubitably that to Wordsworth, here again, belongs the palm. It seems to me that Wordsworth has left behind him a body of poetical work which wears, and will wear, better on the whole than the performance of any one of these personages, so far more brilliant and celebrated, most of them, than the homely poet of Rydal. Wordsworth's performance in poetry is on the whole, in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, superior to theirs—Matthew Arnold.

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### MICHAEL.

Wordsworth's prefatory note on this poem is: “Written at Town-End, Grasmere, about the same time as ‘The Brothers.’ The sheepfold, on which so much of the poem turns, remains, or rather the ruins of it. The character and circumstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had belonged, many years before, the house we lived in at Town-end, along with some fields and woodlands on the eastern shore of Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star was not

in fact given to this house, but to another on the same side of the valley, more to the north."

According to Wordsworth he wrote this poem to picture "a man of strong mind and lively sensibility, agitated by two of the most powerful affections of the human heart,—parental affection and the love of property, *landed* property, including the feelings of inheritance, home and personal and family inheritance."

"Wherever we meet with the successful balance, in Wordsworth, of profound truth of subject with profound execution, he is unique. His best poems are those which most perfectly exhibit this balance. . . . If I had to pick out poems of a kind most perfectly to show Wordsworth's unique power, I should . . . choose poems such as *Michael*, *The Fountain*, *The Highland Reaper*."—Matthew Arnold.

The characteristic features of the poem are its simplicity and its sincerity. These qualities are shown in the details of the landscape, in the characterization of Michael and the others, and in the literary style. It will be interesting for the student to verify these statements from his study of the poem.

2. "GHYLL. In the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it." Wordsworth's note, attached to his poem, *The Idle Shepherd-Boys*.

24-26. Does he mean that for the men themselves he has absolutely no regard or affection?

27-30. Note this autobiographical touch.

51. "Does it mean the sound of the wind under overhanging cliffs and in hollows of the hills?"—*Dowden*.

76. BLIND LOVE. Instinctive; not the product of clear thinking.

83-84. Occasionally a spinning-wheel may still be seen in this country. If one is not at hand, illustrated volumes on social history, or books dealing specifically with industries, furniture, etc., may be had in the school library or the Public Library.

91-92. Does Wordsworth overrate the value of these dogs?

100-102. It is interesting to compare with this picture the stories of how Scottish students for generations lived at their universities; especially interesting in view of the appointment of Food Controllers in Great Britain, Canada and the United States.

108. Clear ideas of these implements should be secured from either the implements themselves or from pictures.

115. Scan the line to show the pronunciation of the third word.

134. DUNMAIL-RAISE. The pass from Grasmere to Keswick.

148. The father begins to think of passing on to his son his own unrealized plans and unfulfilled ambitions. This, at least, forms a part of the "forward-looking thoughts."

149. STIRRINGS OF INQUIETUDE. Possibly that he might fail to do all for his son that he ought to do, or possibly that the son might not prove worthy of his forebears.

169. CLIPPING TREE. Wordsworth says: "Clipping is the word used in the north of England for shearing."

201-202. It is doubtful if any one except a parent can really understand these lines. The process of idealization, however, is common to us all, and wherever love idealizes the object of its affection, these lines are at least partially understandable.

252-253. A commentary on Michael's limited knowledge of life. Is there much, or any, evidence that would lead one to think that a country lad would return from the city to the mountain country as Michael dreams?

258. According to Wordsworth, the story was well known in his district, the chapel being called Ing's Chapel, situated on the right-hand side of the road leading from Kendal to Ambleside.

283. Is there any contradiction in time in this line and lines 227 and 281?

299-320. Note such details as the light-hearted reply of the boy, the easing of the mother's trouble after telling her fears, the showing of the letter to the neighbours, the mother's "talking much" of things likely to be forgotten. They reveal observation and insight of high quality, and blend perfectly into the story.

324. A SHEEPFOLD. Wordsworth says: "It may be proper to inform some readers that a sheepfold in these mountains is an unroofed building of stone walls, with different divisions. It is generally placed by the side of a brook, for the convenience of washing the sheep; but it is also useful as a shelter for them, and as a place to drive them into to enable the shepherds conveniently to single out one or more for any particular purpose."

353-356. Neither Michael nor Luke doubted the truth of these statements, which were absolutely sincere. Were they true, however, as our Canadian boys interpret life?

389-390. Surely an extraordinary man. Perhaps some student in this class can furnish a parallel from his personal knowledge.

410. Memory is a powerful factor in shaping conduct. Cf. *In Memoriam*, cxi.:

"But he  
To whom a thousand memories call."

414. COVENANT. Evidently basing his thought upon the covenants in the Bible. A concordance or a reference Bible will enable the student to look up many instances of this term.

416. A beautiful touch in the old man's character.

442-447: 448-450. Note how the poet omits details of Luke's fall and of Michael's suffering. The reader's imagination is left free to fill out the story. Here

Wordsworth is utilizing the principle of suggestion, as writers of first rank so frequently do.

Note further how the old man's philosophy of life proved sound in his hours of suffering and loss, and compare him in this respect with Brutus and others in Shakespeare's play, *Julius Caesar*.

465-466. On this fine passage Matthew Arnold writes: "Still the right sort of verse to choose from Wordsworth, if we are to seize his true and most characteristic form of expression, is a line like this, 'And never lifted up a single stone.' There is nothing subtle in it, no heightening, no study of poetic style, strictly so-called, at all; yet it is expression of the highest and most truly expressive kind."

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### INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS.

1-4. The intimate relationship of God to His created universe is here set forth. Not only was God present in creation, but He is active through the countless ages in maintaining His universe.

5-6. This active supervision on God's part extends to the individual soul from its earliest infancy.

7. Wordsworth stresses the emotional element in our nature. Do the builders of educational systems agree with him?

8-10. Does Wordsworth mean that all the works of man are mean and vulgar? If not, what is included in his thought here? *High objects*: an unusual use of *high*. Specify several and work out carefully Wordsworth's exact meaning of this word.

10-11. PURIFYING. In two ways at least; first, by eliminating the grosser, lower feelings and emotions; second, by developing the higher and nobler. Give some examples in actual life of how this is done.

12-13. Nature uses pain and fear—give examples—in her teaching. But nature's use of pain and fear



tends to our higher development, whereas the pain and fear of human intercourse may often have the reverse effect. A little reflection will furnish plenty of examples.

13-14. The same idea that is found in the concluding lines of his *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Tennyson has the same idea in his poem, "Flower in the Crannied Wall":

"Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I he'd you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is."

The general idea is the inter-relation of all things to constitute the great universe. In that great totality, each part is dignified by its relation to every other part; the beatings of the heart imply life, and thought, and immortality, and the infinity of the whole universe. Wordsworth is everywhere conscious of this great interdependence of all things upon each other, and it is one of the most characteristic notes in his teaching.

15-25. The responsiveness of Wordsworth to nature in his boyhood days was very unusual. His experiences as here related are hardly the experiences of the average boy.

33-39. Wordsworth in these lines was the average boy, however, in his enjoyment of games. But he had the country boy's advantage over the city boy, with a lake in place of a rink to skate on.

41. Cf. *Morte d'Arthur*, lines 188-190, for a description of the sounds.

50-52. Evidently the ice was clear as crystal, with no covering of snow, and reflecting the images of the stars. Naturally the reflected image seemed constantly to move in front of him as he sped along the ice.

55-60. The experience of the landscape continuing to move after one has stopped moving is familiar to many who have made long train journeys, and it will help them to understand this experience of Wordsworth's.

63. In *The Prelude*, Book 1., into which this poem is incorporated, this line reads:

"Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep."

Is the change any improvement? What reason could be suggested for the change?

### NUTTING.

A poem of much the same type as *Influence of Natural Objects*, dealing with the appeal of nature to his boyish soul. It is the response to this appeal which singles the poet out from his fellows. Most of us are not touched by it, and if later we do respond, it is probably because someone has opened our eyes to see. This is essentially the function of the poet and the painter, and herein lies a great claim for literature and art as part of our education.

4. THE EAGERNESS OF BOYISH HOPE. A fine theme for a prose composition.

5-14. Note the details in the picture. Are there too many? Are they too commonplace? Is there any specially poetical touch (line 12)? Any touch of humour?

19. HAZELS. The library or the science department can furnish a picture of the hazel.

21-29. The spirit shown by Wordsworth here can hardly be said to be the usual one. What would the average boy do under the circumstances of lines 19-20?

31-32. Why *five*? Just what does he mean by these two lines?

33. WATERBREAKS. The surface of the water of the brook or stream broken by some tiny obstruction, making it into wavelets. Note same word in Tennyson's *Brook*.

47. DEFORMED, SULLIED. Note also patiently, quiet being, line 48; silent trees and intruding sky, line 53. All these are terms of personality; the tree, the flower, the sky and all other phenomena of nature seem to have life and feeling. It is summed up in the last line: "There is a spirit in the woods."

54. DEAREST MAIDEN. His sister.

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### ELEGIAC STANZAS.

"Sir George Beaumont painted two pictures of this subject, one of which he gave to Mrs. Wordsworth, saying she ought to have it; but Lady Beaumont interfered, and after Sir George's death she gave it to Sir Uvedale Price, in whose house at Foxley I have seen it."—Wordsworth's note.

The best known elegy in English literature is doubtless Gray's *Elegy*, and the form of the stanza used there and in this poem is called the elegiac. The elegy (Lat. *elegia*, from Greek *elegeia*, from *elegos*, a lament) is a poem expressive of sorrow or regret, and it will be noted that in both thought and form this poem is an elegy.

I. RUGGED PILE. It is only by pictures that most High School students can form the mental image of this term. The Public Library should contain books containing pictures of noted castles in England and on the Continent, and these should be freely consulted.

15-16. Two of the famous lines of English poetry. It is not at all easy to put into words the exact meaning of the poet, but in general he is referring to the process of idealization, common to us all, but especially fine and beautiful in the poet and the painter.

THE CONSECRATION. The setting apart of this beautiful scene as sacred. Something that must not be defiled by common use or any disfigurement.

18. FROM THIS. From what the painter has produced in this picture.

26. Elysium was the place assigned to happy souls after death.

28. Note the beauty of this line in both sound and sense.

29. FOND. Note etymology of this word.

36. The present war has made the meaning of this line clearer than any commentary could do. There can be few who do not know from experience something of what the line means.

37. BE WHAT I HAVE BEEN. See second last stanza.

39-40. Compare the mood of Tennyson at the close of *In Memoriam*. Wordsworth is referring to the loss of his brother John, "commander of the East India Company's ship *The Earl of Abergavenny*, in which he perished by calamitous shipwreck, Feb. 6, 1805." "A few minutes before the ship went down my brother was seen talking to the first mate with apparent cheerfulness; he was standing at the point where he could overlook the whole ship the moment she went down—dying, as he had lived, in the very place and point where duty called him. . . . I never wrote a line without the thought of giving him pleasure; my writings were his delight, and one of the chief solaces of his long voyages. . . . I will not be cast down; were it only for his sake I will not be dejected."

48. PAGEANTRY OF FEAR. What details compose this general effect?

51. UNFEELING ARMOUR OF OLD TIME. Is *old time* the *unfeeling armour*?

53-56. "The sheltered ideal" and "the selfish ideal" might both be meant by this stanza.

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#### TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

This poem was written in 1820, and appeared as an introductory poem in the volume, 'The River Duddon, a series of Sonnets; Vandracour and Julia; and Other Poems,' published in 1820. It is addressed to the

poet's brother, Rev. Dr. Christopher Wordsworth (1774-1846). Dr. Wordsworth was rector of Lambeth, and in 1820 became Master of Trinity College, where he had been educated. His son Christopher (1807-1885) became Headmaster of Harrow, and in 1869 Bishop of Lincoln. His son John (b. 1843) became Bishop of Salisbury 1885, and another son, Christopher (b. 1848) became sub-dean of Salisbury in 1911. Another son of Rev. Dr. Wordsworth became Bishop of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld and Dunblane, in 1852.

The poem was evidently written on Christmas Eve, and was inspired by the visit of the village choir, or a group of villagers, who made the rounds according to the old English custom, playing and singing Christmas carols at the various houses.

11-12. Hardly a compliment.

20. THY NATIVE HILLS. Some illustrated book on the lake country should be consulted, so that the Wordsworth region should be clearly in mind.

21. Referring to some successes in Dr. Wordsworth's work.

22-24. Toil, care, ingratitude and lack of results are frequently the portion of our public men. At the same time violent criticism is generally heaped upon them, frequently ill-informed and malicious. All this, however, does not cancel the citizen's obligation to public service.

29. Is there any difference in meaning between *Nature* and *these rustic Powers*?

40-44. Calling early in the evening, the minstrels are ushered into the living room. The firelight flashing upon them reveals their identity, but this arouses no self-consciousness or awkwardness.

49-50. *Emerald fields* and *ambient streams* . . . *pure and bright* are usually considered as especially characteristic of Ireland. Wordsworth claims these features for his country.

51-52. CYTHEREA. Aphrodite or Venus; named from *Cythera*, now Cerigo (one of the Ionian Islands), near which she was supposed to have risen from the sea. Her zone or cestus, or girdle, contained representations of all things that tended to excite love.

THE THUNDERER—Zeus or Jupiter.

55-56. If he intends this as a general statement, is it sound doctrine?

