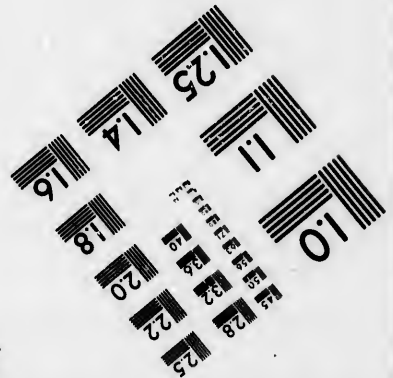
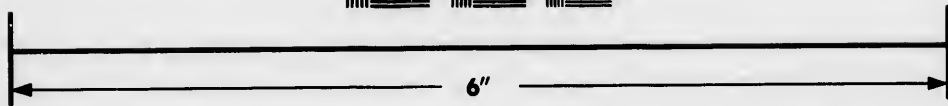
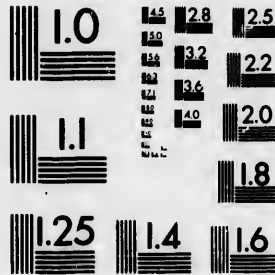


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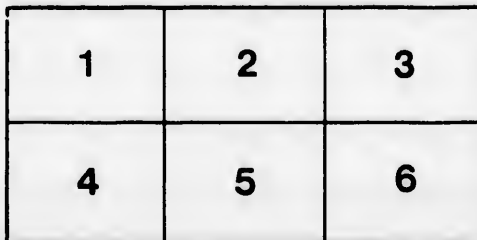
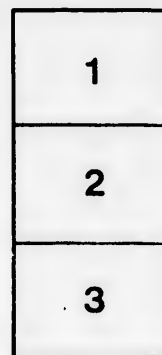
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CANADIAN
CATHOLIC READERS.



CHRIST GIVING THE KEYS TO ST. PETER.

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Canadian Catholic Readers.

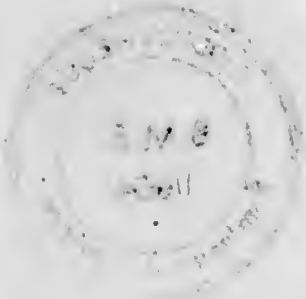
FOURTH READER



APPROVED BY THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT FOR
USE IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE
SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.



MONTREAL :
CADIEUX & DEROME.



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PREFACE.

It affords us pleasure to present to the Catholic Schools the last and highest of the new series of Readers. The great aim in preparing the Fourth Book has been to give pupils an introduction to a goodly array of the best modern English writers. We trust that these selections will induce our young people to taste more deeply of many of these "wells of English undefiled."

In the teaching, the chief points are the understanding and the appreciation of what is read. The latter, while doubtless the more important, is the more difficult to secure with most pupils. Abundant supplementary reading of the right kind is probably the greatest help. In addition to this, the teacher's sympathetic interpretation, through oral reading of other literature, is of great importance. In a word, the reader and the teacher will secure the best results if they succeed in repressing pernicious or merely trashy literature, and in awakening and developing a love of good reading.

Chiefly because it detracts from the interest of the story, the longer lessons have not been divided into parts; but each teacher will best know how to arrange for lessons of a length suitable for his pupils.

It is not expected that the order of the lessons here given will be strictly followed. It is not possible to arrange an order that would be the best in all circumstances.

The expectation is that much of the poetry will be memorized after the literature has been properly taught.

The copyright law has, unfortunately, prevented the appearance of selections from several great masters of English,—notably Tennyson.

For the Entrance Examination to High Schools an alternative paper in Literature will be set on selections from this Fourth Reader—and a hand-book for teachers, discussing the best methods of teaching reading and literature, and giving help in the difficult selections, is intended to accompany this Reader.

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FOURTH READER.

I.—THE MAPLE.



All hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
With her fair and changeful
A type of our youthful country
In its pride and loveliness ;
Whether in Spring or Summer,
Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
She's fairest of them all.

Down sunny slopes and valleys
Her graceful form is seen,
Her wide, umbrageous branches
The sun-burnt reaper screen ;
'Mid the dark-browed firs and cedars
Her livelier colors shine,
Like the dawn of the brighter future
On the settler's hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hill-top,
Whispers on breezy downs,
And casts refreshing shadows
O'er the streets of our busy towns ;
She gladdens the aching eye-ball,
Shelters the weary head,
And scatters her crimson glories
On the graves of the silent dead.

When Winter's frosts are yielding
 To the sun's returning sway,
 And merry groups are speeding
 To sugar-woods away ;
 The sweet and welling juices,
 Which form their welcome spoil,
 Tell of the teeming plenty,
 Which here waits honest toil.

When sweet-toned Spring, soft-breathing,
 Breaks Nature's icy sleep,
 And the forest boughs are swaying
 Like the green waves of the deep ;
 In her fair and budding beauty,
 A fitting emblem she
 Of this our land of promise,
 Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves, all crimson,
 Droop silently and fall,
 Like drops of life-blood welling
 From a warrior brave and tall ;
 They tell how fast and freely
 Would her children's blood be shed,
 Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
 Should echo a foeman's tread.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple !
 With her fair and changeful dress —
 A type of our youthful country
 In its pride and loveliness ;
 Whether in Spring or Summer,
 Or in the dreary Fall,
 'Mid Nature's forest children,
 She's fairest of them all

—Rev. H. F. Darvell.

II.—ON A TROPICAL RIVER.

For three hours or more Amyas Leigh and his companions paddled easily up the glassy and windless reaches, between two green flower-bespangled walls of forest, gay with innumerable birds and insects; while down from the branches which overhung the stream, long trailers reached to the water's edge, and seemed admiring in the clear mirror the images of their own gorgeous flowers. River, trees, flowers, birds, insects,—it was all a fairy-land; but it was a colossal one; and yet the voyagers took little note of it.

It was now to them an everyday occurrence to see trees full two hundred feet high one mass of yellow or purple blossom to the highest twigs, and every branch and stem one hanging garden of crimson and orange orchids or vanillas. Common to them were all the fantastic and enormous shapes with which Nature bedecks her robes beneath the fierce suns and fattening rains of the tropic forest. Common were forms and colors of bird, and fish, and butterfly, more strange and bright than ever opium eater dreamed.

The long processions of monkeys, who kept pace with them along the tree-tops, and proclaimed their wonder in every imaginable whistle and grunt and howl, had ceased to move their laughter, as much as the roar of the jaguar and the rustle of the boa had ceased to move their fear. And when a brilliant green and rose-colored fish, flat-bodied like a bream, flat-finned like a salmon, and saw-toothed like a shark, leaped clean on board of the canoe to escape the rush of a huge alligator (whose

loathsome snout, ere he could stop, actually rattled against the canoe), Jack coolly picked up the fish, and said: "He's four pound weight! If you catch fish for us like that, old fellow, just keep in our wake, and we'll give you the cleanings for your wages!"

They paddled onward hour after hour, sheltering themselves as best they could under the shadow of the southern bank, while on their right hand the full sun-glare lay upon the enormous wall of mimosus, figs, and laurels, which formed the northern forest, broken by the slender shafts of bamboo tufts, and decked with a thousand gaudy parasites. Bank upon bank of gorgeous bloom piled upward to the sky, till where its outline cut the blue, flowers and leaves, too lofty to be distinguished by the eye, formed a broken rainbow of all hues quivering in the ascending streams of azure mist, until they seemed to melt and mingle with the very heavens.

And as the sun rose higher and higher, a great stillness fell upon the forest. The jaguars and the monkeys had hidden themselves in the darkest depths of the woods. The birds' notes died out one by one; the very butterflies ceased their flittings over the tree-tops, and slept with outspread wings upon the glossy leaves, undistinguishable from the flowers around them. Now and then a parrot swung and screamed at them from an overhanging bough; or a thirsty monkey slid lazily down a swinging vine to the surface of the stream, dipped up the water in his tiny hand, and started chattering back, as his eyes met those of some foul alligator peering upward through the clear depths below.

In shaded nooks beneath the boughs, rabbits as large as sheep went paddling sleepily round and round, thrusting up their unwieldy heads among the blooms of the blue water lilies; while black and purple water-hens ran up and down upon the rafts of floating leaves. The shining snout of a fresh-water dolphin rose slowly to the surface; a jet of spray whirred up; a rainbow hung upon it for a moment; and the black snout sank lazily again.

Here and there, too, upon some shallow pebbly shore, scarlet flamingoes stood dreaming knee-deep on one leg; crested cranes pranced up and down, admiring their own finery; and irises and egrets dipped their bills under water in search of prey; but before noon, even those had slipped away, and there reigned a stillness which might be heard—a stillness in which, as Humboldt says: “If beyond the silence we listen for the faintest undertones, we detect a stifled, continuous hum of insects, which crowd the air close to the earth; a confused swarming murmur which hangs round every bush, in the cracked bark of trees, in the soil undermined by lizards and bees; a voice proclaiming to us that all Nature breathes, that under a thousand different forms life swarms in the gaping and dusty earth, as much as in the bosom of the waters, and in the air which breathes around.”

—Charles Kingsley.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth, so beautiful and soft!

III.—THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'll seek a four-leaved Shamrock in all the fairy dells,
 And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how I'll weave my spells !
 I would not waste my magic mite on diamond, pearl, or gold,
 For treasure tires the weary sense—*such* triumph is but cold ;
 But I would play th' enchanter's part in casting bliss around—
 Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor!—I'd dry the mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
 And hearts that had been long estranged, and friends that had
 grown cold,

Should meet again—like parted streams—and mingle as of old !
 Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found !

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanished dreams of love,
 Should see them all returning—like Noah's faithful dove;
 And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's darken-
 ing sea,

And Misery's children have an ark and saved from sinking be.
 Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
 And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found!

—*Samuel Lover.*

IV.—THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loth we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us ;
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
 To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flowery, wild and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting ;
 We think how great had been our bliss
 If Heaven had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

—*Thomas Moore.*

V.—TEACHING AND CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

Jesus Christ appears among men full of grace and truth; the authority and the mildness of His precepts are irresistible. He comes to heal the most unhappy of mortals, and all His wonders are for the wretched. In order to inculcate His doctrine, He chooses the apologue, or parable, which is easily impressed on the minds of the people. While walking in the fields, He gives His divine lessons.

When surveying the flowers that adorn the mead, He exhorts His disciples to put their trust in Providence,

who supports the feeble plants, and feeds the birds of the air; when He beholds the fruits of the earth, He teaches them to judge of men by their works; an infant is brought to Him, and He recommends innocence; being among shepherds, He gives Himself the appellation of the *Good Shepherd*, and represents Himself as bringing back the lost sheep to the fold.

In spring He takes His seat upon the mountain, and draws from the surrounding objects instruction for the multitude sitting at His feet. From the very sight of this multitude, composed of the poor and the unfortunate, He deduces His beatitudes. *Blessed are those that weep—blessed are they that hunger and thirst.* Such as observe His precepts, and those that slight them, are compared to two men who build houses, the one upon a rock, and the other upon the sand. When He asks the woman of Samaria for drink, He expounds unto her His heavenly doctrine, under the beautiful image of a well of living water.

His character was amiable, open, and tender, and His charity unbounded. The evangelist gives us a complete and admirable idea of it in these few words: *He went about doing good.* His resignation to the will of God is conspicuous in every moment of His life; He loved and felt the sentiment of friendship: the man whom He raised from the tomb, Lazarus, was His friend; it was for the sake of the noblest sentiment of life that He performed the greatest of His miracles.

In Him the love of country may find a model. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem," He exclaimed, at the idea of the judgments which threatened that guilty city, "how often would I have gathered thy children together,

even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Casting His sorrowful eyes from the top of a hill over this city, doomed for her crimes to a signal destruction, He was unable to restrain His tears: "*He beheld the city,*" says the evangelist, "*and wept over it.*" His tolerance was not less remarkable: when His disciples begged Him to command fire to come down from heaven on a village of Samaria, which had denied Him hospitality, He replied with indignation, "*Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.*"

—Chateaubriand.

VI.—LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on ;

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on :

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will—remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—Cardinal Newman.

VII.—THE DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee ;—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

God often giveth in one short moment what he hath a
long time denied.

VIII. - HUNTING THE DEER.

After it was thoroughly dark we went down to make a short trial-trip. Everything working to satisfaction, about ten o'clock we pushed out in earnest. The night was clear, moonless, and still. Nearing the middle of the lake, a breeze from the west was barely perceptible, and noiselessly we glided before it. The guide handled his oar with great dexterity; without lifting it from the water or breaking the surface, he imparted the steady, uniform motion desired. How silent it was! The ear seemed the only sense, and to hold dominion over lake and forest. Occasionally a lily-pad would brush along the bottom, and stooping low I could hear a faint murmuring of the water under the bow: else all was still. Then, almost as by magic, we were encompassed by a huge black ring. The surface of the lake, when we had reached the centre, was slightly luminous from the starlight; and the dark, even forest-line that surrounded us, doubled by reflection in the water, presenting a broad, unbroken belt of utter blackness. The effect was quite startling, like some huge conjurer's trick. It seemed as if we had crossed the boundary-line between the real and the imaginary, and this was indeed the land of shadows and of spectres. What magic oar was that the guide wielded that it could transport me to such a realm! Indeed, had I not committed some fatal mistake and left that trusty servant behind, and had not some wizard of the night stepped into his place? A slight splashing inshore broke the spell and caused me to turn nervously to the oarsman: "Musquash," said he, and kept straight on.

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After an hour's delay, and near midnight, we pushed out again. My vigilance and susceptibility were rather sharpened than dulled by the waiting; and the features of the night had also deepened and intensified. Night was at its meridian. The sky had that soft luminousness which may often be observed near midnight at this season, and the "large few stars" beamed mildly down. We floated out into that spectral shadow-land and moved slowly on as before. The silence was most impressive. Now and then the faint *yeap* of some travelling bird would come from the air overhead, or the wings of a bat *whisp* quickly by, or an owl hoot off in the mountains, giving to the silence and loneliness a tongue. At short intervals some noise inshore would startle me, and cause me to turn inquiringly to the silent figure in the stern.

The end of the lake was reached, and we turned back. The novelty and the excitement began to flag; tired nature began to assert her claims; the movement was soothing, and the gunner slumbered fitfully at his post. Presently something aroused me. "There's a deer," whispered the guide. The gun heard, and fairly jumped in my hand. Listening, there came the cracking of a limb followed by a sound as of something walking in shallow water. It proceeded from the other end of the lake, over against our camp. On we sped, noiselessly as ever, but with increased velocity. Presently, with a thrill of new intensity, I saw the boat was gradually heading in that direction. "Light the jack," said a soft whisper behind me. I fumbled nervously for a match, and dropped the first one. Another attempt, and the light took. The gentle motion fanned the blaze, and in

a moment a broad glare of light fell upon the water in front of us, while the boat remained in utter darkness.

By this time I had got beyond the nervous point, and had come round to perfect coolness and composure again, but preternaturally vigilant and keen. I was ready for any disclosures; not a sound was heard. In a few moments the trees along-shore were faintly visible. Every object put on the shape of a gigantic deer. A large rock looked just ready to bound away. The dry limbs of a prostrate tree were surely his antlers.

But what are those two luminous spots? Need the reader to be told what they were? In a moment the head of a real deer became outlined; then his neck and fore-shoulders; then his whole body. There he stood, up to his knees in the water, gazing fixedly at us, apparently arrested in the movement of putting his head down for a lily-pad, and evidently thinking it was some new-fangled moon sporting about there. "Let him have it," said my prompter,—and the crash came. There was a scuffle in the water, and a plunge in the woods. "He's gone," said I. "Wait a moment," said the guide, "and I will show you." Rapidly running the canoe ashore, we sprang out, and holding the jack aloft, explored the vicinity by its light. There, over the logs and brush, I caught the glimmer of those luminous spots again. But, poor thing! there was little need of the second shot, which was the unkindest cut of all, for the deer had already fallen to the ground, and was fast expiring. The success was but a very indifferent one, after all, as the victim turned out to be only an old doe, upon whom maternal cares had evidently worn heavily during the summer.

—John Burroughs.

IX.—THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace :
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy !

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell ;
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,—
Mason of his walls of clay,—
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans ! —

For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,

Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

—*John G. Whittier.*

X.—FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stockdove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,—
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills,—
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow,—
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

—*Robert Burns.*

XI.—ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

The tender piety with which Elizabeth of Hungary had been animated from her childhood, after her marriage took every day new developments, which in a short time merited for her the sweet and glorious title under which all Christendom now venerates her—that of *Patroness of the Poor*.

From her cradle she could not bear the sight of a poor person without feeling her heart pierced with grief, and now that her husband had granted her full liberty in all that concerned the honor of God and the good of her neighbor, she unreservedly abandoned herself to her natural inclination to solace the suffering members of Christ.

This was her ruling thought each hour and moment; to the use of the poor she dedicated all that she retrenched from the superfluities usually required by her sex and rank. Yet, notwithstanding the resources that the charity of her husband placed at her disposal, she gave away so quickly all that she possessed, that it often happened that she would despoil herself of her clothes in order to have the means of assisting the unfortunate.

But it was not alone by presents or with money that the young princess testified her love for the poor of

Christ; it was still more by personal devotion, by those tender and patient cares which are assuredly, in the sight of both God and the sufferers, the most holy and most precious alms. She applied herself to these duties with simplicity and unfailing gayety of manner. When the sick sought her aid, after relieving their wants, she would inquire where they lived, in order that she might visit them, and no distance, no roughness of road, could keep her from them.

She knew that nothing strengthened feelings of charity more than to penetrate into all that is positive and material in human misery. She sought out the huts most distant from her castle, which were often repulsive through filth and bad air; yet she entered these haunts of poverty in a manner at once full of devotion and familiarity. She herself carried what she thought would be necessary for their miserable inhabitants. She consoled them, far less by her generous gifts than by her sweet and affectionate words.

Elizabeth loved to carry secretly to the poor not only money, but provisions and other matters which she destined for them. She went, thus laden, by the winding and rugged paths that led from the castle to the city, and to cabins of the neighboring valleys. One day, when accompanied by one of her favorite maidens, as she descended from the castle, and carried under her mantle bread, meat, eggs, and other food to distribute to the poor, she suddenly encountered her husband, who was returning from hunting.

Astonished to see her thus toiling on, under the weight of her burden, he said to her, "Let us see what

you carry," and at the same time drew open the mantle which she held closely clasped to her bosom; but beneath it were only red and white roses, the most beautiful he had ever seen; and this astonished him, as it was no longer the season of flowers. Seeing that Elizabeth was troubled, he sought to console her by his caresses, but he ceased suddenly, on seeing over her head a luminous appearance in the form of a crucifix.

He then desired her to continue her route without being disturbed by him, and he returned to Wartburg, meditating with recollection on what God did for her, and carrying with him one of those wonderful roses, which he preserved all his life. At the spot where this meeting took place, he erected a pillar, surmounted by a cross, to consecrate forever the remembrance of that which he had seen hovering over the head of his wife.

—*Montalembert.*

XII.—GIVE FREELY.

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven ;

Give! as the waves when their channel is riven ;

Give! as the free air and sunshine are given ;

Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give :

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,

Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing ;

Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,

Wasting its waters forever and ever,

Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver ;

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.

Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring !
 What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring ?
 What if no blossom looks upward adoring ?
 Look to the Life that was lavished for thee !

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
 Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
 Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
 Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
 What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses ?
 What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes ?
 Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
 Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over ;
 Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
 Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover ;
 What shall thy longing avail in the grave ?
 Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
 Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
 Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
 Thou shalt know God, and the gift that He gave.
—Rose Terry Cooke.

XIII.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !

How often have I paused on every charm,—
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train—
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,

Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile ;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran—that he could gauge ;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

XIV.—AN AUTUMN SPECTACLE.

On a night, not appointed beforehand, we went to sleep in Bethlehem, New Hampshire. Ranges of mountains, solid, blue, and stately, hedged us round, yet left open for our untiring gaze so wide a circle that at its outer rim, even in clearest days, lingered a purple haze.

Near us were fields of brown ferns, scarlet cornels, and gray boulders frosted with myriad lichens; and woods, rich in all sorts of growths, soft underfoot with unnumbered mosses, and low flowering things. All this seemed enough, and we went to sleep content, but not expectant of more than we had had.

With the leisurely feeling that wraps solitary people, in the warm, autumn mountain weather, we set ourselves to begin the day, and by chance looked out of our window. Like children, at sight of a merry juggler's show, we shouted with delight, then drew long, silent breaths, with a bewilderment too like awe to find easy shape in words. O whence! O who! and how had their feet passed by so noiselessly? Who had touched with this enchantment every leaf of every tree which stood within our sight?

Every maple tree blazed at top with tint of scarlet, or cherry, or orange, or pale yellow. Every ash tree had turned from green to dark purple, or to pale straw-color. Every birch shimmered and quivered in the sun, as if gold pieces had been strung along its branches; bass-woods were flecked with white, beeches were brown and yellow, poplars were marked and spotted with vermilion, sumachs had become ladders, and bars, and fringes of

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fire; not a single tree was left of solid dark green, except the pines, the larches, and the firs, and they also seemed to have shared in the transformation, looking darker and greener than ever, as a setting for those masses of flashing color. Single trees in fields, near and far, looked like great hewn jewels: with light behind them, their tints flickered and waved as in transparent stones held up to the sun. When the wind shook them it was like nothing but the tremulousness of distant seas at sunset.

All this in one night! To north, to south, to east, to west, it was the same. Miles away, at the very foot of the farthest green mountains, shone the glory; within our hand's reach, at the neighbors' gates, stood the stately splendor.

With reverent eyes we went close into territory after territory; coming nearer we found that the scarlet or the claret, the crimson or the orange, which we had seen from the distance, was no longer scarlet, claret, crimson or orange, but all these and more than all of these, shading up and down and into each other by gradations indistinguishable and fine beyond all counting; alternating and interrupting each other with an infinity of change, almost like caprice or frolic.

Every day we said, "This will be the last;" and indeed, it was the last, bearing away with it its own tint of glory never to return. But the next was as beautiful, sometimes we thought more beautiful, except that the brilliance of the long royal line before it had dulled our sense. Bright days dazzled us and made us leap in their sun; gray days surprised us, revealing new tints and more gorgeous colors.

And there was a lesson in the sudden discovering, hour by hour, of tiny hidden leaves of unnoted things, underfoot in fields, tucked away in hedges, lying low even in edges of dusty roads, but bright and burnished as those loftiest in air. Strawberry leaves dappled with claret spots, or winey red with rims of yellow; raspberry and blackberry shoots as brilliant as maples; the odd little shovel-shaped sorrel leaves, a deep clear cherry just pricked with orange; patient old "hard-hack," sticking to its heavy plumes of seed, through thick and thin of wind,—its pretty oval leaves all tinted with delicate browns and yellows and pinks; "fireweed" with no two of its sharp, slender, spike-shaped leaves of a tint, some mottled, some scarlet, some yellow, some green;—all these we found, and more whose colors I cannot define, and whose names I do not know.

As I write the air is full of whirling leaves, brown, yellow, and red. The show is over. The winds, like noisy carpenters, are taking down the scenery. Soon the naked wood of the trees will be all that we shall see of last week's pomp and spectacle. But the next thing in beauty to a tree in full leaf, is a tree bare; its very exquisiteness of shape revealed, its hold on the sky seeming so unspeakably assured; the solemn grace of prophecy and promise which every slender twig bears in its tiny gray buds revealed.

Last night, as if in final symphony to the play, and grand prelude of winter, the color spirits took possession of the sky, and for three hours shook its very folds with the noiseless cadence of their motions. There they all were, the green, the pink, the fiery red, which we had dared to touch and pick in leaves, now floating and

dancing in disembodied ecstasy over our heads, wrapped and twined in very light of very light as in celestial garments.

From the zenith to the eastern, western, and northern horizon, no spot was dark. If there had been snow on the ground it would have been lit to redness as by fire. The village looked on in solemn silence; bare-headed men and women stood almost in awe at every threshold and gate. This also was such sight as had not been seen from their doors. The oldest man here does not remember such an aurora. It is hard to believe that Lapland itself ever saw one more weird, more beautiful.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

XV.—THE KING.

They rode right out of the morning sun—

A glimmering, glittering cavalcade
Of knights and ladies, and every one
In princely sheen arrayed ;
And the king of them all, O he rode ahead,
With a helmet of gold, and a plume of red
That spurted about in the breeze and bled
In the bloom of the everglade.

And they rode high over the dewy lawn,
With brave, glad banners of every hue,
That rolled in ripples, as they rode on
In splendor, two and two ;
And the tinkling links of the golden reins
Of the steeds they rode rang such refrains
As the castanets in a dream of Spain's
Intensest gold and blue.

And they rode and rode ; and the steeds they neighed
 And pranced, and the sun on their glossy hides
 Flickered and lightened and glanced and played
 Like the moon on rippling tides ;
 And their manes were silken, and thick and strong,
 And their tails were flossy, and fetlock-long,
 And jostled in time to the teeming throng,
 And their knightly song besides.

Clank of scabbard, and jingle of spur,
 And the fluttering sash of the queen wen. wild
 In the wind, and the proud king glanced at her
 As one at a wilful child,—
 And as knight and lady away they flew,
 And the banners flapped, and the falcon, too,
 And the lances flashed and the bugle blew,
 He kissed his hand and smiled.—

And then, like a slanting sunlit shower,
 The pageant glittered across the plain,
 And the turf spun back, and wild-weed flower
 Was only a crimson stain ;
 And a dreamer's eyes they are downward cast,
 As he blends these words with the wailing blast :
 "It is the King of the Year rides past !
 And Autumn is here again."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Reading the compositions of a great man unites our soul to his, it carries us away with him, inundates us with celestial brightness, elevates, enlarges and enlightens us. This is the sort of book we ought to read. A book may raise you up to heaven or degrade you to the lowest depths.

XVI.—MAGGIE TULLIVER VISITS THE GYPSIES.

The gypsies, Maggie considered, would gladly receive her and pay her much respect on account of her superior knowledge. She had once mentioned her views on this point to Tom, and suggested that he should stain his face brown and they should run away together; but Tom rejected the scheme with contempt, observing that gypsies were thieves and hardly got anything to eat and had nothing to drive but a donkey.

To-day, however, Maggie thought her misery had reached a point at which gypsydom was her only refuge; she would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies, and cruel Tom and the rest of her relations who found fault with her should never see her any more.

She thought of her father as she ran along, but she reconciled herself to the idea of parting with him by determining that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, and just let him know that she was well and happy and always loved him very much.

Maggie soon got out of breath with running and stopped to pant a little, reflecting that running away was not a pleasant thing until one had got quite to the common where the gypsies were. But her resolution had not abated; she presently passed through the gate into the lane, not knowing where it would lead her.

But at last Maggie actually saw the little semi-circular black tent, with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge.

She even saw a tall female figure by the column of smoke,—doubtless the gypsy mother, who provided the tea and other groceries; it was astonishing to herself that she did not feel more delighted.

It was plain she had attracted attention, for the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up in the new face rather tremblingly as it approached.

“My little lady, where are you going to?” the gypsy said, in a tone of coaxing deference.

It was delightful and just what Maggie expected; the gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

“Not any farther,” said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. “I’m come to stay with you, please.”

“That’s pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure,” said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, but wished she had not been so dirty.

There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy woman was seated on the ground; two small shock-headed children were lying prone and resting on their elbows, and a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent stolen hay.

The slanting sunlight fell kindly upon them, and the scene was very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the tea-cups. Everything would be quite charming when she had taught the gypsies to use a washing-basin and to feel an interest in books.

It was a little confusing, though, that the young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand, while the tall girl who was feeding the donkey sat up and stared at her without offering any salutation. At last the old woman said: "What, my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit ye down and tell us where you come from." It was just like a story; Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said: "I'm come from home because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you, if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

"Such a clever little lady," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie and allowing baby to crawl; "and such a pretty bonnet and frock," she added, taking off Maggie's bonnet and looking at it, while she made an observation in the unknown language to the old woman. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head hind-foremost, with a grin; but Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this subject.

