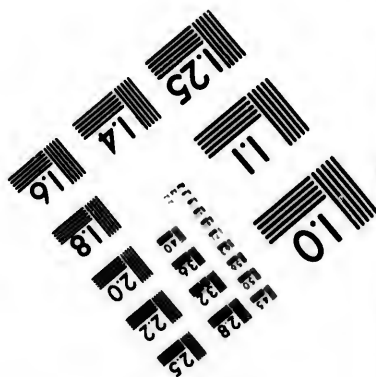
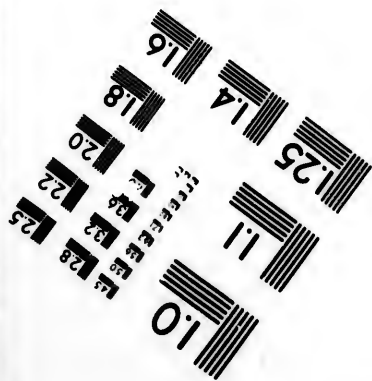
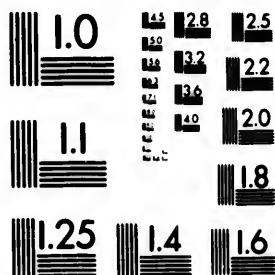


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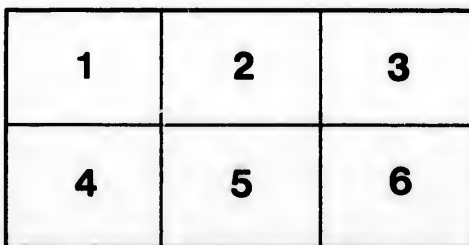
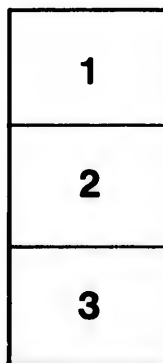
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Can
Pam
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Emerson, Frederick C.

GOLD AND SILVER

THE

BEST TWENTY

POEMS AND THOUGHTS EXTANT

SELECTED WITH SOME APPROACH TO
ANALYTICAL CERTAINTY

BY

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.,

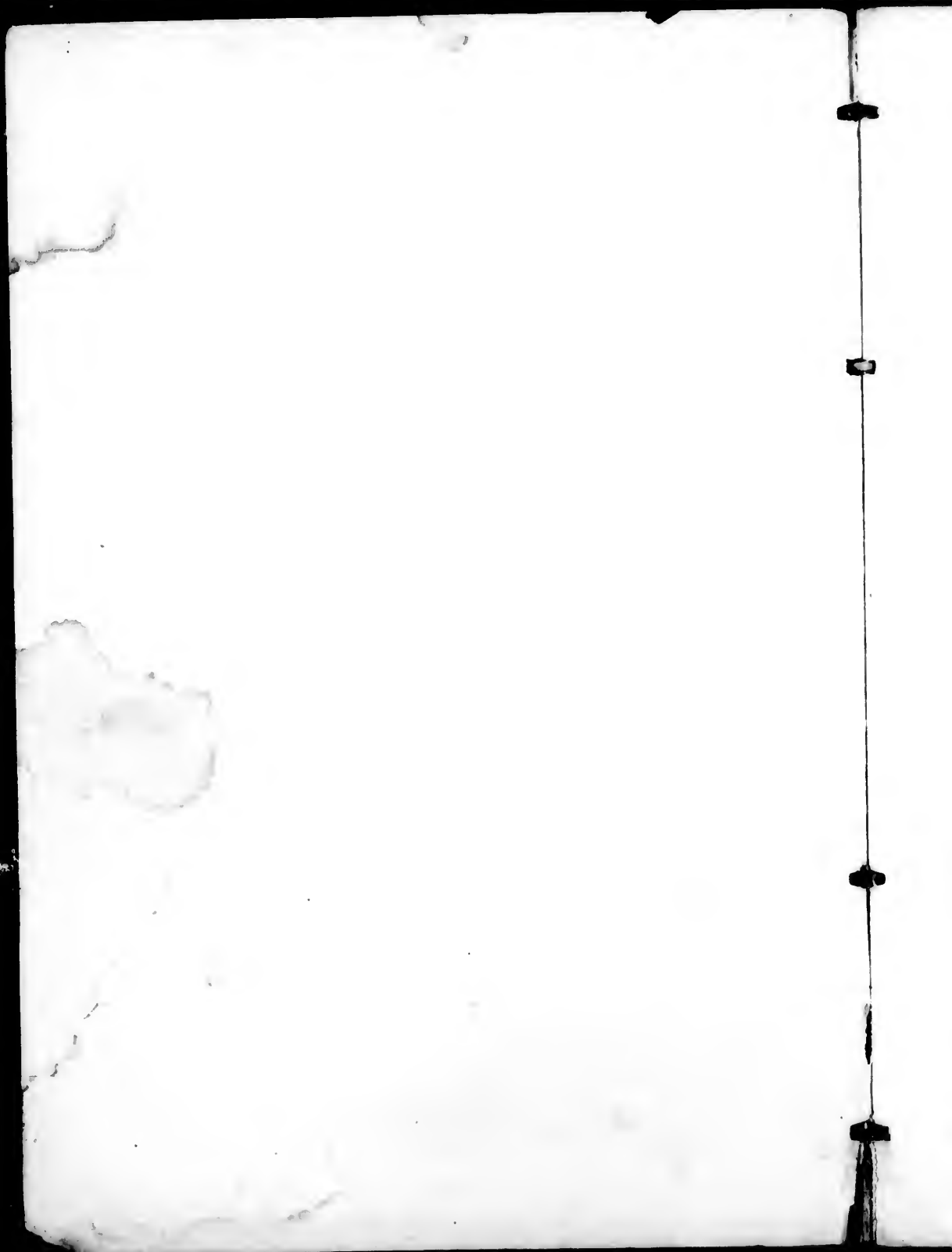
Author of the Art of Teaching,

AND

MAUD OGILVY.

