PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF READING

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THE
PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE
OF
ORAL READING

FOR USE IN

CONTINUATION CLASSES

AND

HIGH SCHOOLS AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTES

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PREFACE

The general disuse of the High School Reader in our Secondary Schools, which has followed the change in the provision for Literature in the lower forms, has given rise to a demand for a book of material especially suitable for the teaching of Oral Reading. This book is an attempt to meet the demand.

The aim, therefore, has been to compile selections that read well aloud and are varied enough in thought and emotion to illustrate the different phases of vocal expression. A glance at the Table of Contents will, however, show that the important consideration of choosing only from the best authors has not been overlooked. Owing to copyright difficulties it has not been possible to include a number of very desirable selections. The titles of some of these, however, are given in Appendix C.

The Introduction is intended to be useful to both teacher and pupil. The latter should not be expected

to master the Introduction before beginning the selections, but by means of the notes should study it gradually in connection with the reading of each selection. Parts I and II are especially for the teacher; Part III for the pupil. Part II discusses the preparation necessary before actually beginning to read a selection aloud. The work done by the pupil in this book will, of course, be supplemented in the literature classes. The notes marked "Preparatory" refer in general to Part II, all others to Part III.

An effort has also been made to grade the selections in the order of their difficulty. On this subject, however, teachers will differ, and the grading given must be regarded as merely suggestive.

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INTRODUCTION

PART I

THE subject of **oral reading** occupies, and very justly so, a prominent place in the curriculum of our secondary schools. The work it is intended to accomplish is threefold. It aims at giving the pupil the power to communicate to others, in an effective and pleasing manner, the thoughts which he has been trained to extract for himself from the printed page. It improves the pupil's every day speech; for the distinctness and the accent of refinement acquired in the process of oral reading is reflected, to some extent at least, in his ordinary conversation. And, finally, it contributes to his general culture, of which refined utterance is only an indication.

In order to appreciate fully a piece of literature it must be read aloud, for not only do the subtleties associated with the music of poetry escape the silent reader, but those finer shades of meaning of both prose and poetry, which can be brought out only by the voice, are too often lost. One reason for this is obvious. The habitually silent reader develops a tendency towards symbolism or mere word-recognition. He fails to visualize, and, as he has no vivid mental images, the impression he receives is an indefinite one. Besides,

there is nothing that so stimulates our vocal expression as the desire to transmit to others the inspiration which has been kindled within us. The teacher of English Literature can, indeed, use no more powerful instrument of interpretation than oral reading.

From the first the pupil should be imbued with the idea that reading is not mere word repetition, however correct the pronunciation and distinct the articulation. He should constantly remember that what the book tells him he in turn is telling the listener, and that if he is getting nothing, he is probably giving nothing. As a rule, the average child reads neither intelligently nor intelligibly. He has failed to master the elementary mechanics of reading, his accent abounds in provincialisms, he is ignorant of the exact pronunciation of everyday words, and his articulation is indistinct. Often, however, the difficulty is due to the fact that the thought is beyond his comprehension, but still oftener to the equally important fact that he has not mastered the organic structure of the language. Obviously, such a reader, later on, would make but a poor attempt at reading a parliamentary speech, not to mention a poem like Shelley's "To the Skylark," with its subtle melodies, or even a ballad like "Lochinvar," with its coarser dramatic effects.

The more conservative maintain that the good old-fashioned, free-and-easy, read-as-you-please method was productive of much better results than the modern high-flown elocutionary one. This is perhaps true; but the superiority of former generations may be accounted for on the ground that, in the past, there was more oral reading both in the home and in the school than there is to-day. Life was then more primitive, less complex. There were fewer distractions outside of the home,

where whole evenings were spent in reading aloud, and there were fewer studies in the school programme. But, although the reader of the old school may have shown a considerable degree of intelligence, he usually lacked the power of finer interpretation and overlooked the artistic effects aimed at by the modern elocutionist. This was felt to be a real lack, and hence the swing of the pendulum to the opposite extreme.