57. LOVE. Probably of one's country.

64. LAMBETH. Lambeth Palace is the official residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. On the right bank of the Thames in London.

69-72. Compare *The Reverie of Poor Susan* and the closing stanza of *The Highland Girl*.

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### TO THE CUCKOO.

Wordsworth dates this poem 1804, and notes that it was composed in the orchard at Town-end, Grasmere. His sister's diary, however, placed it in 1802.

Note that the bird is not described in any definite detail. Its elusiveness, its suggestiveness, these are really the themes of the poet. Note further how the poet interprets the bird's song from the standpoint of his own experience. Further acquaintance with Wordsworth will show how characteristic this is.

3-4. What is the suggestion here as to the habits of the bird? Where else in the poem does he make the same suggestion?

12. VISIONARY HOURS. Past or present hours?

13. DARLING OF THE SPRING. Why specially applicable to this bird?

28. GOLDEN TIME. What makes it golden? Is this a general experience of boyhood?

29. BLESSED. In what way does the bird deserve this title?

31. FAERY. Another spelling of *fairy*: a better word to use, because it denotes the imagination generally; e.g., Faery Queen, while fairy rather belongs to children's stories—Grimm's Fairy Tales.

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TO THE DAISY.

Wordsworth's note is: "This and the other poems addressed to the same flower were composed at Town-end, Grasmere, during the earlier part of my residence there. I have been censured for the last line but one—'they function apostolical'—as being little less than profane. How could it be thought so? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree, as administering both to moral and to spiritual purposes."

There are three poems in the series, the first beginning, "In yout'h from rock to rock I went," and the second, "With little here to do or see." All three should be read by the student. The poet precedes his series with this quotation from *Wither*:

"Her\* divine skill taught me this,  
That from everything I saw  
I could some instruction draw,  
And raise pleasure to the height  
Through the meanest object's sight.  
By the murmur of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rustelling;  
By a Daisy whose leaves spread  
Shut when Titan goes to bed;  
Or a shady bush or tree;  
She could more infuse in me  
Than all Nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man."

1. Is this the same flower that we in Canada call the daisy?

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\* His muse.

5. METHINKS. Be sure about the etymology of this term.

6. CONCORD WITH HUMANITY. Developed in the rest of the poem.

8. THOROUGH. A variant of THROUGH. Cf. Thoroughfare.

10. ONCE. A significant word in the line.

18. SCRUPULOUS DOUBT. Any question as to whether the flower is welcome or has a right to be present.

21. YIELDING TO THE OCCASION'S CALL. Can hardly refer to Nature's treatment of the flower; rather to its accessibility to man's demands upon it for many purposes.

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### IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE FLOOD.

The sonnet is a favourite form in English poetry adopted from Italian poetry. It is composed of fourteen iambic pentameter lines, divided into the octave and the sestet. The octave is divided into two quatrains, with a rhyme arrangement thus, *a b b a a b b a*, or sometimes *a b b a a c c a*. The sestet is not usually divided in any formal way, and its rhyme arrangement is irregular, the poet being free to use three rhymes or two rhymes as he wishes, and to arrange his rhymes at his fancy. The division of the thought corresponds to the division of the form. The octave contains the introductory material, and the sestet sets forth the main thought based on this material, the whole poem being marked with a unity of thought and form.

Naturally the sonnet is artificial and stilted unless it is well done. Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth are great masters of the sonnet. Longfellow and Lowell wrote many beautiful sonnets, and some of our



Canadian poets have achieved distinction in this difficult form of verse. An hour or two among the poets in the school library or the Public Library will furnish many examples of fine sonnets.

It should be noted that the Shakespearean sonnet is considerably different in structure from the Italian form. Look up several Shakespearean sonnets and work out this difference in this structure. It will probably be found with a little careful examination that the difference is much greater in form than in the thought arrangement.

Written in September, 1802, and published in "Poems, in Two Volumes," 1807. The French Revolution and the expected invasion of England inspired Wordsworth to express his love of liberty in many sonnets. These were followed in subsequent years by many others. Wordsworth wished all the Sonnets on Liberty to be considered as one poem, grouping them as Part I., containing 26 sonnets and an ode, and Part II., containing 43 sonnets.

2-3. THE OPEN SEA OF THE WORLD'S PRAISE. "Let us conceive of the whole group of civilized nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working towards a common result; a confederation whose members have a due knowledge, both of the past, out of which they all proceed, and of one another. This was the ideal of Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more. Then to be recognized by the verdict of such a confederation as a master, or even as a seriously and eminently worthy workman, in one's own line of intellectual or spiritual activity, is indeed glory; a glory which it would be difficult to rate too highly. For what could be more beneficent, more salutary? The world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things; and here is a tribunal, free from all suspicion of national and provincial partiality, putting

a stamp on the best things, and recommending them for general honour and acceptance. A nation, again, is furthered by recognition of its real gifts and successes; it is encouraged to develop them further. And here is an honest verdict, telling us which of our supposed successes are really, in the judgment of the great impartial world, and not in our own private judgment only, successes, and which are not." Matthew Arnold: *Poems of Wordsworth* (from the introductory essay).

A great result of the present war is the development of this great international public opinion of which Matthew Arnold speaks. It is substantially this public opinion which Wordsworth calls "the world's praise."

3. DARK ANTIQUITY. Back to the dawn of history and then still further back.

4. Quoted from Daniel's "The History of the Civil Wars Between the Houses of York and Lancaster" II. vii. Daniel was an historian and poet contemporary with Shakespeare.

5-6. Give instances from English history.

7-8. Should not be frittered away in useless experiments or selfish indulgences.

9-10. Consult the library for pictures to illustrate this. Cf. the opening of *THE PRINCESS*.

14. FIRST. In what senses?

TITLES MANIFOLD. Specify several.

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### COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY.

"Composed Oct. 4th (1802), after a journey over the Hambleton Hills, on a day memorable to me—the day of my marriage. The horizon commanded by those hills is most magnificent."—Wordsworth's Note.

3. DOWER. An interesting word. Note its etymology and its meaning here.

6-7. INDIAN CITADEL; TEMPLE OF GREECE; MINSTER WITH ITS TOWER. Make quite sure of the differences

in the architecture. Consult illustrated books to get the images clear.

II. STEADFAST. Note the appropriateness of this word.

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WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

"This was written immediately after my return from France to London, where I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especial, in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the Revolution had produced in France. This must be borne in mind, or else the reader may think that in this and the succeeding Sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth. It would not be easy to conceive with what a depth of feeling I entered into the struggle carried on by the Spaniards for their deliverance from the usurped power of the French. . . . Imperfect traces of the state of mind in which I then was may be found in my Tract on the Convention of Cintra, as well as in these Sonnets." Wordsworth's Note.

The Sonnet might have been written in our day, its message is so familiar. Preachers, editors, public men and others are telling us this same story now. A most interesting theme for a composition in the Upper School would be a comparison of the truth and timeliness of this message in 1802 and in 1917.

4-5. OUR LIFE IS ONLY DREST FOR SHOW. Is this an accurate statement of the case? Were there no exceptions?

5. MEAN HANDY-WORK. Certainly not inartistic, inelegant or cheap and tawdry. What is the significance of *mean* here?

OF CRAFTSMAN. The arts of the furnisher, decorator, and others employed in building costly homes, lavish pageants, etc.

9. **RAPINE.** Was Wordsworth thinking of the profiteer of his day?

11. One of the most frequently quoted lines from Wordsworth.

12. **HOMELY.** Not used in the degraded sense familiar with us, but in the original meaning, pertaining to or adorning the home. The word is said to still have this noble meaning in parts of England and Australia.

13. **FEARFUL INNOCENCE.** Afraid to break the laws of God and man.

14. The administration of the home is based on religion.

The Sonnet is full of burning zeal for the right and intense indignation against England's degrading habits of life, but it raises the question of how far a poet or reformer may exaggerate in order to move and convince his hearers. One cannot believe that Wordsworth has stated the case accurately, although he undoubtedly had much ground for his fiery indignation and England needed awakening. A topic for debate might be suggested from this and other sonnets, "Resolved that strength of statement is more effective in bringing about reforms than accuracy of statement."

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#### LONDON, 1802.

Like the preceding poem, first published in 1807.

Wordsworth and Tennyson were great admirers and students of Milton, though Tennyson was more influenced in his style by Milton than Wordsworth was.

2-3. **SHE IS A FEN OF STAGNANT WATERS.** Undoubtedly much truth in this statement.

3-4. State in your own words the classes of men indicated here.

4. **HALL AND BOWER.** An illustrated book on the historic homes of England would make quite clear the pictures Wordsworth has in mind here.

8. MANNERS. Great habits of life.  
 VIRTUE. Manliness as well as purity.
10. A tribute to the majesty of Milton's verse and its compelling power.
14. A reference to Milton's labours for the State under Cromwell, involving, as these duties did, much drudgery and onerous detail.

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SURPRISED BY JOY—IMPATIENT AS THE  
 WIND.

The poet's daughter, Catherine, died June, 1812, in her fourth year, her father being away from home at the time. Wordsworth's note is: "This was, in fact, suggested by my daughter Catherine long after death." Composed between 1810 and 1815 and published in 1815.

4. No change can reach the resting place of his child to mar the image of the child in the poet's mind.

9. THAT THOUGHT'S RETURN. He had forgotten, but as the thought of his loss returned he was conscious again of her absence in death. The return of this consciousness is what is meant by the phrase.

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HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN OF ONE  
 PEACEFUL HOUR.

Composed between 1810 and 1815 and published in 1815.

1. Twilight is much longer in Wordsworth's country and in Scotland than in southern England.

2. UNDISCERNING NIGHT. Would you call this a transferred epithet?

3-4. The effect of twilight is to make objects more and more indistinct and undistinguishable. A rock and a tree look much alike; a fence and a hedge could not be distinguished; a stump and a bear look alike to the

small boy bringing home the cows. In the day time one can clearly distinguish one thing from another.

MUTABLE DISTINCTIONS. As one changes his point of view, objects are more clearly distinguished. So with changes of atmosphere and distance.

5-14. To one standing on the shore of Lake Ontario or by Niagara Falls there comes the thought of how, centuries ago, the Indians and their predecessors must have stood and viewed the self-same scene.

12. MIGHTY BARRIERS. The mountains.

THE GULF BETWEEN. The lake.

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#### AFTER-THOUGHT.

In 1820 Wordsworth wrote a series of 34 Sonnets on the River Duddon. Those were published in 1820 in the volume referred to in the note on "To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth." This sonnet is the last the series.

"The River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland and Lancashire; and having served as a boundary to the two last counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millar." Wordsworth's Note.

"I first became acquainted with the Duddon, as I have good reason to remember, in early boyhood. During my college vacation. . . . I passed many delightful hours on the banks of this river. . . . I have many affecting remembrances connected with this stream." Wordsworth's Note.

"The power of waters over the minds of poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages." Wordsworth's Note.

4-6. A favourite thought with the Greek philosophers, who debated it from many points of view, and raised innumerable questions, some of them exceedingly subtle.

8-9. The brevity of a human life compared with the permanence of a river or a mountain is apt to be overpowering, especially at one's first conception of it. Later he comes to accept it as inevitable.

10-14. Further thought makes Wordsworth realize that life must be accepted in its brevity and must, therefore, be spent to produce some worthy act that will have permanence after the doer has passed away.

10-11. An ambition of thoughtful men.

13-14. That we are greater than we know comes through a combination of love, hope, faith and feeling, according to Wordsworth. Volumes could be written to explain, illustrate and establish this proposition. Like Tennyson, Wordsworth ranks knowledge as inferior to other powers.

TRANSCENDENT. Overcoming all obstacles that might hinder the great result in line 14.

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### TO [LADY FITZGERALD].

"Lady Fitzgerald, as described to me by Lady Beaumont." Wordsworth's Note.

Composed and published in 1827.

3-5. The effect of soul upon body is another favourite topic with philosophers, and also with scientists.

5-14. What are the points of comparison between the Lady and the Snowdrop and the Moon conquering Earth's misty air?

## ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson, first Baron Tennyson, 1809-1892; fourth son of Rev. George Tennyson, rector of Somersby, Lincolnshire.

1809. August 6th, born at Somersby, "fourth of twelve children, eight sons and four daughters, most of them more or less true poets, and of whom all, except two, have lived to 70 and upward." Educated chiefly by his father.

1827. Published with his brother Charles "Poems by Two Brothers."

1828. Matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became acquainted with Arthur Hallam; studied seriously.

1829. Won Chancellor's medal for English verse with "Timbuctoo."

1830. Published "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical."

1832. Travelled with Hallam in the Pyrenees and on the Rhine; published "Poems," including some of his noblest pieces (unfavourably reviewed).

1833. Wrote sections of "In Memoriam" and "Two Voices," both being expressions of his grief for Hallam, who had died in 1833; became engaged to Emily Sellwood, though not married till 1850.

1837. Left Somersby, and resided successively with his family in Epping Forest, Tunbridge Wells and Boxley; introduced to Gladstone.

1842. Published "Poems," which went through many editions, and was attacked by Lord Lytton.

1844. Lost money in Dr. Allen's "wood-carving by machinery."

1845. Given by Peel a pension of £200.

1847. Published "The Princess."

1850. Published "In Memoriam," welcomed with greater appreciation by the public than by the critics



and theologians of the time; Poet-Laureate on the death of Wordsworth.