*"Jewels five-words-long
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever."*

MONTREAL :
PUBLISHED BY W. DRYSDALE & CO.,
232 ST. JAMES STREET.



TO MY GENEROUS FRIENDS,

R. W. H., C. G.,
 W. D., & F. R. C.,

I SEIZE THE CHANCE OF DEDICATING THIS BOOK.

"Rerum undique compilatarum clamorosus venditor."

—DONALDSON.

In other words :

Ego apis Matinae

More modoque

* * * per laborem

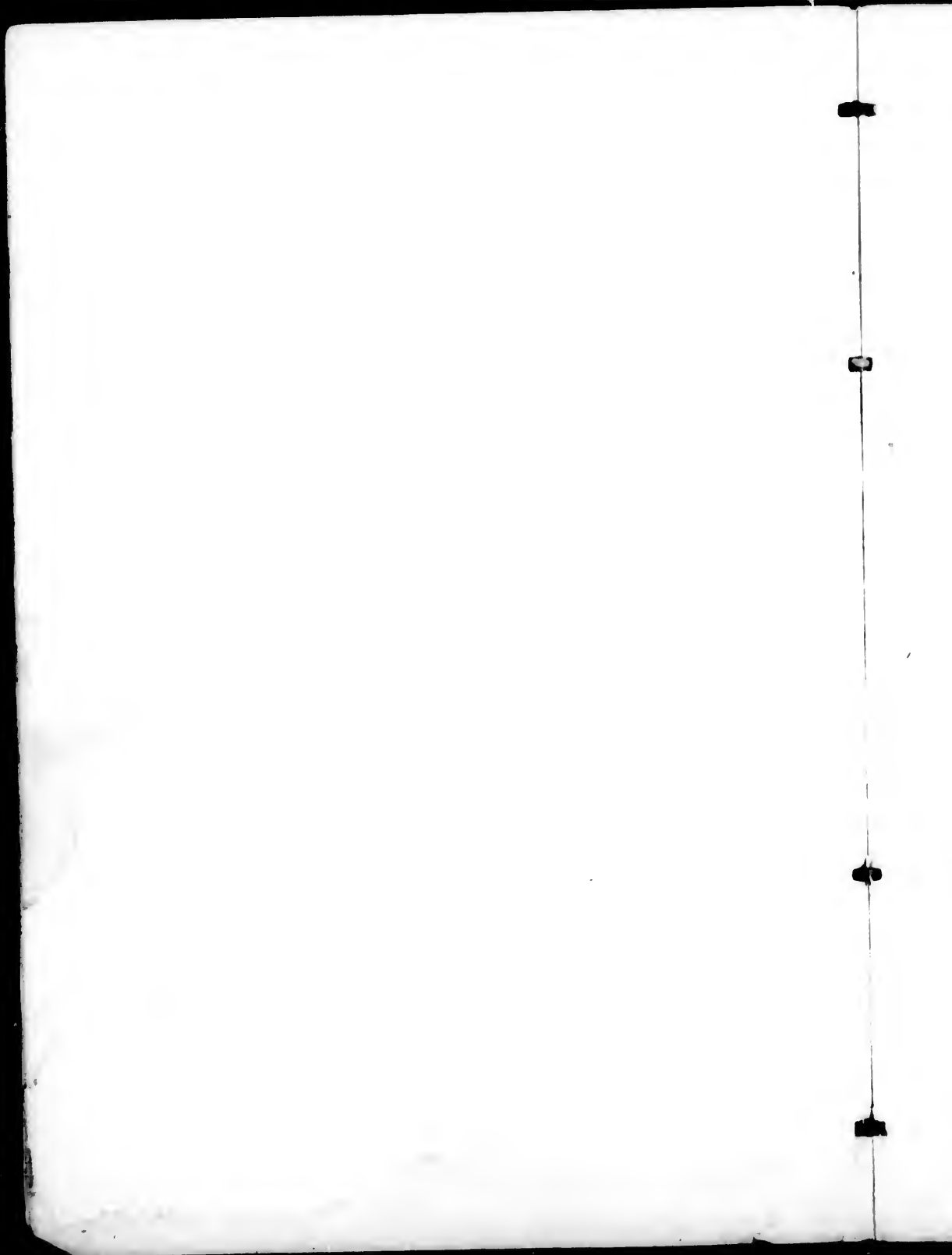
Plurimum * * * operosa *parvus**

Carmina fingo.

—HOR. CARM. 4. ii. 27.

*Nempe pedes V. altus.

—F. C. EMBERSON.



GOLD AND SILVER.

CHAPTER I.

BEAUTY IS ITS OWN EXCUSE FOR BEING.

THERE never was perhaps such a cheering outlook for the world as at present. The cause of our greatest troubles in the past is exactly that which gives us the brightest hopes for the future. It is education that forms the common mind. On ourselves, that is on our minds, depends our happiness.

Education is now, for the first time in the world's history, all but universal. Even the Falkland Islanders, who lived off raw shell-fish, passing their days and nights naked near a bed of these until exhausted, and then migrating to another, are now being educated. Now, as the happiness of man in the main, and his blessedness entirely, depend on his character and that of those around him, how important it is that character should be considered first and foremost in all education.

Character is about one-tenth inborn in us and nine-tenths the result of education, circumstances or bringing up. The fact that the whole idea and aim of education has been hitherto entirely wrong affords us reasons for the very brightest anticipations and hopes for the time when it shall be directed to the right end and in the right way.

Man is a compound of three things: of (1) character, (2) mind, (3) body; in other words of (1) morals (2) intellect (3) corporeal frame. Of these the character is the first and foremost. The devil has intellect; God, man and the angels alone have moral goodness.