When the reaction came, it naturally emphasized sound rather than sense, vocal and dramatic effects rather than the mental and emotional states which produce them. The so-called elocutionary method which resulted, advocated the teaching of certain rules of vocal expression with frequent drills on illustrative examples. The rules themselves were generally arbitrary, and were seldom, if ever, consciously based on psychological principles. The reader was told, for example, that he must pause between subject and predicate; that he must use the rising inflection on a question and the falling at the end of a sentence; that the first line of Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break" must be read in slow time to imitate the sound of the waves breaking slowly on the rocks, "The Ride from Ghent to Aix" in fast time to imitate the rapidity of movement, and the "Ode to the North-East Wind" in high pitch and fast time to express exhilaration and delight. Needless to say, the usual result of such teaching was stilted and unnatural reading. The reader was so occupied with listening to the cadences of his own voice that the inner significance of the passage was of secondary importance and often entirely escaped him. This method, moreover, limited the reader to passages especially prepared and gave him little, if any, power to read independently and at sight. It was also illogical, in that

it placed effect before cause. It is well to know that the feeling of exhilaration roused by reading such a poem as the "Ode to the North-East Wind" finds its natural outlet in a higher-pitched voice and a more rapid rate of utterance than the ordinary. Such knowledge of the relation between mental conditions and vocal technique supplies both pupil and teacher with a useful standard for criticism. The pupil, however, should not be asked to turn on, as it were, the tap of the high-pitched voice and rapid rate of utterance. He should be led to fill himself with the thought and the feeling of the selection. The pitch and the time will then come to him, as a natural result, more or less perfectly, according as he has lost himself in the selection. A knowledge of the relation between the various elements of vocal expression and their corresponding mental conditions, is of value to the teacher because it is his only guide as to how far the pupil has correctly interpreted the passage he has read, and thus it forms the basis of his criticism. This knowledge is of value to the reader also because, through it, he can understand the criticism made and can apply the proper remedy. Drills on isolated passages illustrating the different qualities of voice, pitch, time, etc., are, if merely mechanical, useless from the standpoint of vocal interpretation. Such drills aim at a certain result, independent of the cause, and give rise to the affectation of the modern elocutionist.

The more thoughtful readers and teachers of reading have profited by the mistakes of the past. Realizing the weakness of the mechanical method, they are also avoiding the other extreme. Reactionists maintain that all that is necessary is to get the thought, and that the true expression will follow. As a working principle it is fairly safe to affirm that, if we have and feel the

thought and really desire to express it, the vocal expression will to a large extent take care of itself. If we observe a little child in unconscious play, we find that, as a rule, the inflection, emphasis, etc., are exceedingly good, preferable indeed to much of what goes by the name of trained elocution. But it must not be forgotten that we are surrounded by conditions which are far from ideal, and that nature herself is not always perfect. Many of us, through association, have formed careless habits of speech. Others, through physical defects, are unable to speak loudly or to enunciate with ease and distinctness. In such circumstances, no matter how vividly the thought has been conceived, the vocal expression cannot be good. It is not necessary, however, to mar the reading lesson proper by the introduction of vocal gymnastics, which dissipate energy, detract from the interest, and almost invariably result in mechanical work. Special training should be given in separate lessons, not as reading lessons proper, but as exercises for the conscious, explicit purpose of enabling the pupil to gain such mastery of himself as will render his organs of speech entirely subservient to the mandate of his will.

Whilst the exponents of the psychological method—the method followed in this work—recognize the necessity for voice gymnastics and accentuate the value of a knowledge of the principles underlying speech, they consider that the first requisite is to develop in the pupil the power to think while repeating word-symbols. The thought-process includes abstract and concrete thinking, from which springs all emotion. Concrete thinking consists in making vivid to the mind, by means of mental pictures, the thoughts symbolized on the printed page. The true vocal interpretation of descriptive and dramatic literature depends upon the power to think concretely.

Abstract thinking, on the other hand, is the process of thinking without the assistance of mental imagery. We must think in the abstract to read intelligently argumentative discourse and selections of a philosophic and didactic nature ; even in narrative it plays an important part. Interpretative reading then, dependent as it is upon mental states, must include abstract thinking or the pure thought process, concrete thinking or mental imagery, and emotion—all of which may be involved in the reading of any one piece of literature. Usually, however, one or the other predominates according to the nature of the selection.