1851. Travelled in Italy with his wife.

1851. Resided at Twickenham.

1852. "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

1853. Took up his residence at Farringford, Isle of Wight. "On the 25th of November they entered into possession of Farringford, which was to be a home for them for forty years, and where some of my father's best known works were written."

1854. "Charge of the Light Brigade."

1855. Published "Maud," the poem being universally disliked at the time.

1859. Published "Idylls of the King," from which date his fame and popularity continued till his death, his treatment of the Arthurian legends at once taking hold of the popular imagination.

1860-62. Travelled in England and abroad.

1864. Published "Enoch Arden," the volume including "The Northern Farmer: Old Style," one of his most popular pieces.

1868. Began building Aldworth, his second residence, near Haslemere, Surrey.

1869. Published "The Holy Grail and Other Poems."

1872-1876. Published "Gareth and Lynette," "Queen Mary," "Harold," "The Falcon," "The Cup," "Ballads and Poems."

1880. Visited Venice, Bavaria and Tyrol.

1884. Raised to the peerage.

1885. Published "Tiresias and Other Poems."

1886. Published "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."  
Wrote "Vastness."

1887. Produced "Demeter and Other Poems," including "Merlin" and "The Gleam" and "Crossing the Bar."

1891. "Robin Hood."

1892. "Lines on the Death of the Duke of Clarence."

1892. Died October 6th; buried in Westminster Abbey, October 12th.

—From Dictionary of National Biography and Hallam Tennyson's Memoir.

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### TENNYSON'S SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE.

It is not easy to get an adequate conception of Tennyson's broad and deep scientific attainments. A recent book, "Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature," Sir Norman and Winnifred L. Lockyer: Macmillan, 1910, presents a very detailed study, and indicates the high opinion held of Tennyson's scientific knowledge:

"It is right and fitting that the highest poetry should be associated with the highest knowledge. Tennyson's great achievement has been to show us that in the study of science we have one of the bases of fullest poetry, a poetry which appeals at the same time to the deepest emotions and the highest and broadest intellects of mankind. Tennyson, in short, has shown that science and poetry so far from being antagonistic, must forever advance side by side."

"The breadth of outlook upon nature shown by the references in the poet's work is only equalled by the minute accuracy of observation displayed. Astronomy, Geology, Meteorology, Biology, and indeed all branches of science except Chemistry, are thus made to bring their tribute, so that finally we have a perfect poetic garland which displays for us the truths of nature and human nature intertwined."

Sir Norman Lockyer had the assistance of nine eminent scientists who supplied or verified the notes in Tennyson's references to the scientific aspects of nature. In the poems selected for our 1917-1918 study, there are about seventy such references, grouped under the following heads: Evolution, The Starry Heavens, Sun and Sunlight, The Moon and Moonlight,

The Planets, Comets and Meteors, The Air, Bird-Life and Song, The Insect World, Animals and Their Ways, Plants and Trees, Water and Aquatic Life, The Importance of Knowledge. Altogether this study of Tennyson and science is worthy of study by every teacher and thoughtful student.

"Tennyson ranks high among the learned poets, and one of the most remarkable features of his verse is the union in it of two sorts of learning. He is learned in his own art. Coleridge declared, with respect to the early poems, that Tennyson had 'begun to write verse before he well knew what metre was'; but he studied till he became one of the subtlest metrists who have ever handled the English language. He is less enchanting than Coleridge himself or than Keats, but probably no one except Milton has surpassed him in the conscious art of verse-construction. He is learned also in the works of other poets. His verse is full of haunting suggestions of his predecessors in Greek and Latin, Italian and English; so full that if we dwell upon this aspect of his work exclusively we are tempted to deny him the quality of originality. Ample justice has been done to this side of Tennyson's learning; indeed it has been exaggerated, and echoes have been heard and reminiscences suggested in many cases where there is probably no connection except that which must always bind the thought of one mind to the thought of another. But justice has not been done to the other side, and the full truth is not told about him till it is said that he studied almost as deeply the thought, the aspirations and the needs of his own day, and applied all the lore of his art to these."—Professor Hugh Walker.

"What, if the briefest analysis is to be attempted, are the main characteristics of Tennyson's poetic work?"

"In matter, their width, and warmth and sincerity, their science, their wisdom and common sense, their

large humanity, their shrewd humour, their lofty idealism and purity, their far-sweeping philosophy imaged in the concrete, condensed into a few lines or words, as in the 'Voyage,' or the 'Flower in the Crannied Wall.' The two great Horatian maxims, that poetry must handle universal themes and the thoughts of all men with an individual turn which makes them its own, and that it must not be merely 'fine,' but must have sweetness and charm, are both fulfilled; and so, in just proportion, is Milton's canon, that it must be simple, sensuous, and passionate.

"In manner, they have everywhere perfection of form, exquisite aptness of diction, musical, pictorial quality. George Meredith said 'that no poet ever filled his pages with so many vignettes as Tennyson'." —Professor T. Herbert Warren.

#### EPIC AND MORTE D'ARTHUR.

The Arthurian legend is one of the great cycles of stories current throughout Europe for many centuries. The story of the siege of Troy not only occasioned the *Iliad*, but doubtless stirred the imagination of countless story tellers before and after Homer. The story of Charlemagne became embellished with innumerable details, derived from the experiences of other heroes and from the imagination of the wandering minstrel. The story of Arthur similarly has some basis of historical fact, and it has also drawn to itself a wealth of incident and decorative detail from the lives of others and from the imagination of story teller, editor and poet.

Tennyson's story of Arthur is based upon Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, first printed by Caxton in 1485, and reprinted many times since. (An authoritative edition is published by Macmillan; Ed., Sir Edward Strachey; \$1.75. It also appears in *Everyman's Library*; ed. by Prof. Rhys, 2 vols., Nos. 45-46, at 30c. each). Tennyson also used Lady Guest's

translation of the Welsh stories Mabinogion (*Everyman's Library*, No. 97). His imagination greatly supplemented the materials in these volumes, as may be seen by a comparison of Malory here quoted and the *Morte d'Arthur* of Tennyson. A very simple introduction to the Arthurian story may be found in *Selections from Malory*, ed. by H. Wragg, Oxford University Press, 50c., and *Stories of King Arthur's Knights*, one of the Told to the Children Series, and there are many beautifully illustrated editions. (For a list of editions, see Catalogue of Books Recommended for Public and Separate School Libraries by the Department of Education of Ontario: Toronto: Minister of Education. 50c).

The *Morte d'Arthur* appeared in 1842, and was later incorporated in *The Passing of Arthur*, with only the omission of line 7. The original poem remains, however, in all the complete editions of Tennyson.

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#### MALORY'S MORTE D'ARTHUR.

##### *Book XXI., Chap. V.*

Ah, Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee. Alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting, the king swooned, and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of his bowels fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast. And when King Arthur came to himself again, he beheld Sir Lucan how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his bowels lay at his feet. Alas, said the king, this is unto me a full heavy sight to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul. Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me: for, wit thou well, and I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword

in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. What sawest thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee said the king; therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan. Ah, traitor, untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lighty took it up, and went to the water side and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and an hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king; and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold. And so then they rowed from the land; and Sir

Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies. Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest, and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar of a chapel and an hermitage.

"The history of Tennyson's Idylls of the King is one of the most curious and unlikely things in all the annals of literature. . . . That a great poet should be engaged with his largest theme for more than half a century; that he should touch it first with a lyric; then with an epical fragment and three more lyrics; then with a poem which is suppressed as soon as it is written; then with four romantic idylls, followed ten years later by four others, and two years later by two others, and thirteen years later by yet another idyll, which is to be placed, not before or after the rest, but in the very centre of the cycle; that he should begin with the end and continue with the beginning, and end with the middle of the story, and produce at last a poem which certainly has more epical grandeur and completeness than anything that has been made in English since Milton died, is a thing so marvellous that no man would credit it, save at the sword's point of fact. And yet this is the exact record of Tennyson's dealing with the Arthurian legend."—Van Dyke, *The Poetry of Tennyson*.

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#### CHRONOLOGY OF TENNYSON'S STUDIES OF THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND.

- 1832. The Lady of Shalott.
- 1837. St. Agnes Eve, Sir Galahad, and Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.
- 1842. Morte d'Arthur.
- 1857. Enid and Nimue; or the True and the false (suppressed).
- 1859. Enid, Vivien, Elaine, Guinevere (third, fifth, sixth, tenth).
- 1870. The Coming of Arthur, The Holy Grail, Pelleas and Ettarre, The Passing of Arthur (first, seventh, eighth, eleventh).

1872. Gareth and Lynette, the Last Tournament (second, ninth).

1885. Balin and Balan (fourth).

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EPIC.

11. THE OUTER EDGE. Probably the outer edge of the figure eight they were cutting. Perhaps some of the boys can explain from their experiences.

12. THEIR SEVERAL STARS. Those who have skated on streams or ponds over clear, transparent ice, will understand how a blow on the ice radiates in star-like formations.

15. CHURCH COMMISSIONERS. "An ecclesiastical commission was appointed in 1831 to report on the revenues of the Church, and another at the close of 1834 to inquire into the matters of income and patronage and into the territorial divisions."—Hughes.

16. GEOLOGY AND SCHISM. It is apparent that Tennyson, as a young man, was facing the problems raised by the apparent antagonism of the science and theology of his day.

41. THE ELEVENTH. Van Dyke points out that the inference here is that Tennyson had some early idea of a twelfth book to follow the death of Arthur. It is interesting to speculate on the theme of that book which was never written. Do lines 288-300 of the *Morte d'Arthur* give any hint of the theme?

49. PRELUDE OF DISPARAGEMENT. A very common experience. Probably every student could furnish examples from his observation of social functions.

50-51. Description of Tennyson's reading.

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MORTE D'ARTHUR.

1. So. Tell the story involved in this word.

4. LYONNESSE. One is not supposed to inquire too closely as to either place or time in the Arthurian stories. The general location was west of Cornwall,



extending to the Scilly Isles. The tract is now under sea for the most part.

6-7. "There Bedivere, the first of all his knights  
 Knighted by Arthur at his crowning spoke—  
 For bold in heart and act and word was he,  
 Whenever slander breathed against the King."  
 —*The Coming of Arthur.*

**BOLD.** A "permanent epithet." Cf. "Swift-footed Achilles," "Crafty Ulysses," "Pious Aeneas," "Merrie England."

9. **CHANCEL.** Sketch the plan of a church showing the chancel.

12. **A GREAT WATER.** An expression criticized as affected, etc., but as Brimley points out, "water" is preferable to "lake," because it is more general, allowing the mind to conceive a vaguer picture with no definite outlines such as "lake" would require. "If further justification for the expression were needed, it might be stated that 'water' stands for lake in certain parts of England, *e.g.*, Derwentwater, and what is of more importance, that Malory uses 'water' in the same sense: 'The King saw afore him in a great water a little ship.'"—Edgar.

17-18. Note the restrained dignity of this utterance.

21. **CAMELOT.** The capital city of Arthur's kingdom.

23. **MERLIN.** The seer or prophet or wizard. Read *Merlin and Vivien*. "In the allegorical view of the poem he typifies the intellect, or, in Tennyson's words, 'the sceptical understanding.'"—Edgar.

27-32. **EXCALIBUR.** The wonderful sword of King Arthur. Read the account given in *The Coming of Arthur*. Mediaeval heroes are frequently represented as having swords of magical powers and typical names, *e.g.*, Charlemagne's sword was named *Joyeuse*, and Roland's *Durandal*.

**SAMITE.** "An old rich, silk stuff interwoven with gold or embroidered." (Concise Imperial).

37. MIDDLE MERE. An imitation of the Latin construction. Cf. Oenone "topmost gargarus."

49-51. Note the harmony of sound and sense. Read slowly.

SHINING LEVELS. "Great water as seen from high ground becomes a series of flashing surfaces when Sir Bedivere looks along it from its margin."—Brimley.

58. SUBTLEST JEWELRY. Of designs so intricate that one needed very considerable training and careful study to find out the maker's meaning.

60. Cf. *Æneid* IV. 285: "Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc." Practically a translation of the line.

63. MANY-KNOTTED WATERFLAGS. The iris; the reference is probably to its many joints or sections.

65. Note again the imitative harmony. Read slowly.

70-71. Brimley points out that Tennyson marks "exactly the difference of sound produced by water swelling up against a permeable or impermeable barrier." Which is which?

75. FEALTY. Not the full sense of the word as used in the feudal system; rather a personal loyalty to the king.

80. LIEF. A. S. *leoí*, dear. Still used in common speech, "I had as lief do this as that."

84. Does this seem probable? Would one, who was engrossed in his thought and struggling to decide so weighty a matter, be likely to count the pebbles? Discuss this carefully.

86. CHASED. Ornamented with engraved designs. Note the difference in the etymology of this word and the word meaning to hunt. They are quite different words.

88-109. Is there any force in this argument?

104. Read the account in *The Coming of Arthur* about the Lady of the Lake.

105-106. Favorite lines of Tennyson's. In Hallam Tennyson's Memoir of his father, he tells how Tenny-

son was fond of reading aloud to his family and his friends poems from Wordsworth, Milton, Keats, and others, as well as his own poems. This passage he read to his friend Fitzgerald, remarking, "Not bad that, Fitz, is it?" (Vol. I., chap. 6).