"I don't want to wear a bonnet," she said; "I'd rather wear a red handkerchief like yours."

"Oh, what a nice little lady!—and rich, I'm sure," said the old woman. "Didn't you live in a beautiful house at home?"

"Yes, my home is pretty, and I'm very fond of the river where we go fishing; but I'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books, I've read them so many times, and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about geography, too—that's about the world we live in—very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?"

Maggie's eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to flush—she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies and gaining great influence over them. The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie's pocket, which the friend at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

"Is that where you live, my little lady?" said the old woman at the mention of Columbus.

"Oh, no!" said Maggie, with some pity; "Columbus was a very wonderful man who found out half the world, and they put chains on him, and treated him very badly, you know—it's in my catechism of geography—but perhaps it's rather too long to tell before tea. I want my tea so."

"Here's a bit of nice victual, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon. "Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; "but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don't like bacon." "We've no tea nor butter," said the old woman, with

something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

"Oh, a little bread and treacle would do," said Maggie.

"We've no treacle," said the old woman crossly; whereupon there followed a sharp dialogue between the two women in their unknown tongue, and one of the small children snatched at the bread and bacon and began to eat it.

At this moment the tall girl, who had gone a few yards off, came back and said something which produced a strong effect. The old woman, seeming to forget Maggie's hunger, poked the skewer into the pot with new vigor, and the younger crept under the tent and reached out some platters and spoons.

Maggie trembled a little and was afraid the tears would come into her eyes. But the springing tears were checked by a new terror when two men came up. The elder of the two carried a bag, which he flung down, addressing the women in a loud and scolding tone, while a black cur ran barking up to Maggie and threw her into a tremor.

Maggie felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people or ever communicate to them amusing and useful knowledge.

Both the men now seemed to be inquiring about Maggie, for they looked at her, and the tone of the conversation became of that kind which implies curiosity on one side and the power of satisfying it on the other. At last the younger woman said, in her coaxing tone:

"This nice little lady's come to live with us; aren't you glad?"

"Ay, very glad," said the younger, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. He returned them all, except the thimble, to the younger woman, and she immediately restored them to Maggie's pocket, while the men seated themselves and began to attack the contents of the kettle,—a stew of meat and potatoes,—which had been taken off the fire and turned out into a yellow platter.

Maggie began to think that Tom must be right about the gypsies; they must certainly be thieves, unless the man meant to return her thimble by and by. She would willingly have given it to him, for she was not at all attached to her thimble; but the idea that she was among thieves prevented her from feeling any comfort in the revival of attention toward her. All thieves except Robin Hood were wicked people. The woman saw that she was frightened.

"We've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman, in her coaxing tone. "And she's so hungry, sweet little lady."

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit of this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie, who, remembering that the old woman had seemed angry with her for not liking the bread and bacon, dared not refuse the stew, though fear had chased away her appetite.

If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giant-killer, or Mr. Great-heart, or St. George, who slew the dragon on the half-pennies, would happen to pass that way! But Maggie

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thought with a sinking heart that these heroes were never seen in the neighborhood of St. Ogg's. Nothing very wonderful ever came there.

Her ideas about the gypsies had undergone a rapid modification in the last five minutes. From having considered them very respectful companions, she had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark. It was no use trying to eat the stew, and yet the thing she most dreaded was to offend the gypsies.

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit, come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, trying to smile in a friendly way. "I haven't time, I think; it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and nice things."

Maggie rose from her seat; but her hope sank when the old gypsy woman said, "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady; we'll take you home, all safe, when we've done supper. You shall ride home like a lady."

Maggie sat down again, with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now, then, little missis," said the younger man, rising and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live; what's the name of the place?"

"Dorcote Mill is my home," said Maggie eagerly. "My father is Mr. Tulliver; he lives there."

"What! a big mill a little way this side of St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, it'll be getting dark; we must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be; you'll sec." He lifted Maggie as he spoke and set her on the donkey. "Here's your pretty bonnet," said the younger woman, putting that recently despised but now welcome article of costume on Maggie's head; "and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you were?" "Oh, yes, thank you," said Maggie. "I'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you'd go with me, too." She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone.

"Ah! you're fondest of me, aren't you?" said the woman. "But I can't go; you'll go too fast for me."

It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him. When the woman had patted her on the back and said "Good-bye," the donkey, at a strong hint from the man's stick, set off at a rapid walk along the lane toward the point Maggie had come from an hour ago. The tall girl and the rough urchin, also furnished with sticks, obligingly escorted them for the first hundred yards, with much screaming and thwacking.

Much terrified was poor Maggie in this entirely natural ride on a short-paced donkey, with a gypsy behind her, who considered that he was earning half a crown.

The red light of the setting sun seemed to have a portentous meaning, with which the alarming bray of the

second donkey with the log on its foot must surely have some connection.

Two low, thatched cottages—the only houses they passed in this lane—seemed to add to its dreariness; they had no windows to speak of, and the doors were closed. It was probable that they were inhabited by witches, and it was a relief to find that the donkey did not stop there.

At last—oh, sight of joy!—this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad highroad, where there was actually a coach passing! The gypsy really meant to take her home, then; he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she didn't like coming with him alone.

This idea became stronger as she felt more and more certain that she knew the road quite well, and she was considering how she might open a conversation with the injured gypsy when, as they reached a cross-road, Maggie caught sight of someone coming on a white-faced horse.

“Oh, stop, stop!” she cried out. “There's my father! O, father, father!”

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset and had not yet been home.

“Why, what's the meaning of this?” he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

“The little miss lost herself, I reckon,” said the gypsy. “She'd come to our tent at the far end of Dunlow Lane.

and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It's a good way to come after being on the tramp all day."

"O father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because I was so unhappy. Tom was so angry with me. I couldn't bear it." "Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Tulliver soothingly, "you mustn't think of running away from father. What would father do without his little girl?"

"Oh, no, I never will again, father—never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening. Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother or one taunt from Tom about her running away to the gypsies.

Maggie was rather awe-stricken by this unusual treatment and sometimes thought that her conduct had been too wicked to be alluded to.

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XVII.—MY PLAYMATE.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low ;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear ;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine ;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years ;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow ;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice :
Does she remember mine ?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow ;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee !

—*John G. Whittier.*

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of
angels, and have not charity [love], I am become as
sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

**XVIII.—ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE
ANGEL.**

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.”
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

XIX.—BENEDICTION.

The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the simplest rites of the Church. The priests enter and kneel down; one of them unlocks the tabernacle, takes out the Blessed Sacrament, inserts it upright in a monstrance of precious metal, and sets it in a conspicuous place above the altar, in the midst of lights, for all to see. The people then begin to sing; meanwhile the priest twice offers incense to the King of Heaven, before whom he is kneeling. Then he takes the monstrance in his hands, and turning to the people blesses them with

the Most Holy, in the form of a cross, while the bell is sounded by one of the attendants, to call attention to the ceremony. It is our Lord's solemn benediction of His people, as when He lifted up His hands over the children, or when He blessed His chosen ones when He ascended up from Mount Olivet. As sons might come before a parent before going to bed at night, so, once or twice a week, the great Catholic family comes before the eternal Father, after the bustle or toil of the day, and He smiles upon them, and sheds upon them the light of His countenance. It is a full accomplishment of what the priest invoked upon the Israelites: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace." Can there be a more touching rite, even in the judgment of those who do not believe in it? How many a man, not a Catholic, is moved, on seeing it, to say, "Oh, that I did but believe it!" when he sees the priest take up the Fount of Mercy, and the people bent low in adoration!

It is one of the most beautiful, natural, and soothing actions of the Church.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

XX.—THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
 But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more !
 Oh, cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me ?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me !
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood ?
 Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?
 Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure ?
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
 Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
 Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean !
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
 Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh !

—*Thomas Campbell.*

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There, in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

—Henry W. Longfellow.

XXII.—THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that it was not a duel, but a war—a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the

ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

- It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war—the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer, or die!" In the meanwhile, there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mother had charged him to return *with* his shield or *upon* it.

He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds. He drew near

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with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants ; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members ; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

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I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And probably there is not the fight recorded in the history of America that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

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I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea ; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns, as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

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I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to

the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some hospital, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

—*Henry D. Thoreau.*

Onward he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friends;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world is past.

XXIII.—THE DESTRUCTION OF
SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

—Lord Byron.

XXIV.—AN IDYL OF THE APPLE TREE.

It makes no difference that you have seen forty or fifty springs; each one is as new, every process is as fresh, and the charm as fascinating as if you had never witnessed a single one. Nature works the same things without seeming repetition. There, for instance, is the apple tree. Every year since our boyhood it has been doing the same thing; standing low to the ground, with a round and homely head, without an element of grandeur or poetry, except once a year. And the month of May finds the orchard no longer a plain, sober, business affair, but the gayest and most radiant frolicker of the year. We have seen human creatures whose ordinary life was dutiful and prosaic. But when some extraordinary excitement of grief, or, more likely, of deep love, had thoroughly mastered them, they broke forth into a richness of feeling, an inspiration of sentiment, that mounted up into the very kingdom of beauty, and for the transient hour they glowed with the very elements of poetry. And so to us seems an apple tree. From June to May, it is a homely, duty-performing, sober, matter-of-fact tree. But May seems to stir up a love heat in its veins. The old round-topped, crooked-trunked, and ungainly-boughed fellow drops all world-ways, and takes to itself a new idea of life. Those little stubbed spurs, that, all the year, had seemed like rheumatic fingers, or thumbs and fingers stiffened and stubbed by work, now are transformed. Forth put they a little head of buds, which a few rains and days of encouraging warmth solicit to a cluster of blossoms. At first rosy and pink, then opening purely white. And now, where is your

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homely old tree? All its crookedness is hidden by the sheets of blossoms. The whole top is changed to a royal dome. The literal, fruit-bearing tree is transformed, and glows with raiment whiter and purer than any white linen. It is a marvel and a glory! What if you have seen it before, ten thousand times over? An apple tree in full blossom is like a message, sent fresh from heaven to earth, of purity and beauty! We walk around it reverently and admiringly. We are never tired of looking at its profusion. Homely as it ordinarily is, yet now it speaks of the munificence of God better than any other tree. The oak proclaims strength and rugged simplicity. The hickory grown in open fields speaks a language of gentility. The pine is a solitary, stately fellow. Even in forests, each tree seems alone, and has a sad, Castilian-like pride. The elm is a prince. Grace and glory are upon its head. In our Northern fields it has no peer. But none of these speak such thoughts of abundance, such prodigal and munificent richness, such lavish, unsparing generosity, as this same plain and homely apple tree. The very glory of God seems resting upon it! If men will not admire, insects and birds will!

There, on the very topmost twig, that rises and falls with willowy motion, sits that ridiculous but sweet-singing bobolink, singing, as a Roman-candle fizzes, showers of sparkling notes. If you stand at noon under the tree, you are in a very bee-hive. The tree is musical. The blossoms seem, for a wonder, to have a voice! The odor is not a rank atmosphere of sweet. Like the cups from which it is poured, it is delicate and modest. You feel as if there were a timidity in it, that

asked your sympathy and yielded to solicitation. You do not take it whether you will or not, but, though it is abundant, you follow it rather than find it.

Is not this gentle reserve, that yields to real admiration, but hovers aloof from coarse or cold indifference, a beautiful trait in woman or apple tree ?

But was there ever such a spring ? Did orchards ever before praise God with such choral colors ? The whole landscape is aglow with orchard-radiance. The hill-sides, the valleys, the fields, are full of blossoming trees. The pear and cherry have shed their blossoms. The ground is white as snow with their flakes. But it is the high noon just now, on this eighteenth day of May, with the apple trees ! Let other trees boast their superiority in other months. But in the month of May, the very flower-month of the year, the crown and glory of all is the apple tree !

Therefore, in my calendar, hereafter, I do ordain that the name of this month be changed. Instead of May, let it henceforth be called in my kingdom, "The Month of the Apple-Blossom."

XXV.—GOING A-MAYING.

Get up, get up for shame ! the blooming Morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air ;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since ; yet you not drest,

Nay! not so much as out of bed?
 When all the birds have matins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns; 't is sin,
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
 When as a thousand virgins, on this day,
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.
 Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown or hair;
 Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you;
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
 Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.
 Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
 How each field turns a street, each street a park
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough,
 Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove;
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't?
 Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May;
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying. —*Robert Herrick.*

XXVI.—THE BLIND MARTYR.

Cæcilia, already forewarned, had approached the cemetery by a different but neighboring entrance. No sooner had she descended than she snuffed the strong odor of the torches. "This is none of our incense, I know," she said to herself; "the enemy is already within." She hastened, therefore, to the place of assembly, and delivered Sebastian's note; adding also what she had observed. It warned them to disperse, and seek the shelter of the inner and lower galleries; and begged of the Pontiff not to leave till he should send for him, as his person was particularly sought for.

Pancratius urged the blind messenger to save herself too. "No," she replied, "my office is to watch the door, and guide the faithful safe."

"But the enemy may seize you."

"No matter," she answered, laughing; "my being taken may save much worthier lives. Give me a lamp."

"Why, you cannot see by it," observed he, smiling.

"True; but others can."

"They may be your enemies."

"Even so," she answered; "I do not wish to be taken in the dark. If my Bridegroom come to me in the night of this cemetery, must he not find me with my lamp trimmed?"

Off she started, reached her post, and hearing no noise except that of quiet footsteps, she thought they were those of friends, and held up her lamp to guide them.

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When the party came forth with their only captive, Fulvius was perfectly furious. It was more than a total failure—it was ridiculous—a poor mouse come out of the bowels of the earth. He stood before her, put on his most searching and awful look, and said to her, sternly, "Look at me, woman, and tell me the truth."

"I must tell you the truth without looking at you, sir," answered the poor girl, with her cheerfulest smile, and softest voice; "do you not see that I am blind?"

"Blind!" all exclaimed at once, as they crowded to look at her. But over the features of Fulvius there passed the slightest possible emotion, just as much as the wave that runs, pursued by a playful breeze, over the ripe meadow. A knowledge had flashed into his mind, a clue had fallen into his hands.

"It will be ridiculous," he said, "for twenty soldiers to march through the city, guarding a blind girl. Return to your quarters, and I will see you are well rewarded. You, Corvinus, take my horse, and go before to your father, and tell him all. I will follow in a carriage with the captive."

When alone in a carriage with her, he assumed a soothing tone, and addressed her. "My poor girl," he said, "how long have you been blind?" "All my life," she replied. "What is your history? Whence do you come?"

"I have no history. - My parents were poor, and brought me to Rome, when I was four years old, as they came to pray, in discharge of a vow made for my life in early sickness. They left me in charge of a pious lame woman, while they went to their devotions. It

was on that memorable day when many Christians were buried at the tomb, by earth and stones cast down on them. My parents had the happiness to be among them."

"And how have you lived since?"

"God became my only father then, and his Catholic Church my Mother. The one feeds the birds of the air, the other nurses the weaklings of the flock. I have never wanted for anything since."

After a pause, looking at her steadfastly, he said, "Do you know whither you are going?"

"Before the judge of earth, I suppose, who will send me to my Spouse in heaven."

"And so calmly?" he asked, in surprise; for he could see no token from the soul to the countenance but a smile.

"So joyfully, rather," was her brief reply.

Having got all that he desired, he consigned his prisoner to Corvinus, and left her to her fate. It had been a cold and drizzling day, like the preceding evening. And while the prefect had been compelled to sit in-doors, where no great crowd could collect, as hours had passed away without any arrest, trial, or tidings, most of the curious had left, and only a few more persevering remained past the hour of afternoon recreation in the public gardens. But just before the captive arrived a fresh knot of spectators came in, and stood near one of the side-doors, from which they could see all.

As Corvinus had prepared his father for what he was to expect, Tertullus, moved with some compassion, and imagining there could be little difficulty in overcoming

the obstinacy of a poor, ignorant, blind beggar, requested the spectators to remain perfectly still, that he might try his persuasion on her, alone, as she would imagine, with him; and he threatened heavy penalties on any one who should presume to break the silence.

“What is thy name, child?”

“Cæcelia.”

“It is a noble name; has thou it from thy family?”

“No; I am not noble; except because my parents, though poor, died for Christ. As I am blind, those who took care of me called me Cæca (blind), and then, out of kindness, softened it into Cæcelia.”

“But, now, give up all this folly of the Christians, who have kept thee only poor and blind. Honor the decrees of the divine emperors, and offer sacrifice to the gods; and thou shalt have riches, and fine clothes, and good fare; and the best physicians shall try to restore thee thy sight.”

“You must have better motives to propose to me than these; for the very things for which I most thank God and His Divine Son, are those which you would have me put away.”

“How dost thou mean?”

“I thank God that I am poor and meanly clad, and fare not daintily; because by all these things I am the more like Jesus Christ, my only Spouse.”

“Foolish girl!” interrupted the judge, losing patience a little; “hast thou learnt all these silly delusions already? At least thou canst not thank thy God that He has made thee sightless?”

"For that, more than all the rest, I thank Him daily and hourly with all my heart."

"How so? dost thou think it a blessing never to have seen the face of a human being, or the sun, or the earth? What strange fancies are these?"

"They are not so, most noble sir. For in the midst of what you call darkness, I see a spot of what I must call light, it contrasts so strongly with all around. It is to me what the sun is to you, which I know to be local from the varying direction of its rays. And this object looks upon me as with a countenance of intensest beauty, and smiles upon me as ever. And I know it to be that of Him whom I love with undivided affection. I would not for the world have its splendor dimmed by a brighter sun, nor its wondrous loveliness confounded with the diversities of other features, nor my gaze on it drawn aside by earthly visions. I love Him too much, not to wish to see Him always alone."

"Come, come; let me hear no more of this silly prattle. Obey the Emperor at once, or I must try what a little pain will do. That will soon tame thee."

"Pain!" she echoed, innocently.

"Yes, pain. Has thou never felt it? hast thou never been hurt by any one in thy life?"

"Oh, no; Christians never hurt one another."

The rack was standing, as usual, before him; and he made a sign to Catulus to place her upon it. The executioner pushed her back on it by her arms; and as she made no resistance, she was easily laid extended on its wooden couch. The loops of the ever-ready ropes were in a moment passed round her ankles, and her

arms drawn over the head. The poor sightless girl saw not who did all this; she knew not but it might be the same person who had been conversing with her. If there had been silence hitherto, men now held their very breath, while Cæcelia's lips moved in earnest prayer.

"Once more, before proceeding further, I call on thee to sacrifice to the gods, and escape cruel torments," said the judge, with a sterner voice.

"Neither torments nor death," firmly replied the victim, tied to the altar, "shall separate me from the love of Christ. I can offer up no sacrifice but to the one living God, and its ready oblation is myself."

The prefect made a signal to the executioner, and he gave one rapid whirl to the two wheels of the rack, round the windlasses of which the ropes were wound; and the limbs of the maiden were stretched with a sudden jerk, which though not enough to wrench them from their sockets, as a further turn would have done, sufficed to inflict an excruciating, or more truly, a racking pain, through all her frame. Far more grievous was this from the preparation and the cause of it being unseen, and from that additional suffering which darkness inflicts. A quivering of her features and a sudden paleness alone gave evidence of her suffering.

"Ha! ha!" the judge exclaimed, "thou feelest that! Come, let it suffice; obey and thou shalt be freed."

She seemed to take no heed of his words, but gave vent to her feelings in prayer: "I thank thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that thou hast made me suffer pain the first time for thy sake. I have loved thee in peace; I have loved thee in comfort; I have loved thee in joy;

and now in pain I love thee still more. How much sweeter it is to be like thee, stretched upon thy cross even, than resting upon the hard couch at the poor man's table!"

"Thou triflest with me!" exclaimed the judge, thoroughly vexed, "and makest light of my lenity. We will try something stronger. Here, Catulus, apply a lighted torch to her sides."

A thrill of disgust and horror ran through the assembly, which could not help sympathizing with the poor blind creature. A murmur of suppressed indignation broke out from all sides of the hall.

Cæcilia, for the first time, learnt that she was in the midst of a crowd. A crimson glow of modesty rushed into her brow, her face, and neck, just before white as marble. The angry judge checked the rising gush of feeling; and all listened in silence, as she spoke again, with warmer earnestness than before:

"O my dear Lord and Spouse! I have been ever true and faithful to thee! Let me suffer pain and torture for thee; but spare me confusion from human eyes. Let me come to thee at once; not covering my face with my hands in shame, when I stand before thee."

Another muttering of compassion was heard.

"Catulus!" shouted the baffled judge, in fury, "do your duty, sirrah! What are you about, fumbling all day with that torch?"

"It is too late. She is dead."

"Dead!" cried out Tertullus; "dead with one turn of the wheel? Impossible!"

Catulus gave the rack a turn backwards, and the body remained motionless. It was true ; she had passed from the rack to the throne, from the scowl of the judge's countenance to her Spouse's welcoming embrace. Had she breathed out her pure soul, as a sweet perfume, in the incense of her prayer, or had her heart been unable to get back its blood, from the intensity of that first virginal blush ?

—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

XXVII.—UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold ; her face is white ;
 No more her pulses come and go ;
 Her eyes are shut to life and light ;
 Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
 And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
 To plead for tears with alien eyes ;
 A slender cross of wood alone
 Shall say, that here a maiden lies
 In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
 Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
 To make the scorching sunlight dim
 That drinks the greenness from the ground,
 And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
 And through their leaves the robins call,
 And, ripening in the autumn sun,
 The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
 Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of Spring,
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,
So may the soul that warmed it rise !

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below ?
Say only this : A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

XXVIII.—THE FIG-MERCHANT.

“In the name of the Prophet, figs !”
Through the drowse of the noon afar
Came droning the Arab vendor’s cry
As he threaded the thronged bazaar.
With the courage that comes of faith,
He neither had thought nor care,
Though the lip of the scornful Greek might curl,
Or the insolent Frank might stare.

“In the name of the Prophet, figs !”
A traveller, loitering near,
Half screened in a niche’s deep recess,
Turned languidly ’round to hear.

But scarce had the Arab passed,
Ere a ripple, that seemed a sigh,
Blurred faintly the calm of his lip, and broke
In a haze on his dreaming eye.

“In the name of the Prophet, figs!”
He listened with downcast face.
“This Moslem,” he said, “is brave to own
His creed in the market-place;
While I, with supremest trust
And a hope that can know no shame,
Not once in the midst of this multitude
Have thought of my Prophet’s name.

“In the name of the Prophet, figs!’
No vagueness about the way
He honors the slow muezzin call,
When his hour has come to pray.
It matters not where he be,
His worship his faith reveals;
Would I have the manhood, amid these crowds,
To kneel as the Arab kneels?

“In the name of the Prophet, figs!’
It sinks to an echo sweet,
Yet floats to me back with a pungent sting
Of reproach in this foreign street.
It bids that, with faith as bold
As the Moslem’s, I bravely do
All things whatever, or great or small,
In the name of my Prophet, too!”

A clear conscience is better than untold riches.

XXIX.—IN THE GREAT FUR-LAND.

There come calms upon the prairie-ocean—days when an infinite silence broods over the trackless expanse, when the Mirage of the Desert plays strange freaks of inverted shore-land. It is the moment following the sunrise of such a day. A deeper stillness steals over the earth, and in its solemn hush colors of wondrous hue rise and spread along the horizon. The earth stands inverted in the sky; the capes and promontories of the prairie-ocean are etched, in deeper lines than graver ever drew, upon the blue above; the poplar and aspen islands which dot the plain, float bottom upwards, anchored by great, golden threads in a sea of emerald, and orange, and blue, mingled and interwoven together.

Dwellings twenty and thirty miles distant seem but a few rods away; the gliding dog-sledges, out of sight over the plain, are transferred to the sky, and seem steering their sinuous courses through the clear ether; far away, seemingly beyond and above all, one broad flash of crimson light, the sun's first gift, reddens upward toward the zenith.

The mirages of the plains are of wondrous beauty; every feature of the landscape seems limned with supernatural distinctness. We have seen, a moment after sunrise on a winter's morn, a little hamlet, thirty miles away, defined against the sky with a minuteness of detail not excelled by a steel engraving. We have seen men at nearly the same distance photographed so microscopically as to enable us to describe their wearing apparel; and have distinguished the gambollings of dogs and other animals upon the snow.

The ordinary phenomena of the mirage—the simple drawing of a distant landscape near the spectator—are of almost daily occurrence at some seasons of the year. Objects far beyond the range of the naked eye seem but a few rods distant; beautiful, waveless, nameless lakes glimmer in uncertain shore-line, and in shadow of inverted hill-top; the aspen groves seem standing with their trunks half buried in the water.

At times, when the atmospheric conditions are perfect, the whole landscape within the range of vision seems but an optical delusion; everything about one is uncertain, unreal. The mirage begins but a few yards distant from one, and shifts and merges into new forms like the changing colors of a kaleidoscope. At such times the inexperienced traveller is all at sea; he pursues one Will-o'-the-wisp but to involve himself in another, and becomes hopelessly and irretrievably lost.

To the plain-dweller, however, all the myriad features of the prairie are but so many guide-boards pointing out his destination. He who runs may read. He has the sun by day, the moon and the stars by night. The turning of a blade of grass points him east and west; the bark of every tree north and south; the birds of the air forecast the weather for him. He sees a twig broken, and it tells the story of a passing animal; an upturned pebble on the beach marks the hour when the animal drank. He will distinguish the trail of a waggon over the prairie years after it has passed; the grass, he says, never grows the same.

There is not a sigh or sough of the restless wind that is unintelligible to him. He will take a straight course

in one direction over the plain, where no landmarks can be seen, in days when the sun is not shining, nor a breath of air stirring. Yet he cannot explain the power he possesses, and considers it a natural faculty. The half-breed or Indian never gets lost. If he be overtaken by a storm upon the plain, his escape becomes simply a question of physical endurance.

—Anon.

XXX.—THE FOREST FIRE.

The night was grim and still with dread ;
No star shone down from heaven's dome ;
The ancient forest closed around
The settler's lonely home.

There came a glare that lit the north ;
There came a wind that roused the night ;
But child and father slumbered on,
Nor felt the growing light.

There came a noise of flying feet,
With many a strange and dreadful cry ;
And sharp flames crept and leapt along
The red verge of the sky.

There came a deep and gathering roar,
The father raised his anxious head ;
He saw the light, like a dawn of blood,
That streamed across his bed.

It lit the old clock on the wall,
It lit the room with splendor wild,
It lit the fair and tumbled hair
Of the still sleeping child ;

And zigzag fence, and rude log barn,
And chip-strewn yard, and cabin gray,
Glowed crimson in the shuddering glare
Of that untimely day.

The boy was hurried from his sleep ;
The horse was hurried from his stall ;
Up from the pasture-clearing came
The cattle's frightened call.

The boy was snatched to the saddle-bow.
Wildly, wildly the father rode.
Behind them swooped the hordes of flame
And harried their abode.

The scorching heat was at their heels ;
The huge roar hounded them in their flight ;
Red smoke and many a flying brand
Flew o'er them through the night.

And past them fled the wildwood forms—
Far-striding moose, and leaping deer,
And bounding panther, and coursing wolf,
Terrible-eyed with fear.

And closer drew the fiery death ;
Madly, madly, the father rode ;
The horse began to heave and fail
Beneath the double load.

The father's mouth was white and stern,
 But his eyes grew tender with long farewell,
 He said: "Hold fast to your seat, Sweetheart,
 And ride old Jerry well.

"I must go back. Ride on to the river.
 Over the ford and the long marsh ride,
 Straight on to the town, and I'll meet you, Sweetheart,
 Somewhere on the other side."

He slipped from the saddle. The boy rode on,
 His hand clung fast to the horse's mane;
 His hair blew over the horse's neck;
 His small throat sobbed with pain.

"Father, father," he cried aloud.
 The howl of the fire-wind answered him
 With the hiss of soaring flames, and crash
 Of shattering limb on limb.