PART II

A.—READING FROM THE STANDPOINT OF ABSTRACT THINKING

In teaching reading it is most important to select lessons which suit the pupil's ability to extract thought from the printed page, and to sustain thought through sentences more or less involved. He should be trained to think in connection with the vocal expression of word symbols, to discriminate among their different shades of meaning, to weigh the importance of each idea independently or in relation to some other idea, and finally to carry the thought from one point to another, making the central idea prominent and putting each part in proper perspective, thus grasping the meaning fully. This process of thinking is the basis of good reading and is the proper foundation for the finer and deeper expression of the higher literature. Selections such as George Eliot's "The Key to Human Happiness," Ruskin's "The Clouds," "Paul's Defence before King Agrippa," and John Bright's "National Morality,"

form good exercises in reading from this standpoint. In these the meaning is readily grasped, and the imaging process and varied emotional states are but little required; the mind is consequently left free to concentrate itself on pure thinking.

B.—READING FROM THE STANDPOINT OF CONCRETE THINKING

Besides being able to think in the abstract and to sustain thought, a good reader must have the power and habit of making concrete, by means of mental images, the thoughts underlying the word-symbols. Only by calling up mental images to himself can he make vivid to his listener the scenes he describes. Almost every class of literature lends itself to this process to a greater or less degree. Narration and description in either prose or poetry, many of our shorter lyrics, and especially ballad poetry with its strong dramatic elements, supply an abundance of good material.

The first step towards acquiring the habit of mental imagery is to make concrete the pictures suggested by individual phrases:

> Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
> That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
> Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow:
> Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
> Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
> Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray
> And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
> To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

The images in the last four lines of this stanza from "To the Evening Wind" are suggested by the phrases "the wild blue waves," "roughening their crests, and

scattering high their spray," "swelling the white sail." The next step is to combine these separate images into one complete picture with some such suggestive title as "A Windy Day on the Sea." For this the third stanza is even better adapted:

> Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
> Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
> The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
> Summoning from the innumerable boughs
> The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
> Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
> The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
> And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

Note the pictures definitely suggested in "rock the little wood-bird in his nest," "curl the still waters bright with stars," "meekly bows the shutting flower," "darkling waters pass," "o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass." These can be combined into one picture—"The Outskirts of the Wood at Evening." An excellent practice after individual images have been combined is to write down what one sees and to be prepared to tell it, making it as vivid to the listener as if the panorama were unrolled before his eyes. Sometimes other senses are appealed to, as hearing, *e.g.*, "the strange deep harmonies," "he shall dream he hears the rustling leaf and running stream;" or, the sense of smell in "sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange." When describing the picture, these effects can be suggested by the phraseology.

Another exercise in mental imagery and one which calls the imagination more into play, is the visualization of images merely suggested in lines or stanzas. Preparatory to the study of "To the Evening Wind," one may call up, from the first three lines, such a picture

as: a sultry evening, a cloudy sky, a low house with lattice window open to admit the evening breeze—there sits, it may be, a student, weary and faint, baring his moist brow to the cool air. Here the purpose is to make the scene vivid, and to arouse the corresponding emotion; and to this end, congruous details may be filled in at pleasure. Our literature is one mass of pictures, definitely painted or delicately suggested, and a reader must make these vivid to himself before he can stimulate the imagination of the hearer.

Such poems as "To the Evening Wind," although rich in word-painting, do not lend themselves to dramatization as do ballads. The descriptive parts of ballads suggest scenery and stage setting. The front of the class room may serve as an improvised stage with one reader or speaker to describe its setting either in his own words or in the language of the poem, and others to take the parts of the different characters. The pupils are thus actors, not mere spectators; and they will readily lay aside their books and speak from memory. Memorization, indeed, if properly employed, cannot be too strongly recommended as an aid to naturalness of expression. One who speaks without the book is not hampered by the effort to interpret word-symbols, and is thus left free to give himself up fully to the thought and the feeling. Some ballads are much more easily dramatized than others, because several scenes may be portrayed with very little change of scenery. Leigh Hunt's "The Glove and the Lions" may be divided into four scenes suggested by the following titles: "The Lions' Combat," "The Lady's Plan," "Its Execution," "Its Result." All four scenes are laid in the arena. The perspective of the picture alone changes, with a few details in the grouping of the figures. In the first scene

the lions' pit, being the centre of action, is in the foreground and the gallery in the background. In the other scenes the centre of action is changed to the gallery, which now occupies the foreground, the last scene representing King Francis standing. In order to read this poem effectively, the reader should see each scene as if presented to him on the stage. Each stanza does not necessarily represent a scene. In this poem the first two stanzas are required to portray the first scene, whilst the first line of the fourth stanza is sufficient for the third. There is little dialogue in "The Glove and the Lions." It is, accordingly, a good exercise from the standpoint of the presentation of scenes. Such ballads as "Lord Ullin's Daughter" and "Rosabelle" contain more dialogue and are therefore stronger on the side of characterization. In these, the scenery is merely suggested, not directly portrayed as in "The Glove and the Lions."