110. CONCEIT. Idea, notion, conception, the original meaning of the word. Cf. "You have a noble and a true conceit of God-like amity."—"Merchant of Venice," III., 4; 2-3.

112. Cf. line 65. Is there any poetic value in this repetition?

121-123. Note the strong metaphors.

125. OFFICES. Duties, functions.

129-130. Arthur has been sometimes criticized as being aloof from men, not understanding the main-spring of their action. Do these lines support that view? Is the quality displayed by Arthur here a common one, or can it be easily attained?

132. What effect has this touch of anger on your conception of Arthur's character?

133-136. Note how difficult it is to read these lines slowly; another fine example of imitative harmony.

136-142. One of the finest descriptive passages in Tennyson. The tense effect is secured by condensation, hardly an adjective being used. Imitative harmony is especially noticeable in line 138, and great images are used with masterly life. Note the following passage from Brimley, quoted by Prof. Edgar: "A series of brilliant effects is hit off in these two words, 'made lightnings.' 'Whirled in: an arch' is a splendid instance of sound answering to sense, which the older critics made so much of; the additional syllable which breaks the measure and necessitates an increased rapidity of utterance, seeming to express to the ear the rush of the sword up its parabolic curve. And with what lavish richness of presentative power is the boreal aurora, the collision, the crash, and the thunder of the meeting icebergs brought before the eye. An

inferior artist would have shouted through a page, and emptied a whole pallet of colour without any result but interrupting his narrative, whereas Tennyson in three lines strikingly illustrates the fact he has to tell,—associates it impressively with one of Nature's grandest phenomena, and gives a complete picture of this phenomenon besides."

171. REMORSEFULLY. Prof. Alexander takes this to mean "with pity," and quotes as a parallel use:

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.

*Merchant of Venice*, iv.: 1: 20-21.

This interpretation is supported by Clark and Wright, in their annotated edition of the "Merchant of Venice": "We only use 'remorse' for repentance after the act, but Shakespeare used it in a wider sense." See *Macbeth* I., 5: 45-47.

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose.

174. LAQUID HANDS. An unusually effective descriptive touch. Novellists are constantly pointing out how the hands are indicative of feeling and thinking at any particular moment, as well as of character in general, eg. "his surgeon's hand," "his artist fingers."

182-183. A common phenomenon in fog or mist. Cf. Wordsworth's description of the shepherd in the mists on the hills, in *The Prelude*, Book viii.

184. What was the source of the "cry before"?

186-190. One of the finest examples of imitative harmony. *Dry* means harsh, unmusical; *harness*, armour. Find a parallel for this in *Influence of Natural Objects*.

192. THE LONG GLORIES OF THE WINTER MOON. A descriptive paragraph on this topic would be excellent practice in composition. Every pupil could call upon his own observation for material.

193. HOVE. A nautical term; appeared in sight.

197. **STOLE.** Probably used here in the original sense of a long, loose, outer garment, rather than in the ordinary sense of the long band, or scarf, worn by the Roman Catholic and Anglican clergy.

198. The three queens, according to Malory, were Morgan le Fay, Arthur's sister; the Queen of North-gales (Wales), and the Lady of the Lake.

199. "Such a cry at such a time and in such a place would thrill from rock to rock, from summit to summit, till it seemed to pierce the sky in a hurtling storm of multitudinous, arrowy sounds, and die away in infinitely distant pulsations among the stars."—*Brimley*.

**TINGLING.** "As if the stars had nerves which thrilled in response."—*Alexander*.

202-203. Note that the power of this description lies in its suggestiveness.

209. **CASQUE.** Helmet.

215. **GREAVES.** Armour to protect the leg from knee to ankle.

**CUISSES.** Armour for thighs.

A visit to the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, would give the best possible information on armour of every kind, for many suits of armour are there, representing many periods. Those not so fortunate should consult illustrated books on arms and armour in the local Public Library.

215-216. **DROPS OF ONSET.** A fine example of condensation in poetry.

216-218. The meaning seems to be that as one looked at King Arthur seated on the throne on the dais, or elevated platform, in his great hall of state, he saw a kingly figure, upright and commanding, and Arthur's high forehead surrounded by "light and lustrous curls," made one think of the brightness of the rising sun.

224. **LISTS.** Look up this word and make quite sure of its meaning. *Ivanhoe* will help to make a vivid picture.

226-238. Sir Bedivere's cry can scarcely make any appeal to or be understood by a high school student. It is entirely outside the range of his experience, and probably makes little appeal to his imagination. But his father, or his grandfather, understands what Sir Bedivere means, for the experience is common to advancing years. The old home breaks up, the old associations are dissolved, the family is scattered to the ends of the earth, and a new family take its place. The Tennyson home at Somersby is an example. Cf. *In Memoriam*, C., CI., CII. It is natural, therefore, to imagine that the world is going to ruin, and that the present is greatly inferior to the past, and to lament "the good old days." But the new generation is always taking up its burdens, and the development of the world goes on.

233. Tennyson, like Shakespeare and other great poets, derives many images and makes many references to the Bible. Van Dyke's, *The Poetry of Tennyson*, has a very complete collection of the Scripture passages in Tennyson.

237-238. One of the tragedies that frequently overtake old people.

240-242. Perhaps the most frequently quoted passage in Tennyson. Those who study physics are familiar with the doctrines of the conservation of energy and of the eternal restlessness of matter. This is a statement of the same doctrines as applied to the world of human activity. Man is continually restless; history proves that, if it proves nothing else. Change, not rest, is the basic fact of being. Arthur's counsel is that we should accept this fundamental fact, and order our lives accordingly, not fretting out our hearts in useless protests against the inevitable.

247-248. The value of prayer is supported, not only by the Bible in its biographies and in its precepts, but by the experience of the race. Innumerable examples

could be quoted from the lives of great preachers, missionaries, statesmen, scientists and others, testifying to the value of prayer.

254-255. Is the picture clear in these lines? Did Tennyson intend the picture to be clear, or to be vague and indefinite? The general idea of the earth as bound to the heavens by a gold chain is frequent in literature from the days of Homer. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book 2:

And earth, another world,  
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain  
To that side heaven from whence your legions fell.

Cf., also, this sentence from Archdeacon Hare's sermon on *The Law of Self-sacrifice*, which, it is suggested, was probably familiar to Tennyson: "This is the golden chain of love, whereby the whole creation is bound to the throne of the Creator."

259. Cf. THE PALACE OF ART, 105-108:

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son  
In some fair space of sloping greens  
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,  
And watched by weeping queens.

According to Malory, Avalon is a valley, and also an island. Tennyson combines the two statements in this line. According to Celtic legend it was the island of King Avalon, who presided over the spirits of the dead. According to tradition the valley of Avalon lay east of Arthur's kingdom, in Somersetshire, near Glastonbury.

262. DEEP MEADOWED. Does this mean possessing extensive meadows, or that the meadows were covered with grass of unusually luxuriant growth?

ORCHARD-LAWNS. An unusual use of lawn.

263. What are *bowery hollows*? Does *crowned with summer sea* modify *bowery hollows*, or the whole idea of the island?

In 1887 Tennyson made a cruise in the yacht *Stella* to St. David's, Clovelly, Tintagil and the Channel Islands. He landed at Clovelly, climbed the steps to the

top of the village and walked to Clovelly Court. "The white May-trees were in full bloom, and over them, and the oaks, and the limes, one saw the broad belt of the sea: and he quoted—'Bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.'"—Memoir, Vol. II., p. 341.

267. "There is a well-known legend that swans utter a 'song' just before death. The swan of our ornamental waters is designated the mute swan, since in domestication it is, as a rule, silent. In its wild state it is said to have a note like the other wild species, —the whistling swan and Berwick's swan—whose 'trumpet' calls are musical and constantly uttered during the flight of these birds."—Lockyer. Read Tennyson's *The Dying Swan*, one of his earliest poems.

FLUTING. Cf. Chaucer, *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*:

Syngynge he was, or floytynge, al the day;  
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.

268. Watch a swan or a goose swimming, and note just what Tennyson means by *ruffles*.

275-276. Is there any significance in these lines when they are compared with lines 14-21 of *The Epic*? Are they a symbol of the attitude of that type of mind to the movements of the present and the signs of the future?

284-285. These lines would seem to afford a good illustration of the lack of demonstrativeness on the part of the English. Why did Frances Allen say this? Was that his real opinion?

288-300. Did Tennyson intend this dream to have any meaning? His poetic imagination was always looking into the future. Cf. *Locksley Hall* in its references to aerial navies, world peace, and world parliament. If Arthur cannot return in person, is it possible that he is returning constantly in those great Englishmen who are building up their country at home and abroad?



## CENONE.

This poem first appeared in the 1832 volume, *Poems by Alfred Tennyson*. In that edition the first 29 lines read as follows:

“There is a dale in Ida, lovelier  
 Than any in old Ionia, beautiful  
 With emerald slopes of sunny sward, that lean  
 Above the loud glenriver, which hath worn  
 A path thro’ steepdown granite walls below  
 Mantled with flowering tendriltwine. In front  
 The cedarshadowy valleys open wide.  
 Far-seen, high over all the Godbuilt wall  
 And many a snowycolumned range divine,  
 Mounted with awful sculptures—men and Gods,  
 The work of Gods—bright on the darkblue sky  
 The windy citadel of Iliion  
 Shone, like the crown of Troas. Hither came  
 Mournful Cenone wandering forlorn  
 Of Paris, once her playmate. Round her neck,  
 Her neck all marblewhite and marblecold,  
 Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.  
 She, leaning on a vine-entwined stone,  
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shadow  
 Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

“O mother Ida, manyfountained Ida,  
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass,  
 The lizard with his shadow on the stone  
 Sleeps like a shadow, and the scarletwinged  
 Cicala in the noonday leapeth not,  
 Along the water-rounded granite-rock  
 The purple flower droops: the golden bee,” etc.

It is instructive to compare this, reading line by line, with the present text, discussing the possible reasons for the many changes. A good deal of the poem was thus carefully re-written. This is a striking example of how Tennyson took to heart and profited by the keen criticism of his 1832 volume. He developed a critical taste, which was not satisfied until he had polished and repolished his work to his utmost power. Compare him with Wordsworth in this respect.

1-14. It is difficult for those who have not seen mountains and valleys to follow Tennyson's description. The valley seems to stretch from Mt. Gargarus northward, broadening out at its mouth, and looking towards Troy and its towering citadel. It is apparently a deep, if narrow, valley, the sides covered with grass half way up, and topped with great pines. In the early morning the mist covers the valley, very gradually rising and disappearing. A stream flows down the bed of the valley in a succession of rapids, and altogether the picture is one of wild and lonely beauty. It is painted from his experiences in the Pyrenees, and the same picture is found in "The Valley of Cauteretz" and "The Lotos Eaters."

16. CENONE. Daughter of the river-god Cebren.

17. PARIS. Son of Priam, King of Troy, though living up till this time on Mt. Ida as a shepherd.

20. FRAGMENT. A broken rock.

23. MANY-FOUNTAINED IDA. A term from Homer.

25-30. Note how both the choice of details and the choice of words contribute to the perfection of this description.

28-29. The editions from 1842 to 1884 read:

Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps,  
The purple flowers droop.

Why the changes in 1842 and in 1884? Is the cicala too much of a repetition? Are the details of the picture in the singular or in the plural?

37. COLD-CROWNED SNAKE. Crowned, according to the Standard Dictionary is "having the top of the head distinguished by a crest, markings, or the like." That snakes are cold to the touch is the popular idea, whether scientifically true or not.

39-40. "According to Ovid (*Heroides*, xv., 179) Troy owed its origin to the music of Apollo's lyre. The city of Camelot rose in like manner to music."—*Rolfe*.

52. In Troas, a tributary of the Scamander.

55. SOLITARY MORNING. Does Tennyson apply the term *solitary* to morning in general, or to this particular morning? "Before man and beast were astir."—Hughes.

59. SUNNY HAIR. Not our usual conception of Greeks or Trojans. Does Tennyson refer to the colour of Paris' hair or to the effect of the sunlight on his hair?

57-8. "Tennyson, although he was very short-sighted and wore spectacles, was never tired of observing and talking about the stars." . . . "It is not a little curious that I have referred so sparingly to the colour and the variability of the stars."—Lockyer. This passage refers to the effect of the dawn in making the star shine with pale white light. Cf. *The Marriage of Geraint*, "the white and glittering star of morn."

61-62. "The wind carries the spray into the air, and the increased number of watery particles which break up the rays of light intensify the colour."—*Alexander*.

66. From the garden of the Hesperides, the daughters of Hesperus, the evening star, at the western limits of the world. In Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" there is an account of how Hercules got three of the golden apples from this garden.

67. Ambrosia, the food of the gods, bringing immortality to the eater.

74. OREAD. A mountain nymph. (Gr. Oros a mountain.)

76. MARRIED BROWS. Eyebrows that meet.

79. THE BOARD. The table.

80. "Not a face being absent, or perhaps also in allusion to the majestic brows of the gods."—Rowe and Webb. "But the reference seems rather to be the fact that the apple was cast *full in the face of all the gods*."—*Alexander*.

81. RANGED. Ranked, or arrayed in order of precedence.

82. PELEUS. A king of Thessaly, who married Thetis, a sea nymph. Their son was Achilles. At their marriage Eris, the goddess of discord, and sister of Ares (Mars), threw the golden apple upon the table.