The higher the training given to the intellect of an untruthful or dishonest man, the more dangerous and hurtful does he become,—as to others, so to himself.

Now almost the whole aim of education until the past few years has been to train a portion of the intellect only (the parrot memory especially), and that by no means in the best way. It is only of late years that the systematic training of the body, which by means of gymnastic and dietetic produced the heroes of Thermopylce and Pylos among the Greeks, has begun to be put in its proper place as absolutely necessary to the right development of the character and the mind.

Let every child be taught the glory of developing every one of his muscles in full harmonious proportion, let all children be kept at school till they have learnt thoroughly the main laws of health as regards diet, natural preventives to disease, ventilation and total abstinence from alcoholic and narcotic poisons, and we may expect a race of men and women who, passing most of their lives in the open air or with open windows, at orisons vespers and the livelong day, will thank God for the intense and abundant enjoyment of mere physical existence.

They will know by heart the names of the virtues and the vices, and the best means of cultivating the one and avoiding, or diverting their tendencies to, the latter. Let character be made the ONE great goal on which the eye of educationist, schoolmaster and governess be fixed, and then

“ All other graces
Will follow in their proper places.”

A soldier who has to walk straight to a given goal begins

to err and stray directly he looks to his feet. Let him fix his eye on the point to be attained, and then his feet will plant themselves rightly almost to a hair's breadth.

So, fix the eye on character ; use every direct and indirect means to its true and tender development, and it will be found that more of Latin, more (if need be) of Greek, more of Mathematics, more of such important studies as Applied Mechanics, Botany and Agriculture will be solidly and thoroughly acquired, from a sense of duty and as a means to a glorious and comprehensible end, than if they were instilled by playing upon the lower motives of emulation (or love of pushing down others), cupidity, or desire of tawdry prizes, ambition or love of public praise for acts done from an unpraiseworthy motive, or by being drilled in upwards by the fear of the rod or the rod itself.

Character it will be found—like the bloom on the peach and plum, like the honey in the nectary of the clover, like the blossom on the flower—cannot be developed directly. It is indirectly only that character can be edified, sweetened, purified and made meet for the Master's use. The soil must be stirred and watered by example and prayer ; nourishment must be applied to the roots and even at some distance from the stem, and that, a nourishment suited to build up the stem, the leaves, the phosphatic vitalising seeds of the plant which are to produce other and haply improved plants, for untold ages yet to come of constant and ever more and more beautiful progress. Thus, and thus alone, shall we find bloom, honey and blossom.

And of all solid food for edifying or building up,—of all indirect means for developing and strengthening—character, the learning indelibly by heart of the best thoughts ever uttered in the history of the world by the best men in the best language, is perhaps one of the most delightful, the most solid and the most potent and enduring.

This means it is the object of this little book to supply.

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE ISLES OF GREECE.

Homer,

("The Blind Old Man of Scios' Isle")

ILIAD VI. 14.

Welcome was he
 In cottage, heath and hall
 Beloved by all men
 For he loved them all.

ALSO,

ILIAD VI. 208.

This truth—alone—will save,
 This hourly keep in mind,
 Be bravest of the brave
 And kindest of the kind.

AND

"Blacker than black death I HATE
 The man whose blood-black lips can say
 The thing that is not true."

Plato.

God is a Spirit whose shadow : light and whose body
is truth.

TO ASTER, HIS LIFE'S STAR.

Look'st at the Stars,—my Star? Oh! would that I were the
Heavens,
Starry with infinite eyes,—gazing—still gazing—at *thee*.

ALSO

FROM PLATO TO THE SAME.

Splendebas supero sub fornice nuper Eous ;
Nunc idem splendes Hesperus in tenebris.

HERBERTUS JOHNSON, *Wadham College, Oxford.*

Living,
Thou wert to us the one bright Star of Morn ;
Dying,
Wilt shine an Evening Star, to shades no more forlorn.

F. C. EMBERSON, *Wadham College, Oxford.*

THE SAME.

Thou wert the Morning-star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled :
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

SHELLEY.

CHAPTER III.

Some Thoughts and Sentences.

St. John.

"GOD IS LOVE."

FROM THE PSALMS.

The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works. Thou, O Lord, art full of compassion and gracious, long suffering and plenteous in mercy and truth. How excellent is Thy loving kindness. Yea, even as a father pitieth his children even so is the Lord merciful to them that fear Him. So far as the East is from the West, so far hath He set our sins from us.

Jacob Thun.

God bless you. He is blessing you or he would not be
God.

*Gott sei mit ihnen. Er ist mit ihnen oder er wäre nicht
Gott.*

EITH HÔS EULOGOI SOI HO THEOS. KAI MEEN EULOGEI
THEOS ÔN.

Deus tibi benedicat. Immo benedicat utpote Deus.

*Le bon Dieu te bénisse. Certes il te bénit ou il n'est pas
bon.*

"Le bon Dieu non sauvage." French Canadian Proverb.

CHAPTER IV.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

(THE FATHER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.)

THE COUNTRY PARSON

— FROM —

THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES.

A good man was there of religioun,
 And was a pore Persoun of a toun,
 But rich he was of holy thought and work,
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk
 That Christis gospel gladly wolde preche ;
 His parischens devoutly wolde he teach,
 Benign he was and wondur diligent,
 And in adversite ful pacient ;
 And such he was i-proved ofte sithes,
 Full loth were him to curse for his tythes,
 But rather wolde he yeven out of dowte
 Unto his pore parischens aboute,
 Of his offrynge and eek of his substance.