C.—READING FROM THE STANDPOINT OF EMOTION

The power to feel, and hence to express feeling, is especially essential. There are passages in literature, it is true, where emotion plays a very subordinate part, passages which are read for their intellectual value alone. But by far the greater part of our higher literature is characterized by a strong emotional quality. Poetry, indeed, has been defined as the language of emotion. The contemplation of the beautiful or the sublime in nature, the recital of noble deeds, the story of human weakness and suffering, have all served as themes for the best in literature.

In this connection the process of mental imagery is invaluable, for it is the definite, vivid mental image

that quickens the pulse and stirs the emotions. What is vague or remote makes but a slight impression. Feelings cannot be manufactured or produced at will. They must spring from concrete thinking, and unless the reader is touched emotionally he cannot give true expression to emotion. It is useless to tell a reader to put more feeling into his reading. Such an effort to produce feeling means to feign feeling and results in affectation. The ground must be carefully prepared and the seed sown before there can be any return.

But mental imagery is of itself insufficient to give the reader a sympathetic insight. He must connect what he reads with his own subjective states or experiences; for we can know emotionally only that of which we have had experience directly or indirectly. The pupil prepares to read—and it is only the more advanced who should be asked to read such a selection—

> There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

Here, although the emotional experience is usually beyond the range of the pupil, the process of visualization is simple. If he is not familiar with the sea, he has at least some acquaintance with our Canadian woods. When the thought has been made concrete, he connects his own experiences with the poet's statement. He too has been alone in the forest with nothing but the great trees about him and the blue sky far above. The blasted pines with their scarred tops remind him of the prophets of old with upward pointing fingers. They seem to have stood there for centuries; how small and insignificant are men beside these mighty creations of the Great Unseen! One generation after another has passed away

but the forest still remains. He may connect with these lines Sangster's poem on the Orillia woods:

> My footsteps press where centuries ago
> The red men fought and conquered, lost and won.

He feels as if he were standing on holy ground. Awe and reverence take possession of him; he understands why the human heart, tossed about by worldly care, finds solace in the silent sympathy of nature. He has succeeded in breathing the atmosphere of the poet. After some such stimulating associations as these, made with the help of the teacher, the pupil is ready to read; for whether it be land or sea his soul cannot but be stirred by the sublimity of nature, and this will find expression in a fuller and richer voice.

Sometimes the instances narrated and the conditions described lie outside of the range of the reader's experience, and he can make no direct associations. By means of reflection, however, with the teacher's assistance, he may be made conscious that there is after all a ground upon which all humanity meets, however widely separated by the centuries and the individual conditions.

> Home they brought her warrior dead:
> She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
> All her maidens, watching, said,
> "She must weep or she will die."
>
> Then they praised him, soft and low,
> Call'd him worthy to be lov'd,
> Truest friend and noblest foe;
> Yet she neither spoke nor moved.
>
> Stole a maiden from her place,
> Lightly to the warrior stept,
> Took the face-cloth from the face;
> Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet, my child, I live for thee."

The scene depicted above was not uncommon in mediæval times. The lady of the castle, accustomed to watch her lord ride away on some knightly adventure, often received her first intimation of his cruel fate when his body was borne into the great castle hall. The impassive way in which the lady of the poem receives the terrible blow causes the greatest anxiety to her attendants. Efforts are made to lead her to find relief by giving vent to her sorrow, but all are in vain, until the aged nurse, understanding the springs of the human heart, places his child upon her knee. The floodgates burst open; she is recalled to the present and the actual. Her liege lord is lost to her, but his child still remains and claims her protection. Stripped of its mediæval trappings, this story is common to humanity. The scene of mute grief here depicted is being reproduced every day, alike in the castle of the rich and the cottage of the poor. It may be the stalwart Canadian who breathes his last on the South African veldt, or only the rude miner who has met his fate at his daily toil. Whatever be the rank or condition, the grief is the same, and the surest means of recalling the stricken mother to a sense of present duty is the helplessness of the babe in her arms, and the mute appeal of the fatherless children clinging to her. Having made some such associations, the reader will find himself in full sympathy with the atmosphere of the poem. This sympathy will manifest itself in the vibrations of his voice, which will strike sweeter and tenderer notes.