83. IRIS. The rainbow personified as the messenger of the gods.

84. DELIVERING. Officially announcing.

85-86. HERA. Queen of the gods, wife of Zeus, and daughter of Kronos.

PALLAS. The daughter of Zeus and his first wife, Metis (daughter of Oceanus). She sprang full-grown at birth from the head of Zeus with a mighty war-cry and in complete armour. She was the Greek goddess of wisdom, war and counsel, protectress of Greek cities, and patroness of the useful and elegant arts.

APHRODITE. The goddess of love, fruitfulness, beauty, vegetation, of the sea, of war and of the underworld. She is fabled to have been born of the foam of the sea, and was the ideal of female charm and grace.

88. WHISPERING. Cf. Lowell (in Biglow Papers).

Under the yaller pines I house,  
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,  
An' hear among their furry boughs  
The baskin' west wind purr contented.

96. "Burst out of the ground like tongues of flame; alluding to the fiery yellow-red colour of the crocus."—Rowe and Webb. "Refers not only to the colour of the crocus, but to the separate petals, which are shaped like pointed flames."—Hughes.

97. AMARACUS. Possibly the sweet marjoram.  
ASPHODEL. Probably a species of lily.

104. The crested peacock was sacred to this goddess.  
105-106. "And they were clothed over with a cloud beauteous, golden; and from it kept falling glittering dewdrops."—Iliad, xiv., 350-351, quoted by Prof. Alexander.

111. Is *proffer* different in any way from *offer*?

116. Distinguish between *tax* and *toll*.

119. HER TALLEST TOWERS. *Her* refers to "large haven"; *tallest towers* refers to the steep mountains surrounding the bays, descending sharply to the water's edge.

123-124. This power is produced by wisdom and sustained by wisdom. The distinction is made between planning and carrying out one's plans.

131. Cf. Lotos-Eaters.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled  
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled  
Round their golden houses, etc.

139. The spear was across her shoulders.

144-145. SELF-REVERENCE. Reverence of one's self can come only from recognition of the high importance of life. The realization that man is intelligent, creative, immortal, brings a dignity into life and places man near the gods.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE. To know one's self was the great problem of the Greek philosophers. It involves knowledge of the complex personality of body, mind and spirit; knowledge of the relations man bears to the physical universe and to the divine; knowledge, in short, of the whole scheme of the universe and man's origin, functions and destiny.

SELF-CONTROL. The Greek idea of perfection was poise. To be master of one's self in all circumstances; to be cool, calm and contemplative, was the greatest achievement. The Greek statues are expressions of this ideal. The modern British and American ideal of strenuous activity and masterful achievement is in striking contrast to this Greek ideal.

Do these three lead life to its greatest states and possibilities? Our highest ideals would demand other factors. What are they?

153. SEQUEL OF GUERDON. That which follows as a reward. Note the etymology of *guerdon*, and cf., *guise*, *guard*, *guile*.

165-167. The will comes to maturity by reason of having passed through all kinds of testing experiences. The man of such maturity finds that his desires run in harmony with law, and that there is no conflict between what he wants to do and what he ought to do. Hence his life is one of absence of strife, or, in other words, one of perfect freedom.

174-5. Idalium, a mountain city in Cyprus, was one of the favourite haunts of Aphrodite. Another tradition said that she landed first in Paphos, a city of Cyprus, after her birth from the sea foam.

174-182. Note the warmth and colour in the details of the description of Aphrodite, and contrast with the coldness and austerity of the descriptions of the other goddesses.

187. Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Lacedæmon. When Paris later stole her from her husband he laid the foundation of the Trojan war.

198. Note the etymology of *methinks*.

208-209. To build the ships necessary for Paris' expedition to Greece, where he was to meet Helen.

219. TREMBLING STARS. The twinkling of the stars.

224. THE ABOMINABLE. The goddess of strife, Eris.

246. FIERY THOUGHTS. Possibly a dim premonition of the fate of Troy.

251. MY FAR-OFF DOUBTFUL PURPOSE. Has she a vague idea of revenge? Read "The Death of Enone."

258. THEIR. Referring to Paris and Helen.

263. Cassandra, daughter of Priam, and sister of Paris. Apollo gave her the gift of prophecy, but with the tragic condition that her prophecies should never be believed. The Trojans, angered at her foretelling of the siege and destruction of Troy, imprisoned her as a madwoman. After the fall of Troy she was taken as captive to Greece by Agamemnon, where they were killed by Agamemnon's wife, Clytemnestra.

264. The beginnings of the prophecy of the destruction of Troy.

## THE BROOK.

This poem was first published in *Maud and Other Poems*, 1855. It is generally considered as one of the most successful of English idylls, the delicacy of the treatment investing an ordinary story with a charm and beauty. The stream in the poem is not the Somersby brook, but an imaginative stream, though, doubtless, the Somersby brook was a basis for the poet's imagination.

3. Are the strong sons of the world confined to politicians and men in industrial, commercial and financial life?

4. *SCRIP*. Certificates of stock or papers entitling the holder to stock, or money or land.

6. *BREEDS*. Has Tennyson a touch of scorn in this word, or is there possibly a suggestion of wonder and admiration at the possibilities of money in the hands of its masters?

7-8. Cf. Shakespeare's lines in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. I., 12-17.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

Note also the following description of Tennyson from his son's Memoir:

"Yet as he wandered over the wold, or by the brook, he often seemed to be in dreamland, so that one who often saw him then called him 'a mysterious being, seemingly lifted high above other mortals, and having a power of intercourse with the spirit-world not granted to others.'"

—Memoir, Vol. I, p. 76.

13-15. One of the beautiful descriptive passages, and indicative of the poet's close observation.

16. *BRANDING*. So hot that it left its mark.

17. The climate of the Neilgherry Hills, in Madras,

a favorite summer resort for the British in India, is remarkably cool and pleasant.

19. PRIMROSE. A favorite word with the poets to indicate youthful, pleasure-loving, reckless of consequences, etc. Cf. Hamlet, I., 3: "The primrose path of dalliance," and Macbeth, 2, 3: "The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

23-30. Goethe's poem, *Das Bächlein*, begins thus:

Du Bächlein, silberhell und klar,  
Du eilst vorüber immerdar,  
Am ufer stet' ich, sinn' und sinn:  
Wo kommst du her? Wo gehst du hin?

Ich komm' aus dunkler Felsen Schoss,  
Mein Lauf geht über Blum' und Moss'.

The parallel is very close, and Tennyson may have found in Goethe's poem the suggestion for his lyrics, as critics have suggested.

26. BICKER. In exactly what way can Tennyson apply this word to the noise or motion of the stream?

43. FRET. Probably to wear away, but might possibly have the technical meaning of cutting out into a pattern. The two words of same spelling are etymologically quite distinct.

54. HIGH-ELBOWED GRIP. "This expression 'high-elbowed' is a good description of the two long legs of the grip or grasshoppers."—Lockyer.

68-69. It is difficult for a Canadian High School boy or girl to get the point of view of Tennyson in these lines. Class distinction and the limiting of education to the sons of the few are outside the range of their experience in this land of democratic institutions and compulsory education. Tennyson is not patronizing in his attitude here, but reveals his appreciation of the new social conditions of his time.

71-73. Perhaps the teachers of science and art can inform the class as to the colour of Katie's hair. What species of chestnut does Tennyson mean? Have we this species in Canada?



82. "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

88. WINDING. Just why does Tennyson use this word?

92-95. Katie had read to a somewhat limited extent, but her reading had included few deeply emotional novels that harrow one's feelings. Nor had she been appealed to frequently by charitable organizations of dubious character. She was a girl of sound common-sense and sane judgement, whose sympathies, when touched, resolved themselves into action. "Mealy-mouthed philanthropies" apparently flourish in England, if Ian Hay's "A Knight on Wheels" is anything like the truth, but they are comparatively unknown in this country.

100-105. WHO ANGERED JAMES? She *let my query pass unclaimed*. How are the question and the failure to reply related? Why the *flushing silence*?

103. WIZARD PENTAGRAM. A six-pointed star made by combining two equilateral triangles, and in the Middle Ages supposed to have magical powers against evil spirits.

122. LANES. The English, not the Canadian, meaning of this term. Consult an English dictionary.

124-126. Note effectiveness of the repetition and of the details.

132. CHASE. "The unenclosed hunting-ground of a private owner" (Standard). "An open piece of ground or place well stored with game, and belonging to a private proprietor" (Concise Imperial).

138-156. Note again the effectiveness of minute details.

176. NETTED SUNBEAM. Caused by reflection of the ripples on the sandy floor of the shallow stream. Test the class to see how many have noticed it.

189-190. ARNO. Cf. line 35. THE DOME OF BRUNELLESCHI; the dome of the Cathedral of Santa Maria of Florence designed by this great Italian architect (1377-1446). This great dome has remained unsur-

passed, for the dome of St. Peter's in Rome is held to be inferior in massiveness of effect, though excelling it in height.

194. A fine line, said to have been considered by Tennyson as one of his most successful lines. Cf. his description of the Atlantic waves rolling upon the Cornwall cliffs:

O sweeter than all memories of thee,  
Deeper than any yearnings after thee,  
Seemed these far-rolling, westward-smiling seas.

200. TONSURED HEAD. Literally the tonsure is the round, bare place on the heads of the Roman Catholic priests and monks formed by shaving or cutting the hair. Used metaphorically here.

203. Bindweed and Briony are two common climbing plants in England. The bindweed resembles our morning glory. The briony has a most remarkable development of tendrils, which "maintain a curious swaying movement until they come in contact with a support" (Bastin, *Wonders of Plant Life*).

228. Is there any hint of romance in this line?

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#### IN MEMORIAM.

"In Memoriam" is a group of poems, opening with a prologue, "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love," and closing with an epilogue, "O true and tried, so well and long." Between these there are 131 poems of varying lengths, ranging from 3 stanzas, CIV, to 30 stanzas, LXXXV, the average poem, however, containing four or five stanzas.

The structure of the stanzas is simple, consisting of four iambic tetrameters, rhyming *a b b a*, that is, lines one and four and two and three forming rhymes.

The origin of the poem was the effect of Hallam's death on the poet. Their intimate friendship and Tennyson's high esteem as well as great love for his friend made Hallam's sudden death such a tremendous

shock that the poet's life was shaken to its foundations. Not only was he plunged in profound grief, but doubt assailed him, a doubt that questioned everything. Life, love, immortality, God—did these mean anything, or were they mere words? The poem shows us this doubt and depression, and reveals Tennyson's progress in the recovery of his faith. Step by step he regains that faith until he comes to a triumphant faith in God, and in his government of the world. Death is seen to be an incident—however great an incident it may be—in a life that is eternal, a life that passes beyond the grave into another phase of active being: God is good, and God is intimately concerned in our life, and faith in God is absolutely necessary in our view of life.

"*In Memoriam*" is the product of years of thought and feeling and seeking after truth. Hallam died in 1833, and the first poems were written shortly after his death. Probably most of the poems were written during the first four years of the poet's grief, but the prologue is dated 1849, and it is certain that quite a number were written after 1840. It is obvious, then, that such a poem cannot be mastered easily. Not only is time required, and patient effort, to discover the meaning, but many passages can be known only as the experiences of life enable one to enter into their meaning. In other words, the sympathy born of similar experiences is the only key to such passages. Tennyson's scientific knowledge is another difficulty, and to this full reference is made elsewhere. The present editor has found many lines difficult to understand, and has, therefore, ventured on fuller explanations than usual.

After the annotations in this book were written, the following paragraphs came under the editor's observation, and they are quoted with sympathetic approval:

"To those who think all commentary on *In Memoriam* superfluous, I will venture to reply that they can never have studied the poem. If they do so they will certainly find that the meaning of many passages is doubtful, and that a few are extremely obscure; the cause of these defects being some-

times excess of the Tennysonian virtue of conciseness, sometimes an excessive or unfortunate use of periphrasis or decoration.

"Others will think that at any rate many lines which I have annotated are quite perspicuous. I agree with them; but I believe I have attempted to explain nothing that I had not found misunderstood by myself or some one else; and there are hosts of misapprehensions which I have left unnoticed. The exasperated reader should try the experiment of questioning himself and a few other intelligent persons on the meaning of every line in a dozen sections taken at haphazard from the poem."

—A. G. Bradley. A commentary on Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, p. ix.

## "IN MEMORIAM" COLLECTIONS.

### XXVII.

1. IN ANY MOODS. Mine or the captive's?
2. RAGE. Not so much anger as great emotion.
- 3-4. Do these lines name a second example of what the poet does not envy, or do they simply repeat the idea in "captive," l. 2, through the metaphor in "linnet"?
- 5-6. THE BEAST THAT TAKES HIS LICENSE IN THE FIELD OF TIME. The sensual, selfish man, in any age or race, who satisfies his own appetites without regard to the laws of God or man.
- 9-11. The man who has never pledged his heart and hand in love, largely because he is too indolent to take any active interest in others, and who considers himself as exceedingly fortunate in escaping any ties or bonds of love.
12. ANY WANT-BEGOTTEN REST. Any state of ease or rest that arises from a lack of some high impulse or worthy motive.

### LXIV.

1. THOU, Hallam.
2. DIVINELY GIFTED. Not so much gifts from God as gifts that raise him above ordinary men and cause him to approach the divine.