But still the good horse galloped on,
 With sinew braced and strength renewed,
 The boy came safe to the river ford,
 And out of the deadly wood.

And now with his kinsfolk, fenced from fear,
 At play in the heart of the city's hum,
 He stops in his play to wonder why
 His father does not come.

—Chas. G. D. Roberts (by permission of the author).

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace
 in his home.

XXXI.—THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen, into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they paused, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored rings about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on resistless he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was, Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell Papa so!"

By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and re-passing; and would fall asleep or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch *you* now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

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He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble downstairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centred in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it, now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying—for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him, yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

“Floy, did I ever see Mamma?”

“No, darling, why?”

“Did I ever see any kind face, like Mamma’s, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?” He asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

“Oh yes, dear?”

“Whose, Floy?”

“Your old nurse’s. Often.”

“And where is my old nurse?” said Paul, “Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?”

Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names. "And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind, good face!" said Paul! "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here. Now lay me down," he said, "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But 'tis very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and

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how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

“Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!”

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

Oh thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

—*Charles Dickens.*

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

XXXII.—THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O stream descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flowerets blow, the grasses grow,
The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the laborers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,
Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee?

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind him. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.

XXXIII.—DICKENS IN CAMP.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of " Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall ;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with " Nell " on English meadows
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire ;
 And he who wrought that spell ?—
 Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
 Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp ! but let its fragrant story
 Blend with the breath that thrills
 With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
 That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
 And laurel wreaths entwine,
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
 This spray of Western pine !

—*Bret Harte.*

XXXIV.—THE MASS.

To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present in the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope and the interpretation of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends. They are

not mere addresses to the throne of grace. They are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission.

Quickly they go, the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice—they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, "What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass; for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of man. Quickly they pass; for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord as he passed by: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and generous, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." And as Moses on the mountain, so we too "make haste, and bow our heads to the earth, and adore."

So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, "waiting for the moving of the water," each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its

consummation—not painfully and hopelessly, following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him.

There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

XXXV.—STEP BY STEP.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
 That a noble deed is a step toward God,
 Lifting the soul from the common clod
 To a purer air and a fairer view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
 By what we have mastered of good or gain ;
 By the pride deposed, or the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light ;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray ;
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of earthly things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings are for angels, but feet for men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way ;
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
But the dreams depart and the ladder falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—*J. G. Holland.*

Religion, far from asking any sacrifice that an honest man would regret, adds a charm to his duties and gains for him two inestimable advantages—peace during life, and hope in his last moments.

XXXVI.—AN APRIL DAY.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fulness down ;
All day that soft gray mist hath wrapped
Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of nature ;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature :

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing ;—
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound,
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground ;

For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth ; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs ;

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing ;
E'en now, upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air,
Are all with fragrance rife ;
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores !
Those earth-rejoicing drops !
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops ;

And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo ! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud
Comes down the glittering rain :
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

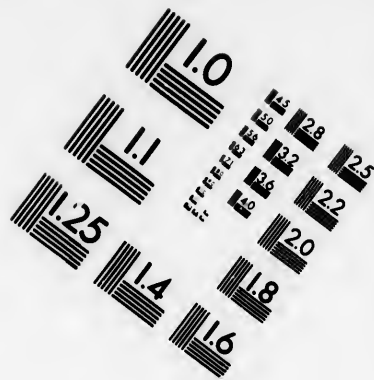
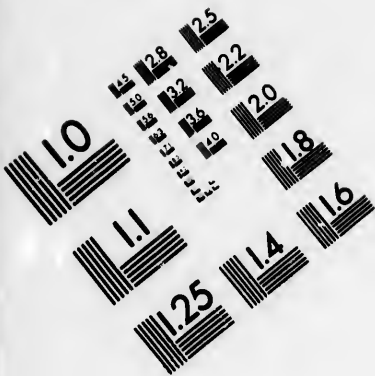
—*Caroline A. B. Southey.*

XXXVII.—BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR.

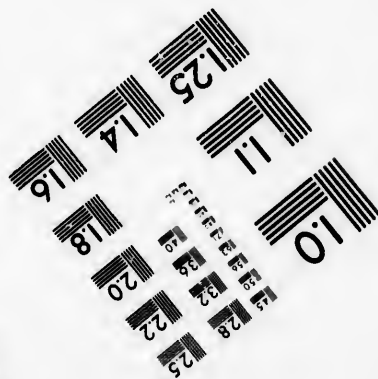
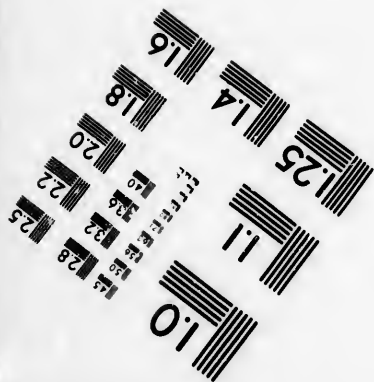
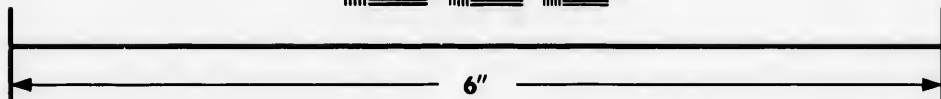
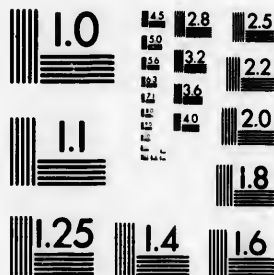
The clock was on the stroke of eleven as Monmouth rode out from the inn where he was quartered, and trotted with his staff down the High Street. All cheering had been forbidden, but waving caps and brandished arms spoke the ardor of his devoted followers.

A dense haze lay over the moor, gathering thickly in the hollows, and veiling both the town which we had left and the villages which we were approaching. Now and again it would lift for a few moments, and then I could see in the moonlight the long black writhing line





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of the army, with the shimmer of steel playing over it, and the rude white standards flapping in the night breeze.

Very slowly and silently we crept on through the dense fog, our feet splashing and slipping in the sodden soil. With all the care which we could take, the advance of so great a number of men could not be conducted without a deep sonorous sound from the thousands of marching feet. Ahead of us were splotches of ruddy light twinkling through the fog which marked the Royal watch-fires. Immediately in front in a dense column our own horse moved forwards. Of a sudden out of the darkness there came a sharp challenge and a shout, with the discharge of a carbine and the sound of galloping hoofs. Away down the line we heard a ripple of shots. The first line of outposts had been reached. At the alarm our horse charged forward with a huzza, and we followed them as fast as our men could run. We had crossed two or three hundred yards of moor, and could hear the blowing of the Royal bugles quite close to us, when our horse came to a sudden halt, and our whole advance was at a standstill.

"It is no use," cried a cornet of horse, wringing his hands; "we are undone and betrayed. There is a broad ditch without a ford in front of us, full twenty feet across!"

All down the rebel line a fierce low roar of disappointment and rage showed that the whole army had met the same obstacle which hindered our attack. On the other side of the ditch the drums beat, the bugles screamed, and the shouts of the officers could be heard as they

marshalled their men. Glancing lights in hamlets to left and right, showed how fast the alarm was extending.

"For whom are ye?" shouted a hoarse voice out of the haze.

"For the King!" roared the peasants in answer.

"For which King?" cried the voice.

"For King Monmouth!"

"Let them have it, lads!" and instantly a storm of musket bullets whistled and sung about our ears. As the sheet of flame sprang out of the darkness the maddened, half-broken horses dashed wildly away across the plain, resisting the efforts of the riders to pull them up. There are some, indeed, who say that those efforts were not very strong, and that our troopers, disheartened at the check at the ditch, were not sorry to show their heels to the enemy. Away they went, however, thundering through the ranks of the foot and out over the moor, leaving their companions to bear the whole brunt of the battle.

"On to your faces, men!" shouted Saxon, in a voice which rose high above the crash of the musketry and the cries of the wounded. The pikemen and scythesmen threw themselves down at his command, while the musketeers knelt in front of them, loading and firing, with nothing to aim at save the burning matches of the enemy's pieces, which could be seen twinkling through the darkness. All along, both to the right and the left, a rolling fire had broken out, coming in short, quick volleys from the soldiers, and in a continuous confused rattle from the peasants. On the farther wing our four

guns had been brought into play, and we could hear their dull growling in the distance.

Our musketeers had been brought to the very edge of the Bussex Rhine, and the Royal troops had also advanced as far as they were able, so that there were not five pike-lengths between the lines. Yet that short distance was so impassable that, save for the mere deadly fire, a quarter of a mile might have divided us. So near were we that the burning wads from the enemy's muskets flew in flakes of fire over our heads and we felt upon our faces the hot, quick flush of their discharges. Yet, though the air was alive with bullets, the aim of the soldiers was too high for our kneeling ranks, and very few of the men were struck. For our part, we did what we could to keep the barrels of our muskets from inclining upwards.

The gray light of morning was stealing over the moor, and still the fight was undecided. The fog hung about us in feathery streaks, and the smoke from our guns drifted across in a dun-colored cloud, through which the long lines of red coats upon the other side of the rhine loomed up like a battalion of giants. My eyes ached and my lips pringed with the smack of the powder. On every side of me men were falling fast, for the increased light had improved the aim of the soldiers. Everywhere the dead lay thick amid the living.

Ever and anon as the light waxed I could note through the rifts in the smoke and the fog how the fight was progressing in other parts of the field. Along the borders of the Bussex Rhine a deep fringe of their musketeers were exchanging murderous volleys, almost

muzzle to muzzle with the left wing of the same regiment with which we were engaged. On either bank of the black trench a thick line of dead, brown on the one side, and scarlet on the other, served as a screen to their companions, who sheltered themselves behind them and rested their musket-barrels upon their prostrate bodies. To the left amongst the withies lay five hundred miners, singing lustily, but so ill-armed that they had scarce one gun among ten wherewith to reply to the fire which was poured into them. They could not advance, and they would not retreat, so they sheltered themselves as best they might, and waited patiently until their leaders might decide what was to be done. Farther down for half a mile or more the long rolling cloud of smoke, with petulant flashes of flame spurting out through it, showed that everyone of our raw regiments was bearing its part manfully. The cannon on the left had ceased firing. The Dutch gunners had left the Islanders to settle their own quarrels, and were scampering back to Bridgewater, leaving their silent pieces to the Royal Horse.

Out of the haze which still lay thick upon our right there twinkled here and there a bright gleam of silvery light, while a dull thundering noise broke upon our ears like that of the surf upon a rocky shore. More and more frequent came the fitful flashes of steel, louder and yet louder grew the hoarse gathering tumult, until of a sudden the fog was rent, and the long lines of the Royal cavalry broke out from it, wave after wave, rich in scarlet and blue and gold, as grand a sight as ever the eye rested upon. There was something in the smooth steady sweep of so great a body of horsemen which gave the feeling of irresistible power. Rank after rank, and

line after line, with waving standards, tossing manes, and gleaming steel, they poured onwards, an army in themselves, with either flank still shrouded in the mist. As they thundered along, knee to knee and bridle to bridle, there came from them such a gust of deep-chested oaths with the jangle of harness, the clash of steel, and the measured beat of multitudinous hoofs, that no man who hath not stood up against such a whirlwind, with nothing but a seven-foot pike in his hand, can know how hard it is to face it with a steady lip and a firm grip.

What hope is there to describe such a scene as that—the crashing of wood, the sharp gasping cries, the snorting of horses, the jar when the push of pike met with the sweep of sword! Who can hope to make another see that of which he himself carries away so vague and dim an impression? One who has acted in such a scene gathers no general sense of the whole combat, such as might be gained by a mere onlooker, but he has stamped for ever upon his mind just the few incidents which may chance to occur before his own eyes. Thus my memories are confined to a swirl of smoke with steel caps and fierce eager faces breaking through it, with the red gaping nostrils of horses and their pawing fore-feet as they recoiled from the hedge of steel. I see, too, a young beardless lad an officer of dragoons, crawling on hands and knees under the scythes, and I hear his groan as one of the peasants pinned him to the ground. I see a bearded broad-faced trooper riding a grey horse just outside the fringe of the scythes, seeking for some entrance, and screaming the while with rage. Small things imprint themselves upon a man's notice at such a time. I even marked the man's strong white teeth and

pink gums. At the same time I see a white-faced, thin-lipped man leaning far forward over his horse's neck and driving at me with his sword point. All these images start up as I think of that fierce rally, during which I hacked and cut and thrust at man and horse without a thought of parry or of guard. All round rose a fierce babel of shouts and cries, godly ejaculations from the peasants and oaths from the horsemen, with Saxon's voice above all imploring his pikemen to stand firm. Then the cloud of horsemen recoiled, circling all over the plain, and the shout of triumph from my comrades proclaimed that we had seen the back of as stout squadrons as ever followed a kettledrum.

But if we could claim it as a victory the army in general could scarce say as much. None but the very pick of the troops could stand against the flood of heavy horses and steel-clad men.

It needed no great amount of soldierly experience to see that the battle was lost, and that Monmouth's cause was doomed. It was broad daylight now though the sun had not yet risen. Our cavalry was gone, our ordnance was silent, our line was pierced in many places, and more than one of our regiments had been destroyed. In front a steady fire was being poured into us, to which our reply was feeble and uncertain, for the powder carts had gone astray in the dark, and many were calling hoarsely for ammunition, while others were loading with pebbles instead of ball. Add to this that the regiments which still held their ground had all been badly shaken by the charge, and had lost a third of their number. Yet the brave clowns sent up cheer after cheer, and shouted words of encouragement and homely jests to

each other, as though a battle were but some rough game which must as a matter of course be played out while there was a player left to join in it.

"Stand to your pikes, men!" roared Saxon in a voice of thunder, and we had scarce time to form our square and throw ourselves inside of it, before the whirlwind of horse was upon us once more. Where the Taunton men had joined us a weak spot had been left in our ranks, and through this in an instant the Blue Guards smashed their way, pouring through the opening, and cutting fiercely to right and left. The Burghers on the one side, and our own men on the other replied by savage stabs from their pikes and scythes, which emptied many a saddle, but while the struggle was at its hottest the King's cannon opened for the first time with a deafening roar upon the other side of the rhine, and a storm of balls ploughed their way through our dense ranks, leaving furrows of dead and wounded behind them. At the same moment a great cry of "Powder! For Christ's sake, powder!" arose from the musketeers whose last charge had been fired. Again the cannon roared, and again our men were mowed down as though death himself with his scythe were amongst us. At last our ranks were breaking. In the very centre of the pikemen steel caps were gleaming, and broadswords rising and falling. The whole body was swept back two hundred paces or more, struggling furiously the while, and was there mixed with other like bodies which had been dashed out of all semblance of military order, and yet refused to fly. Men trodden down by horse, slashed by dragoons, dropping by scores under the rain of bullets, still fought on with a dogged, desperate courage, for a ruined cause

and a man who had deserted them. Everywhere as I glanced around me were set faces, clenched teeth, yells of rage and defiance, but never a sound of fear or of submission. Some clambered up upon the cruppers of the riders and dragged them backwards from their saddles. Others lay upon their faces and hamstringed the chargers with their scythe-blades, stabbing the horsemen before they could disengage themselves. Again and again the guards crashed through them from side to side, and yet the shattered ranks closed up behind them and continued the long-drawn struggle. So hopeless was it, and so pitiable that I could have found it in my heart to wish that they would break and fly, were it not that on the broad moor there was no refuge which they could make for. And all this time, while they struggled and fought, blackened with powder and parched with thirst, spilling their blood as though it were water, the man who called himself their King was spurring over the countryside with a loose rein and a quaking heart, his thoughts centred upon saving his own neck, come what might to his gallant followers.

Large numbers of the foot fought to the death, neither giving nor receiving quarter, but at last, scattered, broken, and without ammunition, the main body of the peasants dispersed and fled across the moor, closely followed by the horse.

And now it was every man for himself. In no part of the field did the insurgents continue to resist. The first rays of the sun shining slantwise across the great dreary plain lit up the long line of the scarlet battalions, and glittered upon the cruel swords which rose and fell among the struggling drove of resistless fugitives.

—From "Micah Clarke," Conan Doyle (by permission of the Publishers).

XXXVIII.—SONG OF THE CAMP.

“ Give us a song,” the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
“ We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery’s side,
Below the smoking cannon ;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain’s glory ;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang “ Annie Laurie.”

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier’s cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot—and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

XXXIX.—IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

Young as the youngest who donned the grey,
True as the truest that wore it,
Brave as the bravest he marched away
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay),
Triumphant waved our flag one day—
He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest, where duty led,
He hurried without a falter ;
Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red—
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain
(His mother dreams they will meet again),
The fairest form amid all the slain,
Like a child asleep he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the wood that swept
The field where his comrades found him,
They buried him there—and the big tears crept
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept
(His mother—God pity her—smiled and slept,
Dreaming her arms were around him).

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother—
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone ;
There is not a name, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the winds maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,—
But his memory lives in the other.

—*Father Ryan.*

XL.—THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

“Look from that window, Roland,” said the Queen ;
“see you amongst the several lights which begin to
kindle, and to glimmer palely through the gray of the
evening, from the village of Kinross—seest thou, I say,
one solitary spark apart from the others, and nearer, it
seems, to the verge of the water? It is no brighter, at
this distance, than the torch of the poor glow-worm, and

yet, my good youth, that light is more dear to Mary Stuart than every star that twinkles in the blue vault of heaven.

"By that signal I know that more than one true heart is plotting my deliverance; and, without that consciousness, and the hope of freedom it gives me, I had long since stooped to my fate, and died of a broken heart. Plan after plan has been formed and abandoned, but still the light glimmers; and while it glimmers, my hope lives. Oh, how many evenings have I sat musing in despair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping that I should again see that blessed signal, when it has suddenly kindled, brought hope and consolation, where there was only dejection and despair!" "If I mistake not," answered Roland, "the candle shines from the house of Blinkhoolie, the gardener."

"Thou hast a good eye," said the Queen; "it is there where my trusty lieges—God and the saints pour blessings on them!—hold consultation for my deliverance. The voice of a wretched captive would die on these blue waters, long ere it could mingle in their council; and yet I can hold communication—I will confide the whole to thee—I am about to ask those faithful friends if the moment for the great attempt is nigh. Place the lamp in the window Fleming." She obeyed, and immediately withdrew it. No sooner had she done so than the light in the cottage of the gardener disappeared. "Now count," said Queen Mary, "for my heart beats so thick that I cannot count myself." The Lady Fleming began deliberately to count one, two, three, and, when she had arrived at ten, the light on the shore again showed its pale twinkle.

"Now our lady be praised!" said the Queen. The hour of deliverance approaches. May God bless those who labor in it with such truth to me!—alas! with such hazard to themselves—and bless you, too, my children!"

They separated till again called together by the tolling of the curfew.

The keys had, with the wonted ceremonial, been presented to the Lady Lochleven. She stood with her back to the casement, which, like that of the queen's apartment, commanded a view of Kinross, with the church, which stands at some distance from the town, and nearer to the lake, then connected with the town by straggling cottages. With her back to the casement, then, and her face to the table, on which the keys lay for an instant, while she tasted the various dishes which were placed there, stood the Lady of Lochleven, more provokingly intent than usual—so, at least, it seemed to her prisoners—upon the huge and heavy bunch of iron, the implements of their restraint.

Just when, having finished her ceremony as taster of the Queen's table, she was about to take up the keys, the page, who stood beside her, and had handed her the dishes in succession, looked sideways to the churchyard, and exclaimed he saw corpse-candles in the vault. The Lady Lochleven was not without a touch, though a slight one, of the superstitions of the time; the fate of her sons made her alive to omens, and a corpse-light as it was called, in the family burial-place, boded death.

She turned her head towards the casement—saw a distant glimmering—forgot her charge for one second, and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her

former vigilance. The page held the forged keys under his cloak, and with great dexterity exchanged them for the real ones. His utmost address could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the latter bunch. "Who touches the keys?" said the lady; and while the page answered that the sleeve of his cloak had touched them, she looked around, possessed herself of the bunch which now occupied the place of the genuine keys, and again turned to gaze at the supposed corpse-candles.

"I wish your Grace and your company a good evening. Randal, attend us." And Randal, who waited in the ante-chamber after having surrendered his bunch of keys, gave his escort to his mistress as usual, while, leaving the Queen's apartments, she retired to her own.

At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of a staircase that descended from the Queen's apartment. "Now turn smooth and softly, thou good bolt," said he, "if ever oil softened rust!" and his precautions had been so effectual, that the bolt revolved with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but exchanging a word with the disguised Abbot, asked if the boat were ready.

"This half-hour," said the sentinel. "She lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen by the warder; but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off again."

"The darkness," said the page, "and our profound silence, may take her off unobserved, as she came in. Hildebrand has the watch on the tower—a heavy-headed

knave, who holds a can of ale to be the best headpiece upon a night-watch. He sleeps for a wager."

On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair, under the guidance of Roland, who seemed instantly to take upon himself the whole direction of the enterprise.

The door of the garden which communicated with the shore of the islet yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several—a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched along the bottom to secure them from observation.

Henry Seyton placed the Queen in the stern; the Abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the Queen's side before he could utter his proffer of help; and Roland Græme was just lifting Lady Fleming over the boat-side, when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming, "Forgotten, forgotten! wait for me but one-half minute," he replaced on the shore the helpless lady of the bedchamber and sped back through the garden with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

"Put off—put off!" cried Henry Seyton; "leave all behind, so the Queen is safe." "Will you permit this, madam?" said Catherine, imploringly; "you leave your deliverer to death." "I will not," said the Queen. "Seyton, I command you to stay at every risk." "Pardon me, madam, if I disobey," said the intractable young man; and with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

She was two fathoms' length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Græme, arriving, bounded from the beach and attained the boat, overturning Seyton, on whom he lighted. The youth, stopping Græme as he stepped toward the stern, said: "Your place is not with high-born dames—keep to the head and trim the vessel. Now give way—give way. Row, for God and the Queen!"

The rowers obeyed, and began to pull vigorously, "Why did you not muffle the oars?" said Roland Græme; this dash must awaken the sentinel. Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot; for had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy-porridge, this whispering must have waked him."

"It was all thine own delay," said Seyton; "thou shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters."

But Roland's apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. "A boat!—a boat!—bring to, or I shoot!" And as they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, "Treason! treason!" rang the bell of the castle, and discharged his arquebuss at the boat.

The ladies crowded on each other, like startled wild-fowl, at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed, and their escape discovered.

"Pull!" again exclaimed Seyton. "Stretch to your oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger—they will launch a boat immediately." "That is cared for," said Roland; "I locked the gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone walls. And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the Kelpie's keeping."

As the heavy keys plunged into the lake, the Abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, "Now bless thee, my son! thy ready prudence puts shame on us all." "I knew," said Mary, drawing her breath more freely, as they were now out of reach of the musketry—"I knew my squire's truth, promptitude, and sagacity."

The dialogue was here interrupted by a shot or two from one of those small pieces of artillery called falconets, then used in defending castles. The shot was too vague to have any effect, but the broader flash, the deeper sound, the louder return which was made by the midnight echoes, terrified and imposed silence on the liberated prisoners.

The boat was run alongside of a rude quay or landing-place, running out from a garden of considerable extent, ere any of them again attempted to speak. They landed, and while the Abbot returned thanks aloud to Heaven, which had thus far favored their enterprise, Douglas enjoyed the best reward of his desperate undertaking, in conducting the Queen to the house of the gardener.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

XLI.—YARROW VISITED.

And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
 Of which my fancy cherished,
 So faithfully, a waking dream?
 An image that hath perished!
 O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
 To utter notes of gladness,
 And chase this silence from the air,
 That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
 With uncontrolled meanderings;
 N'er have these eyes by greener hills
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
 Is visibly delighted;
 For not a feature of those hills
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
 Save where that pearly whiteness
 Is round the rising sun diffused,
 A tender hazy brightness;
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
 All profitless dejection;
 Though not unwilling here to admit
 A pensive recollection.

But thou, that didst appear so fair
 To fond imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation:

Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy ;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary !
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in ;
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away i !
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own !
'Twere no offence to reason ;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see--but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee :
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee !

Thy ever-youthful waters keep
 A course of lively pleasure ;
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the Heights,
 They melt, and soon must vanish ;
 One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
 Sad thought, which I would banish,
 But that I know, where'er I go,
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
 Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

—*William Wordsworth.*

XLII.—HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England, now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, un-
 aware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !
 And after April, when May follows
 And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush : he sings each song twice over
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And, tho' the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

—*Robert Browning.*

XLIII.—FREE-WILL AND HABIT.

It is our will that determines our whole destiny. You all know well the difference between the features of your face and of your countenance. God made your features, but you made your countenance. Your features were His work, and He gives to every man his own natural face—all different from each other, and yet all of one type. But the countenances of men are far more diverse even than their features. Some men have a lofty countenance, some have a lowering countenance, or a worldly, or ostentatious, vain-glorious countenance, or a scornful countenance, or a cunning and dissembling countenance. We know men by their look. We read men by looking at their faces—not at their features, their eyes or lips, because God made these; but at a certain cast or motion, and shape and expression, which their features have acquired. It is this that we call the countenance. And what makes this countenance? The inward and mental habits; the constant pressure of the mind, the perpetual repetition of its acts.

As it is with the countenance, so it is with the character. God gave us our intellect, our heart, and our will; but our character is something different from the will, the heart, and the intellect. The character is that intellectual and moral texture into which all our life long we have been weaving up the inward life that is in us. It is the result of the habitual or prevailing use we have been making of our intellect, heart, and will. We are always at work like the weaver at a loom; the shuttle is always going, and the woof is always growing. So we are always forming a character for ourselves.

It is plain matter-of-fact truth that everybody grows up in a certain character; some are good, some bad, some excellent, and some unendurable. Every character is formed by habits. If a man is habitually proud, or vain, or false, and the like, he forms for himself a character like in kind. It is the permanent bias formed by continually acting in a particular way; and this acting in a particular way comes from the continual indulgence of thoughts and wishes of a particular tendency. The loom is invisible within, and the shuttle is ever going in the heart; but it is the will that throws it to and fro. The character shows itself outwardly, but it is wrought within. Every habit is a chain of acts, and every one of those acts was a free act of the will. There was a time when the man had never committed the sin which first became habitual, and then formed his abiding character. For instance, some people are habitually false. We sometimes meet with men whose word we can never take, and for this reason. They have lost the perception of truth and falsehood. The distinction is effaced from their minds. They do not know when they are speaking truly and when they are speaking falsely. The habit of paltering, and distinguishing, and putting forward the edge of a truth instead of showing boldly the full face of it, at last leads men into an insincerity so habitual, that they really do not know when they speak the truth or not. They bring this state upon themselves. But there was a time when those same men had never told a lie. The first they told was perhaps with only half an act of the will; but gradually they grew to do it deliberately, then they added lie to lie with a full deliberation, then with a frequency which

formed a habit; and when it became habitual to them, then it became unconscious.

Or take another example; men who, perhaps, had never tasted anything in their lives that could turn their brain, have at last acquired a habit of habitual drunkenness. There was a time when, with a certain fear, a shrinking, a consciousness of doing a wrong or doubtful act; they begin to taste, and then to drink, at first sparingly, then freely, until gradually growing confident and bold, and the temptation acquiring a great fascination, and the taste being vitiated, a craving has been excited, and the delusion of a fancied need has come upon them. They have gone on little by little, so insensibly that they have not become aware, until a bondage has been created which, unless God by an almost miraculous grace shall set them free, they will never break.

—*Cardinal Manning.*

XLIV.—BALLAD OF ATHLONE.

Does any man dream that a Gael can fear?
Of a thousand deeds let him learn but one!
The Shannon swept onward, broad and clear,
Between the leaguers and worn Athlone.

“Break down the bridge!” Six warriors rushed
Thro’ the storm of shot and the storm of shell;
With late, but certain, victory flushed,
The grim Dutch gunners eyed them well.