He cowde in litel thing have suffisance,
 Wyd was his parish and houses far asondur
 But he ne lefte not for reyne ne thondur,
 In sicknesse ne in meschief to visite
 The fernest in his parissche, moche and lite,
 Upon his feet, and in his hond a staff.
 This noble ensample unto his scheep he yaf,
 That first he wrought after that he taughte,
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caughte,
 And this figure he addide yit therto,
 That if gold ruste, what shulde yren do?
 For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed man to ruste,

Wel oughte a prest ensample for to give,
 By his clenness, how that his scheef shulde lyve;
 He sette not his benefice to huyre,
 And left his scheep eneombred in the myre,
 And ran to Londone unto seynte Poules,
 To seekem him a chaunterie for soules,
 Or with a brethurhede be with-holde,
 But dwelte at hoom and kepte well his folde,
 So that the wolf we made it not mys-carye.
 He was a shepperde and no mercenarie ;
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful man nought dispitous,
 Ne of his speeche dangerous ne digne,
 But in his teching discret and benigne,
 To drawre folk to heaven by clenness,
 By good ensample was his busy-nesse,

But if were eny person obstinat,
Whatso he were of high or low estat,
Him wolde he snybbe scharply for the nones.
A bettre preest I trowe ther nowher non is,
He way-ted after no pompe ne reverence
Ne maked him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve
He taught, and ferst he folwed it himselve.

CHAPTER V.
SOME HAPPY DEATHS.

Suffolk.

From the plays probably written by

Francis Bacon.

(LORD VERULAM),

1561-1626.

Published under a pseudonym till 1603. Thenceforward they have appeared under the name of

William Shakespeare.

(THE BARD OF AVON.)

1564-1616.

King Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen :
But all's not done ; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

King Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within this hour
I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
 And cries aloud,—“ Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast,
 As, in this glorious and well-foughten field
 We kept together in our chivalry.”

Upon these words I came, and cheered him up :
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, says, “ Dear my Lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign.”
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips,
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd ;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me to up to tears.

Rabelais.

1490-1553

“ Apportes moi donc mon Domino ” Disait le bon
 père, en mourant

“ Bonum est in Domino mori ”

Rabelais.

“ Let us sing a laud, for is it not a good
 “ thing to die in the Lord ” said the dying Rabelais
 and those were his last words

A good man and a priest must have walked with God as
 his own familiar friend for many many years before he could
 die trustfully with such a jest on his lips.

Sir Thomas More.

1480-1535.

Sir Thomas More, whose single blemish was that he showed himself, if anything, too ridiculously loyal to his "tiger master" when being executed for high treason because he persisted in holding his tongue, instead of telling a lie to please Henry VIII, was told by the headsman that his beard was in the way of the axe. He quietly pushed it aside, saying, with perfect good temper, "At least my poor beard has not committed any treason."

Socrates.

440-379.

Socrates, when being executed for saying what every cultured man of his day thought, after putting the conduct of his accusers in as excusable a light as possible, calmly drank the infusion of the hemlock plant which was then the means of capital punishment. When the cold had mounted his legs and reached his body, and death was absolutely certain, he quietly told one of his disciples to "go and offer a cock to Æsculapius," the then God of Healing. A more subtle flash of humour can hardly be imagined. It was as bright and happy, as the "*Deja?*" of the French wit to his dying friend, who said he was "suffering the torments of the damned," was bitter and almost fiendish. Æsculapius was the most disreputable and despised of all the Greek goddikin, as we learn from Aristophanes, and the idea that *he* could cure one whose body was stiffening with death must have seemed inexpressibly comic to the man who ever obeyed a Higher Voice, and looked upon death merely as that which would make him in all probability (for he had not the Christian Certainty) go where he would see his "Guide Counsellor and Friend" face to face, and live with him for ever.

CHAPTER VI.

HERBERT AND HERRICK.

George Herbert.

1593-1632.

“ If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.”

Robert Herrick.

1591-1674.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon :
 As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring ;

As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the Summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

ALSO,

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were you born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night ?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave ;
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you—awhile—they glide
 Into the grave.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PURITAN AND THE COURTIER.

John Milton.

1608-1674.

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 death 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-labour, 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.

Alexander Pope.

1688-1744.

THE SOUL'S CALM SUNSHINE.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

ALSO,

Look how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.

AND,

And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

CHAPTER VIII.
SOME LACONICS.

St. Paul.

Owe no man anything but to love one another.

Sir Isaac Newton.

1642-1727.

“Ah, Fido, you little know what trouble you have {cost me.’

A. = T. = C.

God intends us all to be good, healthful and beautiful. Do what God intends you to do, and you will be what God intends you to be.

Leon Kierzkowski.

To treat all the world well, and to be treated ill by all the world; that is to live the higher life.

CHAPTER IX.

Thomas Gray.

1716-1771.

E L E G Y

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.

Hark how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

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 glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor 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 th' 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 th' fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour'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 sway'd,
 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 repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd 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.

The applause of list'ning 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;
 Forbad 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 learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 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' unhonour'd 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 ;

" Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
 While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
 Oft as the wood-lark piped her farewell song,
 With wistful eyes, pursue the setting sun.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide 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, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite 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.

“ Here scattered oft the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found,
The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.”

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd 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 gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, 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.

CHAPTER X.

LONDON AND OLNEY.

Oliver Goldsmith.

1726-1774.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

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 on forty pounds a year.
 Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed or 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 spend-thrift, 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, reproved 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 adorn 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 ready 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 express'd,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd ;
 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.

THE MASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd 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,
 And 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 frown'd ;
 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 e'en the story ran—that he could gauge !
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd 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,

William Cowper.

(THE BARD OF OLNEY.)

1731-1800.

VOLTAIRE V. COTTAGER.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillows and bobbins all her little store ;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

Oh, happy peasant ! Oh, unhappy bard !
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward ;
He, praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half-a-mile from home ;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

CHAPTER XI.

THE AYRSHIRE PLOUGHMAN.

Robert Burns.

1759-1796.

TO A FIELD MOUSE.

Wee sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
 O what a panic 's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin and chase thee
 Wi' murd' ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live
 A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin' :
 And naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
 And bleak December's winds ensuin'
 Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble
 And cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 And forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO THOUGHTS.