5. HIS BIRTH'S INVIDIOUS BAR. In England at the time of this poem a humble origin was a great barrier to advancement. The Reform Bills, the Elementary Education Act, the abolition of religious tests in Cambridge and Oxford, and many similar acts, and the possibilities of rapid accession to wealth and influence, have done a great deal to break down this barrier, which, however, still remains more or less powerful.

6. GRASPS THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY CHANCE. The Goddess Chance is passing, and by a fortunate impulse he detains her and secures her blessing. In other words, he, consciously or instinctively, seizes his opportunities and makes the most of them.

7. BREASTS THE BLOWS OF CIRCUMSTANCE. The metaphor may be that of the fighter or that of the swimmer. He takes his ill-fortune like a man. Disappointments and obstacles he meets with courage and overcomes them all.

8. GRAPPLES WITH HIS EVIL STAR. The metaphor seems an impossible one. How can one grapple with a star? The meaning is not very clear; is his evil star some sinister influence within his own life, tending to drag him down or mislead him in judgment; or is it an outside influence of an implacable enemy, or a friend whose influence is dangerous?

9. BY FORCE. Force of ability, or of character, or of tremendous and persistent hard work, or of all combined. Perhaps a touch of ruthlessness.

10. THE GOLDEN KEYS. The authority of the highest position in the state, that of Prime Minister.

11. TO MOULD A MIGHTY STATE'S DECREES. To shape the legislation of the nation, either by what he himself devises, or by his revision of legislation suggested by his colleagues or others.

12. SHAPE THE WHISPER OF THE THRONE. The King suggests rather than commands, or even advises. The Prime Minister may quietly convey such information

and suggestion to his sovereign as may influence what the King suggests.

14. FORTUNE'S CROWNING SLOPE. The last ascent of the mountain of fame and power.

15. THE PILLAR OF A PEOPLE'S HOPE. The concrete and visible expression of the hopes of the nation for progress in national development.

16. THE CENTRE OF A WORLD'S DESIRE. Substantially the same idea as in the preceding line. The word *world* is somewhat of a difficulty, probably meaning the whole civilized world, rather than the British Empire or the whole world.

17. PENSIVE DREAM. A meditation largely of the days gone by.

19. DISTANT DEARNESS. The hill in his vision of far-off boyhood days has a peculiar attractiveness.

20. SECRET SWEETNESS. The stream of his boyhood, where he played and fished and swam, has a charm for him known to no one else.

25. WITH PAIN. With toil and difficulty.

27-28. The picture of the humble farmer and the great statesman, each musing on the days of childhood, and wondering if the other remembers him, is finely done.

### LXXXIII.

2. NEW YEAR. Spring; not the calendar year; delaying long; a favorite theme with the poets.

5. CLOUDED NOONS. Temporary storms that darken the midday and often rapidly pass away.

7. APRIL DAYS. The English spring. Cf. Browning, "Home Thoughts from Abroad."

8. SUMMER MOONS. Chases away depression, replacing it with high dreams of beauty and endeavour.

9. FOXGLOVE SPIRE. An accurate statement of the appearance of this flower. See any book of English flowers.

10. The speedwell is a tiny flower of a most attractive blue colour.

12. LABURNUMS, DROPPING-WELLS OF FIRE. The Laburnum is a small leguminous tree much cultivated on account of its profuse racemes of bright yellow flowers.

Cf. Keats, "The dark-leaved laburnum's drooping clusters."—Epistle to George Felton Mathew. *A New English Dictionary* (Oxford).

16. The intense longing of the poet for the influence of the return of the spring to inspire him to a new outburst of song.

#### LXXXVI.

4. MEADOW. How many meanings there are for this word it is difficult to say. Even in rural districts one will find different meanings in everyday use. Probably any group of fifty people, in city or country, would furnish at least three or four answers as to what the word means. Try the experiment. The poet's use of the word is probably to denote a rather low-lying tract of natural grass land through which a stream winds its way with many turns and twists. Cf. *In Memoriam*. C.: 14-15.

4-5. BREATHING BARE THE ROUND OF SPACE. Clearing the sky of clouds.

5. RAPT BELOW. Seized and drawn through the wood.

6. DEWY TASSELL'D. "The long catkins, the flowers of the hazel tree."—Lockyer.

7. SHADOWING DOWN. Causing a shadow to travel on the water as the breeze ripples its surface.

7. THE HORNED FLOOD. Refers to shape of bay, like a great horn.

11-12. TILL DOUBT AND DEATH LET THE FANCY FLY. The new vigour surging through him throws off the deep depression caused by the tumult, and, in fact, despair of his soul occasioned by Hallam's death.

13. FROM BELT TO BELT OF CRIMSON SEAS. His eye travels from area on to area where the setting sun is flooding the bay with crimson.

14. LEAGUES OF ODOUR STREAMING FAR. The land breeze blowing out across the bay is full of the smell of the woods and the flowers.

15-16. His thought travels across space to the distant stars, whose influence upon him is restful and soothing.

### CI.

3-4. The English autumn lacks the gorgeous colouring of our Canadian autumn.

11-12. LESSER WAIN. The constellation "Ursa Minor." The "Big Dipper" and the "Little Dipper" should be made familiar by a few diagrams, followed by actual observations of these constellations.

13. GIRD THE WINDY GROVE. Surround the little wood, which is so situated as to be exposed to the winds.

18. A FRESH ASSOCIATION BLOW. In the course of years the new tenants develop an acquaintance with and love for the garden and the surrounding country. He was leaving Somersby Rectory, his home for many years, for the last time.

22. HIS WONTED GLEBE. The fields which he is accustomed to work.

LOPS THE GLADES. Trims the trees and hedges.

### CXIV.

Tennyson has the philosopher's appreciation of knowledge and uses the word in the philosophical sense. He does not mean the individual's knowledge, but the knowledge accumulated by the human race from the dawn of time till the present moment. Knowledge must be sharply distinguished from belief or opinion, for one can *know* only that which is true, while he may *believe* or *think* all kinds of error. In



Tennyson's view, therefore, knowledge is the sum total of all the truth that man has learned through the ages about himself, the physical world in which he lives, his relation to other men, his destiny, and his God.

In this poem there is presented a series of attributes or qualities of knowledge. This is followed by the distinction between wisdom and knowledge, a favorite idea of Tennyson's, and the poem closes with a characteristic prayer for the world's betterment.

1-20. The characteristics of knowledge as set forth in these twenty lines might be summarized as follows: Her attractiveness (1-2); her function in the world's activities (3); her limitless possibilities (3-4); the great desirability that she should overcome ignorance (4); her consuming passion for discovery and exploration, seeking to penetrate every mystery (5-8); her immaturity, lack of restraint and of spiritual outlook beyond death (9-10); her burning haste to attain the secret of power, whatever the cost in shattered faiths or broken loves (11-15); her secondary position (15-16); her need of humbling and of guidance by wisdom (17-20).

21-22. The distinction between wisdom and knowledge lies in the spiritual phase of our being. A wise man need not necessarily be a man of great learning or knowledge, but he must have spiritual insight, sympathy with his fellow men, and the good sense to utilize his knowledge for the welfare of others. A man of great knowledge might not possess these qualities, and might, therefore, misuse his powers and learning. Wisdom is absolutely necessary to make the right use of knowledge.

23-28. Hallam united in an extraordinary way both wisdom and knowledge. He was in the very front rank of the young men of the highest knowledge of his day—probably there was no man in Europe of his own age who was his superior in learning. At the same time he possessed a goodness and a nobility of

character and a desire to serve his fellow men that were most remarkable. See In Memoriam, CXI.

## CXV.

The difficulty for the Canadian student in reading this poem lies in the fact that every detail is English. Hence, while the general meaning of the poem is clear, the details need considerable explanation.

2-3. The fields are full of blossoms and the thickly matted hedges of quickset or hawthorn (corresponding to our fences) are putting forth their buds.

4. **ASHEN ROOTS.** One interpretation is that the violets spring up among the gray and decayed plants of last year, ashen in colour. Another is that the violets grow by the roots of the ash tree.

5. The effect of the song of the birds.

6. The effect of the foliage, the verdure and the blue sky.

7. **LIVING BLUE.** Palpitating with life, or seeming to be all alive.

9. The fire-flies.

10. The flocks are comparatively whiter against a background of green, than against the background of snow in the winter.

11-12. Similar effect in comparative whiteness.

14. **GREENING GLEAM.** It may be the upward slope of the wave just before it breaks into the white crest.

## CXVIII.

Tennyson's wide and accurate acquaintance with the science of his time is dealt with elsewhere. This poem is one of the outstanding examples of this scientific study. It should be noted that while Tennyson accepts much of what the scientists affirmed, he preserved an independence of judgement. He absolutely denied the materialistic origin of the soul, and strongly maintains the idea of immortality. This is a very difficult poem for high school students, but at

least the general meaning can be made clear by full explanations from the teacher.

1. Try to picture to yourself all the world processes that have been going on from the beginning of creation until the present, possibly millions of years. All the knowledge gathered up in geology, paleontology, archæology, history, ethnology, and all the other sciences would be necessary to give one the full picture.

2. The beginning of the cosmic processes, when worlds were being shaped in space, and this earth was being fitted for human habitation.

3-4. Our mental, moral and spiritual natures are not derived by evolution from material elements, however that may be true of our physical nature.

5-7. The dead have gone on into another state of existence, where life is on a broader and nobler scale. This inspiring idea finds expression in many poets, as, for example, in Matthew Arnold's noble tribute to his father in "Rugby Chapel," and Prof. Vandersmissen's beautiful tribute to his son and his son's friend, killed in the present war.

O strong soul, by what shore  
 Tarriest thou now? For that force  
 Surely, has not been left vain!  
 Somewhere, surely, afar,  
 In the sounding labour-house vast  
 Of being is practised that strength,  
 Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,  
 Conscious or not of the past,  
 Still thou performest the word  
 Of the spirit in whom thou dost live,  
 Prompt, unwearied as here!  
 Still thou upraisest with zeal  
 The humble good from the ground,  
 Sternly represses the bad.  
 Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse  
 Those who with half-open eyes  
 Tread the border-land dim  
 'Twixt vice and virtue; revivst,  
 Succourest;—this was thy work,  
 This was thy life upon earth.

—From Rugby Chapel; Matthew Arnold.

## HAIL AND FAREWELL!

Hail and Farewell! O gallant youths, in life  
 Lovely and pleasant ever, and in death  
 United! Pure of heart and perfect sons!  
 Ye took the only way and followed it  
 Unto the glorious end, your work well done.  
 On faith and love ye fed, and giving both  
 To others, led them on to victory.  
 Truth, Duty, Valour, such your motto was,  
 Such be your epitaph. Hail and Farewell!  
 For you the victor's crown, for you a life  
 That bears immortal fruit in wider spheres  
 Of joyous action, and some charge to speed  
 The coming of the kingdom of your Lord.  
 For us the sad sweet memories of the love  
 That bound and binds us to you and the hope  
 To claim our precious treasures once again,  
 Free from all taint of earth-born dust and stain.

—Prof. W. H. Vandersmissen.

7-9. A well known scientific theory. Cf. *The Princess*.

"This world was once a fluid haze of light  
 Till toward the centre set the starry tides  
 And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast  
 The planets."

10-11. The earlier processes in world formation, when tremendous forces were hammering worlds into shape.

12. Man is the last stage of evolution up to the present.

13. The story of the human race is epitomized in this line, all history and ethnology being condensed herein. From our first parents man has developed into billions of population, and from his first habitat man has spread over the globe, adapting himself to its heat and cold and every other circumstance.

14-17. A difficult passage. Does Tennyson mean that man is a stage in the evolutionary process, and that man is a herald or announcer of a higher being who is to supersede him, while man at the same time becomes more and more highly developed? That seems

a fair interpretation. Cf. In Memoriam, last four stanzas of closing section, or epilogue.

18-25. The history of man is a continuous story of conflict, shock, strife, tragedy, tears. Out of all this tremendous and ceaseless struggle man has slowly grown into his present stage of civilization and culture. His passions burning within him have impelled him to terrific deeds, his fears all the time mingling with his passions and ambitions. Tears beyond calculation have tempered his spirit, as man's ambition, greed, lust, treachery, hate and other evils, assisted by fire, plague, famine, earthquakes, tidal waves and other disasters of nature have beaten upon him throughout history. The outcome of all, however, is to train and discipline man into a constantly developing civilization, where he can use his manifold powers and control the natural world round about him.

25-28. The process of evolution in man is not yet finished. We have still to eliminate the lingering remains of our earlier physical stages. Some traces of the brute must yet be worked out. The present war furnishes sufficient commentary on this point.

### CXXIII.

Another poem evidencing the scientific spirit. The transformation of land into sea and of sea into land goes on continually on the globe. The sea encroaches upon the land, cutting out great indentations; conversely, land formations are projected out into the sea by various means, sometimes natural, sometimes artificial. Nothing on earth is permanent in form.

4. THE STILLNESS OF THE CENTRAL SEA. Such a stillness as one would find in the middle of the ocean.

9-12. Things unseen and spiritual are eternal; love holds beyond the grave, however surely material things pass away.

REGULATIONS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF  
EDUCATION OF ONTARIO REGARDING  
THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

LOWER SCHOOL.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Intelligent comprehension and oral reading of suitable authors, both prose and poetry.

Systematic oral reading of the texts studied in class.

Supplementary Reading provided by the pupils themselves or supplied from the school, public, or other library.