They wrenched at the planks ’mid a hail of fire:
They fell in death, their work half done;
The bridge stood fast; and nigh and nigher
The foe swarmed darkly, densely on.

“ Oh, who for Erin will strike a stroke ?
 Who hurl yon planks where the waters roar ? ”
 Six warriors forth from their comrades broke,
 And flung them upon that bridge once more.

Again at the rocking planks they dashed ;
 And four dropped dead, and two remained ;
 The huge beams groaned, and the arch down-crashed --
 Two stalwart swimmers the margin gained.

St. Ruth in his stirrups stood up and cried,
 “ I have seen no deed like that in France ! ”
 With a toss of his head Sarsfield replied,
 “ They had luck, the dogs ! 'twas a merry chance ! ”

Oh ! many a year, upon Shannon's side,
 They sang upon moor, and they sang upon heath,
 Of the twain that breasted that raging tide,
 And the ten that shook bloody hands with death.

—*Aubrey De Vere.*

XLV.—THE CLIMBING OF PERCÉ ROCK.

The Rock of Percé was a wall three hundred feet high, and the wall was an island that had once been a long promontory like a battlement, jutting out hundreds of yards into the gulf. At one point it was pierced by an archway. It was almost sheer ; its top was flat and level. Upon the sides there was no verdure ; upon the top centuries had made a green field. The wild geese as they flew northward, myriad flocks of gulls, gannets, cormorants, and all manner of fowl of the sea, had builded upon the summit until it was rich with grass

and shrubs. The nations of the air sent their legions here to bivouac, and the discord of a hundred languages might be heard far out to sea, far in upon the land. Millions of the races of the air swarmed there; at times the air above was darkened by clouds of them. No fog-bell on a rock-bound coast might warn mariners more ominously than these battalions of adventurers on the Percé Rock.

No human being had ever mounted to this eyrie. Generations of fishermen had looked upon the yellowish-red limestone of the Percé Rock with a valorous eye, but it would seem that not even the tiny clinging hoof of a chamois or wild goat might find a foothold upon the straight sides of it.

The tide was well out, the moon shining brightly. Ranulph reached the point where, if the rock was to be scaled at all, the ascent must be made. For a distance there was shelving where foothold might be had by a fearless man with a steady head and sure balance. After that came about a hundred feet where he would have to draw himself up by juttings and crevices hand over hand, where was no natural pathway. Woe be to him if head grew dizzy, foot slipped, or strength gave out; he would be broken to pieces on the hard sand below. That second stage once passed, the ascent thence to the top would be easier; for though nearly as steep, it had more ledges, and offered fair vantage to a man with a foot like a mountain goat. Ranulph had been aloft all weathers in his time, and his toes were as strong as another man's foot, and surer.

He started. The toes caught in crevices, held on to ledges, glued themselves on to smooth surfaces; the knees clung like a rough-rider's to a saddle; the big hands, when once they got a purchase, fastened like an air-cup.

Slowly, slowly up, foot by foot, yard by yard, until one-third of the distance was climbed. The suspense and strain were immeasurable. But he struggled on and on, and at last reached a sort of flying pinnacle of rock, like a hook for the shields of the gods.

Here he ventured to look below, expecting to see Carterette, but there was only the white sand, and no sound save the long wash of the gulf. He drew a horn of arrack from his pocket and drank. He had two hundred feet more to climb, and the next hundred would be the great ordeal.

He started again. This was travail indeed. His rough fingers, his toes, hard as horn almost, began bleeding. Once or twice he swung quite clear of the wall, hanging by his fingers to catch a surer foothold to right or left, and just getting it sometimes by an inch or less. The tension was terrible. His head seemed to swell and fill with blood: on the top it throbbed till it was ready to burst. His neck was aching horribly with looking up, the skin of his knees was gone, his ankles bruised. But he must keep on till he got to the top, or until he fell.

He was fighting on now in a kind of dream, quite apart from all usual feelings of this world. The earth itself seemed far away, and he was toiling among vastnesses, himself a giant with colossal frame and huge,

sprawling limbs. It was like a gruesome vision of the night, when the body is an elusive, stupendous mass that falls into space after a confused struggle with immensities. It was all mechanical, vague, almost numb, this effort to overcome a mountain. Yet it was precise and hugely expert too; for though there was a strange mist on the brain, the body felt its way with a singular certainty, as might some molluscan dweller of the sea, sensitive like a plant, intuitive like an animal. Yet at times it seemed that this vast body overcoming the mountain must let go its hold and slide away into the darkness of the depths.

Now there was a strange convulsive shiver in every nerve—God have mercy, the time was come! No, not yet. At the very instant when it seemed the panting flesh and blood would be shaken off by the granite force repelling it, the fingers, like long antennæ, touched horns of rock jutting out from ledges on the third escarpment of the wall. Here was the last point of the worst stage of the journey. Slowly, heavily, the body drew up to the shelf of limestone, and crouched in an inert bundle. There it lay for a long time.

While the long minutes went by, a voice kept calling up from below; calling, calling, at first eagerly, then anxiously, then with terror. By and by the bundle of life stirred, took shape, raised itself, and was changed into a man again, a thinking, conscious being, who now understood the meaning of this sound coming up from the earth below—or was it the sea? A human voice had at last pierced the awful exhaustion of the deadly labor, the peril and strife, which had numbed the brain

while the body, in its instinct for existence, still clung to the rocky ledges. It had called the man back to earth—he was no longer a great animal, and the rock a monster with skin and scales of stone.

“Ranulph! Maître Ranulph! Ah, Ranulph!” called the voice.

Now he knew, and he answered down:

“All right! all right, Carterette!”

“Are you at the top?”

“No, but the rest is easy.”

“Hurry, hurry, Ranulph! If they should come before you reach the top!”

“I’ll soon be there.”

“Are you hurt, Ranulph?”

“No, but my fingers are in rags. I am going now.”

“Ranulph!”

“‘Sh, ‘sh, do not speak. I am starting.”

There was silence for what seemed hours to the girl below. Foot by foot the man climbed on, no less cautious because the ascent was easier, for he was now weaker. But he was on the monster’s neck now, and soon he should set his heel on it: he was not to be shaken off.

At last the victorious moment came. Over a jutting ledge he drew himself up by sheer strength and the rubber-like grip of his lacerated fingers, and now he lay flat and breathless upon the ground.

How soft and cool it was! This was long sweet grass touching his face, making a couch like down for the

battered, wearied body. • Surely such travail had been more than mortal. And what was this vast fluttering over his head, this million-voiced discord round him, like the buffetings and cries of spirits welcoming another to their torment? He raised his head and laughed in triumph. These were the cormorants, gulls and gannets on the Percé Rock.

—Gilbert Parker, "*The Battle of the Strong*,"
(specially adapted by the author for use in schools).

XLVI.—THE CHASE.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Gienartney's hazel shade ;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;
A moment gazed adown the dale,

A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack ;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back :
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rang out,
A hundred voices joined the shout ;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert covered the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

The noble stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er

Mountain and meadow, moss and moor
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigor with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel ;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game ;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch ;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The Hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way ;

Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes ;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew ;
But, thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock ;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game ;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life,—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk ; to make our words and our actions all of a color.

XLVII.—LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wand'ring on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;—
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

XLVIII.—RICHARD I. IN PALESTINE.

Richard reached the camp of the Crusaders at Acre, and was received by them with enthusiastic expressions of joy. Though he was soon reduced to an extreme degree of weakness by an intermittent fever, his impatience led him to direct the operations of his army ; and, in the intervals between the fits, he was carried on a silk pallet to the trenches, and often discharged with his own hand the ballista which had been pointed against the enemy. As he recovered, the siege was conducted with additional energy. The garrison began to foresee the fate which awaited them.

At length it was agreed that Acre should be surrendered to the Christians, and that the Turks, as a ransom for their lives, should restore the holy cross, and set at liberty one thousand five hundred captives. For the performance of these conditions a term of forty days was assigned, and some thousands of hostages were detained in the fortress. The Crusaders immediately took possession of the place, and Saladin removed his camp to a distance.

The conquest was fondly received by the nations of Christendom as a prelude to the delivery of Jerusalem; but the public joy was soon damped by the news that the King of France intended to withdraw from the army. It was in vain that Richard, his own officers, and all the confederate chiefs urged him to change his resolution. He was equally unmoved by their entreaties or their reproofs; and having sworn not to invade the territories of the King of England, he departed from Acre amidst the groans and imprecations of the spectators.

Richard conducted his army, reduced to thirty thousand men, from Acre to Jaffa. It marched in five divisions, with the Knights Templars in front, and the Hospitallers in the rear. The stores and provisions, for greater security, were placed next the sea; next to them the cavalry, and without the cavalry, the archers on foot, destined to keep by their arrows the enemy at a distance. In this manner they proceeded slowly along the shore, in defiance of every attempt to impede their progress.

Saladin encamped near them every night. In the morning he attacked them in front, flank, and rear, and

daily continued the conflict till sunset. He had summoned reinforcements from every part of his empire, and as soon as these arrived, made a desperate attempt to crush at once the whole host of his enemies. At nine in the morning the kettle-drum was beaten: the Saracens rushed with their whole weight on the small mass of the Christians, and it required all the authority and exertions of Richard to prevent the rout of his army. The Master of the Hospitallers, unable to bear the pressure, repeatedly solicited the order to charge, but the king, who looked to a decisive victory, deferred it till the last moment.

At length the signal was given; the infantry opened for the passage of cavalry; the men at arms charged in different directions; and the enemy, unable to withstand their weight and impetuosity, after an obstinate resistance, fled to the mountains. Richard boasted that in the course of forty campaigns, Saladin had never experienced so signal a defeat. The Christians proceeded to Jaffa, rebuilt its walls, and fortified the castles in its neighborhood.

To recover from the infidels the sacred spot in which the body of Christ had been buried was the professed object of the Crusaders; and, to keep it fresh in their memory, these words, "The Holy Sepulchre!" were proclaimed thrice every evening by the voice of a herald throughout the camp. Richard concealed his sentiments from his associates; but he had now learned to doubt of the success of the enterprise, and in his letters to Europe most earnestly solicited supplies of both men and money. Still, with these impressions on his mind, he did not hesitate to lead the army towards the city. He even

went within a short distance of Jerusalem; but the weather became rainy and tempestuous, a dearth of provisions was felt, sickness spread itself through the ranks, and many in despair abandoned the expedition. It was evident that he must either return to Jaffa, or instantly make the hopeless attempt of carrying by storm a place strongly fortified, and defended by an army more numerous than his own. The king, for once, listened to the suggestions of prudence, and bent his march back to the coast.

The retreat of the Christians did not escape the vigilance of Saladin. Descending from Jerusalem, he burst into the town of Jaffa, and drove the inhabitants into the citadel, who gave hostages for the surrender of the place, if it were not relieved by a certain hour. At the first intelligence of the event, Richard (who was then at Acre) ordered the army to march by land, while he, with seven galleys, should hasten by sea to the aid of the Christians. He found the beach lined with enemies to oppose his landing. His friends advised him to defer the attempt till the arrival of the army; but, at the moment, a priest swam to the royal galley, and to the question which was put to him, replied that many of the inhabitants had been massacred, but that many still defended their lives from one of the towers. "Then," exclaimed the king, "cursed be the man who refuses to follow me!" He plunged into the water; his companions imitated his example: the Saracens, awed by his intrepidity, retired at his approach, and the city was cleared of the enemy.

But Richard disclaimed to be confined within the walls, and by his order a small army of the Christians, consist-

ing of fifty-five knights, of whom ten only were mounted, and two thousand infantry, encamped boldly without one of the gates. Early in the morning the king was informed of the approach of the enemy. He ordered his lancers to rest on one knee, while each man with a buckler on his left arm should cover his body, and with his right should direct the point of his lance, the other extremity of which was firmly fixed in the ground. Among them he distributed the ballistæ, with two archers to each, of whom one bent the bow, the other discharged the arrows.

The Saracen cavalry, in seven divisions, made as many attempts to break through the line. Each charge was unsuccessful, and attended with considerable loss. Richard, observing their confusion, rushed with his knights into the midst of their squadrons, where he performed prodigies of valor. He was seen by the brother of the Soldan, who had lately solicited from him the honor of knighthood for his son, and who now sent him, during the action, a present of two Arabian horses. On one of these the king continued the conflict till night.

It was thought that on this day he had surpassed his former renown. He vanquished every champion that dared to approach him; he extricated himself from a host of Saracens who had surrounded him, and impressed the enemy with so much terror or admiration, that wherever he charged they retired from his approach. The siege was raised; but the king's exertions had brought on a fever which undermined his strength, and he concluded an armistice for three years. The Soldan insisted on the destruction of Ascalon, and, in

return, granted to the pilgrims free access to the Holy Sepulchre.

Thus terminated the Crusade. If Jerusalem could have been won by personal strength and bravery, it might have been won by Richard. His exploits, so superior to those of his fellows, threw a splendor around him which endeared him to the Christians, and extorted the admiration of the infidels. As he sailed from Acre, he turned to take a last view of the shore, and with outstretched arms exclaimed: "Most holy land, I commend thee to the care of the Almighty. May He grant me life to return and rescue thee from the yoke of the infidels."

—*John Lingard.*

XLIX.—BEFORE AGINCOURT.

WEST. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. HEN. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England;
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor

As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian":
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

—*Shakespeare.*

L.—ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest. Every tall pine and every shrub or flower called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, when Elizabeth suddenly started and exclaimed:

“Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us, or can some little one have strayed from its parents?”

“Such things frequently happen,” returned Louisa. “Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill.”

Urged by this consideration, the girls pursued with quick and impatient steps the low, mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest. More than once Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried: “Look at the dog!”

Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment: his advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity.

Aroused by the cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned and saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body through fright or anger. He was growling in a low key and occasionally showing

his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! What do you see, fellow?" At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight." Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a panther fixed on them in horrid malignity and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and, at the same time, encouraging by the sounds of her voice, their only safeguard, the dog.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of a beech. This vicious creature approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race.

Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both the female panther and the cub. At every gambol played by the latter it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff.

There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her

knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so intense that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the panther that her active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap.

When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was her constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her claws and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again with jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he once had been.

A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless effort to dash at her, and then she alighted in a favorable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless.

Several mighty efforts of the wildcat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short

convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of His creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and of the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination she turned, however, with her eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, her tail lashing her sides furiously, and her claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror.

The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears. "Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, girl; your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom, when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast which was rolling over on the earth, biting her own flesh and tearing the twigs and branches within her reach. At the next instant, Leather-stocking

rushed by her, and called aloud: "Come in, Hector, come in; 't is a hard-lived animal, and may jump again."

The brave hunter fearlessly maintained his position in front of the girls, notwithstanding the violent, bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to her head, extinguished every spark of life by the discharge.

—*J. Fenimore Cooper.*

LI.—SONG OF THE RIVER.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down in the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High over the hills of Habersham,
 Veiling the valleys of Hall,
 The hickory told me manifold
 Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
 Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
 Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
 And many a luminous jewel lone—
 Crystals clear or a cloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
 In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
 In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of Duty call—
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall.

—Sidney Lanier.

Get wisdom, for it is better than gold.

LII.—THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

And Jesus seeing the multitudes, went up into a mountain, and when he was set down, his disciples came unto him. And opening his mouth he taught them, saying:

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice: for they shall have their fill. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake: be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven. For so they persecuted the prophets that were before you.

You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt lose its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is good for nothing any more but to be cast out, and to be trodden on by men. You are the light of the world. A city seated on a mountain can not be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house. So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

Do not think that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

For amen I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot, or one tittle shall not pass of the law, till all be fulfilled. He therefore that shall break one of these least commandments, and shall so teach men, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven. But he that shall do and teach, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I tell you, that unless your justice abound more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

You have heard that it was said to them of old : Thou shalt not kill. And whosoever shall kill, shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say to you : that whosoever is angry with his brother, shall be in danger of the judgment.—If therefore thou offer thy gift at the altar, and there thou remember that thy brother hath anything against thee ; leave there thy offering before the altar, and go first to be reconciled to thy brother ; and then coming thou shalt offer thy gift.—

Again you have heard that it was said to them of old : Thou shalt not forswear thyself : but thou shalt perform thy oaths to the Lord. But I say to you not to swear at all, neither by heaven, for it is the throne of God : nor by the earth, for it is his foot-stool : nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king : neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be yea, yea : no, no : and that which is over and above these, is of evil.

You have heard that it hath been said : An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil : but if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other : and if a man will contend

with thee in judgment, and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him. And whosoever will force thee one mile, go with him other two. Give to him that asketh of thee: and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not away.

You have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thy enemy. But I say to you: Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you: that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise upon the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust. For if you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? Do not even the publicans this? And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more? Do not also the heathens this? Be you therefore perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect.

Take heed that you do not your justice before men, to be seen by them: otherwise you shall not have a reward of your Father who is in heaven. Therefore when thou dost an alms-deed, sound not a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may be honored by men: Amen I say to you, they have received their reward. But when thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth: that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

And when ye pray, you shall not be as the hypocrites, that love to stand and pray in the synagogues and corners of the streets, that they may be seen by men: Amen I say to you, they have received their reward.

But thou when thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber, and having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret: and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee. And when you are praying, speak not much, as the heathens. For they think that in their much-speaking they may be heard. Be not you therefore like to them: for your Father knoweth what is needful for you, before you ask him.

Thus therefore shall you pray: Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our super-substantial bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen. For if you will forgive men their offences, your heavenly Father will forgive you also your offences. But if you will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you your offences.

And when you fast, be not as the hypocrites, sad. For they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Amen I say to you, they have received their reward. But thou when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not to men to fast, but to thy Father who is in secret: and thy Father who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth: where the rust and moth consume, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven: where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through, nor steal. For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also. The

light of thy body is thy eye. If thy eye be single thy whole body shall be lightsome. But if thy eye be evil thy whole body shall be darksome. If then the light that is in thee, be darkness: the darkness itself how great shall it be? No man can serve two masters. For either he will hate the one, and love the other: or he will sustain the one, and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon.—

Ask and it shall be given you: seek, and you shall find: knock, and it shall be opened to you. For every one that asketh, receiveth: and he that seeketh, findeth: and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? Or if he shall ask him a fish, will he reach him a serpent? If you then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children: how much more will your Father who is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him?—

Not every one, that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doth the will of my Father who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. Many will say to me in that day: Lord, Lord; have not we prophesied in thy name, and cast out devils in thy name, and done many miracles in thy name? And then will I profess unto them: I never knew you: depart from me, you that work iniquity.

Every one therefore that heareth these my words, and doth them, shall be likened to a wise man, that built his house upon a rock. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and they beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded on a rock. And every one

that heareth these my words, and doth them not, shall be like a foolish man, that built his house upon the sand. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof.

—*St. Matthew, v, vi, vii.*

LIII.—AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON.

As I came down from Lebanon,
 Came winding, wandering slowly down
 Through mountain passes bleak and brown,
 The cloudless day was well-nigh done.
 The city, like an opal set
 In emerald, showed each minaret
 Afire with radiant beams of sun,
 And glistened orange, fig and lime,
 Where song-birds made melodious chime,
 As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
 Like lava in the dying glow,
 Through olive orchards far below
 I saw the murmuring river run ;
 And 'neath the wall upon the sand
 Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,
 With precious spices they had won,
 Lay long and languidly in wait
 Till they might pass the guarded gate,
 As I came down from Lebanon

As I came down from Lebanon,
 I saw strange men from lands afar
 In mosque and square and gay bazaar,
 The Mazi that the Moslem shun,
 And grave Effendi from Stamboul
 Who sherbet sipped in corners cool ;
 And, from the balconies o'errun
 With roses, gleamed the eyes of those
 Who dwell in still seraglios,
 As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
 The flaming flower of day-time died,
 And night, arrayed as is a bride
 Of some great king in garments spun
 Of purple and the finest gold,
 Out-bloomed in glories manifold ;
 Until the moon above the dun
 And darkening desert, void of shade,
 Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
 As I came down from Lebanon.

LIV.—THE BALLAD OF BABY BELL.

Have you not heard the poets tell
 How came the dainty Baby Bell
 Into this world of ours ?

The gates of heaven were left ajar ;
 With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
 Wandering out of Paradise,
 She saw this planet, like a star,
 Hung in the glistening depths of even,—

Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
 Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial anemones !
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet !
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
 Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May.
 The swallows built beneath the eaves ;
 Like sunlight in and out the leaves,
The robins went the livelong day ;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
 And o'er the porch the trembling vine
 Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell !
Oh, earth was full of singing-birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
 Came to this world of ours !

O Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day !
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay !
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
 So full of meaning, pure and bright,
 As if she yet stood in the light
Of those open gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more ;
Ah, never in our hearts before
 Was love so lovely born :

We felt we had a link between
 This real world and that unseen—
 The land beyond the morn.
 And for the love of those dear eyes,
 For love of her whom God led forth,
 (The mother's being ceased on earth
 When Baby came from Paradise),—
 For love of Him who smote our lives,
 And woke the chords of joy and pain,
 We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down
 Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
 And red with blossoms when she came,
 Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.
 The clustered apples burnt like flame,
 The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
 The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
 The grapes hung purpling in the grange ;
 And time wrought just as rich a change
 In little Baby Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,
 And in her features we could trace
 In softened curves, her mother's face !
 Her angel-nature ripened too.
 We thought her lovely when she came,
 But she was holy, saintly now :—
 Around her pale angelic brow
 We saw a slender ring of flame !

God's hand had taken away the seal
 That held the portals of her speech ;
 And oft she said a few strange words
 Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.

She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key,
We could not teach her holy things ;
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees :
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
" Oh, smite us gently, gently, God !
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell ;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell !

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands :
And what did dainty Baby Bell ?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair !
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers !
And then went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours !

—*Thomas B. Aldrich.*

Religion is the homage which man owes to God.

LV.—CORN BETTER THAN GOLD.

The grains of the California gold are dead, inorganic masses. How they got into the gravel; between what mountain mill-stones the auriferous ledges were ground to powder; by what Titanic hands the coveted grains were sown broadcast in the placers, human science can but faintly conjecture. We only know that those grains have within them no principle of growth or reproduction, and that when that crop was put in, Chaos must have broken up the soil.

How different the grains of our Atlantic gold, sown by the prudent hand of man, in the kindly alternation of seed-time and harvest; each curiously, mysteriously organized; hard, horny, seemingly lifeless on the outside, but wrapping up in the interior a wonderful germ, a living principle! Drop a grain of California gold into the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time,—the clods on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our gold, of our blessed gold, into the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens, it swells, it shoots upwards, it is a living thing.

It is yellow itself, but it sends up a delicate spire, which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil; it expands to a vigorous stalk; revels in the air and sunshine; arrays itself, more glorious than Solomon, in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west wind whispers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment; still towers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three

magnificent ears of corn, each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold.

But it will be urged, perhaps, in behalf of the California gold, that, though one crop only of gold can be gathered from the same spot, yet, once gathered, it lasts to the end of time; while our vegetable gold is produced only to be consumed, and, when consumed, is gone forever.

It is true the California gold will last forever unchanged if its owner chooses; but, while it so lasts, it is of no use; no, not as much as its value in pig-iron, which makes the best of ballast; whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it, nor drink it, nor smoke it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it: it is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods; and the more plentiful it is, the less its exchangeable value.

Far different the case with our Atlantic gold; it does not perish when consumed, but by a noble alchemy, is transmuted in consumption to a higher life. "Perish in consumption," did the old miser say? "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." To-day a senseless plant, to-morrow it is human bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, ah, sometimes, overtoiling brain.

Last June, it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its distending sap-vessels; and now it clothes the manly form with warm, cordial flesh; quivers and thrills with the five-fold mystery of sense; purveys and ministers to the higher mystery of thought.

Heaped up in your granaries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye ; till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk, which we have seen shaken by the summer breeze, bending in the corn-field under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

—*Edward Everett.*

LVI.—THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
With sated heart, he hears the pants

Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy-chair ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
 Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labor sings ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 A patience learned of being poor,
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil
 That with all others level stands ;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
 This is the best crop from thy lands ;
 A heritage, it seems to me
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

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Everett.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
 There is worse weariness than thine,
 In merely being rich and great ;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last ;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

LVII.—PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;
 And as she listened to the Springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place !
 "How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
 "Are the holy spirits who wander there
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all."

The glorious Angel who was keeping
 The Gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;
 And, as he nearer drew and listened
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain when it lies
 On the blue flower, which—Brahmins say,—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

“ Nymph of a fair but erring line,”
 Gently he said, “ one hope is thine :
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
 The Peri yet may be forgiven
 Who brings to this Eternal Gate
 The gift that is most dear to Heaven !
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin :
 'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in.”

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand
 Alone, beside his native river,
 The red blade broken in his hand,
 And the last arrow in his quiver.
 “ Live,” said the conqueror, “ live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear !”
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,
 Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to the invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
 The tyrant lived, the hero fell !—
 Yet marked the Peri where he lay,

And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before his free-born spirit fled !

“ Be this,” she cried, as she winged her flight,

“ My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.”

“ Sweet,” said the Angel, as she gave

The gift into his radiant hand,

“ Sweet is our welcome of the brave

Who die thus for their native land.

But see—alas !—the crystal bar

Of Eden moves not—holier far

Than e'en this drop the boon must be

That opes the gates of Heaven for thee !”

But nought can charm the luckless Peri :

Her soul is sad, her wings are weary.

When, o'er the vale of Baalbec winging

Slowly, she sees a child at play,

Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,

As rosy and as wild as they,

Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,

The beautiful blue damsel-flies,

That fluttered round the jasmine stems,

Like winged flowers or flying gems :

And, near the boy, who, tired with play,

Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,

She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink

Of a small imaret's rustic fount

Impatient fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turned

To the fair child, who fearless sat,

Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that.

But hark ! the vesper-call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets.
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth.

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace ?
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child !
"When, young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee—but now"—
He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !

And now, behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven !

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam,—
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear—
Her harbinger of glory near!
"Joy, joy forever! my task is done:
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won."

—*Thomas Moore.*

LVIII.—THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following:—

The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling

quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antedeluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage,—he had smelt that smell before,—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he

licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:—

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what. What have you got there, I say?”

“O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig. Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still

shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste!"—with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced

in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privately and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose who made the discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manu-

script, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

—*Charles Lamb.*

LIX.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow !

—*Thomas Campbell.*

LX.—WOLFE AT QUEBEC.

Wolfe applied himself intently to reconnoitring the north shore above Quebec. Nature had given him good eyes, as well as a warmth of temper to follow first impressions. He himself discovered the cove which now bears his name, where the bending promontories almost form a basin, with a very narrow margin, over which the hill rises precipitously. He saw the path that wound up the steep, though so narrow that two men could hardly

march in it abreast; and he knew, by the number of tents which he counted on the summit, that the Canadian post which guarded it could not exceed a hundred. Here he resolved to land his army by surprise. To mislead the enemy, his troops were kept far above the town; while Saunders, as if an attack was intended at Beauport, set Cook, the great mariner, with others, to sound the water and plant buoys along that shore.

The day and night of the twelfth were employed in preparations. The autumn evening was bright; and the General, under the clear starlight, visited his stations, to make his final inspection and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray and the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." "I," said he, "would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow:" and while the oars struck the river as it rippled in the silence of the night air, under the flowing tide, he repeated:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Every officer knew his appointed duty, when, at one o'clock in the morning of the 13th of September, Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray, and about half the forces, set off in boats, and, using neither sail nor oars, glided down with the tide. In three-quarters of an hour the ships followed; and, though the night had become dark, aided by the rapid current they reached the cove just in time to cover the landing. Wolfe and the troops with him

leaped on the shore; the light infantry, who found themselves borne by the current a little below the intrenched path, clambered up the steep hill, staying themselves by the roots and boughs of the maple and spruce and ash trees that covered the precipitous declivity, and after a little firing, dispersed the picket which guarded the height; the rest ascended safely by the pathway. A battery of four guns on the left was abandoned to Colonel Howe. When Townshend's division disembarked, the English had already gained one of the roads to Quebec; and, advancing in front of the forest, Wolfe stood at daybreak with his invincible battalions on the Plains of Abraham, the battle-field of empire.