Æschylus.

525-456.

OU GAR DOKEIN ARISTOS ALL' EINAI THELEI.

Be morbidly truthful, scrupulously honest, ridiculously kind and a teetotaller, and chuckle when men call you a liar, knave, fool and hypocrite.

Esse non videri.

Etre, çe vaut ; paraître ce n'est pas grande chose.

Francis de Salles.

Je veux fort peu de choses et je le veux fort peu.

Happiness is the quotient of a fraction of which our wants or wishes are the divisor and our possessions the dividend. How much easier it is to diminish the denominator than to add to the numerator!

He is the richest man who has the fewest wishes ungratified. It is far easier and wiser to diminish ones wishes than to increase one's income.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MARVELLOUS DECADE.

WORDSWORTH 1770. SCOTT 1771. HOGG AND
COLERIDGE 1772. MOORE 1780.

William Wordsworth.

1770-1850.

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more !

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;

Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou child of joy
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
 Happy shepherd boy !

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all,
 O evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May morning ;
 And the children are pulling

On every side
 In a thousand valleys far and wide
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 —But there's a tree, of many, one
 A single field which I have look'd upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar ;
 Not in entire forgetfulness
 And not in utter nakedness
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From Heaven which is our home :
 It lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,

And, even with something of a mother's mind
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known
 And that imperial palace whence he came.
 Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song ;
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love or strife ;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That life brings wth her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever more by the eternal Mind,—

Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !

On whom those truths do rest
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find ;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :

—Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings,
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised ;

But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence : truths that wake
 To perish never ;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour
 Nor man nor boy
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither ;
 Can in a moment travel thither—
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound !
 We, in thought, will join your throng
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,

In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be,
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills and Groves,
 Forbode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquish'd one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway ;
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret
 Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet ;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

ALSO.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death :
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Sir Walter Scott.

(THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH.)

1771-1832.

THE TWO GRAVES.

Where shall the lover rest
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast
 Parted for ever?
 Where, through groves deep and high
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die
 Under the willow.
 Eleu loro
 Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day
 Cool streams are laving ;
 There, while the tempest sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving ;
 There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake.
 Never, O never !
 Eleu loro
 Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her ?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying ;
 Eleu loro
 There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the falsehearted ;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap
 Ere life be parted :
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it
 Never, O never !
 Eleu loro
 Never, O never !

Lord Byron.

1788-1824.

Farewell ! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twas vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye
Are in that word—Farewell ! Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;
But in my breast, and in my brain
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns, nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel ;
I only know we loved in vain,
I only feel—Farewell ! Farewell !

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

1772-1834.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

[An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three,
“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?”

“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

[The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.]

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years’ child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

NOTES TO THE RIME
OF THE
ANCIENT MARINER.

IN the etymological notes to this poem the roots are arranged somewhat in order of their antiquity. French and German words are in italics, Greek in caps.

It, *es*, TO, id.

Is, *ist*, ESTI, est, *est*.

One, *ein*, EN, unus, *unc*.

Three, *drei*, TREIS, tres, *trois*.

The, *die*, TO, qui, *qui*.

Kin, *koenig*, GENOS, genus, *genre*.

Kind is kinned: "a little more than kin and less than kind." King, *koenig* is head of the kin.

Hand, *hand*, KHEIR.

Hand, the having or holding thing.

KHEIR frhm EKHO; of old men, only had what they held.

Eye, *auge*, OPHTHALMOS, *oculus*, œil.

Stand, *stand*, STA, *sta*, rester.

STA, stand; HISTEEMI, me stand.

HISTEES, HISTEESU, thou standest.

HISTEESI HISTEETOS, he stands.

Sit, *setzen*, SEDEO, *sedeo*, *asseoir*.

Of old some Irish boys owned stones to sit on at school, the rest sat on the floor.

“ The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

[The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with good wind and fair weather,] till it reached the Line.]

“ The Sun came up upon the left
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

“ Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon”—
The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

[The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music ; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

“ The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.”

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

[The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.]

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong ;
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

Ship, *schiff*, SKUPHOS.

Ship is skiff, whence skipper, from scapto to dig out, schaffen to shape ; a shapely "dug-out" and no mere unhewn log which swims, like NAFS, navis, *navire*, navy, from NA, na, to swim.

Sun, *sonne*, SELIOS, sol, *soleil*.

Sea, *see*, SALS, sal, *sel*.

They reach the Equator sailing south, as in l. 393 they reach it going North.

Red, *roth*, ERUTHROS, ruber, *rouge*.

Rose, *rose*, RHODON, rosa, *rose*.

When the English swarm left the parent hive in Persia (?) the only plants named were worts which bloom in the spring (FEAR, ver,) red flowers, withies, poisonous plants (FIS, viola) and perhaps lilies.

Hinter, ANTI, ante, *ancien*, *antient*.

Man, *mann*, ANDR,—ANTHRO,—ho-min, *homme*.

Now, *nun*, NUN, nunc, *neuf*.

He, *er*, HO, qui, *qui*.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
 And southward aye we fled.

[The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.]

And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold :
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
 Did send a dismal sheen :
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
 The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around :
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
 Like noises in a swound !

[Till a great sea-bird, call'd Albatross, came through the snow fog, and was
 received with great joy : and hee was the good-fellow that brought the
 .ality.]

At length did cross an Albatross :
 Through the fog it came ;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We greeted it by name.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
 The helmsman steered us through !

Who, *wer*, POS, *qui qui*.
 Head, *kopf*, KEPHALEE, *caput, chapitre*.

Snow, *schnee*, NIP, *niv, neige*.
 Cold, *kalt*, *gelu, gèle*.

Dies *malus*, *dismal*.
 By *twain*, *between*.

Wordsworth thinks he suggested the appearance and slaughter of the albatross. See note to line 228.