Memorization and recitation of choice selections in prose and poetry prescribed by the Department and of others made by the teacher.

Notes.—1. The object of the course in the Lower School is the cultivation of a taste for good literature, not by minute critical study, but by reading at home and in school aloud and silently, with due attention to the meaning, standard authors whose works will quicken the imagination and present a strong element of interest. Such authors should be chiefly narrative, descriptive, and dramatic.

2. At the beginning of each school year a short list should be made out for each form, under at least four heads, of such suitable works as may be obtained in the school, public, or other library, and each pupil should be required to read during the year at least one under each head in addition to those taken up in class. In English Literature too much time has hitherto been given to the minute study of the texts. A larger proportion should be given hereafter to the supplementary reading.

MIDDLE SCHOOL.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Intelligent and appreciative study of suitable authors, both prose and poetry, including those prescribed for the Departmental and University Examinations.

Systematic oral reading of the texts studied in the class.

Supplementary reading provided by the pupils themselves or supplied from the school, public, or other library.

Memorization and recitation of choice selections in prose and poetry prescribed by the Department and of others made by the teacher.

Note.—At this stage, the pupils begin to appreciate literature as such. Besides supplementary reading of the same character as that taken up in the Lower School, other works of a subjective character may be added. The purpose and the spirit of the author and the merits of his thoughts and style should now be moderately dealt with; his defects should not be emphasized. The chief object is still the cultivation of a taste for good literature, and the authors should be read partly in class and partly at home, both silently and aloud.

## UPPER SCHOOL.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Intelligent and appreciative study of suitable authors, both prose and poetry, including those prescribed for the Departmental and University Examinations.

Systematic oral reading of the texts studied in class.

Supplementary reading provided by the pupils themselves or supplied from the school and the public library.

Memorization and recitation of choice selections in prose and poetry prescribed by the Department and of others made by the teacher.

Note.—At this stage, the pupil should be able to read literature still more appreciatively; but the chief object continues to be the cultivation of a taste for good literature, and critical study should be subordinated thereto.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS OF DEPARTMENTAL AND MATRICULATION ASSOCIATE EXAMINERS RE THE CHARACTER OF THE CANDIDATES' ANSWERS AND THE TEACHING OF THE SUBJECTS IN THE SCHOOLS.

DEPARTMENTAL EXAMINATIONS.

As announced in 1915, each year after the answer papers at the Departmental examinations have been read by the Associate Examiners, each Section reports to the Minister any criticisms it has to offer of the question papers, the conduct of the examinations, and the teaching as judged by the candidates' answers. The criticisms that directly affect the Department the Minister has found to be useful, and this year he continues the publication of a summary of such of the chief criticisms of the answer papers as, in his judgment, are also likely to prove useful to the teachers.

In most departments the answering appears to be improving from year to year; but, although no doubt very many of the defects are due to the inadequacy of the time spent by candidates in preparation for the examinations and to laxity on the part of some High School Entrance Boards, there is evidently room for further improvement. In all the work greater attention should be given to spelling, writing, composition, accuracy, diagrams, system, and reviews. Generally speaking, under present conditions the question papers are difficult enough, and manifestly any raising of their standard should be gradual and commensurate with the progress of the schools. Present conditions, however, will justify the Minister in continuing, as he intends, to direct the Associate Examiners to adopt next summer a high standard in estimating the values of the answers. With the exception of the Public and



Separate School Diploma and the High School Entrance examinations, all the Departmental academic examinations are held to test the fitness of the candidates for admission to the Professional Schools for teachers. The evidence in the hands of the Minister demonstrates clearly the necessity for the steps he is taking to secure on the part of our teachers before they enter these schools an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the prescribed subjects.

Teachers will also find it profitable to read in this connection Circular No. 66, of 1915, of which the present circular is the counterpart.

October, 1916.

### THE MIDDLE SCHOOL.

1915.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—The candidates' answers showed that many teachers of English do not seem to be aware of the importance that is attached to the following in the examinations in English literature:

(1) The necessity for clearness and conciseness of expression.

(2) The deduction of one mark for each misspelt word and for each instance of incorrect English.

(3) The avoidance of slang expressions and abbreviations.

(4) Accuracy and conciseness in locating passages.

(5) The unnecessary copying of questions from the question paper.

(6) The careful arrangement, numbering and spacing of the answers.

(7) The necessity in memory work of correct spelling, and punctuation.

1916.

The candidates' answers in literature showed the following defects:

1. Some were too concise; others were too verbose.
2. In many answers there was a lack of neatness.

3. Many candidates paid little or no attention to sentence structure and punctuation.

4. A few continued to use abbreviations that should not be allowed in an examination in English Literature.

### THE UPPER SCHOOL.

1915.

ENGLISH.—The Section is of the opinion that pupils should be trained to give greater attention to conciseness and definiteness of expression in their answers to the questions in English Literature. The planning of answers, proper spacing on the page and other points of form should also be emphasized.

### ENGLISH COMPOSITION AND LITERATURE.

1916.

1. The answer papers show that in the Upper School composition is very well taught.

2. A considerable improvement is observable in the neatness of the answer papers in Literature. Teachers are evidently calling attention to the necessity for paraphrasing, and for spacing and numbering the answers. There is, however, still room for improvement; the educational value of neatness and clearness in answering cannot be easily over-estimated.

3. Many of the candidates who failed to obtain forty per cent. in Literature considered the question on memorization. The cultural value of memorizing fine passages in Literature should alone give such memory work a prominent place in the class-room exercises.

4. Numerous cases of faulty English and bad spelling were met and, in many instances, deductions for these causes made serious inroads on the candidate's marks. Evidently still greater attention to these subjects is urgently needed in the Lower School; such vulgar errors as "had went," "had have had," "had of had," "They laid down on the grass to rest," etc., are utterly inexcusable in the Upper School answer papers.

## SIGHT PASSAGES FROM

*Junior Matriculation;  
Entrance to Normal Schools, and  
Entrance to Faculty of Education Examination Papers.*

## JUNIOR MATRICULATION, 1913.

- And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!  
For never has such soothing voice  
Been to your shadowy world convey'd,  
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade  
5 Heard the clear song of Orpheus come  
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.  
Wordsworth has gone from us, and ye,  
Ah! may ye feel his voice as we!  
He too upon a wintry clime  
10 Had fallen—on this iron time  
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.  
He found us when the age had bound  
Our souls in its benumbing round;  
He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.  
15 He laid us as we lay at birth  
On the cool flowery lap of earth,  
Smiles broke from us and we had ease  
The hills were round us, and the breeze  
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again.

(a) Explain what the author had in mind when he used the expressions: "pale ghosts" (l. 1); "the mournful gloom" (l. 6); "a wintry clime" (l. 9); "its benumbing round" (l. 13). Who was Orpheus? Give the meaning of "erst" (l. 4).

(b) State in your own words what the author of this extract considers to have been the chief virtues of Wordsworth's poetry.

## JUNIOR MATRICULATION, 1914.

## SHAKESPEARE.

*Others abide our questions. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill  
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,  
Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,*

Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
 Spares but the *cloudy border of his base*  
 To the *foiled searching of mortality*;  
 And thou, who did'st the stars and sunbeams know,  
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,  
 Didst walk on earth *unguess'd at*. Better so!  
 All the pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
 All weakness that impairs, all *griefs that bow*,  
 Find *their sole voice* in that *victorious brow*.

Explain the italicized parts. -

#### JUNIOR MATRICULATION, 1917.

\* In *wiser days*, my darling rosebud, *blown*  
 To beauty proud as was your mother's prime—  
 In that desired, delayed, *incredible* time  
 You'll ask why I abandoned you, my own,  
 And the dear breast that was your baby throne,  
 To *dice with death*, and, oh! they'll give you rhyme  
 And reason: one will call the thing *sublime*,  
 And one *decry it* in a knowing tone.  
 So here, while the mad guns *curse overhead*,  
 And tired men sigh, with mud for couch and floor,  
 Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,  
 Died *not for Flag, nor King, nor Emperor*,  
 But *for a dream, born in a herdsman shed*  
 And for the secret Scripture of the poor.

- (a) To whom is this sonnet addressed?  
 (b) Explain the italicized parts.  
 (c) Put in your own words the main idea expressed  
 in the poem.

#### ENTRANCE TO NORMAL SCHOOL, 1913.

##### TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
 Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
 5 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,  
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care—  
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
 For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

---

\* This is the last poem written by the late Lieutenant Kettle of the Dublin Fusiliers—a few days before his death in action at Ginchy.

10 Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
 Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow  
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—  
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

- (a) What complaint does the speaker make?  
 (b) In what respect is "thy love" (l. 1) likened to a plant?  
 (c) Explain the force of "treacherous" (l. 2).  
 (d) "what was once so fair" (l. 3)—What is meant?  
 (e) (l. 4)—By whom? To whom? For what purpose?  
 (f) "Yet" (l. 5)—In spite of what?  
 (g) "vigilant" (l. 5)—In what way?  
 (h) "least generous wish" (l. 7)—Express in other words. What is the wish?  
 (i) (ll. 12-13)—What words in these lines emphasize the idea of desolation?  
 (j) (l. 14)—Does it make any difference to the speaker what answer is made? Explain fully.  
 (k) Express in your own words the thought and feeling of the sonnet as a whole.

NOTE.—The following words are explained, as being unusual:  
*boon* means *favour*; *vigilant* means *watchful*; *mendicant*  
 means *beggar*; *eglantine* is an old name for the sweet-  
 brier.

#### ENTRANCE TO NORMAL SCHOOL, 1914.

O Rose, who dares to name thee?  
 No longer roseate now, nor soft nor sweet,  
 But pale and hard and dry as stubble wheat,—  
 Kept seven years in a drawer, *thy titles shame thee.*

The breeze that used to blow thee  
 Between the hedgerow thorns, and take away  
 An odour up the lane to last all day,—  
 If breathing now, *unsweetened would forego thee.*

The sun that used to smite thee,  
 And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn  
 Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to burn,—  
 If shining now, with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,  
 And, white first, *grow incarnadined because*  
*It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—*  
 If dropping now, would darken where it met thee.

The fly that 'lit upon thee,  
 To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet  
 Along thy leaf's pure edges after heat,—  
 If 'lighting now, would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,  
 And *build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,*  
 And *swoon in thee for joy,* till scarce alive,—  
 If passing now, would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognize thee,  
 Alone, alone! the heart doth smell thee sweet,  
 Doth view thee fair, *doth judge thee most complete,*  
*Perceiving all those changes that disguise thee.*

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee  
 More love, dead rose, than to any roses bold  
 Which Julia wears at dances, smiling cold:—  
 Lie still upon this heart which breaks below thee!

- (a) Give this poem a suitable title.  
 (b) What are the three main divisions of the poem  
 and what is the leading thought of each?  
 (c) Show the relation in meaning between the first  
 three lines of stanza 2 and the last line of the same  
 stanza. In which other stanzas is there a similar rela-  
 tion in meaning?  
 (d) How is stanza 7 related to the preceding  
 stanzas?  
 (e) Account for the speaker's attitude toward the  
 rose.  
 (f) Explain the italicized parts.

ENTRANCE TO FACULTY OF EDUCATION, 1912.

Creep into thy narrow bed,  
 Creep and let no more be said!  
 Vain thy onset! all stands fast.  
 Thou thyself must break at last.

- 5 Let the long contention cease!  
 Geese are swans and swans are geese.  
 Let them have it how they will!  
 Thou art tired! best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?  
 10 Better men fared thus before thee;  
 Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,  
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more then, and be dumb!  
 Let the victors when they come,  
 15 When the forts of folly fall,  
 Find thy body by the wall.

(a) Describe the circumstances under which the words are supposedly spoken.

(b) Explain the metaphor that is sustained throughout the poem.

(c) Contrast the feelings expressed in the first two stanzas with the feelings expressed in the last two.

(d) Explain "geese are swans and swans are geese."

(e) What consolation is offered by the speaker?

#### ENTRANCE TO FACULTY OF EDUCATION, 1913.

Sing me a hero! Quench my thirst  
 Of soul, ye bards!

Quoth Bard the first:  
 "Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don  
 His helm and eke his harbergeon..."  
 5 Sir Olaf and his bard——!

"That sin-scathed brow" (quoth Bard the second)  
 "That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned  
 My hero to some steep, beneath  
 Which precipice smiled tempting death..."  
 10 You too without your host have reckoned!

"A beggar-child" (let's hear this third!)  
 "Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird  
 Sang to herself at careless play,  
 And fell into the stream. 'Dismay!  
 15 Help, you the standers-by!' None stirred.

Bystanders reason, think of wives  
 And children ere they risk their lives.  
 Over the balustrade has bounced  
 A mere instinctive dog, and pounced  
 20 Plumb on the prize. 'How well he dives!

"Up he comes with the child, see, tight  
 In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite  
 A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet!  
 Good dog! What, off again? There's yet  
 25 Another child to save? All right!

“How strange we saw no other fall!  
 It's instinct in the animal.  
 Good dog! But he's a long time under:  
 If he got drowned I should not wonder—  
 30 Strong current, that against the wall!

“Here he comes, holds in mouth this time  
 —What may the thing be? Well, that's prime:  
 Now, did you ever? Reason reigns  
 In man alone, since all Tray's pains  
 35 Have fished—the child's doll from the slime!