"It can be but a small party come to burn a few houses and retire," said Montcalm, in amazement, as the news reached him in his intrenchments on the other side of the St. Charles; but, obtaining better information,— "Then," he cried, "they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison; we must give battle and crush them before mid-day." And, before ten, the two armies, equal in numbers, each being composed of less than five thousand men, were ranged in presence of one another for battle. The British, not easily accessible from intervening shallow ravines and rail-fences, were all regulars, perfect in discipline, terrible in their fearless enthusiasm, thrilling with pride at their morning's success, commanded by a man whom they obeyed with confidence and love. The doomed and devoted Montcalm had what Wolfe had called but "five weak French battalions," of less than two thousand men, "mingled with disorderly peasantry," formed on commanding ground. The French had three little pieces of artillery;

the English one or two. The two armies cannonaded each other for nearly an hour; when Montcalm, having summoned De Bougainville to his aid, and despatched messenger after messenger for De Vaudreuil, who had fifteen hundred men at the camp, to come up before he should be driven from the ground, endeavored to flank the British and crowd them down the high bank of the river. Wolfe counteracted the movement by detaching Townshend with Amherst's regiment, and afterwards a part of the Royal Americans, who formed on the left with a double front.

Waiting no longer for more troops, Montcalm led the French army impetuously to the attack. The ill-disciplined companies broke by their precipitation and the unevenness of the ground; and fired by platoons, without unity. Their adversaries, especially the forty-third and the forty-seventh, where Monckton stood, of which three men out of four were Americans, received the shock with calmness; and after having, at Wolfe's command, reserved their fire till their enemy was within forty yards, their line began a regular, rapid, and exact discharge of musketry. Montcalm was present everywhere, braving danger, wounded, but cheering by his example. The second in command was killed. The brave but untried Canadians, flinching from a hot fire in the open field, began to waver; and as soon as Wolfe, placing himself at the head of the twenty-eighth and the Louisburg Grenadiers, charged with bayonets, they everywhere gave way. Wolfe, as he led the charge, was wounded in the wrist; but still pressing forward, he received a second ball; and, having decided the day, was struck a third time, and mortally, in the breast. "Sup-

port me," he cried to an officer near him ; " let not my brave fellows see me drop." He was carried to the rear, and they brought him water to quench his thirst.

" They run ! they run ! " spoke the officer on whom he leaned. " Who run ? " asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing. " The French," replied the officer, " give way everywhere." " What ! " cried the expiring hero, " do they run already ? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton ; bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives." Four days before, he had looked forward to early death with dismay. " Now, God be praised, I die happy." These were his words as his spirit escaped in the blaze of his glory. Night, silence, the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, had been his allies ; his battlefield, high over the ocean river, was the grandest theatre for illustrious deeds ; his victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Saxon race the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and North. He crowded into a few hours, actions that would have given lustre to length of life ; and, filling his day with greatness, completed it before its noon.

Montcalm, too, the hope of New France, was gone. Struck by a musket ball, he continued in the engagement till, in attempting to rally a body of fugitive Canadians, he was mortally wounded.

On hearing from the surgeon that death was certain, " I am glad of it," he cried ; " how long shall I survive ? "

" Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less."

" So much the better ; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

—George Bancroft.

LXI.—CAVALRY SONG.

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,
 Our pulses with their purpose tingle ;
 The foeman's fires are twinkling there ;
 He leaps to hear our sabres jingle !

HALT !

Each carbine sends its whizzing ball :
 Now, cling ! clang ! forward all,
 Into the fight !

Dash on beneath the smoking dome :
 Through level lightnings, gallop nearer.
 One look to heaven ! No thoughts of home :
 The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE !

Cling ! clang ! forward all !
 Heaven help those whose horses fall :
 Cut left and right !

They flee before our fierce attack !
 They fall ! they spread in broken surges.
 Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
 And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL !

The bugles sound the swift recall :
 Cling ! clang ! backward all !
 Home, and good night !

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging ; and whoso-
 ever is deceived thereby is not wise.

LXII.—THE CROWDED STREET.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks, like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures pass!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face,—
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest,
To halls in which the feast is spread,
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye,
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or, early in the task, to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance, till daylight gleam again?
Who, sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who, writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not;
There is Who heeds, Who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

LXIII.—MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE.

Dr. Watts's statement that "birds in their little nests agree," like too many others intended to form the infant mind, is very far from being true. On the contrary, the most peaceful relation of the different species to each other is that of armed neutrality. They are very jealous of neighbors. A few years ago, I was much interested in the house-building of a pair of summer yellow-birds. They had chosen a very pretty site near the top of a tall white lilac, within easy eyeshot of a chamber window.

A very pleasant thing it was to see their little home growing with mutual help, to watch their industrious

skill interrupted only by little flirts and snatches of endearment, frugally cut short by the common sense of the tiny house-wife. They had brought their work nearly to an end, and had already begun to line it with fern-down, the gathering of which demanded more distant journeys and longer absences. But, alas! the syringa, immemorial manor of the catbirds, was not more than twenty feet away, and these "giddy neighbors" had, as it appeared, been all along jealously watchful, though silent, witnesses of what they deemed an intrusion of squatters. No sooner were the pretty mates fairly gone for a new load of lining than

"To their unguarded nests these weasel Scots
Came stealing."

Silently they flew back and forth, each giving a vengeful dab at the nest in passing. They did not fall to and deliberately destroy it, for they might have been caught at their mischief. As it was, whenever the yellow-birds came back, their enemies were hidden in their own sight-proof bush. Several times their unconscious victims repaired damages, but at length, after counsel taken together, they gave it up. Perhaps, like other unlettered folk, they came to the conclusion that the Devil was in it, and yielded to the invisible persecutions of witchcraft.

The robins, by constant attacks and annoyances, have succeeded in driving off the blue-jays who used to build in our pines, their gay colors and quaint noisy ways making them welcome and amusing neighbors. I once had the chance of doing a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had had my eye for some time upon a nest,

and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew nigh. At last I climbed the tree, in spite of angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion.

The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of packthread had been somewhat loosely woven in. Three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves upon the air. One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in its struggles to escape, had sawn through the flesh of the thigh and so much harmed itself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery. When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly intent. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand, and watched me in my work of manumission.

This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but ere long I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground, and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited on by his elders. A week later I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine-walk, in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot. I have no doubt that in his old age he accounted for his lameness by some handsome story of a wound received at the famous Battle of the Pines,

when our tribe, overcome by numbers, was driven from its ancient camping-ground.

Of late years the jays have visited us only at intervals; and in winter their bright plumage, set off by the snow, and their cheerful cry, are especially welcome. They would have furnished Æsop with a fable, for the feathered crest in which they seem to take so much satisfaction is often their fatal snare. Country boys make a hole with their finger in the snow-crust just large enough to admit the jay's head, and, hollowing it out somewhat beneath, bait it with a few kernels of corn. The crest slips easily into the trap, but refuses to be pulled out again, and he who came to feast remains a prey.

Twice have the crow black-birds attempted a settlement in my pines, and twice have the robins, who claim a right of pre-emption, so successfully played the part of border-ruffians as to drive them away,—to my great regret, for they are the best substitute we have for rooks. At Shady Hill they build by hundreds, and nothing can be more cheery than their creaking clatter (like a convention of old-fashioned tavern-signs) as they gather at evening to debate in mass meeting their windy politics, or to gossip at their tent-doors over the events of the day. Their port is grave, and their stalk across the turf as martial as that of a second-rate ghost in *Hamlet*. They never meddled with my corn, so far as I could discover.

For a few years I had crows, but their nests are an irresistible bait for boys, and their settlement was broken up. They grew so wonted as to throw off a great part

of their shyness, and to tolerate my near approach. One very hot day I stood for some time within twenty feet of a mother and three children, who sat on an elm bough over my head, gasping in the sultry air, and holding their wings half spread for coolness.

Yet there are few things to my ear more melodious than his caw of a clear winter morning as it drops to you filtered through five hundred fathoms of crisp blue air. The hostility of all smaller birds makes the moral character of the crow, for all his deaconlike demeanor and garb, somewhat questionable. He could never sally forth without insult. The golden robins, especially, would chase him as far as I could follow with my eye, making him duck clumsily to avoid their importunate bills. I do not believe, however, that he robbed any nests hereabouts, for the refuse of the gas-works, which, in our free-and-easy community, is allowed to poison the river, supplied him with dead ale-wives in abundance. I used to watch him making his periodical visits to the salt-marshes and coming back with a fish in his beak to his young savages, who, no doubt, like it in that condition which makes it savory to the Kanakas and other corvine races of men.

—James Russell Lowell.

Blessed are they who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light ;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

LXIV.—THE WATER-FOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, wearied, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest,

Thou'rt gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

LXV.—THE JOURNEY TO BETHLEHEM.

A little group is seen to advance slowly, from the mean and obscure village of Nazareth, on its way to Bethlehem, the regal city. None of the pride and circumstance of oriental travelling distinguishes its progress; no swelling retinue of menials and dependants surrounds it, to anticipate the wants and administer to the gratification of their masters; no well-appointed train of camels follow, to convey the provisions and conveniences almost indispensable in such a journey.

A poor artisan, with affectionate solicitude, alone guides the steps of the humble beast, whereon rides a tender female, apparently unfit, by her situation, to undertake so long and fatiguing a pilgrimage. When they arrive for the night's repose, no greeting hails them, no curiosity gazes on them; when they depart to renew their toil, no good wishes are heard to cheer and encourage them on their way.

Humble, meek, and unpretending, they are passed unsaluted at every step by the crowds, who, boasting

the same descent, seem to acknowledge them as members of the regal stock, and hasten forward to secure every accommodation, till they leave this tender maid, and her coming offspring, no roof but a stable, and no cradle but a manger.

And yet, not even the ark of the covenant, when it marched forth to victory over the enemies of God, escorted by the array of Levites, and greeted by the plaudits of the assembled nation; not even it moved with half that interest to heaven, or half that promise to earth, with which this humble virgin advances, bearing within her bosom, in silence and neglect, the richest work which the Almighty had yet made, and the most miraculous benefit which His wisdom has yet devised.

Upon this little group the angels attended, with care more tender than they have for the ordinary just, lest they should dash their foot against a stone; for on its safety depend the fulfilment of prophecy, the consummation of the law, the manifestation of God's truth, and the redemption of the world.

In it are centred all the counsels of heaven, since the creation of man; for it the whole land has been put into movement; and the Roman emperor issued his mandate from the throne of the world, solely that this maid might be brought to Bethlehem of Judea, in order that from it might come forth, in fulfilment of prophecy, the Ruler who should govern the people of God.

— *Cardinal Wiseman.*

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

LXVI.—ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Amongst the most renowned children of St. Francis of Assisi was the great Wonder-worker of Padua, St. Anthony. He received his surname from the fact that the Italian city was the scene of many of his labors and miracles, as well as because it still possesses the treasure of his relics. Our Saint was born at Lisbon, in Portugal, August 15th, 1195, and was baptized by the name of Ferdinand. Both his parents were distinguished for their nobility and virtue.

His education was begun at an early age in the community of the canons of the Cathedral of Lisbon, where he soon displayed remarkable talent and devotion. At fifteen years of age he joined the Augustinians at Lisbon, but being very much interrupted by the frequent visits of his friends he was at his own request sent to the convent of the Holy Cross of the same Order at Coimbra. Here his sound judgment, and his fervent assiduity to prayer and study won the admiration of all his brethren. But the saint was called by God to serve him in another field, and to be the ornament and glory of another illustrious rising religious Order.

About eight years after Ferdinand had come to Coimbra there were brought from Morocco relics of some Franciscan monks who had been lately crowned with martyrdom. Ferdinand prayed earnestly that he might be associated with these martyrs in their sufferings, and conceived an ardent desire to be enrolled amongst the sons of St. Francis. Having after a short time obtained the consent of his prior, he received the brown habit of

the Franciscans, and took the name of Anthony, the patriarch of all monks, and to whom the convent where he made his vows was dedicated. Burning with a continued desire of martyrdom, Anthony was sent to Morocco. But God did not will it so, and was satisfied with the sacrifice of his heart. No sooner had the young man landed than he was seized with a violent fever which prostrated him, and forced him to return home for the re-establishment of his health. But the vessel was driven by contrary winds to Sicily, and touched at Messina. Here the Saint was informed that St. Francis was holding a general meeting of the Order at Assisi. Sick and weak as he was he hurried thither, only to pass through another trial. He was not known, and his delicate appearance offered no encouragement to his reception by any house. At last a guardian took him and sent him to a small convent near Bologna. God's time had now come, and the light that had so far been hidden was to be brought out and placed so as to light up the whole house. One day in an assembly of Franciscan and Dominican monks Anthony, in obedience to his superior, made an exhortation to the company. He spoke with such eloquence, learning and fervor that all were astonished.

For some years Saint Anthony taught theology in different houses of his Order. He at length forsook the schools to apply himself entirely to preaching, for which nature and grace combined to fit him so admirably. His learning, piety, voice and entire bearing added force and power to his discourses. Pride fell before his humility, and vice turned away before his virtue. The most hardened sinners were converted by the sanctity of

his life and the burning fervor of his language. He travelled through cities and towns with unwearied zeal. France, Spain and Italy were the scenes of his labors and triumphs. Miracles marked his progress wherever he went. Upon the suffering he bestowed the gifts of his power, as upon those in spiritual distress he bestowed the consolations and strength of divine mercy and pardon. "The most admirable effects," says the chronicler, "were these: enmities were appeased, and contending families publicly reconciled; usurers and thieves made restitution of their ill-gotten goods; great sinners struck their breasts in humble repentance, and fled from their haunts of vice. The confessionals were besieged, vice disappeared, and virtue revived."

Padua was for some time his permanent abode. This city the Saint not only converted, but delivered from a cruel tyrant who ruled over that portion of Italy and who had put many of the citizens to death. Anthony entered the very presence of the tyrant, told him that his sins cried to heaven for vengeance. The man was converted and changed his conduct.

In the year 1231 St. Anthony, after preaching the whole of Lent at Padua, retired to a solitude not far distant. His health and strength rapidly declined. He knew his earthly pilgrimage was nearly at an end; and wishing to die in his convent at Padua, he asked to be carried there. The crowds of people pressed so closely about him that he was taken into a convent of the Poor Clares, situated in the suburbs. Here with all the rites of the Church, and amidst the tears of his brethren and the sorrow of the city, Anthony gave up his soul in death

on the 13th of June, 1231, being only thirty-six years of age.

The miracles which our Saint performed are innumerable. During his life and since his death, even to the present day, few heavenly patrons have so many earthly clients as the Wonder-worker of Padua. He is generally represented with an infant in his arms, from a special favor of our Lord to His chosen servant, who appeared to him and placed Himself in Anthony's arms. Saint Anthony is especially invoked for the recovery of things lost. During his life-time the Saint had missed a Bible in which he had written a number of notes. It had been stolen. The servant of God prayed, and the book was miraculously restored to him. And this privileged son of St. Francis continues his apostolate, even after his death, in regard to things lost. From his tomb he still bears testimony to the truth and continues to preach to the nations. The sorrowful and afflicted are never weary of imploring his aid, and the Saint never wearies in granting them their petitions.

—*Rev. J. R. Teefy.*

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My God, trembling to Thee,
Pure, warm, trembling to Thee!

LXVII.—MACARIUS THE MONK.

In days of old, while yet the Church was young,
And men believed that praise of God was sung
In curbing self as well as singing psalms,
There lived a monk, Macarius by name,
A holy man, to whom the faithful came
With hungry hearts to hear the wondrous Word.
In sight of gushing springs and sheltering palms,
He lived upon the desert: from the marsh
He drank the brackish water, and his food
Was dates and roots,—and all his rule was harsh,
For pampered flesh in those days warred with good.

From those who came in scores, a few there were
Who feared the devil more than fast and prayer,
And these remained and took the hermit's vow.
A dozen saints there grew to be; and now
Macarius, happy, lived in larger care.
He taught his brethren all the lore he knew,
And as they learned, his pious rigors grew.
His whole intent was on the spirit's goal:
He taught them silence—words disturb the soul;
He warned of joys, and bade them pray for sorrow,
And be prepared to-day for death to-morrow.

To know that human life alone was given
To test the souls of those who merit heaven,
He bade the twelve in all things be as brothers,
And die to self, to live and work for others.
“For so,” he said, “we save our love and labors,
And each one gives his own and takes his neighbor's.”
Thus long he taught, and while they silent heard,
He prayed for fruitful soil to hold the word.

One day, beside the marsh they labored long—
 For worldly work makes sweeter sacred song—
 And when the cruel sun made hot the sand,
 And Afric's gnats the sweltering face and hand
 Tormenting stung, a passing traveller stood
 And watched the workers by the reeking flood.

Macarius, nigh, with heat and toil was faint ;
 The traveller saw, and to the suffering saint
 A bunch of luscious grapes in pity threw.
 Most sweet and fresh and fair they were to view,
 A generous cluster, bursting-rich with wine.
 Macarius longed to taste. "The fruit is mine,"
 He said, and sighed ; "but I, who daily teach,
 Feel now the bond to practise as I preach."
 He gave the cluster to the nearest one,
 And with his heavy toil went patient on.

And he who took, unknown to any other,
 The sweet refreshment handed to a brother.
 And so, from each to each, till round was made
 The circuit wholly ; when the grapes, at last,
 Untouched and tempting, to Macarius passed.
 "Now God be thanked !" he cried, and ceased to toil :
 "The seed was good, but better was the soil.
 My brothers, join with me to bless the day."
 But, ere they knelt, he threw the grapes away.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

The way of the wicked is an abomination to the
 Lord; he that followeth justice is beloved by Him.
 Better a little with the fear of the Lord, than great
 treasures without content.

LXVIII.—THE REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself ;
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 O listen ! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands :
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago :
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;—
 I listen'd, motionless and still ;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

—*William Wordsworth.*

LXIX.—VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

On Friday, the 3rd day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making toward the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west toward that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance.

All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with

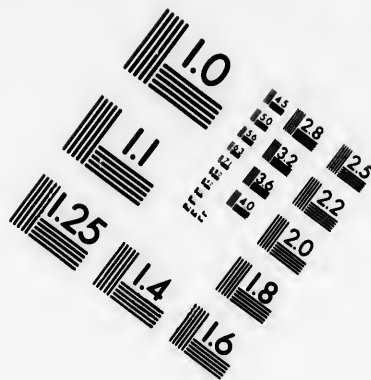
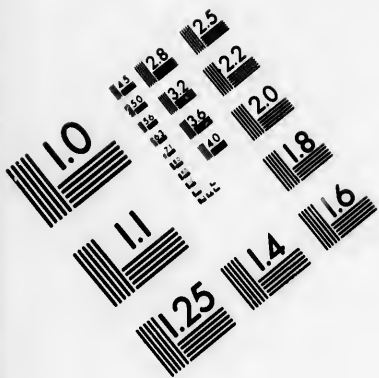
their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment.

He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course toward Spain.

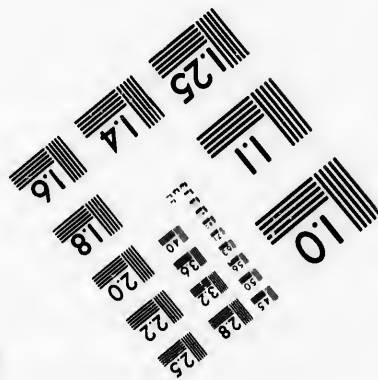
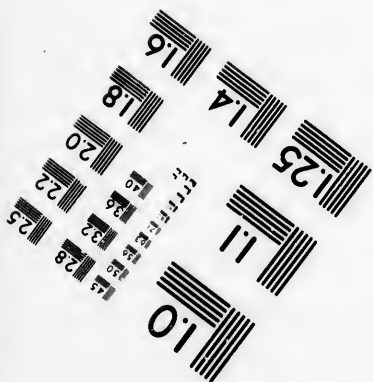
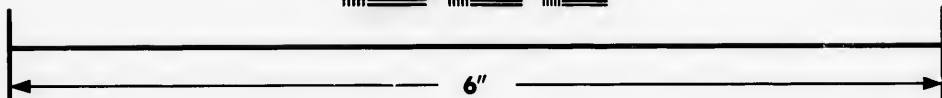
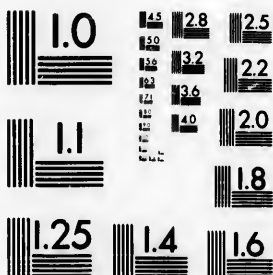
Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore.

The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber, artificially carved. The sailors took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during





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night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that, on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night.

During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently toward that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes. About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed at a distance a light in motion, as if it were carried from place to place.

A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *Land!* *Land!* was heard from the *Pinta* which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country.

The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered.

He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Spain.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth.

Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country !

— *William Robertson.*

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead, lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
through peace to light.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine like quiet night :
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine, through peace
to light.

LXX.—SKIPPER BEN.

Sailing away !

Losing the breath of the shores in May,
 Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
 Over the sea slope vast and gray !
 And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind ;
 For a vision comes on the rising wind
 Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
 And a heart that throbs through the fog bank dim,
 Thinking of him.

Far into night

He watches the gleam of the lessening light,
 Fixed on the dangerous island height
 That bars the harbor he loves from sight ;
 And he wishes at dawn he could tell the tale
 Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
 To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
 With a wakeful night among spectres grim,—
 Terrors for him.

Yo—heave—yo !

Here's the Bank where the fishermen go.
 Over the schooner's sides they throw
 Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
 And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
 When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
 Something that stirs like his apple trees,
 And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
 Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,

And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour !
 "Steady ! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,—
 Then hark to the Beverly bells once more !"

And each man worked with the will of ten ;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
 Scowling on him.

 Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain !
Never again shall he walk at ease
Under his blossoming apple trees,
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea gulls skim,
 Gazing with him.

 How they went down
Never was known in the still old town :
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night,—
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon light,
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
 Waiting for him.

 Beverly bells,
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells !
His was the anguish a moment tells,—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells ;
But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
 Thinking of him.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

LXXI.—THE AIR AND WATER.

A philosopher of the East describes the atmosphere as a spherical shell which surrounds the earth to a depth unknown to us, by reason of its growing tenuity, as it is released from the pressure of its own superincumbent mass. Its upper surface cannot be nearer to us than fifty, and can scarcely be more remote than five hundred miles. It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the finest down, more impalpable than the finest gossamer, it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight.

When in motion, its force is sufficient to level with the earth the most stately forests and stable buildings, to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapors from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew, when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path to give us the aurora of the morning and twilight of evening; it disperses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and the retreat of the orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us in a moment

and fail us in the twinkling of an eye, removing us in an instant from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat; but the bald earth, as it revolved on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to the full unmitigated rays of the lord of day.

The atmosphere affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames; it receives into itself that which has been polluted by use, and is thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of the fire. It is in both cases consumed, in both cases it affords the food of consumption, and in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal, which requires it for combustion, and which removes it when combustion is over. It is the girdling, encircling air that makes the whole world kin. The carbonic acid with which body our breathing fills the air, to-morrow seeks its way round the world.

The date trees that grow round the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow rapidly upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon; the giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon tree of Ceylon, and the forest, older than the flood, that lies buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon, gave it out. The rain we see

descending was thawed for us out of the icebergs which have watched the Polar Star for ages, or it came from snows which rested on the summits of the Alps, but which the lotus lilies have soaked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapor again into the ever-present air.

There are processes no less interesting going on in other parts of this magnificent field of research. Water is Nature's carrier: with its currents it conveys heat away from the torrid zone and ice from the frigid; or, bottling the caloric away in the vesicles of its vapor, it first makes it impalpable, and then conveys it, by unknown paths, to the most distant parts of the earth. The materials of which the coral builds the island and the sea-conch its shell are gathered by this restless leveller from mountains, rocks, and valleys in all latitudes. Some it washes down from the Mountains of the Moon, or out of the gold-fields of Australia, or from the mines of Potosi. others from the battlefields of Europe, or from the marble quarries of ancient Greece and Rome. These materials, thus collected and carried over falls or down rapids, are transported from river to sea, and delivered by the obedient waters to each insect and to every plant in the ocean at the right time and temperature, in proper form and in due quantity.

Treating the rocks less gently, it grinds them into dust, or pounds them into sand, or rolls and rubs them until they are fashioned into pebbles, rubble, or boulders; the sand and shingle on the sea-shore are monuments of the abrading, triturating power of water. By water the soil has been brought down from the hills, and spread out into valleys, plains, and fields for man's

use. Saving the rocks on which the everlasting hills are established, everything on the surface of our planet seems to have been removed from its original foundation and lodged in its present place by water. Protean in shape, benignant in office, water, whether fresh or salt, solid, fluid, or gaseous, is marvellous in its powers.

It is one of the chief agents in the manifold workshops in which and by which the earth has been made a habitation fit for man. —M. F. Maury.

LXXII.—KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Apparelled in magnificent attire,
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
 De sede, et exultavit humiles ;*"
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,
 "What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree."
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
 "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
 Only by priests and in the Latin tongue :
 For unto priests and people be it known,

There is no power can push me from my throne !"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls !

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, " Who is there ?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
" Open : 'tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
" This is some drunken vagabond, or worse !"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,

Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou here ? "
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
" Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;

Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall !”

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs :
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of “ Long live the King !”

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, “ It was a dream !”
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream : the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,--he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment

In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a King's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King ?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him : "Thou knowest best !
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven !"
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street :
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree !"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King !"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !

But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

LXXIII.—OUR NEW NEIGHBORS.

When I saw the little house building, an eighth of a mile beyond my own, on the Old Bay Road, I wondered who were to be the tenants. The modest structure was set well back from the road, among the trees, as if the inmates were to care nothing whatever for a view of the stylish equipages which sweep by during the summer season. For my part, I like to see the passing, in town or country; but each has his own unaccountable taste. The proprietor, who seemed to be also architect of the new house, superintended the various details of the work with an assiduity that gave me a high opinion of his intelligence and executive ability, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of having some very agreeable neighbors.

It was quite early in the spring, if I remember, when they moved into the cottage—a newly-married couple, evidently: the wife very young, pretty, and with the air of a lady; the husband somewhat older, but still in the first flush of manhood. It was understood in the village that they came from Baltimore; but no one knew them personally, and they brought no letters of introduction. (For obvious reasons I refrain from mentioning names.)

It was clear that, for the present at least, their own company was entirely sufficient for them. They made no advances toward the acquaintance of any of the families in the neighborhood, and consequently were left to themselves. That, apparently, was what they desired, and why they came to Ponkapog.

I saw a great deal of our neighbors, nevertheless. Their cottage lay between us and the post-office—where *he* was never to be met with by any chance—and I caught frequent glimpses of the two working in the garden. Floriculture did not appear so much an object as exercise. Possibly it was neither; may be they were engaged in digging for specimens of those arrowheads and flint hatchets which are continually coming to the surface hereabouts. There is scarcely an acre in which the ploughshare has not turned up some primitive stone weapon or domestic utensil, disdainfully left to us by the red men who once held this domain.

Whether they were developing a kitchen-garden, or emulating the excavator of ancient Troy, the new-comers were evidently persons of refined musical taste: the lady had a contralto voice of remarkable sweetness, although of no great compass, and I used often to linger of a morning by the high gate and listen to her executing an arietta, conjecturally at some window upstairs, for the house was not visible from the turnpike. The husband, somewhere about the grounds, would occasionally respond with two or three bars. It was all quite an ideal, Arcadian business. They seemed very happy together, these two persons, who asked no odds whatever of the community in which they had settled themselves.