My friend Mr. Brown of Hochelaga has the wings of an albatross, caught at sea with hook and line by the mate of a ship, which measure from tip to tip no less than eighteen (18) feet.

Eat, *essen*, EDEIN, *edere*.
 Thunder, *donner*, TEINO (to stretch) *tonitru, tonnerre*.

[And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as returned northward, through fog and floating ice.]

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

[The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.]

“ Heaven save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ? ” — “ With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.”

PART THE SECOND.

The Sun now rose upon the right
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

[His ship-mates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.]

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !

Coleridge seemed to think that a wind astern was the fairest wind, whereas one on the quarter is really the most favorable, for a square-rigged, as well as for a fore-and-aft rigged ship.

That Coleridge makes an albatross perch makes us suspect his accuracy elsewhere. Birds are either, 1. Fliers, as the hawk. 2. Perchers, as the canary. 3. Walkers, like the ostrich. 4. Waders, like the heron; or, 5. Swimmers, like the swan, duck, goose and albatross. An albatross can no more perch than an ostrich can swim. The mast includes the cross trees and the shrouds include, I suppose, the ratlins. Neither an albatross nor duck could perch on either.

Save, *sicher*, SAFOS, salvus, *sauf*.

PLEEGEE, plaga, plague, *plage*, *plais*.

Herodotus says that when the Phenicians crossed the line the sun rose upon the right hand.

Sweet, *suess*, SFEEDUS, suavis, *suave*.

The Romans had no sweet cane, hence the root suavis, suave, took a moral sense. Sweet in the sense of *sucré* is mellitus in Latin,

Hell (hole), *hoelle*, KOILOS, cœlum, *ciel*.

Work, *werk*, FERGON.

Rego (to rule straight) rectum, *recht*, right.

From directum comes *droit*.

[But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.]

Nor dim nor red, with dazzling head
 The glorious Sun uprist :
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog and mist.

[The fair breeze continues ; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line. The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.]

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free :
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be ;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stùck, nor breath nor motion ;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

[And the Albatross begins to be avenged.]

Water, water, every where,
 And all the boards did shrink ;
 Water, water, every where,
 Nor any drop to drink.

Nor is ne or ; or is a contraction of either.
 Either, other, *oder, andere*, HETEROS, alter, *autre*.

A 'fair' breeze is one favorable to the course of the ship.
 Ever, *ewig*, AFEI, AIOHN, *œvum*.
 Æviternus, *eternel*, eternal.

Sileo, *silence*, silence. "Eloquar an sileam?" once asked Sewell at an Oxford Convocation. "Sileas" said Mansell.

(KHALKOS) KOPRIOS, (ces) Cyprium, *kupfer*, copper, *cuiivre*.
 Nona hora, dinner time, whence noon, and perhaps nuncheon and luncheon, the midday meal.

After is the comparative of aft.
 Of, *auf*, APO, ab, *après*.
 Day, *tag*, DIOS, dies, *jour*.

Water, *wasser*, UDOR, unda.
 Every i.e., ever each. Each, *jeglich*.

The very deep did rot : O Heaven
 That ever this should be !
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
 The death fires danced at night ;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt green, and blue, and white.

[A spirit had followed them ; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.]

And some in dreams assured were
 Of the spirit that plagued us so :
 Nine fathom deep he had followed us
 From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
 Was withered at the root ;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.

[The ship-mates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner : in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.]

Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young !
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time ! a weary time !
 How glazed each weary eye,
 When looking westward I beheld
 A something in the sky.

Deep from dip as *tief* fr. *taufen*.
 Thing, *ding* from *dingan* to be heavy ; not from think, "a thing thought of."

Fire, *fener*, PURA (whence pyre) *feu*.
 Night, *nacht*, NUKT, noct, *nuit*.

Spiro (to breathe), spiritus (breath), whence *esprit* and spirit, meaning both courage and the soul. So from AEEMI to breathe come animus, anima, meaning courage and a soul. So Ghost is akin to gust and *Geist*. Similarly PNEUMA meant breath and a Spirit.

Tongue, *zunge*, *dingua* old from of *lingua*.
 Root, *ruthe* (a rod) RIZA, radix, *racine*.

Take away the letters one by one from the word devil and you get evil ; *vil* (French for vile) ill, and I, similarly NAPOLEON, APOLLYON, POLEON, o LEON, LEON, ION, ON may be translated "Napoleon the lion of the peoples going about the destroyer of cities."

Glaze from glass, *glas*, glesum (amber).
 Behold, *behalten*. One word for sight is thus derived from the sense of touch.

[The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.]

At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist :
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
 And still it neared and neared :
 As if it dodged a water-sprite,
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

[At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship ; and at a dear ransom he freeth
 his speech from the bonds of thirst.]

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could not laugh nor wail ;
 Through utter doubt all dumb we stood !
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail ! a sail !

[A flash of joy.]

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call :
 Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

[And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide ?]

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
 Hither to work us weal ;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all aflame,
 The day was well-nigh done !
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun ;
 When that strange ship drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

At, *an*, ENS EIS, ad (whence et) *à*.
 First *fuerst*, PROTOS, primus, premier.

"Dodged," Thackeray apologized for using this word in prose. As used here it exemplifies Horace's remark that a clever collocation makes a new word out of an old one. So Shakespeare used the word squeak, "The sheeted dead did squeak and gibber in the Roman Streets." The very discord of the latter word with its surroundings heightens perhaps the effect.

The words laugh, *lachen*, came into being after the Saxons left the parent stock. Laughter is a result of intellectual development and prosperity. Man is the only laughing animal. The sad, underfed, over-populated nations, the Japanese and Chinese, cannot heartily laugh.