“And so amid the laughter gay,  
 Trotted my hero off,—old Tray,—  
 Till somebody, prerogated  
 With reason, reasoned: ‘Why he dived,  
 40 His brain would show us, I should say.

“John, go and catch—or, if needs be,  
 Purchase—that animal for me!  
 By vivisection, at expense  
 Of half-an-hour and eighteen-pence,  
 45 How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see!”

(a) Briefly summarize the thought of the poem.

(b) Why are the first and second Bards mentioned?

(c) What is the author's attitude towards the suggestions of the speaker of the last seven lines?

(d) Explain “a mere instinctive dog” (l. 19). “Reason reigns in man alone” (ll. 33, 34).

(e) Describe briefly the character of the speaker of the passage beginning “How well he dives!” (l. 20).

#### ENTRANCE TO FACULTY OF EDUCATION, 1914.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude.  
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured  
 5 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright; to have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,  
 10 For honour travels in a strait so narrow  
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons



That one by one pursue. If you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
 15 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,  
 And leave you hindmost;  
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in the first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
 O'errun and trampled on. Then what they do in present  
 20 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;  
 For time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,  
 25 And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was;  
 For beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 30 To envious and calumniating time.

(a) What does the speaker urge "my lord" to do?

(b) What arguments are urged for such action?

(c) Explain:—

- (i) "A great-sized monster of ingratitude" (l. 3).
- (ii) "like a rusty mail  
 In monumental mockery" (ll. 8, 9).
- (iii) "For emulation hath a thousand sons  
 That one by one pursue" (ll. 12, 13).
- (iv) "to the abject rear" (l. 18).
- (v) "slightly shakes" (l. 22).
- (vi) "as he would fly" (l. 23).
- (vii) "Let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was" (ll. 25, 26).
- (viii) "are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time" (ll. 29, 30).

#### ENTRANCE TO FACULTY OF EDUCATION, 1917.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
 The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;  
 When sometime-lofty towers I see down-razed,  
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;

5 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;

When I have seen such interchange of state,  
 10 Or state itself confounded to decay ;  
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare  
 That Time will come and take my love away :  
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

(a) What is the theme of the first eight lines of this poem?

(b) Point out the contrast between what the poet refers to in the first four lines and what in the second four.

(c) What is the relation between ll. 9-10 and the preceding parts of the poem?

(d) State in your own words to what reflection the poet is led by what he has seen.

(e) Point out at least one rhetorical device by which the thought of the poem is enforced.

(f) Explain:—"fell hand" (l. 1), "rich proud cost" (l. 2), "out-worn buried age" (l. 2), "slave to mortal rage" (l. 4), "win of" (l. 7), "increasing store with loss" (l. 8), "as a death" (l. 13).

**EXAMINATION PAPERS**  
**ENTRANCE INTO THE FACULTY OF**  
**EDUCATION, 1915.**

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1. (a) What is the dramatic purpose of the speeches of the three suitors of Portia, made immediately before they choose? Support your answer by references to the speeches.

(b) "Shylock says the finest things in the play, and he has the advantage in the argument throughout." Show, by references to the play, how far you think this statement is justified by the facts.

2. (a) Compare the characters of Prince Hal and Hotspur.

(b) Some of the characters of *1 Henry IV* are drawn from history; others are of Shakespeare's own invention. (i) In what respects do the two groups differ? (ii) How are the characters in the second group made to support those in the first group?

3. Discuss the value in the development of the plot of each of the following:—

(i) The King's desire to go on a crusade.

(ii) Hotspur's account of how Henry IV won his crown.

(iii) Henry IV's own account of how he won the crown.

(iv) Prince Hal's soliloquy at the close of Act I, beginning "I know you all, and will awhile uphold."

4. (a) "It is tragedy when, in the conflict of desires, one makes a wrong choice." Show in how far this statement is exemplified in *Michael*.

(b) .....and 'tis believed by all  
 That many and many a day he thither went  
 And never lifted up a single stone.

What kept him from completing the sheepfold?

5. Quote the five stanzas of *In Memoriam*, beginning with "Now fades the last long streak of snow."

6. Explain the meaning of each of the following passages and give its context:—

- (a) I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time when men least think I will.
- (b) If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do,  
chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages  
princes' palaces.
- (c) .....but life in him  
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touched  
On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
When all the wood stands in a mist of green  
And nothing perfect.
- (d) Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,  
Where they survive of wholesome laws.
- (e) We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.
- (f) ...but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, dan-  
ger, we pluck this flower, safety.

7. (a) Compare the Parson (in the *Epic*) and Bedivere (in *Morte d'Arthur*) as to their attitude towards new ideas.

(b) Describe and compare the offers to Paris of the three goddesses in *Ænone*. Does Tennyson indicate in any way which he himself would put first?

THE PATRIOT.

It was roses, roses, all the way,  
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:  
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,  
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,  
5 A year ago this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,  
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.  
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—  
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"  
10 They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun  
To give it my loving friends to keep!  
Naught man could do, have I left undone:  
And you see my harvest, what I reap  
15 This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—  
 Just a palsied few at the windows set;  
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,  
 At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,  
 20 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,  
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind;  
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,  
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,  
 25 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!  
 In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.  
 "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe  
 Me?"—God might question; now instead  
 30 'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

(a) Contrast the speaker's relations to the people at the beginning and at the end of the year.

(b) Explain clearly the cause of the change in their treatment of him.

(c) (i) "The air broke into a mist" (l. 6). Explain the meaning.

(ii) "There's nobody on the house-tops now" (l. 16). Where are the people?

(iii) "Misdeeds" (l. 25). In whose opinion?

(iv) Explain the meaning of the last stanza.

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### HONOUR AND SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION, 1915.

#### ENGLISH POETICAL LITERATURE.

1. (a) Show how Shakespeare brings out progressively in the Trial Scene the evil of Shylock's nature, so that he should merit his punishment in the main.

(b) Show, by comparing the speeches of the three suitors, that the choice of the caskets is a test of character.

2. (a) What reason does Prince Hal give for associating with Falstaff? How far was this the real reason?

(b) How did Falstaff spend the time between the robbery and the ensuing midnight?

(c) Illustrate the honour or the attitude towards honour of Hotspur, Falstaff, the Prince, and Glendower.

3. (a) Indicate, in *Morte d'Arthur*, either the "faint, Homeric echoes" or the "modern touches here and there."

(b) What meaning does Tennyson suggest for Arthur's second coming?

(c) Make a brief synopsis of *Elegiac Stanzas*.

(d) What ideas on Nature does Wordsworth express in *Influence of Natural Objects*?

4. Quote *two* of the following:—

(a) "Dost thou look back on what has been. . . . The centre of a world's desire?"

(b) "Though babbling only to the Vale. . . . That is fit home for Thee!"

(c) "The quality of mercy. . . . The deeds of mercy."

5. Give clearly the connection in which any *five* of the following passages occur, choosing at least one passage from Wordsworth, one from Tennyson, and one from each of the two plays:—

(a) Go, gentlemen,  
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?  
I am provided of a torch bear . . .

(b) Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a star.

(c) . . . . . for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

(d) What is she, cut from love and faith,  
But some wild Pallas from the brain  
of Demons?

- (e) To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
- (f) A couching lion and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith.
- (g) Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;  
Remnants of love whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room withdraws.
- (h) I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts  
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,  
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear  
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,  
Like footsteps upon wool.

6. Explain the meaning of the italicized portions of the following:—(N.B.—The connection in which the passages occur is not necessarily to be given.)

- (a) I envy not the beast that takes  
His license in *the field of time*;  
.....  
Nor, what may count itself as blest.  
The heart that never plighted troth  
But stagnates in *the weeds of sloth*;  
Nor any *want-begotten rest*.
- (b) In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
Tribute to ease; and, *of its joy secure*,  
The heart *luxuriates with indifferent things*.
- (c) Are you acquainted with the *difference*  
That *holds* this present *question* in the court?
- (d) How many then should *cover*, that stand bare!  
How many be commanded, that command!  
How much low peasantry would then be *glean'd*  
From the true seed of honour!
- (e) And with *affection* wondrous *sensible*  
He wrung Bassanio's hand.
- (f) Percy is but my *factor*, good my lord,  
To *engross up glorious deeds* on my behalf.
- (g) Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy *interest* to the state  
Than *thou the shadow of succession*.

## ENTRANCE NORMAL SCHOOLS, 1915.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1. In regard to any *four* of the following passages from *The Merchant of Venice*, state (i) the name of the speaker, (ii) the connection in which the words were spoken, (iii) the meaning of the italicized parts:—

- (a) Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That *thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice*  
*To the last hour of act.*
- (b) The man who hath no music in himself,  
*Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,*  
*Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils.*
- (c) How much I have disabled mine estate,  
*By something showing a more swelling port*  
*Than my faint means would grant continuance.*
- (d) O, that estates, degrees and offices  
Were not derived corruptly, and that *clear honour*  
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!  
*How many then should cover that stand bare!*
- (e) I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
You taught me first to beg; and now *methinks*  
*You teach me how a beggar should be answered.*

2. Give, in order, the various stages in Portia's management of the case against Shylock in the Trial Scene.

3. What purpose does each of the following serve in the development of the play?

(a) The conversation between Portia and Nerissa in Act I, Scene 2.

(b) The conversation between Shylock and Tubal in Act III, Scene 1.

(c) The incident of the rings.

4. Write concisely, within the space of not more than two pages, the story of Michael as given in Wordsworth's poem, introducing short, apt quotations.

5. (a) What charge did Arthur give Sir Bedivere regarding Excalibur?



(b) How did Arthur know that his charge had not been carried out at first?

(c) How did Sir Bedivere justify to himself his failures to fulfil the charge?

(d) Why did he finally fulfil it?

6. In regard to any *four* of the following passages, state (i) the poem in which each occurs, (ii) the connection, and (iii) the meaning of the italicized parts:—

- (a) A little while I stood,  
Breathing with such suppression of the heart  
As joy delights in; and, *with wise restraint,*  
*Voluptuous,* fearless of a rival, eyed  
The banquet.
- (b) And, *to his office prematurely called,*  
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,  
Something between a hindrance and a help.
- (c) *The old order changeth, yielding place to new,*  
*And God fulfils himself in many ways,*  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
- (d) Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom  
Coming through Heaven, like a light that grows  
Larger and clearer, *with one mind the Gods*  
*Rise up for reverence.*
- (e) And, *talking from the point,* he drew him in,  
And there he mellowed all his heart with ale,  
Until they closed the bargain, *hand in hand.*

7. Quote:—

(a) The five stanzas beginning "Now fades the last long streak of snow" (*In Memoriam*, cxv.).

or

(b) The first twenty-one lines of Gratiano's speech, beginning, "Let me play the fool."

8. O leave this barren spot to me!  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!  
Though bush or floweret never grow  
My dark unwarming shade below;  
5 Nor summer bud perfume the dew  
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;  
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,  
My green and glossy leaves adorn;

Nor murmuring tribes from me derive  
 10 Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;  
 Yet leave this barren spot to me;  
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!  
 Thrice twenty summers I have seen  
 The sky grow bright, the forest green;  
 15 And many a wintry wind have stood  
 In bloomless, fruitless solitude,  
 Since childhood in my pleasant bower  
 First spent its sweet and sportive hour;  
 Since youthful lovers in my shade  
 20 Their vows of truth and rapture made,  
 And on my trunk's surviving frame  
 Carved many a long-forgotten name.  
 Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,  
 First breathed upon this sacred ground;  
 25 By all that Love has whisper'd here,  
 Or Beauty heard with ravished ear;  
 As Love's own altar honour me;  
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

(a) Give the poem a suitable subject.

(b) In a phrase or short sentence give the theme of each section of the poem.

(c) Write out fully the meaning of each section.

(d) Explain the meaning and show the suitability of each of the following expressions:—"dark unwarming shade" (l. 4), "blossom-born" (l. 7), "murmuring tribes" (l. 9), "ambrosial amber" (l. 10), "ravished ear" (l. 26).

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*JUNIOR MATRICULATION, 1915.*

ENGLISH POETICAL LITERATURE.

1. Locate and explain in detail each of the following passages:—

(a) And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean.

(b) Again she said: "I woo thee not with gifts.  
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me  
 To fairer."

- (c) Nor could he understand how money breeds,  
Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make  
The thing that is not as the thing that is.
- (d) From the Boy there came  
Feelings and emanations—things that were  
Light to the sun and music to the wind.
- (e) If Hercules and Lichas play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
- (f) We must be free, or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
That Milton held—in everything we are sprung  
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

2. Quote *two* of the following:—

- (a) *To the Cuckoo*.  
(b) The first six stanzas of the lyric in *The Brook*.  
(c) "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this  
bank!" and the next eleven lines.

3. (a) State carefully what each of the three goddesses offered to Paris in *Enone*.

(b) What do you infer about his character and disposition from the offer he accepted and from the effect produced on him by the other two offers? Whose offer had least effect?

4. (a) In Wordsworth's poem, *To the Daisy*, point out carefully what is the "concord with humanity" that he attributes to the little flower. In what sense is the daisy's function "apostolical"?

(b) Describe in your own words the feelings of Wordsworth in *Nutting* after he had gathered the hazel nuts. What does he mean by saying "there is a spirit in the woods"?

5. (a) Give the substance of Portia's comment on each of any *three* of the different suitors named to her by Nerissa.

(b) What do we learn about Portia's character and ability from her comments on these suitors?

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