There was a queerness, a sort of mystery, about this couple which I admit piqued my curiosity, though as a rule I have no morbid interest in the affairs of my neighbors. They behaved like a pair of lovers who had run off and got married clandestinely. I willingly acquitted them, however, of having done anything unlawful; for, to change a word in the lines of the poet—

“It is a joy to *think* the best
We may of human kind.”

Admitting the hypothesis of elopement, there was no mystery in their neither sending nor receiving letters. But where did they get their groceries? I do not mean the money to pay for them—that is an enigma apart—but the groceries themselves. No express waggon, no butcher's cart, no vehicle of any description, was ever observed to stop at their domicile. Yet they did not order family stores at the sole establishment in the village—an inexhaustible little bottle of a shop which, I advertise it *gratis*, can turn out anything in the way of groceries, from a handsaw to a pocket-handkerchief. I confess that I allowed this unimportant detail of their household to occupy more of my speculation than was creditable to me.

In several respects our neighbors reminded me of those inexplicable persons we sometimes come across in great cities, though seldom or never in suburban places, where the field may be supposed too restricted for their operations—persons who have no perceptible means of subsistence, and yet manage to live royally on nothing a year. They hold no government bonds, they possess no real estate (our neighbors did own their house), they toil

not, neither do they spin; yet they reap all the numerous soft advantages that usually result from honest toil and skilful spinning. How do they do it? But this is a digression, and I am quite of the opinion of the old lady in "David Copperfield," who says, "Let us have no meandering!"

Though my wife had declined to risk a ceremonious call on our neighbors as a family, I saw no reason why I should not speak to the husband as an individual, when I happened to encounter him by the wayside. I made several approaches to do so, when it occurred to my penetration that my neighbor had the air of trying to avoid me. I resolved to put the suspicion to the test, and one forenoon, when he was sauntering along on the opposite side of the road, in the vicinity of Fisher's saw-mill, I deliberately crossed over to address him. The brusque manner in which he hurried away was not to be misunderstood. Of course I was not going to force myself upon him.

It was at this time that I began to formulate uncharitable suppositions touching our neighbors, and would have been as well pleased if some of my choicest fruit trees had not overhung their wall. I determined to keep my eyes open later in the season, when the fruit should be ripe to pluck. In some folks, a sense of the delicate shades of difference between *mine* and *thine* does not seem to be very strongly developed in the Moon of Cherries, to use the old Indian phrase.

I was sufficiently magnanimous not to impart any of these sinister impressions to the families with whom we were on visiting terms; for I despise a gossip. I would say nothing against the persons up the road until I had

something definite to say. My interest in them was—well, not exactly extinguished, but burning low. I met the gentleman at intervals, and passed him without recognition; at rarer intervals I saw the lady.

After a while I not only missed my occasional glimpses of her pretty, slim figure, always draped in some soft black stuff with a bit of something bright at the throat, but I inferred that she did not go about the house singing in her light-hearted manner, as formerly. What had happened? Had the honeymoon suffered eclipse already? Was she ill? I fancied she was ill, and that I detected a certain anxiety in the husband, who spent the mornings digging solitarily in the garden, and seemed to have relinquished those long jaunts to the brow of Blue Hill, where there is a superb view of all Norfolk County, combined with sundry venerable rattlesnakes with twelve rattles.

As the days went by it became certain that the lady was confined to the house, perhaps seriously ill, possibly a confirmed invalid. Whether she was attended by a physician, I was unable to say; but neither the gig with the large allopathic sorrel horse, nor the gig with the homœopathic white mare, was ever seen hitched at the gate during the day. If a physician had charge of the case, he visited his patient only at night. All this moved my sympathy, and I reproached myself with having had hard thoughts of our neighbors. Trouble had come to them early. I would have liked to offer them such small, friendly services as lay in my power, but the memory of the repulse I had sustained still rankled in me. So I hesitated.

One morning my two boys burst into the library with their eyes sparkling.

"You know the old elm down the road?" cried one

"Yes."

"The elm with the hang-bird's nest?" shrieked the other.

"Yes, yes—the Baltimore oriole."

"Well, we both just climbed up, and there's three young ones in it!"

Then I smiled to think that our new neighbors had got such a promising little family.

—*Thomas B. Aldrich.*

LXXIV.—SOLITUDE.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

—*Alexander Pope.*

LXXV.—TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,

Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

—James Russell Lowell.

LXXVI.—THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

I recall a home, long since left behind in the journey of life; and its memory floats back to me with a shower of emotions and thoughts, towards whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily, like a thirsty flower. It is a home among the mountains—humble and lowly—but priceless in its wealth of associations.

The waterfall sings again in my ears, as it used to sing through the dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the patch of tansy under the window, the neighboring orchard, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the little smithy under the hill that flamed with a strange light through the dull winter evenings, the wood-pile at the door, the ghostly white birches on the hill, and the dim blue haze upon the retiring mountains—all these come back to me with an appeal which touches my heart and moistens my eyes.

I sit again in the doorway at summer nightfall, eating my bread and milk, looking off upon the darkening landscape, and listening to the shouts of boys upon the hillside, calling or driving home the reluctant herds. I watch again the devious way of the dusty night-hawk along the twilight sky, and listen to his measured note, and the breezy boom that accompanies his headlong plunge toward the earth.

Even the old barn, crazy in every timber and gaping at every joint, has charms for me. I try again the breathless leap from the great beams into the hay. I sit again on the threshold of the widely open doors—open to the soft south wind of spring—and watch the cattle, whose faces look half human to me, as they sun themselves and peacefully ruminate.

The first little lambs of the season toddle by the side of their dams, and utter their feeble bleatings, while the flock nibble at the hayrick, or a pair of rival wethers try the strength of their skulls in an encounter, half in earnest and half in play. The proud old rooster crows upon his homely throne, and some delighted member of

his silly family leaves her nest and tells to her mates that there is another egg in the world.

The old horse whinnies in his stall, and calls to me for food. I look up to the roof and think of last year's swallows—soon to return again—and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond-shaped opening through which they went and came. How, I know not, and can not tell, but that old barn is a part of myself—it has entered into my life and given me growth and wealth.

The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsel mingled with reproofs and approvals, the sympathy that meets and assuages every sorrow and sweetens every little success—all these return to me amid the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in heaven, and straying, had lost my way.

—*J. G. Holland.*

LXXVII.—LINES ON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !” . . .
My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss——
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown :
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot. . . .
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery-plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall ;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay

Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

—*William Cowper.*

LXXVIII.—THE SHIPWRECK.

I put up at an old inn at Yarmouth and went down to look at the sea, staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed and with flying blotches of sea foam, afraid of falling slates and tiles, and holding by people I met at angry corners.

Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town lurking behind buildings ; some now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety.

Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as they looked from water to sky and muttering to one another. Even stout mariners, disturbed

and anxious, levelled their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high, watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town.

As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out a deep cave in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster.

Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound.

Every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and quick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding Ham among the people, I made my way to his house. It was shut up, and as no one answered to my knocking, I went, by backways and by-lanes, to the yard where he worked. I learned there that he had gone to Lowestoft to meet some sudden exigency of

ship-repairing in which his skill was required, but that he would be back to-morrow morning in good time.

When I awoke next morning it was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm was raging, and some one was knocking and calling at my door.

“What is the matter?” I cried.

“A wreck! Close by!”

I sprang out of bed, and asked, “What wreck?”

“A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment.”

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea. Having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, it was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but the wind and waves, and in the crowd and the unspeakable confusion and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves.

A half-dressed boatman standing next to me pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then I saw it close in upon us.

One mast was broken short off six or eight feet from the deck and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat,—which she did without a moment's pause and with a violence quite inconceivable,—beat the side as if it would stave it in.

Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes.

But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long.

There was a bell on board, and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel as she sprang wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang and its sound was borne toward us on the wind.

Again we lost her, and again she rose. The lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago and could do

nothing; and as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try.

All at once I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front. I ran to him, held him back with both arms, and implored the men not to let him stir from off that sand! I might as hopefully entreated the wind.

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay, urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested.

I don't know what I answered or what they rejoined; but I saw them hurrying on the beach and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me.

Then I saw him standing alone in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand or slung to his wrist, another round his body, and several of the best men holding at a little distance to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore at his feet.

The wreck was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made

fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt, but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when a high, green, vast hillside of water moved on shoreward from beyond the ship. He seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone.

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible, dead!

He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

—*Charles Dickens.*

The ways of God are ways of mercy still;
Full many a blessing springs from seeming ill.

LXXIX.—ALEC YEATON'S SON.

The wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea ;
“An' I would to God,” the skipper groaned,
“I had not my boy with me !”

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
Laughed as the scud swept by ;
But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

“Would he were at his mother's side !”
And the skipper's eyes were dim.
“Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him !

“For me—my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may :
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o' day.

“But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand—
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in Thy hand !

“For Thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow's fall—each one !—
Surely, O Lord, thou'lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton's son !”

Then, steady, helm ! Right straight he sailed
Towards the headland light :
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though housed from winds and waves—
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went;
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in
Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath!"—
They knew it, though 'twas but a speck
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God His strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown
And the little child go free!

—*Thomas B. Aldrich.*

LXXX.—THE ANGELUS.

The bell, at the appointed hour, gives the signal; and upon it every occupation, be it of study or recreation, is suspended. The solitary student in his cell puts down his pen, and turns to his little domestic memorials of piety, picture, or crucifix, and joins his absent brethren in prayer.

The professor pauses in his lecture, and, kneeling at the head of his class, leads the way to their responses. The little knot engaged in cheerful talk or learned disputation drop their mirth or their cunning instruments of fence, and contend more pleasantly in the verses of that angelic prayer. Nay, even the sport and play of youth and childhood are interrupted, to give a few moments to more serious thoughts.

Well might the Angelus bell have inscribed upon it, "At evening, morn, and noon I will call out, and give the angelic annunciation." For this is truly the order of the ecclesiastical day; and in southern countries of more Catholic atmosphere, of the civil. With first vespers comes in the festival; and the *Ave Maria*, with its clattering peal, rings in the new day. We own we like it. We love not the old day to slip away from us, and the new one to steal in, "like a thief in the night," upon our unconscious being, at the hour when ghosts walk, and when nature, abroad and within us, most awfully personates death.

We like the day to die even as a good Christian would wish, with a heaven of mild splendor above, enriched in hues as its close approaches; with golden visions and loved shapes, however fantastically, floating in clouds around; with whispered prayer, and a cheering passing bell, and the comfort that, when gloom has overspread all, a new, though unseen, day has risen to the spirit; that the vigil only has expired, that so the festival day may break. Then, when we awake once more to sense and consciousness, let the joyful peal arouse us, with the first dawn of day and reason, to commemorate that mystery which alone has made the day worth living;

and greet, with the natural, the spiritual Sun, the day-spring from on high, that rose on benighted man and chased away the darkness and the shadow of death wherein he sat.

Who does not see and feel the clear analogy? And who will neglect, if it be brought thus to his memory, to shield himself behind the ample measure of this grace, against "the arrow flying in the day," in its sharp and well-aimed temptations? At these eventful periods will the Angelus bell call out to us aloud, and make the joyful Annunciation, speaking in angel's words and angel's tones, to the gladsome, to the anxious, and to the weary heart—gladsome at morn, anxious at noon, weary at eve.

Truly, it was a heavenly thought that suggested the appointment of both time and thing. For what can chime so well with the first of those feelings and its season as the glorious news that "the Lord's angel" hath brought to earth such tidings as his? What can suit the second better than to speak resignation in Mary's words: "Behold thy servant, or handmaid;" "Be it done unto me according to thy word"? What can refresh the third, and cast forward bright rays into the gloom of approaching night, more than the thought that God's own Eternal Word dwelleth ever amongst us, our comforter and help?

—Cardinal Wiseman.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again :
 The eternal years of God are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

LXXXI.—THE ANGELUS.

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance :

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls ;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last !

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio ;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun ;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells ! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old,—
O tinkling bells ! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold !

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—
Break, falter, and are still ;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill !

—*Bret Harte.*

LXXXII.—CORTES IN MEXICO.

The troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the valley of Mexico, which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them.

In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore and cedar; and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguay, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were

even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts.

In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and, in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, the fair City of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed “Venice of the Aztecs.”

High over all arose the royal hill of Chapultepec (the residence of the Mexican monarchs), crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by the intervening foliage, was seen (a shining speck) the rival capital, Tezcuco; and still farther on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which Nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene—when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility—when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin, white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins—even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features,

that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah; and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

It was the eighth of November, 1519, a day conspicuous in history as that on which the Europeans first set foot in the capital of the Western World.

Cortes with his little body of horse formed a sort of advanced guard to the army. Then came the Spanish infantry, who in a summer's campaign had acquired the discipline and the weather-beaten aspect of veterans. The baggage occupied the centre; and the rear was closed by the dark files of the native warriors. The whole number must have fallen short of seven thousand; of whom fewer than four hundred were Spaniards.

Everywhere the conquerors beheld the evidence of a crowded and thriving population, exceeding all they had yet seen. The temples and principal buildings of the cities were covered with a hard white stucco, which glistened like enamel in the level beams of the morning. The margin of the lake was thickly gemmed with towns and hamlets. The water was darkened by swarms of canoes filled with Indians, who clambered up the sides of the causeway and gazed with curious astonishment on

the strangers. And here, also, they beheld those fairy islands of flowers, overshadowed occasionally by trees of considerable size, rising and falling with the gentle undulation of the billows.

Soon they beheld the glittering retinue of the emperor emerging from the great street which led then, as it still does, through the heart of the city. Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state bearing golden wands, they saw the royal palanquin blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy feather work, powdered with jewels and fringed with silver, was supported by four attendants of the same rank. They were bare-footed, and walked with a slow, measured pace, and with eyes bent on the ground.

As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strewed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil. His subjects of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the humbler class prostrated themselves before him.

Montezuma wore the girdle and ample square cloak of his nation. It was made of the finest cotton, with the embroidered ends gathered in a knot round his neck. His feet were defended by sandals having soles of gold, and the leathern thongs which bound them to his ankles were embossed with the same metal. Both the cloak and sandals were sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, among which the emerald, and another

green stone of high estimation among the Aztecs, were conspicuous. On his head he wore no other ornament than a bunch of plumes of the royal green, which floated down his back,—the badge of military, rather than of regal, rank.

Cortes, dismounting, threw his reins to a page, and supported by a few of the principal cavaliers, advanced to meet him. The interview must have been one of uncommon interest to both. In Montezuma, Cortes beheld the lord of the broad realms he had traversed, whose magnificence and power had been the burden of every tongue. In the Spaniard, on the other hand, the Aztec prince saw the strange being whose history seemed to be so mysteriously connected with his own; the predicted one of his oracles, whose achievements proclaimed him something more than human.

But whatever may have been the monarch's feelings, he so far suppressed them as to receive his guest with princely courtesy, and to express his satisfaction at personally seeing him in his capital. Cortes responded by the most profound expressions of respect, while he made ample acknowledgments for the substantial proofs which the emperor had given the Spaniards of his munificence. He then hung round Montezuma's neck a sparkling chain of colored crystal, accompanying this with a movement as if to embrace him, when he was restrained by the two Aztec lords, shocked at the menaced profanation of the sacred person of their master. After the interchange of these civilities, Montezuma appointed his brother to conduct the Spaniards to their residence in the capital, and, again entering his litter, was borne off amidst pros-

trate crowds in the same state in which he had come. The Spaniards quickly followed, and, with colors flying and music playing, soon made their entrance into the southern quarter of the capital.

Here, again, they found fresh cause for admiration in the grandeur of the city and the superior style of its architecture. The dwellings of the poorer classes were, indeed, chiefly of reeds and mud. But the great avenue through which they were now marching was lined with the houses of the nobles, who were encouraged by the emperor to make the capital their residence. They were built of a red porous stone drawn from quarries in the neighborhood, and, though they rarely rose to a second storey, often covered a large space of ground.

The flat roofs were protected by stone parapets, so that every house was a fortress. Sometimes these roofs resembled parterres of flowers, so thickly were they covered with them, but more frequently these were cultivated in broad terraced gardens, laid out between the edifices. Occasionally a great square or market place intervened, surrounded by its porticoes of stone and stucco; or a pyramidal temple reared its colossal bulk, crowned with its tapering sanctuaries, and altars blazing with inextinguishable fires. The great street facing the southern causeway, unlike most others in the place, was wide, and extended some miles in nearly a straight line, as before noticed, through the centre of the city. A spectator standing at one end of it, as his eye ranged along the deep vista of temples, terraces and gardens, might clearly discern the other, with the blue mountains in the distance, which, in the transparent atmosphere

of the table-land, seemed almost in contact with the buildings.

But what must have been the sensations of the Aztecs themselves, as they looked on the portentous pageant! as they heard, now for the first time, the well-cemented pavement ring under the iron tramp of the horses,—the strange animals which fear had clothed in such supernatural terrors: as they gazed on the children of the East, revealing their celestial origin in their fair complexions; saw the bright falchions and bonnets of steel, a metal to them unknown, glancing like meteors in the sun, while sounds of unearthly music—at least, such as their rude instruments had never wakened—floated in the air!

As they passed down the spacious street, the troops repeatedly traversed bridges suspended above canals, along which they saw the Indian barks gliding swiftly with their little cargoes of fruits and vegetables for the markets. At length they halted before a broad area near the centre of the city, where rose the huge pyramidal pile dedicated to the patron war god of the Aztecs, second only to the temple of Cholula, and covering the same ground now in part occupied by the great cathedral of Mexico. Here were the buildings appropriated to the Spaniards.

—*William H. Prescott.*

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Turn from man, and look above thee,
 Trust in God and do the right.

LXXXIII.—WATERLOO.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None: but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before, thus let it be:—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
 No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips, " The foe ! They come !
 They come ! "

And wild and high the " Cameron's gathering " rose !
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,

Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years ;
 And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

—*Lord Byron.*

As the soul is the life of the body, so God is the
 life of the soul. The body dies when the soul departs
 from it. The soul dies when it separates itself from
 God.

LXXXIV.—RIP VAN WINKLE.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses, there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of

ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

He, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears

about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the school-master, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage

and call the members all to naught. Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. For some time Rip lay musing upon the Hudson far beneath him, and a shaggy mountain glen upon the other side of him.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange

figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying

by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise; and whenever they cast their eyes upon him they invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of

houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows,—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—“That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety

wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes--all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with

him!" The poor man humbly assured them that he meant no harm, but came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

Rip's heart died away at hearing of the sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three; "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed

through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she; "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort at least in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and

peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with

her ; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits ; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time ; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

— *Washington Irving.*

LXXXV.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream !"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle,—
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

LXXXVI.—THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

It was past the middle of May, 1609, and the expected warriors from the upper country had not come: a delay which seems to have given Champlain little concern, for, without waiting longer, he set forth with no better allies than a band of Montagnais. But, as he moved up the St. Lawrence, he saw, thickly clustering in the bordering forest, the lodges of an Indian camp, and, landing, found his Huron and Algonquin allies. Few of them had ever seen a white man. They surrounded the steel-clad strangers in speechless wonderment. Champlain asked

for their chief, and the staring throng moved with him towards a lodge where sat, not one chief, but two, for each tribe had its own. There were feasting, smoking, speeches; and, the needful ceremony over, all descended together to Quebec; for the strangers were bent on seeing those wonders of architecture whose fame had pierced the recesses of their forests.

On their arrival, they feasted their eyes and glutted their appetites; yelped consternation at the sharp explosion of the arquebuse and the roar of the cannon, pitched their camps, and bedecked themselves for their war dance. In the still night, their fire glared against the dark and jagged cliff, and the fierce red light fell on tawny limbs convulsed with frenzied gestures and ferocious stampings; on contorted visages, hideous with paint; on brandished weapons, stone war clubs, stone hatchets, and stone-pointed lances; while the drum kept up its hollow boom, and the air was split with mingled yells, till the horned owl on Point Levis, startled at the sound, gave back a whoop no less discordant.

Stand with Champlain and view the war dance; sit with him at the war feast,—a close-packed company, ring within ring of ravenous feasters; then embark with him on his hare-brained venture of discovery. It was in a small shallop, carrying, besides himself, eleven Frenchmen. They were armed with the arquebuse, a matchlock or firelock somewhat like the modern carbine, and from its shortness not ill-fitted for use in the forest. On the twenty-eighth of May, they spread their sails and held their course against the current, while around them the river was alive with canoes, and hundreds of naked arms plied the oars with a steady, measured sweep.

They crossed the Lake of St. Peter, threaded the devious channels among its many islands, and reached at last the mouth of the Richelieu.

When he reached the shallop, he found the whole savage crew gathered on the spot. He mildly rebuked their bad faith, but added that, though they had deceived him, he, as far as might be, would fulfil his pledge. To this end he directed Marais, with the boat and the greater part of the men, to return to Quebec, while he with two who offered to follow him, should proceed in their Indian canoes.

The warriors lifted their canoes from the water, and, in long procession through the forest, under the flickering sun and shade, bore them on their shoulders around the rapids to the smooth stream above. Here the chiefs made a muster of their forces, counting twenty-four canoes and sixty warriors. All embarked again and advanced, the river widening as they went. Great islands appeared, leagues in extent. Channels where ships might float, and broad reaches of expanding water stretched between them, and Champlain entered the lake which preserves his name to posterity. Edged with woods, the tranquil flood spread southward beyond the sight. Far on the left, the forest ridges of the Green Mountains were heaved against the sun, patches of snow still glistening on their tops; and on the right rose the Adirondacks, haunts in these later years of amateur sportsmen from counting-room or college halls,—nay of adventurous beauty, with sketch-book and pencil. Then the Iroquois made them their hunting-ground; and beyond, in the valleys, stretched the long line of their five cantons and palisaded towns.

The progress of the party was becoming dangerous. They changed their mode of advance, and moved only in the night. All day they lay close in the depth of the forest. At twilight they embarked close again, paddling their cautious way till the eastern sky began to redden.

It was ten o'clock in the evening of the 29th of July, when they descried dark objects in motion on the lake before them. These were a flotilla of Iroquois canoes, heavier and slower than theirs, for they were made of oak bark. Each party saw the other, and the mingled war-cries pealed over the darkened water. The Iroquois, who were near the shore, having no stomach for an aquatic battle, landed, and, making night hideous with their clamors, began to barricade themselves. Champlain could see them in the woods, laboring like beavers, hacking down trees with iron axes taken from the Canadian tribes in war, and with stone hatchets of their own making. The allies remained on the lake, a bowshot from the hostile barricade, their canoes made fast together by poles lashed across. All night they danced with as much vigor as the frailty of their vessels would permit, their throats making amends for the enforced restraint of their limbs. It was agreed on both sides that the fight should be deferred till daybreak; but meanwhile a commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace, and boasting gave unceasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants,—“Much,” says Champlain, “like the besiegers and besieged in a beleaguered town.”

As day approached, he and his two followers put on the light armor of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a back-piece,

while his thighs were protected by cuisses of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer, or ammunition box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse, which he had loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian-fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth.

Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and, as it grew light, they kept themselves hidden, either by lying at the bottom or by covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes approached the shore, and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they presently could see filing out of their barricade, tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, of the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America. They advanced through the forest with a steadiness which excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fibre, supposed by Champlain to be cotton.

The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and, advancing before his red companions-in-arms, stood revealed to the astonished Iroquois, who, beholding the warlike apparition in their path, stared in mute amazement. But his arquebuse was levelled; the report startled the woods, a chief fell dead, and another by his side rolled among the bushes. Then there rose from the allies a yell, which, says Champlain, would have drowned a thunderclap, and the

forest was full of whizzing arrows. For a moment, the Iroquois stood firm and sent back their arrows lustily; but when another and another gunshot came from the thickets on their flank, they broke and fled in uncontrollable terror. Swifter than hounds the allies tore through the bushes in pursuit. Some of the Iroquois were killed; more were taken. Camps, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned, and many weapons flung down in the panic-flight. The arquebuse had done its work. The victory was complete.

Thus did New France rush into collision with the redoubted warriors of the Five Nations. Here was the beginning, in some measure doubtless the cause, of a long suite of murderous conflicts, bearing havoc and flame to generations yet unborn. Champlain had invaded the tiger's den; and now, in smothered fury, the patient savage would lie biding his day of blood.

—*Francis Parkman.*

LXXXVII.—THE INDIAN'S FAITH.

We worship the Spirit that walks unseen
 Through our land of ice and snow ;
 We know not his face, we know not his place,
 But his presence and power we know.

Does the buffalo need the Pale-face word
 To find his pathway far ?
 What guide has he to the hidden ford,
 Or where the green pastures are ?

Who teacheth the moose that the hunter's gun
 Is peering out of the shade?
 Who teacheth the doe and the fawn to run
 In the track the moose has made?

Him do we follow, him do we fear,
 The Spirit of earth and sky;
 Who hears with the wapiti's eager ear
 His poor red children's cry;
 Whose whisper we note in every breeze
 That stirs the birch canoe;
 Who hangs the reindeer-moss on the trees
 For the food of the caribou.

That Spirit we worship who walks unseen
 Through our land of ice and snow;
 We know not his face, we know not his place,
 But his presence and power we know.

—*Thomas D'Arcy McGee.*

LXXXVIII.—HORATIUS.

The consul's brow was sad, and the consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe:
 "Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the
 town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius, the captain of the gate:
 "To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better than facing fearful odds
 For the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his gods?"

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may:
I, with two more to help me, will keep the foe at bay.
In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three;
Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with
me?”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—a Ramnian proud was he:
“Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with
thee.”

And out spake strong Herminius—of Titian blood was he:
“I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee.”

“Horatius,” quoth the consul, “as thou sayest, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array forth went the dauntless
three.

For Romans in Rome’s quarrel spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, in the brave days of old.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light, rank behind rank, like
surges bright

Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded a peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread, and spears advanced,
and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge’s head, where stood the
dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent, and looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose.
And forth three chiefs came spurring from out that great
array;

To earth they sprang, their swords they drew, and lifted high
their shields, and flew

To win the narrow way.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus into the stream beneath ;
Herminius struck at Seius, and clove him to the teeth ,
At Picus brave Horatius darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clashed in the bloody
dust.

But now no sign of laughter was heard among the foes ;
A wild and wrathful clamor from all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth to win the narrow way.

But, hark ! the cry is Astur : and lo ! the ranks divide ;
And the great lord of Luna comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand which none but he can
wield.

Then, whirling up his broadsword with both hands to the
height,
He rushed against Horatius, and smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh, it missed his
helm, but gashed his thigh—
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry to see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius he leaned one breathing space—
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds, sprang right at Astur's
face.

Through teeth, and skull, and helmet, so fierce a thrust he
sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out behind the Tuscan's
head.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the fathers all,—
 "Back, Lartius; back, Herminius! Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,—Herminius darted back;
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers
 crack.

But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once
 more;

But with a crash like thunder fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the
 stream;

And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind,—
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his
 pale face;

"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to
 our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus naught spake he;
 But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home;
 And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of
 Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this
 day!"

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathèd the good sword by his
 side,

And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the
 tide!

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank,
 But friends and foes in dumb surprise, with parted lips and
 straining eyes,

 Stood gazing where he sank ;
 And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry, and even the ranks of
 Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain ;
 And fast his blood was flowing, and he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows ;
 And oft they thought him sinking, but still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing-place ;
 But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,
 And our good Father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

And now he feels the bottom ; now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the fathers to press his gory hands ;
 And now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the river-gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

—*Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

I worship thee, sweet Will of God ! and all thy ways adore,
 And every day I live I seem to love thee more and more.
 When obstacles and trials seem like prison-walls to be,
 I do the little I can do, and leave the rest to thee.
 I have no cares, O blessed Will ! for all my cares are thine ;
 I live in triumph, Lord ! for thou hast made thy triumphs
 mine.