Gramercy, the etymology of oaths shows how callous the mouths of the Middle Ages had become from a too frequent handling of holy things. So the French nation uses the one name which ought never to be uttered except after a reverent pause, and never printed, perhaps, except in capitals, as a mere expletive. See the remark on this fact in Robertson's Sermons vol. 3 Sermon 36.

Weal, *wohl*, HOLOS, valere, *valoir*.

Weal whence wealth, which often works woe, St. Paul only once used the word riches, except in the sense of spiritual wealth, in all his matchless writings.

The sun looks many fold broader when rising and setting because of the effect of the earth's atmosphere.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered,
 With broad and burning face.

[It seemeth to him but the skeleton of a ship.]

Alas! thought I, (and my heart beat loud,)
 How fast she nears and nears!
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres!

[And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The spectre-woman and her death-mate, and no other, are on board the skeleton-ship. Like vessel, like crew.]

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate?
 And is that woman all her crew?
 Is that a Death? and are there two?
 Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold:
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

[DEATH and Life-in-Death have dived for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner. No twilight within the courts of the Sun.]

The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice;
 "The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
 At one stride comes the dark;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

Straight, *stracks*, from stretched.

Strait, *étroit*, from strictus from stringo.

Tennyson's "silvery gossamers twinkling into green and gold" are "good summers." Folk-lore deemed them the neckerchief of the Virgin Mary "fils de la Vierge," dropt to earth at her Assumption.

Woman, *wife-man*. It is curious that the plural though it is changed in spelling retains the older pronunciation.

LEPROS, scaly, LEPRO, *lepre*, leper.

Mare, a Polish spirit that haunted sleeping men, whence *nachtmahr* and *cauchemar*.

DIDONAI, dare (to throw) datum whence *dt*, whence die pl. dice. The pl. of die 'a mould' being a less used word and therefore not so metamorphosed is naturally "dies." The word is pronounced "dice" because gamblers being (like most dishonest scoundrels) lazy, were too indolent to say "dize."

"The stars rush out," suggests that they were brilliant. The next verse tells us they were dim.

We listened and looked sideways up!
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip!
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
 From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clombe above the eastern bar
 The horned Moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

[At the rising of the Moon, one after another, his shipmates drop down dead.]

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

[But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.]

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
 They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow."

PART THE FOURTH.

[The Wedding-Guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.]

*"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
 I fear thy skinny hand!
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
 As is the ribbed sea-sand.*
 "I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
 And thy skinny hand, so brown.*

* For the two last lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn of 1787, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.

There is no twilight in the tropics.
Cup, *cupe*, *cupa*, *coupe*, *cuvette*.

Horn, *horn*, KERAS, *cornu*, *corne*.

"To dog," "to hound," "to rat" are all used as verbs.
Hound, *hund*, KUN, *canis*, *chien*.

Coleridge must have been strangely astray as to the numbers of a ship's crew which averages only 8 to 10 men. I have seen a large fruit schooner bound for the Mediterranean with only 4 men on board. Unless this was a ship of war and therefore "cheered," and so disciplined that the helmsman lit his binnacle lamp and steered, when they were becalmed and dying of thirst! See line 352.

Bliss, cf. *bles*s, *blithe*.

Whizz, onomatopoetic like wheeze, hiss and as French show's a *few* other words only.

Skin, hide, *haut*, SKUTOS, scutum and cutis, *cuir*.

The hairy skin was *fell*, *pellis*, *peau*.

Is this a sly joke of S. T. C's? The comparison is poor enough; can sand be lank?

[But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.]

“ Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie ;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray,
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they ;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

Alone, all one ; so *allein*, *alle ein*.

Sancire to sanctify, whence sanctus, saint.

We have handled the word with more reverence than the Spanish who have hattered it into 'san' and the French who pronounce it 'S'n.'

When the Saxon swarm left the parent hive, counting, which was done on the fingers had got from one to ten and then leapt to ten tens or a hundred, *hundert*, HEKATON, centum, *cent*.

'Twenty,' 'thirty,' &c., had received names when the Greek and Latin swarms left. A thousand came to them separately, and millions and billions after the Greek and Latin tongues were silent for ever.

Deck *decken* (to cover) STEGEIN, tego.

The approach to a deck among the Romans was the plank bridge (*pons*, *pont*) that ran between the rows of oarsmen in their galleys. NAFIS in Greek should be translated "galley" not ship.

Precari, *prier*, pray.

Wicked, witched, bewitched.

Ball, *balle*, BALLO, pello, pila. *Balle*, *boule*, *boulet*.

Bulletin come from bulla, a different root.

Pello (to beat) pulsus, whence pulse, *pouls*.

Sweat, *schweisz*, SIDROS, sudor, *sueur*.

[The curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.]

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
 A spirit from on high ;
 But oh ! more horrible than that
 Is a curse in a dead man's eye !
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

[In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward ; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is [their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords] that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.]

The moving Moon went up the sky,
 And no where did abide :
 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt away
 A still and awful red.

[By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.]

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
 I watched the water-snakes :
 They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire :
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled and swam ; and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire.

ORPHANOS, orbus, *orphelin*, orphan.

Curse from cross; to curse making the sign of the cross:!

Oh, ah; *oh, ach*; oooo, o, o.

Bide, abide; a euphonic as in AMELGO, milk.

"Star or two," during the twilight and when the moon shines bright only stars of the first brilliancy are visible. Hence, "the evening star," "the morning star," "the shepherd's star," and similar expressions.

Beam, boom; *baum* (a tree), so radius means a rod and also a ray of light.

From aperio, to open, comes April, the month when the year opens for new fruit.

From "carminare," to enchant with verses, comes *charmer, charm*.

Watersnakes are found at Belleville and elsewhere in the St. Lawrence, but they are not common. The appearances of the sea serpent have, I am sure, been proved to be optical delusions.

Blue, *blau*; blue is sky colour by derivation; green is the growing colour; black is smoke colour.