**LXXXIX.—THE GREATNESS OF OUR
HERITAGE.**

A single glance at an ordinary school geography shows Canada to be one of the most favored portions of the globe; and as if Providence had kept in reserve its best gifts for this latest born of nations, we have, wafted into our spacious western harbors and along our picturesque Pacific coast, the balmy winds of the Western Ocean, and with them that ocean stream which makes flowers bloom and trees bud near the Arctic circle, as early as on the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence, just as the great stream poured out by the Mexican Gulf foils the Ice King's blockade of the magnificent harbors of our Eastern coasts, and nourishes those deep-sea pastures of which Canada possesses the richest in the world. As a means of access to the interior of this favored land, Nature has cleft our rugged Eastern coast with mighty rivers and great lakes which bear the home hunter to the verge of our great Cereal Table-land.

This great country, bounded by three oceans, has the greatest extent of coast line; the greatest number of miles of river and lake navigation; the greatest extent of coniferous forest; the greatest coal measures; the most varied distribution of precious and economic minerals; the most extensive salt and fresh water fisheries; and the greatest extent of arable and pastoral land of any country in the world.

This great northern heritage so vast in area and resources, and which we call our own country, is possessed by a northern race and ruled by a northern

Queen. Its national characteristics are northern, it is the Norland of this continent; to the northern races of the old world whence we sprang we look for our national characteristics.

We have in this Dominion more Celts than had Brian when he placed his heel upon the neck of Odin, more Saxons than had Alfred when he founded his kingdom, more Normans than had William when he drew from them the armed host with which he invaded England, more of Norse blood than there were Norsemen, when their kings ruled Britain and their galleys swept the sea. We are the descendants of all the northern kingdom-founders of Western Europe. We have the laws of Edward, the Magna Charta and the Roman Code; we have copied the constitution which English statesmen, legislators, patriots and martyrs lived, or died, to secure and save. We have resources by sea and land, civil and religious liberty; we are heirs, equally with those who live in the British Isles, to the glory and traditions of the British Empire. Canadians have fought side by side with the Englishman, Irishman and Scot on the burning sands of India and Africa, and on the bleak battlefields of the Crimean Peninsula; and they have died as bravely, too, as any of them.

But while, with just pride, we remember the deeds of our ancestors for the past thousand years, and know that when necessary the blood of the sea-kings, the sturdy Saxon, the gallant Norman and the fiery Celt, which is in our veins, will assert itself again, yet thanks be to Almighty God, our national life began and has continued in peace; and as we chose for our national emblems the Canadian beaver and the maple leaf, so

have we sought to build up, harmonize and beautify our splendid heritage by the arts of peace and not by the arts of war. During the short period, less than a quarter of a century, of our national life, we have girded the continent with bands of steel, piercing mountains, spanning torrents; and crossing the snow-capped giants of the Rocky and Selkirk chains, we have linked our young Canadian empire to Japan and China, the oldest empires of the Orient. We have justified our traditions on the sea, in making Canada third in rank of the maritime nations of the world. Better still than even this material progress is the fact that our nationality is founded upon the mutual respect and confidence of the people, surrounded by the sanctity of Religion, and crowned with its only appropriate capital, Lawful Constitutional Authority.

—*Hon. John Schultz.*

XC.—THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

My wandering soul is satisfied :
I rest where blooming islands ride
At anchor on the tranquil tide.

And where the summer shines serene,
And sapphire rivers lapse between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

And so I drift in silence where
Young Echo, from her granite chair,
Flings music on the mellow air,

O'er rock and rush, o'er wave and brake,
Until her phantom carols wake
The voices of the Island Lake.

Beneath my skiff the long grass slides ;
The muskallonge in covert hides,
And pickerel flash their gleaming sides ;

And purple vines the Naiads wore,
A-tiptoe on the liquid floor,
Nod welcome to my pulsing oar.

The shadow of the waves I see,
Whose silver meshes seem to be
The love-web of Penelope :

It shimmers on the yellow sands ;
And, while beneath the weaver's hands
It creeps abroad in throbbing strands,

The braided sunbeams softly shift,
And unseen fingers, flashing swift,
Unravel all the golden weft.

So, day by day, I drift and dream
Among the Thousand Isles, that seem
The crown and glory of the stream.

— *W. A. Croffut.*

Praise the Lord, O my soul ; in my life I will praise
the Lord, I will sing to my God as long as I shall be.

XCI.—MAY-DAY.

When late I walked, in earlier days,
All was stiff and stark ;
Knee-deep snows choked all the ways,
In the sky no spark ;
Firm-braced I sought my ancient woods,
Struggling through the drifted roads ;
The whited desert knew me not,
Snow-ridges masked each darling spot ;
The summer dells, by genius haunted,
One arctic moon had disenchanting.
All the sweet secrets therein hid
By Fancy, ghastly spells undid.
Eldest mason, Frost, had piled
Swift cathedrals in the wild ;
The piny hosts were sheeted ghosts
In the star-lit minster aisled.
I found no joy : the icy wind
Might rule the forest to his mind.
Who would freeze on frozen lakes ?
Back to books and sheltered home,
And wood-fire flickering on the walls,
To hear, when, 'mid our talk and games,
Without the baffled north-wind calls.
But soft ! a sultry morning breaks ;
The ground-pines wash their rusty green,
The maple-tops their crimson tint,
On the soft path each track is seen,
The girl's foot leaves its neater print.
The pebble loosened from the frost
Asks of the urchin to be tost.
In flint and marble beats a heart,
The kind Earth takes her children's part,

profut.

praise
be.

The green lane is the school-boy's friend,
 Low leaves his quarrel apprehend,
 The fresh ground loves his top and ball,
 The air rings jocund to his call,
 The brimming brook invites a leap,
 He dives the hollow, climbs the steep. . . .

Ah! well I mind the calendar,
 Faithful through a thousand years,
 Of the painted race of flowers,
 Exact to days, exact to hours.
 I know the trusty almanac
 Of the punctual coming-back,
 On their due days, of the birds.
 I marked them yestermorn,
 A flock of finches darting
 Beneath the crystal arch,
 Piping, as they flew, a march,—
 Belike the one they used in parting
 Last year from yon oak or larch ;
 Dusky sparrows in a crowd,
 Diving, darting northward free,
 Suddenly betook them all,
 Every one to his hole in the wall,
 Or to his niche in the apple-tree.
 I greet with joy the choral trains
 Fresh from palms and Cuba's canes.
 Best gems of Nature's cabinet,
 With dews of tropic morning wet,
 Beloved of children, bards and Spring,
 O birds, your perfect virtues bring,
 Your song, your forms, your rhythmic flight,
 Your manners for the heart's delight ;
 Nestle in hedge, or barn, or roof,

Here weave your chamber weather-proof.
Forgive our harms, and condescend
To man, as to a lubber friend,
And, generous, teach his awkward race
Courage and probity and grace!

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

XCII.—EARLY CANADIAN MARTYRS.

Jean de Brebeuf, the descendant of a noble family, was selected for the Huron Mission. He passed the autumn and winter with a roving band of Montagnais Indians, enduring for five months the hardships of their wandering life, and all the penalties of filth, vermin and smoke—the inevitable abominations of a savage camp.

In company with a band of Indians, who had come down from the Georgian Bay to the French settlements, and were now returning, after bartering to advantage their furs and peltries, the two priests bade good-bye to their friends and embarked with their swarthy companions, whose canoes were headed for the Huron hunting-grounds in northern forests. Brebeuf was a man of broad frame and commanding mien, endowed with a giant strength and tireless endurance.

His stay among the Montagnais taught him that physical superiority invited the respect of the savage when Christian virtues often provoked his ridicule. Stroke for stroke with the strongest of the Hurons he dipped his paddle from morning till night, and, to the amazement of his savage companions, showed no sign of fatigue. Now and then the comparatively feeble Daillon,

worn with the hardships of the journey, weakened under his load. In spite of his indomitable will his strength would fail him, and his manly but feeble attempts to hold the pace of his red companions—whose every fibre and muscle were hardened by years of hunting and canoeing—but provoked their laughter and ridicule. The heroic Brebeuf, flying to his assistance, would then relieve him of his burden, and, to the astonishment of the band, continue for hours bearing his double load. The Hurons themselves were often spent with fatigue, and marvelled at an endurance that distance could not tire or fatigue conquer.

When they arrived at the Mission of St. Joseph they found Father Viel's bark chapel still standing. Here they remained for three years, devoting themselves to their labors with the patience of saints and the heroism of martyrs.

Owing to the opposition of the Algonquins of the Ottawa river, who refused passage through their country to the French, the Fathers who had returned to Quebec in 1633 were unable to go to their northern missions. At length all obstacles having been overcome, Fathers Daniel, Davost and Brebeuf embarked with a party of Hurons, and after four weeks of incredible hardship finally reached the Huron country. Father Brebeuf was received with rapturous welcome. "Echon is come again," the children cried; "Echon is come again." "Echon" was the Indian name given to Father Brebeuf when he had dwelt among them six years before. The Fathers, scarcely giving themselves time to recover from the fatigue of their long and trying journey, began at

once the erection of a log building, which served them for house and chapel.

Day after day, in the frosts of winter and the burning heat of summer, these men of God went from village to village, from hut to hut, censuring vice, correcting abuses, and patiently taming, by the influence of their teaching and example, the savage natures around them. Nothing was more apostolic than the life which they led.

"All their moments," writes Charlevoix, "were marked by some heroic action, by conversions or by sufferings, which they considered as a real indemnity when their labors had not produced all the fruit which they had hoped for. From the hour of four in the morning, when they rose, till eight they generally kept within; this was the time for prayer, and the only part of the day which they had for their private exercises of devotion. At eight each went whithersoever his duty called him; some visited the sick, others walked into the fields to see those who were engaged in cultivating the earth, others repaired to the neighboring villages which were destitute of pastors.

"These excursions answered many good purposes, for in the first place no children, or at least very few, died without baptism; even adults, who had refused to receive instruction while in health, applied for it when they were sick. They were not proof against the ingenious and indefatigable charity of their physicians."

The missionaries lived with their spiritual children, adopted their mode of life, in so far as it was possible, shared their privations, accompanied them in their fishing and hunting expeditions, and became all to all that

they might gain their souls for Christ. The constancy and courage of the human heart were perhaps never put to a severer trial than that which they experienced when the smallpox broke out among the tribes. The filthy habits of the Indians, the offal and garbage of the camp that lay reeking around every wigwam invited disease; and, as a result, their bodies offered a rich pasturage for the epidemics that periodically fed upon them. Whole villages, while the plague lasted, were more like charnel-houses than homes of living men; and day after day, for many a dreary month, men, women and children, from whose bones the flesh had rotted, sank under the accumulation of their sufferings.

The heroism of the Fathers in these trying ordeals provoked the astonishment of the Hurons, whose stubborn natures yielded but to miracles of self-denial and contempt of danger. With all the patience and tenderness of Sisters of Charity, they went from wigwam to wigwam, instructing some, consoling others, baptizing those who would receive the sacrament, and to all bringing consolation and relief. The suffering they endured and the hardships they encountered may be learned from the letters filed among the archives of their Order.

Even the indomitable Brebeuf, whose chivalric nature rose superior to complaint, wrote to his Superior in France: "Let those who come here, come well provided with patience and charity, for they will become rich in troubles; but where will the laboring ox go when he does not draw the plough; and if he does not draw the plough how can there be a harvest?" The sorcerers of the tribe, or medicine men, charged the Fathers with

being the cause of all their affliction. The chanting of their sacred litanies and the ceremonies of the Mass were incantations casting a malign spell upon the crops and people, paralyzing the arm of the brave in war, and destroying the swiftness of the hunter in the chase.

The dangers of infection from the plague were trivial compared to the peril of the tomahawk. Brebeuf and his companions, in solemn council of the Sachems, were doomed to death, and were only saved, as they piously believed, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Amid all the discomforts and privations of savage life the Fathers were sustained by a holy enthusiasm that conquered all natural fears. When Brebeuf heard that the sentence of death was passed upon them, he strode fearlessly into the council-house and, to the amazement of the chiefs, demanded to be heard. He was master of their language; and, being naturally eloquent, harangued the assembly in words so forcible and persuasive as to obtain a reversal of the sentence passed upon the Fathers. The plague spent itself in a short time, and with it died out the bitterness against the missionaries.

—*W. R. Harris (by permission of the Author).*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity ;
 Himself from God he could not free ;
 He builded better than he knew—
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

XCIII.—GOD THE COMFORTER.

O thou who driest the mourner's tear !
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too,—
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above ?
Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day !

—*Thomas Moore.*

Let us not stop to examine the evil which others do,
but think only of the good which we ourselves should do.

XCIV.—THE COMBAT.

The Chief in silence strode before
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
 And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said :
 " Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here all vantageless I stand,
 Armed like thyself with single brand ;
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."
 The Saxon paused : " I ne'er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death ;
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved :
 To James at Stirling let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favor free,
 I plight mine honor, oath, and word
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye :
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate ;—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared ?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell ! and, ruth, begone !—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun and stream and plain
As what they ne'er might see again ;
Then foot and point and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.
Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,

Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside ;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain ;
And, as firm rock or castle-roof
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.
" Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade !"
" Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel !

They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
 His knee was planted on his breast ;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !
 But all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game :
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

XCV.—JOAN OF ARC.

Joan of Arc was born in 1412 at Domrémy, a village on the marches of Lorraine, near the frontiers of France. The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard : was ineffably grand according to a purer philosophical standard : and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable. She read nothing, for she could not read ; but she had heard others read parts of the Roman Martyrology. She wept in sympathy with the sad *Misereres* of the Catholic Church ; she rose to heaven with the glad triumphant *Te Deums* of Rome ; she drew her comfort and her vital strength from the rites of the same Church.

But, next after these spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest. Abbeys there were with their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each had its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness.

Two great roads, one of which was the great high-road between France and Germany, intersected at Domrémy; and as great trunk arteries between two mighty realms, were haunted forever by wars or rumors of wars. The eye that watched for the gleam of lance or helmet from the hostile frontier; the ear that listened for the groaning of wheels, made the high-road itself, with its relations to centres so remote, into a manual of patriotic duty.

But, if the place were grand, the time, the burden of the time, was far more so. The air was dark with sullen fermenting storms that had been gathering for a hundred and thirty years. The battle of Agincourt, in Joan's childhood, had re-opened the wounds of France. The madness of the poor King falling in at such a crisis trebled the awfulness of the time. The famines, the extraordinary diseases, the insurrections of the peasantry up and down Europe, the termination of the Crusades—these were full of a deep significance.

Joan, therefore, in her quiet occupation of shepherdess, was led continually to brood over the political

condition of the country. It is not wonderful, that in such deep solitude, with such a prayerful heart, she should see angelic visions, and hear angelic voices. These voices forever whispered to her the duty, self-imposed, of delivering France. Five years she listened to these monitory voices with internal struggles. At length she could resist no longer. Doubt gave way; and she left her home forever in order to present herself at the Dauphin's Court.

Here came her first trial. By way of testing her supernatural pretensions, she was to find out the royal personage amongst three hundred lords and knights. Failing in this, she would not simply disappoint many a beating heart in the glittering crowd that on different motives yearned for her success; but she would ruin herself—and, as the oracle within had told her, would, by ruining herself, ruin France.

France had become a province of England, and for the ruin of both, if such a yoke could be maintained. Though dreadful pecuniary exhaustion had caused the English energy to droop, yet when Joan appeared, the Dauphin had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, and of flying to the south of France. She taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war, and then beleaguered the English with an elaborate application of engineering skill unprecedented in Europe. Later she carried the Dauphin into Rheims, where she crowned him; and there she rested from her labor of triumph. All that was to be *done*, she had now accomplished; what remained was—to *suffer*.

During the progress of her movement, and in the centre of ferocious struggles, she had manifested the temper of her feelings by the pity she had everywhere expressed for the suffering enemy. She forwarded to the English leaders a touching invitation to unite with the French, as brothers, in a common crusade against infidels, thus opening the road for a soldierly retreat. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded—she mourned over the excesses of her countrymen—she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the dying English soldier, and to comfort him with such ministrations, physical or spiritual, as his situation allowed. She wept as she beheld, stretched on the field of battle, so many brave enemies that had died without confession.

Having placed the King on the throne, it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon that she did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was nigh at hand. Severe wounds had not taught her caution. At length in a sortie she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally surrendered to the English. The chief object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles VII. as the work of a witch, and to this end Joan was tried for sorcery.

Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its malignity of attack. O child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl: trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as God's lightning and as true to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and

making dumb the oracles of falsehood! "Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was the question by which she many times defied their arts.

Woman, sister—there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Yet, sister woman, cheerfully I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of us men—you can die grandly! On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen, the Maid of Orleans underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents.

What else but her meek, saintly demeanor won from the enemies, that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold, as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon for *his* share in the tragedy?

The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was standing at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even

then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation and leave *her* to God.

“Go down,” she said, “lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying.” Then protesting her innocence and recommending her soul to Heaven, she continued to pray: her last audible word was the name of Jesus.

—*Thomas de Quincey.*

XCVI.—THE VIRGIN.

Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncross'd
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
 Woman ! above all women glorified,
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
 With fancied roses, than the unblemish'd moon
 Before her wane begins on Heaven's blue coast,—
 Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
 Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
 As to a visible Power, in which did blend
 All that was mix'd and reconciled in Thee
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

—*William Wordsworth.*

Character is not cut in marble; it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.

XCVII.—A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?
 Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore.
 O doubting heart!
 Far over purple seas
 They wait, in sunny ease,
 The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?
 Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
 O doubting heart!
 They only sleep below
 The soft white ermine snow,
 While winter winds shall blow,—
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid his rays
 These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
 O doubting heart!
 The stormy clouds on high
 Veil the same sunny sky,
 That soon, for spring is nigh,
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
 Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
 O doubting heart!
 The sky is overcast,
 Yet stars shall rise at last,
 Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

—*Adelaide A. Procter (by permission of the Publishers).*

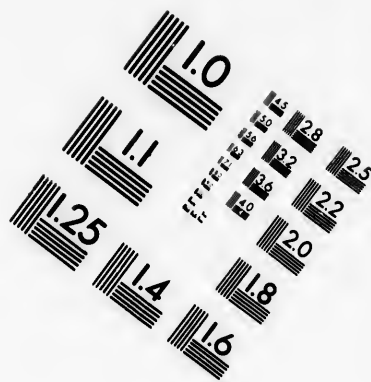
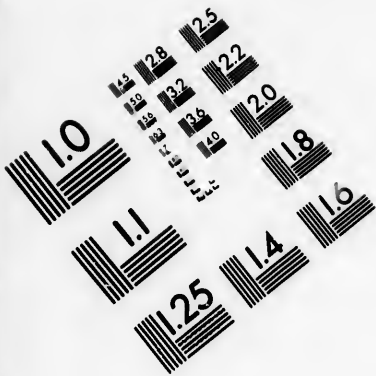
XCVIII.—OUR VOCATION.

There are some thoughts which, however old, are always new; either because they are so broad that we never learn them thoroughly, or because they are so intensely practical that their interest is always fresh. Such thoughts are, for the most part, very common thoughts. They are so large and so tall, that they are obvious to all capacities, like the huge mountains which are visible from the plain. They require no peculiar keenness of vision, for no one can fail to perceive them.

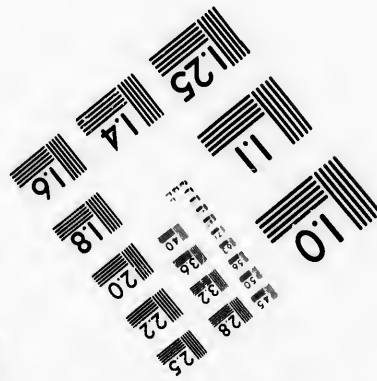
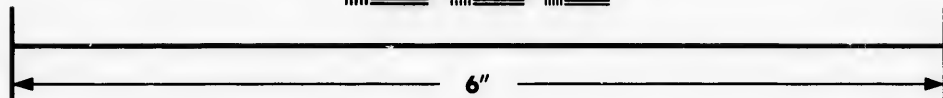
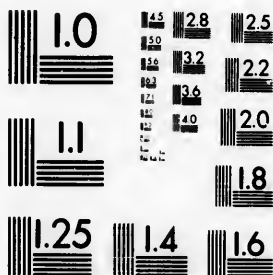
Now, among such thoughts, we may reckon that thought which all children know—that God loves every one of us with a special love. God does not look at us merely in the mass and multitude. As we shall stand single and alone before his judgment-seat, so do we stand, so have we always stood, single and alone before the eye of his boundless love.

This is what each man has to believe of himself. From all eternity God determined to create me, not merely a fresh man, not simply the child of my parents, a new inhabitant of my native country, an additional soul to do the work of the nineteenth century. But he resolved to create me such as I am, the me by which I am myself, the me by which other people know me, a different me from any that have ever been created hitherto and from any that will be created hereafter. Must I not infer then, that in the sight of God I stand in some peculiar relation to the whole of his great world? I clearly belong to a plan, and have a place to fill, and a work to do, all which are special;





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and only my specialty, my particular me, can fill this place or do this work.

But if I am to be in a special place in God's plan, and to do a special work for him, and no other place is my place, and no other work is my work, then I have a responsibility which is the definition of my life. It is the inseparable characteristic of my position as a creature.

No matter what our position in life may be, no matter how ordinary our duties may seem, no matter how commonplace the aspect of our circumstances, we, each of us, have this grand secret vocation. We are, in a certain inaccurate and loving sense, necessary to God. He wants us in order to carry out his plans, and nobody else will quite do instead of us. Here is our dignity; here also is our duty. Nowhere do we find God so infallibly, as in the special vocation which he gives us.

We are continually receiving what we ordinarily call inspirations. God is whispering to us well-nigh incessantly. These inspirations are to our vocation what the sun and rain are to the seed or the growing plant. They further God's special design upon us and enable it to develop itself. Holiness is distinguished by the quickness and fineness of its ear in detecting these inspirations, and by its promptitude and docility in following them.

The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. We must esteem our present grace, and rest in it, and with tranquil assiduity correspond to it. The hours are like slaves which follow each other, bringing fuel to the furnace. Each hour comes

with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back. If we thus esteem our present grace, we shall begin to understand God's purposes. It seems an easy thing to do; and yet it cannot really be easy, because so few do it. One man is always pulling the past to pieces, while another is marching with his head erect into the uncertain future, disdainful of the present.

For safety and for swiftness, for clear light and successful labor, there is nothing like the present. Practically speaking, the moment that is flying holds more eternity than all our past, and the future holds none at all, and only becomes capable of holding any as it is manufactured piece-meal into the present.

—*Rev. F. W. Faber.*

XCIX.—MY PSALM.

I mourn no more my vanished years :
 Beneath a tender rain,
 An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
 I hear the glad streams run ;
 The windows of my soul I throw
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope or fear ;
 But, grateful, take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring, may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given ;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

C.—THE CHARIOT RACE.

The race was on ; the souls of the racers were in it ; over them bent the myriads. When the dash for position began, Ben Hur was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena ; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather

increased; but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever costs, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. He had his plan, and confiding in himself, he settled to the task, never more observant, never more capable.

When not half way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall he ceased as soon to doubt; and further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (prearrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity, and another to act upon it. Ben Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and with all the speed of his Arabs darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So Ben Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvellous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss, did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches; the circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause.

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making the turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practised hand. "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben Hur a cut the like of which they had never known. The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was

universal. The silence deepened; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus; then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea! And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy, eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only; on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

Three rounds concluded; still Messala held the inside position, still Ben Hur moved with him side by side,

still the other competitors followed as before. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened; gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest, which from the beginning had centred chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning. There was no reply. "A talent—or five talents—or ten; choose ye!" He shook his tablets at them defiantly. "I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write. "Do not so," interposed a friend. "Why?" "Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins lying loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew." The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see! I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove

with us! Jove with us!" The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the awnings over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth! their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben Hur turned in behind the Roman's car. The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound; they screamed and howled and tossed their colors, and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben Hur. Thus to the first goal and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

"Ben Hur! Ben Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand. From the benches above him, as he

passed, the favor descended in fierce injunction. "Speed thee, Jew!" "Take the wall now!" "On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!" "Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him. Either he did not hear or could not do better, for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even, still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate,—all in store for him! That moment those in the gallery saw Ben Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and, though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report. And, as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben Hur's. In the

old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs:

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing, and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent-home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha! steady The work is done—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous. At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him Ben Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction—that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all; they saw the signal given—the magnificent response—the four close outside Messala's outer wheel—Ben Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car; all this they saw. Then they heard a crash, loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another, and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the charioteer who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the others go on down the course after Ben Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the remaining charioteers were half way down the course, Ben Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON!

—Lew Wallace.

Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

CI.—INSCRIPTION FOR A SPRING.

This sycamore, oft musical with bees—
Such tents the patriarchs loved!—oh, long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may this spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller,
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a fairy's page—
As merry and no taller—dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount.
Here twilight is and coolness; here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade;
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, pilgrim, here; here rest; and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale, or hum of murmuring bees.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

CII.—TO THE NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
 Star-inwrought ;
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
 Kiss her until she be wearied out :
 Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sigh'd for thee ;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary day turn'd to his rest
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried
 Wouldst thou me ?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
 Shall I nestle near thy side ?
 Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied
 No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon !

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

CIII.—CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

Time was when the forefathers of our race were a savage tribe, inhabiting a wild district beyond the limits of this quarter of the earth. Whatever brought them thither, they had no local attachments there or political settlement; they were a restless people, and whether urged forward by enemies or by desire of plunder, they left their place, and passing through the defiles of the mountains on the frontiers of Asia, they invaded Europe, setting out on a journey towards the farther West. Generation after generation passed away, and still this fierce and haughty race moved forward. On, on they went; but travel availed them not; the change of place could bring them no truth, or peace, or hope, or stability of heart; they could not flee from themselves. They carried with them their superstitions and their sins, their gods of iron and of clay, their savage sacrifices, their lawless witchcrafts, their hatred of their kind, and their ignorance of their destiny. At length they buried themselves in the deep forests of Germany, and gave themselves up to indolent repose; but they had not found their rest; they were still heathens, making the fair trees, the primeval work of God, and the innocent beasts of the chase, the objects and the instruments of their idolatrous worship. And, last of all, they crossed over the strait and made themselves masters of this island, and gave their very name to it; so that, whereas it had hitherto been called Britain, the southern part, which was their main seat, obtained the name of England. And now they had proceeded forward nearly as far as they could go, unless they were prepared to

look across the great ocean, and anticipate the discovery of the world which lies beyond it.

What, then, was to happen to this restless race, which had sought for happiness and peace across the globe, and had not found it? Was it to grow old in its place, and dwindle away, and consume in the fever of its own heart, which admitted no remedy? Or was it to become great by being overcome, and to enjoy the only real life of man, and rise to his only true dignity, by being subjected to a Master's yoke? Did its Maker and Lord see any good thing in it, of which, under His divine nurture, profit might come to His elect and glory to His name? He looked upon it, and He saw nothing there to claim any visitation of His grace, or to merit any relaxation of the awful penalty which its lawlessness and impiety had incurred. It was a proud race, which feared neither God nor man—a race ambitious, self-willed, obstinate, and hard of belief, which would dare everything, even the eternal pit, if it was challenged to do so. I say, there was nothing there of a nature to reverse the destiny which His righteous decrees have assigned to those who sin wilfully and despise Him. But the Almighty Lover of souls looked once again; and He saw in that poor, forlorn, and ruined nature, which He had in the beginning filled with grace and light, He saw in it, not what merited His favor, not what would adequately respond to His influences, not what was a necessary instrument of His purposes, but what would illustrate and preach abroad His grace, if He took pity on it. He saw in it a natural nobleness, a simplicity, a frankness of character, a love of truth, a zeal for justice, an indignation at wrong, an admiration of purity, a

reverence for law, a keen appreciation of the beautiful-ness and majesty of order, nay, further, a tenderness and an affectionateness of heart, which he knew would become the glorious instruments of His high will, when illuminated and vivified by His supernatural gifts. And so He who, did it so please Him, could raise up children to Abraham out of the very stones of the earth, nevertheless determined in this instance in His free mercy to unite what was beautiful in nature with what was radiant in grace; and, if those poor Anglo-Saxons had been too fair to be heathen, therefore did He rescue them from the devil's service and the devil's doom, and bring them into the house of His holiness and the mountain of His rest.

It is an old story and a familiar, and I need not go through it. I need not tell you how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and, without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ like a vision of glory came walking to them on the waves of the sea. Then suddenly there was a great calm; a change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the country where the gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth; it was poured out over the whole land, till, one and all, the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. In a hundred years the work was done; the idols, the sacrifices, the mummeries of paganism flitted away and were not, and the pure doctrine and heavenly worship of the Cross were found in their stead. The fair form of Christianity rose

up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south; it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own; it had an hierarchical form. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre and crosier and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and Mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march or blessed services on earth, high festival, and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer; till he who recollected the old pagan time, would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvellously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below. --*Cardinal Newman.*

My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

CIV.—ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is dea' d to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide ;
“ Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

—*John Milton.*

CV.—THE CRUSADER AND THE SARACEN.

The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a Knight of the Red Cross who had left his distant northern home and joined the host of the crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

The dress of the rider and the accoutrements of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate had not been

esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was, also, his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and which filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the headpiece.

His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in inflexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets.

A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncel, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which otherwise would have been rendered intolerable to the wearer.

The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "*I sleep—wake me not.*" An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern

crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they were come to war.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor to cover the loins.

Then there was a steel axe, or hammer, called a mace of arms, and which hung to the saddle bow; the reins were secured by chain work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the western warriors who hurried to Palestine died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea. Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at

noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midday station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier.

"In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with the point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard would put his horse to the gallop to encounter him.

But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the emir; for such, and not less, his enemy appeared.

The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard had hoped to deprive him.

But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow, which he carried at his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop, once

more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse.

But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us." "I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CVI.—A DAY IN JUNE.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;

Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays ;

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur or see it glisten.

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbd away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay :
Now the heart is so full that a drop o'erfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing.
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by.

And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack ;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
 And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how :
 Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upwards striving ;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
 'Tis the natural way of living.
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;
 The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

CVII.—THE EVERLASTING CHURCH.

There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre.

The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor.

The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions.

Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world;

and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

—*Lord Macaulay.*

CVIII.—THE CHURCH OF GOD.

Who is she that stands triumphant,
 Rock in strength upon the Rock,
 Like some city crowned with turrets
 Braving storm and earthquake shock?
 Who is she, her arms extending
 Blessing thus a world restored,
 All the anthems of creation
 Lifting to creation's Lord?
 Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
 Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
 Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
 Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

As the moon its splendor borrows
 From a sun unseen all night,
 So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
 Draws His Church her sacred light;
 Touched by His, her hands have healing,
 Bread of life, absolving key:
 Christ incarnate is her Bridegroom
 The Spirit hers, His temple she.

Empires rise and sink like billows,
 Vanish and are seen no more ;
 Glorious as the star of morning
 She o'erlooks their wild uproar ;
 Hers the household all-embracing,
 Hers the vine that shadows earth ;
 Blest thy children, mighty Mother !
 Safe the stranger at thy hearth.

Like her Bridegroom, heavenly, human,
 Crowned and militant in one,
 Chanting nature's great assumption
 And the abasement of the Son,
 Her Magnificats, her dirges,
 Harmonize the jarring years ;
 Hands that fing to heaven the censer
 Wipe away the orphan's tears.
 Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre !
 Fall, ye nations, at her feet !
 Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom ;
 Light her yoke, her burden sweet !

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

CIX.—VENETIAN LIFE.

There can be nothing else in the world so full of glittering and exquisite surprise as that first glimpse of Venice which the traveller catches as he issues from the railway station by night, and looks upon her peerless strangeness. There is something in the blessed breath of Italy (how quickly, coming south, you know it, and how bland it is, after the harsh, transalpine air!) which prepares you for your nocturnal advent into the place;

and O you! whoever you are, that journey toward this enchanted city for the first time, let me tell you how happy I count you! There lies before you for your pleasure, the spectacle of such singular beauty as no picture can ever show you nor book tell you,—beauty which you shall feel perfectly but once, and regret for ever.

For my own part, as the gondola slipped away from the blaze and bustle of the station down the gloom and silence of the broad canal, I forgot that I had been freezing two days and nights; that I was at that moment very cold and a little homesick. I could at first feel nothing but that beautiful silence, broken only by the star-silvered dip of the oars. Then on either hand I saw stately palaces rise grey and lofty from the dark waters, holding here and there a lamp against their faces, which brought balconies, and columns, and carven arches into momentary relief, and threw long streams of crimson into the canal. I could see by that uncertain glimmer how fair was all, but not how sad and old; and so, unhaunted by any pang for the decay that afterward saddened me amid the forlorn beauty of Venice, I glided on.

Dark, funereal barges like my own had flitted by, and the gondoliers had warned each other at every turning with hoarse, lugubrious cries; the lines of balconied palaces had never ended;—here and there at their doors larger craft were moored, with dim figures of men moving uncertainly about on them. At last we had passed abruptly out of the Grand Canal into one of the smaller channels, and from comparative light into a darkness only remotely affected by some far-streaming

de Vere.

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corner lamp. But always the pallid, stately palaces; always the dark heaven with its trembling stars above, and the dark water with its trembling stars below; but now innumerable bridges, and an utter lonesomeness, and ceaseless sudden turns and windings. One could not resist a vague feeling of anxiety, in these straight and solitary passages, which was part of the strange enjoyment of the time, and which was referable to the novelty, the hush, the darkness, and the piratical appearance and unaccountable pauses of the gondoliers.

So, I had arrived in Venice, and I had felt the influence of that complex spell which she lays upon the stranger. I had caught the most alluring glimpses of the beauty which cannot wholly perish while any fragment of her sculptured walls nods to its shadow in the canal; I had been penetrated by a deep sense of the mystery of the place, and I had been touched already by the anomaly of modern life amid scenes where its presence offers,—according to the humor in which it is studied,—constant occasion for annoyance or delight, enthusiasm or sadness.

I fancy that the ignorant impressions of the earlier days after my arrival need scarcely be set down even in this perishable record; but I would not wholly forget how, though isolated from all acquaintance and alien to the place, I yet felt curiously at home in Venice from the first. I believe it was because I had, after my own fashion, loved the beautiful, that I here found the beautiful (where it is supreme) full of society and friendship, speaking a language which, even in its unfamiliar forms, I could partly understand, and at once making me citizen of that Venice from which I shall never be exiled. It

was not in the presence of the great and famous monuments of art alone that I felt at home—indeed, I could as yet understand their excellence and grandeur only very imperfectly—but wherever I wandered through the quaint and marvellous city, I found the good company of

The fair, the old ;

and to tell the truth, I think it is the best society in Venice, and I learned to turn to it later from other companionship with a kind of relief.

My first rambles, moreover, had a peculiar charm which knowledge of locality has since taken away. They began commonly with some purpose or destination, and ended by losing me in the intricacies of the narrowest, crookedest, and most inconsequent little streets in the world, or left me cast-away upon the unfamiliar waters of some canal as far as possible from the point aimed at. Dark and secret little courts lay in wait for my blundering steps, and I was incessantly surprised and brought to surrender by paths that beguiled me up to dead walls, or the sudden brinks of canals. The wide and open squares before the innumerable churches of the city were equally victorious, and continually took me prisoner.

But all places had something rare and worthy to be seen: if not loveliness of sculpture or architecture, at least interesting squalor and picturesque wretchedness; and I believe I had less delight in proper objects of interest than in the dirty neighborhoods that reeked with unwholesome winter damps below, and peered curiously out with frowzy heads and beautiful eyes from the high, heavy-shuttered casements above. Every

court had its carven well to show me, in the noisy keeping of the water-carriers and the slatternly, statuesque gossips of the place. The remote and noisome canals were pathetic with empty old palaces peopled by herds of poor, that decorated the sculptured balconies with the tatters of ancient linen, and patched the lofty windows with obsolete hats.

I found the night as full of beauty as the day, when caprice led me from the brilliancy of St. Mark's and the glittering streets of shops that branch away from the Piazza, and lost me in the quaint recesses of the courts, or the tangles of the distant alleys, where the dull little oil-lamps vied with the tapers burning before the street-corner shrines of the Virgin, in making the way obscure, and deepening the shadows about the doorways and under the frequent arches. I remember distinctly among the beautiful nights of that time, the soft night of late winter which first showed me the scene you may behold from the Public Gardens. Lounging there upon the southern parapet I turned from the dim bell-towers of the evanescent islands in the east (a solitary gondola gliding across the calm of the water, and striking its moonlight silver into multitudinous ripples), and glanced athwart the vague shipping in the basin of St. Mark, and saw all the lights making a crescent of flame in the air, and casting deep into the water under them a crimson glory that sank also down and down in my own heart, and illumined all its memories of beauty and delight.

Behind these lamps rose the shadowy masses of church and palace; the moon stood bright and full

in the heavens, the gondola drifted away to the northward; the islands of the lagoons seemed to rise and sink with the light palpitations of the waves, like pictures on the undulating fields of banners. The stark rigging of a ship showed black against the sky; the land sank from sight upon the east, as if the shore had composed itself to sleep by the side of its beloved sea to the music of the surge that gently beat its sands. The yet leafless boughs of the trees above me stirred themselves together, and out of one of those trembling towers in the lagoons, one rich, full sob burst from the heart of a bell, too deeply stricken with the glory of the scene, and suffused the languid night with the murmur of luxurious, ineffable sadness.

I grew early into sympathy and friendship with Venice, and being newly from a land where everything, morally and materially, was in good repair, I rioted sentimentally on the picturesque ruin, the pleasant discomfort and hopelessness of everything about me here. It was not yet the season to behold all the delight of the lazy, out-door life of the place; but nevertheless I could not help seeing that a great part of the people, both rich and poor, seemed to have nothing to do, and that nobody seemed to be driven by any inward or outward impulse.

— *W. D. Howells.*

My fate is in Thy hands,
 Why should I doubt or fear?
 My Father's Heart will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

CX.—OUR LADY IN ITALY.

This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer !
All hearts are touched and softened at her name ;
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present !
And even as children, who have much offended
A too-indulgent father, in great shame
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait,
Till she goes in before and intercedes ;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests an angry father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in heaven makes intercession.
And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by
perseverance.

CXI.—THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food";

it is fitted in all its function for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of?

One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice.

—“*Modern Painters*,” John Ruskin.

(by arrangement with George Allen).

CXII.—ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn :
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden croft ;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—*John Keats.*

CXIII.—WOLSEY'S FALL.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls—as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy

Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
 I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell :
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee ;
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king,
 And—pr'y'thee, lead me in :—
 There, take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

—*Shakespeare.*

CXIV.—A BELL'S BIOGRAPHY.

Hearken to our neighbor with the iron tongue. While I sit musing over my sheet of foolscap, he emphatically tells the hour, in tones loud enough for all the town to hear, though doubtless intended only as a gentle hint to myself, that I may begin his biography before the evening shall be further wasted. Unquestionably, a personage in such an elevated position, and making so great a noise in the world, has a fair claim to the services of a biographer. He is the representative and most illustrious member of that innumerable class, whose characteristic feature is the tongue, and whose sole business, to clamor for the public good. If any of his noisy brethren, in our tongue-governed democracy, be envious of the superiority which I have assigned him, they have my free consent to hang themselves as high as he. And, for his history, let not the reader apprehend an empty repetition of ding-dong-bell. He has been the passive hero of wonderful vicissitudes, with which I have chanced to become acquainted, possibly from his own mouth; while the careless multitude supposed him to be talking merely of the time of day, or calling them to dinner or to church, or bidding drowsy people go bed-

ward, or the dead to their graves. Many a revolution has it been his fate to go through, and invariably with a prodigious uproar. And whether or no he have told me his reminiscences, this at least is true, that the more I study his deep-toned language, the more sense, and sentiment, and soul, do I discover in it.

This bell—for we may as well drop our quaint personification—is of antique French manufacture and the symbol of the cross betokens that it was meant to be suspended in the belfry of a Catholic place of worship. The old people hereabout have a tradition, that a considerable part of the metal was supplied by a brass cannon, captured in one of the victories of Louis the Fourteenth over the Spaniards, and that a Bourbon princess threw her golden crucifix into the molten mass. It is said, likewise, that a bishop baptized and blessed the bell, and prayed that a heavenly influence might mingle with its tones. When all due ceremonies had been performed, the Grand Monarque bestowed the gift—than which none could resound his beneficence more loudly—on the Jesuits, who were then converting the American Indians to the spiritual dominion of the Pope. So the bell,—our self-same bell, whose familiar voice we may hear at all hours, in the streets,—this very bell sent forth its first-born accents from the tower of a log-built chapel, westward of Lake Champlain, and near the mighty stream of the St. Lawrence. It was called our Lady's Chapel of the Forest. The peal went forth as if to redeem and consecrate the heathen wilderness. The wolf growled at the sound as he prowled stealthily through the underbrush; the grim bear turned his back, and stalked sullenly away; the startled doe leaped up,

and led her fawn into a deeper solitude. The red men wondered what awful voice was speaking amid the wind that roared through the tree-tops; and, following reverentially its summons, the dark-robed Fathers blessed them, as they drew near the cross-crowned chapel. In a little time, there was a crucifix on every dusky bosom. The Indians knelt beneath the lowly roof, worshipping in the same forms that were observed under the vast dome of St. Peter's, when the Pope celebrated High Mass in the presence of kneeling princes. All the religious festivals, that awoke the chiming bells of lofty cathedrals, called forth a peal from Our Lady's Chapel of the Forest. Loudly rang the bell of the wilderness while the streets of Paris echoed with rejoicing for the birthday of the Bourbon, or whenever France had triumphed on some European battle-field. And the solemn woods were saddened with a melancholy knell, as often as the thick-strewn leaves were swept away from the virgin soil, for the burial of an Indian chief.

Meantime, the bells of a hostile people and a hostile faith were ringing on Sabbaths and lecture-days, at Boston and other Puritan towns. Their echoes died away hundreds of miles southeastward of Our Lady's Chapel. But scouts had threaded the pathless desert that lay between, and, from behind the huge tree-trunks, perceived the Indians assembling at the summons of the bell. On the eve of an especial Church feast, while the bell tolled dismally, and the priests were chanting a doleful stave, a band of New England rangers rushed from the surrounding woods. Fierce shouts, and the report of musketry, pealed suddenly within the chapel. The ministering priests threw themselves

before the altar, and were slain even on its steps. If, as antique traditions tell us, no grass will grow where the blood of martyrs has been shed, there should be a barren spot, to this very day, on the site of that desecrated altar.

While the blood was still plashing from step to step, the leader of the rangers seized a torch, and applied it to the drapery of the shrine. The flame and smoke arose, as from a burnt-sacrifice, at once illuminating and obscuring the whole interior of the chapel,—now hiding the dead priests in a sable shroud, now revealing them and their slayers in one terrific glare: Some already wished that the altar-smoke could cover the deed from the sight of Heaven. But one of the rangers—a man of grave aspect, though his hands were bloody—approached the captain.

“Sir,” said he, “our village meeting-house lacks a bell, and hitherto we have been fain to summon the good people to worship by beat of drum. Give me, I pray you, the bell of this chapel, for the sake of the pious Mr. Rogers, who doubtless hath remembered us in the prayers of the congregation, ever since we began our march.”

“Nay, then,” answered the captain, “if good Mr. Rogers hath helped our enterprise, it is right that he should share the spoil. Take the bell and welcome, Deacon Lawson, if you will be at the trouble of carrying it home.”

So Deacon Lawson and half a score of his townsmen took down the bell, suspended it on a pole, and bore it away on their sturdy shoulders, meaning to carry it to

the shore of Lake Champlain, and thence homeward by water. Far through the woods gleamed the flames of Our Lady's Chapel, flinging fantastic shadows from the clustered foliage, and glancing on brooks that had never caught the sunlight. As the rangers traversed the midnight forest, staggering under their heavy burden, the tongue of the bell gave many a tremendous stroke,—clang, clang, clang!—a most doleful sound, as if it were tolling for the slaughter of the priests and the ruin of the chapel. Little dreamed Deacon Lawson and his townsmen that it was their own funeral knell. A war-party of Indians had heard the report of musketry, and seen the blaze of the chapel, and now were on the track of the rangers, summoned to vengeance by the bell's dismal murmurs. In the midst of a deep swamp, they made a sudden onset on the retreating foe. Good Deacon Lawson battled stoutly, but had his skull cloven by a tomahawk, and sank into the depths of the morass, with the ponderous bell above him. And, for many a year thereafter our hero's voice was heard no more on earth, neither at the hour of worship, nor at festivals nor funerals.

And is he still buried in that unknown grave? Scarcely so, dear reader. Hark! How plainly we hear him at this moment, the spokesman of Time, proclaiming that it is nine o'clock at night! We may therefore safely conclude that some happy chance has restored him to upper air.

But there lay the bell for many silent years; and the wonder is, that he did not lie silent there a century, or perhaps a dozen centuries, till the world should have forgotten not only his voice, but the voices of the whole

brotherhood of bells. How would the first accent of his iron tongue have startled his resurrectionists! But he was not fated to be a subject of discussion among the antiquaries of far posterity. Near the close of the Old French War, a party of New England axe-men, who preceded the march of Colonel Bradstreet toward Lake Ontario, were building a bridge of logs through a swamp. Plunging down a stake, one of these pioneers felt it graze against some hard, smooth substance. He called his comrades, and, by their united efforts, the top of the bell was raised to the surface, a rope made fast to it, and thence passed over the horizontal limb of a tree. Heave-ho! up they hoisted their prize, dripping with moisture, and festooned with verdant water-moss. As the base of the bell emerged from the swamp, the pioneers perceived that a skeleton was clinging with its bony fingers to the clapper, but immediately relaxing its nerveless grasp, sank back into the stagnant water. The bell then gave forth a sullen clang. No wonder that he was in haste to speak, after holding his tongue for such a length of time! The pioneers shoved the bell to and fro, thus ringing a loud and heavy peal, which echoed widely through the forest, and reached the ears of Colonel Bradstreet, and his three thousand men. The soldiers paused on their march; a feeling of religion, mingled with home-tenderness, overpowered their rude hearts; each seemed to hear the clangor of the old church-bell, which had been familiar to him from infancy, and had tolled at the funerals of all his forefathers. By what magic had that holy sound strayed over the wide-murmuring ocean, and become audible amid the clash of arms, the loud crashing of the artillery

over the rough wilderness-path, and the melancholy roar of the wind among the boughs ?

The New-Englanders hid their prize in a shadowy nook, betwixt a large gray stone and the earthy roots of an overthrown tree ; and when the campaign was ended, they conveyed our friend to Boston, and put him up at auction on the sidewalk of King Street. He was suspended, for the nonce, by a block and tackle, and being swung backward and forward, gave such loud and clear testimony to his own merits, that the auctioneer had no need to say a word. The highest bidder was a rich old representative from our town, who piously bestowed the bell on the meeting-house where he had been a worshipper for half a century. The good man had his reward. By a strange coincidence, the very first duty of the sexton, after the bell had been hoisted into the belfry, was to toll the funeral knell of the donor. Soon, however, those doleful echoes were drowned by a triumphant peal for the surrender of Quebec.

Ever since that period, our hero has occupied the same elevated station, and has put in his word on all matters of public importance, civil, military, or religious. Meantime, vast changes have been going on below. His voice, which once floated over a little provincial seaport, is now reverberated between brick edifices, and strikes the ear amid the buzz and tumult of a city. On the Sabbaths of olden time, the summons of the bell was obeyed by a picturesque and varied throng ; stately gentlemen in purple velvet coats, embroidered waistcoats, white wigs, and gold-laced hats, stepping with grave courtesy beside ladies in flowered satin gowns, and hoop-petticoats of majestic circumference ; while behind followed a liveried

slave or bondsman, bearing the psalm-book, and a stove for his mistress's feet. The commonalty, clad in homely garb, gave precedence to their betters at the door of the meeting-house, as if admitting that there were distinctions between them, even in the sight of God. Yet, as their coffins were borne one after another through the street, the bell has tolled a requiem for all alike. What mattered it, whether or no there were a silver escutcheon on the coffin-lid? "Open thy bosom, Mother Earth!" Thus spake the bell. "Another of thy children is coming to his long rest. Take him to thy bosom, and let him slumber in peace." Thus spake the bell, and Mother Earth received her child. With the self-same tones will the present generation be ushered to the embraces of their mother; and Mother Earth will still receive her children. Is not thy tongue a-weary, mournful talker of two centuries? O funeral bell! wilt thou never be shattered with thine own melancholy strokes? Yea, and a trumpet-call shall arouse the sleepers, whom thy heavy clang could awake no more!

Again—again thy voice, reminding me that I am wasting the "midnight oil." In my lonely fantasy, I can scarce believe that other mortals have caught the sound, or that it vibrates elsewhere than in my secret soul. But to many hast thou spoken. Anxious men have heard thee on their sleepless pillows, and bethought themselves anew of to-morrow's care. In a brief interval of wakefulness, the sons of toil have heard thee, and say, "Is so much of our quiet slumber spent?—is the morning so near at hand?" Crime has heard thee, and mutters, "Now is the very hour!" Despair answers thee, "Thus much of this weary life is gone!" Thine

accents have fallen faintly on the ear of the dying man, and warned him that, ere thou speakest again, his spirit shall have passed whither no voice of time can ever reach. Alas for the departing traveller, if thy voice—the voice of fleeting time—have taught him no lessons for Eternity!

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

CXV.--THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate ;—
But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican ;
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly ;
 Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ; while on tower and kiosk O !
 In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them ;
 But there's an anthem more dear to me :
 'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

—*Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout).*

CXVI.—VENI CREATOR.

Creator Spirit ! by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every pious mind ;
 Come pour thy joys on human kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make Thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete !
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
 Thou strength of His almighty hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command
 Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st thy gift with eloquence,

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
 But, oh ! inflame and fire our hearts ;
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul ;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe :
 Give us Thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name :
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died :
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !

—John Dryden.

The wrongs of man to man but make the love of God
 more plain.

CXVII.—SURRENDER OF GRENADA.

Day dawned upon Grenada, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily upon the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro. Alone, upon a balcony commanding a view of the beautiful landscape, stood Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had so ardently cultivated.

"What are we," said the musing prince, "that we should fill the earth with ourselves,—we kings! Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne; on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost? Nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose; nothing save the source of all my wretchedness, the Marah of my life! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought and action, or man's more material luxuries of food and sleep,—the common and cheap desires of all? At the worst, I sink but to a level with chiefs and princes; I am but levelled with those whom the multitude admire and envy. . . . But it is time to depart." So saying, he descended to the court, flung himself on his barb, and with a small and saddened train passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy; thence amid gardens, now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unnoticed way.

When he came to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armor

gleamed upon him, as the detachment sent to occupy the palace marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence. At the head of the vanguard rode, upon a snow-white palfrey, the Bishop of Avila, followed by a long train of barefooted monks. They halted as Boabdil approached, and the grave bishop saluted him with the air of one who addresses an infidel and an inferior. "Go, Christian," answered he, mildly; "the gates of the Alhambra are open, and Allah has bestowed the palace and the city upon your king. May his virtues atone the faults of Boabdil!" So saying, and waiting no answer, he rode on, without looking to the right or the left. The Spaniards also pursued their way.

The sun had fairly risen above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of *Te Deum*, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and acclamations of his train: he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, from his own watch-tower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while beside that badge of the holy war waved the gay and flaunting flag of St. James. At that sight the king's voice died within him; he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and slackened not his speed till almost within a bow-shot of the first rank of the army.

Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sun-lighted spears and blazoned banners; while beside murmured and glowed and danced the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small mosque halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the high priests of that mighty hierarchy was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high-born dames of Spain, relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail. Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival,—their new subject; and as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Brother and prince," said he, "forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king; resisting man, but resigned at length to God."

Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter and unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head,

and remained a moment silent; then motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and, kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city. "O king!" then said Boabdil, "accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain. The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Grenada; yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy." "They do well," said the king; "our promises shall not be broken. But since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of Grenada be surrendered."

Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil, but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

"Fair queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues: this is my last, but not least glorious conquest. But I detain ye; let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell." "Farewell, my brother," replied Ferdinand, "and may fair fortune go with you! Forget the past!" Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound respect and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving

the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new principality. As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslem.

Boabdil spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his slaves, and his faithful wife awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the mountains. From its height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, and the towers of Grenada broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted mechanically and abruptly; every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart, and gushed from every eye.

Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sun-lighted valléy and crystal river. A universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in Eastern pride or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place, where the king wept at the last view of his lost empire, is still called **THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.**

—Lord Lytton.

But, oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.

CXVIII.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glébe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Not Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. 341

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn”

The Epitaph.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
 He gave to Misery all he had—a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished)—a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose);
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

—Thomas Gray.

CXIX.—THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

Bless the Lord, O my soul;
 O Lord my God, Thou art exceeding great.
 Thou hast put on praise and beauty;
 And art clothed with light as with a garment.
 Who stretchest out the heaven like a tent;
 Who coverest the higher places thereof with water;
 Who makest the clouds Thy chariot:
 Who walkest upon the wings of the winds.
 Who makest Thine angels spirits;
 And Thy ministers a burning fire.
 Who didst found the earth upon its own bases:

It shall not be moved for ever and ever.

The deep, like a garment, is its clothing :
Above the mountains shall the waters stand.

At thy rebuke they shall flee :
At the voice of thy thunder they shall be afraid.

The mountains rise up, and the plains go down
Into the place thou hast laid for them.

Thou hast set a bound which they will not pass over ;
Neither shall they return to cover the earth.

Thou sendest forth springs in the valleys :
The waters shall flow in the midst of the hills.

All the beasts of the field shall drink :
The wild asses shall look for it in their thirst.

Over them the birds of the air shall dwell :
They shall give forth their voices from the midst of the rocks.

Thou waterest the hills from the heights above :
The earth shall be filled with the fruit of Thy works,

Bringing forth grass for cattle :
And herb for the service of men.

That Thou mayest bring bread out of the earth :
And that wine may cheer the heart of man.

To make the face cheerful with oil :
And that bread may strengthen man's heart.

The trees of the field shall be filled,
And the cedars of Libanus which He hath planted :

There the sparrows shall make their nests.

The highest of them is the home of the heron.
The high hills are a refuge for the harts, and the rock for the
conies.

He hath made the moon for seasons :
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou hast appointed darkness, and it is night :
Wherein all the beasts of the woods shall come forth.
The young lions roaring after their prey,

And seeking their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, and they are gathered together ;
And they shall lie down in their dens.

Man shall go forth to his work :
And to his labor until the evening.

How great are Thy works, O Lord ;
Thou hast made all things in wisdom ;
The earth is filled with Thy riches,

So is this great sea,
Which stretcheth wide its arms :
Therein are creeping things without number ;
Living things both small and great :

There also ships shall go.
This sea-dragon which Thou hast formed to play therein ;
All wait upon Thee to give them food in season.

What Thou givest to them they shall gather up :
When Thou openest Thy hand, they shall all be filled with good,
But if Thou turnest away Thy face, they shall be troubled :

Thou shalt take away their breath,
And they shall fail, and shall return to their dust.
Thou shalt send forth Thy spirit,
And they shall be created :

And Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.
May the glory of the Lord endure for ever :

The Lord shall rejoice in His works,
He looketh upon the earth, and maketh it tremble ;
He toucheth the mountains and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live ;
I will sing praise unto my God while I have my being.

May my speech be pleasing unto Him :
But I will take delight in the Lord.

Let sinners be consumed out of the earth,
And the unjust, so that they be no more :
Bless the Lord, O my soul.

—*Psalm ciii.*

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