To those becalmed at sea the movements of tiny fishleian thro' the water are seen only by flashing tracks of golden fire, as I once saw with great enjoyment.

[Their beauty and their happiness. He blesseth them in his heart.]

*O happy living things ! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare :
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware !
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

[The spell begins to break.]

The self same moment I could pray ;
 And from my neck so free
 †The Albatross fell off, and sunk
 Like lead into the sea.

*From hap, happen comes happy, so in Greek TUKHEE from TUKHEIN, to happen, meant "good hap."

†Albatross, like many words beginning with al, is Arabic, the word al meaning *the*, "the alhambra" meaning the red house.

CHAPTER XIV.

Tom Moore.

(THE BARD OF ERIN.)

1780-1852.

Alas—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love !
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off.
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity !
 A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken,
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said ;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone.
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever,

KHEIN,

word al

CHAPTER XV.

Shelley.1792-1822.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-flow'd.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not.
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain awaken'd flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh. thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine ;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
 Or triumphal chaunt
 Match'd with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be ;
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

CHAPTER XVI.

Thomas Hood.1798-1845.

One more unfortunate
 Weary of breath
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care ;
 Fashion'd so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements ;
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing ;
 Take her up instantly.
 Loving not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly ;
 Not of the stains of her—
 All that remains of her—
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonour
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd
Any where, any where
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute Man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly ;
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
'Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to his Saviour !

CHAPTER XVII.

MORE THOUGHTS.

God said, "Let there be light," and there was light.
 Longinus said these were "the most stupendous words ever
 uttered."

Frederick Robertson.

"The eye that hath once seen the King in his Beauty, in
 earthly things sees only types of an unutterable loveliness,
 types which he is well content shall break and pass away."

Francis Bacon.

Speech is silver, silence gold.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The water snakes....I blessed them unawares. The self-
 same moment I could pray..... He prayeth best who loveth
 best all things (even snakes).

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Doct Laureate.

1809.

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

ALSO,

Yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;
 That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
 That not one life shall be destroy'd,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete.
 That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain
 Behold, we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.
 So runs my dream ; but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night :
 An infant crying for the light :
 And with no language but a cry.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mrs. Charles.

1826.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing,
 Rise and share it with another ;—
 And thro' all the years of famine
 It shall serve thee and thy brother.
 Love Divine will fill thy storehouse,
 Or thy handful still renew ;
 Scanty fare for one will often
 Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving,
 All its wealth is living grain,
 Seeds which mildew in the garner
 Scattered fill with gold the plain.
 Is thy burden hard and heavy ?
 Do thy steps drag wearily ?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden
 God shall bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains
 Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow ?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee
 And together both shall glow.
 Art thou stricken in life's battle ?
 Many wounded round thee moan,
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsam
 And that balm shall heal thy own.

Is thy heart a well left empty ?
 None but God its void can fill,
 Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
 Can its ceaseless longings still.
 Is thy heart a living power ?
 Self-entwined, its strength sinks low ;
 It can only live by loving,
And by serving, love shall grow.

John Keble.

1792-1866.

There are in this loud stunning tide
 Of human care and crime,
 With whom the melodies abide
 Of th' everlasting chime ;
 Who carry music in their heart
 Through dusty lane and wrangling mart
 Because their souls a holy strain repeat.

CHAPTER XX.

A CANADIAN TRIO.

John Keade.

“GOOD NIGHT.”

Good Night! God bless thee, Love, where'er thou art,
 And bear thee like an infant in his arms.
 And all good messengers, who move unseen
 By eye sin darkened, who on noiseless wings
 Carry good tidings to the doors of sleep,
 Touch all thy tears to pearls of heavenly joy.

Oh! I am very lonely missing thee,
 But, morning, noon and night, sweet memories
 Are nestling round thy name within my heart,
 Like summer birds in frozen wintry woods.
 “Good Night!” “Good Night!”---Oh, for the mutual
 word,
 Oh, for the loving pressure of thine hand,
 Oh, for the tender parting of thine eye.
 Good Night! God bless thee, love, where'er thou art,
 GOOD NIGHT.

W. D. Lighthall.

"THE CONFUSED DAWN."

What are the Vision and the Cry
That haunt the new Canadian soul?
Dim grandeur spreads, we know not why,
O'er mountain, forest, tree and knoll,
And murmurs indistinctly fly—
Some magic moment sure is nigh!
Oh, Seer, the curtain roll!

SEER.

The Vision, mortal, it is this—
Dead mountain, forest, knoll and tree
Awaken all endued with bliss.
A native land—O think—to be—
Thy native land—and ne'er amiss,
Its smile shall like a lover's kiss
From henceforth seem to thee.

The Cry thou couldst not understand,
Which runs through that new realm of light,
From Breton's to Vancouver's strand,
O'er many a lovely landscape bright,
It is their waking utterance grand,
The great refrain, "A Native Land!"
Thine be the ear, the sight.

J. C. Emberson.

A PERFECT FACE.

A face where tender shadows fleet
 Responsive to the passing mood,
 Sweet memories, promises more sweet,
 Nay,—certainties of endless good.

A face that courts the wildest breeze,
 And woos the sun in summer hours
 Lies chequered 'neath the flickering trees,
 And vies in tint with vermeil flowers.

And some little lakelet clear
 Reflects the sky's unmeasured whole,
 So heaven's unnumbered charms appear
 All mirrored in this single soul.

Wouldst thou have such a face? then say
 Bright orisons at rise of sun,
 At evensong recall and weigh
 Each deed the parting day hath done.

Cast out all fear and all desire ;
 Fear God, fear nothing else beside ;
 Thy life-song,—“ Higher ! ever higher ! ”
 Like spray-snow on the vaulting tide.

My darling,—sun thyself in God,
 His mother-comfortings, His grace,
 His guidance, voice,—His loving rod,—
 And enter Heaven with such a face.