It must be borne in mind that imitation should play

but a minor part in reading. We may indicate spontaneously but should not strive consciously to imitate feelings, movements, sounds or gestures. Although imitation may be of value to the reader as a stimulus to thought and feeling, its use should precede and not accompany reading. In the latter case it often degenerates into mere burlesque. Moreover, the reader is not an actor. In reading "The Charge of the Light Brigade" or "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," we do not designedly hurry along to imitate rapidity of movement; but, rather, the imagination having been kindled by the picture, our pulse is quickened, and the voice moves rapidly in sympathy with the feelings aroused.

In the following extract the atmosphere is one of joy. The reader is moved through sympathy with Horatius, and his voice indicates the joy of the Romans, but he does not attempt to imitate vocally, or by gesture, the "shouts," "clappings," and "weeping."

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.

Sometimes as already stated, we imitate spontaneously:

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminus darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

Here we imitate spontaneously the movement expressive of sudden fear. Our action is prompted by our own fears for their safety.

Sometimes the feeling is still more complex. In reading the following we spontaneously reproduce

Sextus' alternate hate and fear which however we tinge with our own contempt:

> Thrice looked he at the city;
> Thrice looked he at the dead;
> And thrice came on in fury,
> And thrice turned back in dread:
> And, white with fear and hatred,
> Scowled at the narrow way,
> Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
> The bravest Tuscans lay.

In the little poem from "The Princess" (page 12) note how we are influenced by the tense emotion of the attendants who speak. We do not try to imitate them, but having made the scene stand out before us, we speak as we in imagination hear them, in an aspirated quality of voice:

> She must weep or she will die.

In the last line it would savor of melodrama to try to impersonate the lady as she says:

> Sweet, my child, I live for thee.

The more important part is to know what she says, not precisely her manner of saying it, and to show sympathy with the speech.

Nor should one reader imitate slavishly another's rendering of a selection. Apart from the laws governing speech, which hold good for all and must not be violated, each reader should seek to preserve his own individuality. This however does not debar the teacher from reading for his pupils. On the principle that the objective presentation is generally more effective than the subjective, there is nothing more stimulating than to hear a selection well read. It leads the pupil to grasp

the passage as a whole and attunes him, as it were, to the selection. Better still, if there are some good readers in the class, to have them read for the benefit of the others. The faculty of imagination and hence of sympathetic thought may thus be quickened. Emulation may be a helpful factor in securing good results.

PART III

A.—THE NECESSITY OF A STANDARD OF VOCAL EXPRESSION

The importance of thinking and feeling, as the forerunners of vocal expression, cannot be too strongly emphasized. They are the cause, of which speech is the effect, and one of the first means of improving our expression is to make the thinking stronger. It must not be assumed, however, that good vocal expression always follows clear thinking and deep feeling. To do so is to overlook the means by which we express our thoughts, namely, language, and the link between language and speech—the voice. One who has a fine appreciation of a piece of literature may read it very indifferently, even badly. Not only does the conversation of many people fairly well educated reveal faulty pronunciation and indistinct articulation, but sometimes the thought as expressed does not correspond with the thought as evidently conceived and intended. When this defect shows itself in conversation, where the ideas are born within the speaker, how much more likely is it to be true of the reader, who must interpret for himself the thoughts of the book before trying to lead another mind along the same path. To secure good reading, a

mastery of the means of expression is just as necessary as the proper mental conditions. This mastery of the means of vocal expression includes not only a certain mechanical dexterity, but also a knowledge of the laws that govern speech; that is, we must know what properties of tone suit and represent the various thought processes. The former belongs to the department of voice training and includes proper control of the breath, right production of the voice, and correct position of the organs of speech to secure clear enunciation and articulation. The latter is included in the study of vocal expression, which examines the meaning of Time, Inflection, Pitch, Force, and Quality in their relation to thinking and feeling. It is not within the scope of this work to deal with the mechanics of the voice, even were it desirable at this stage to do so. So far as the purely mechanical side of teaching reading is concerned, attention will be confined to exercises illustrating some of the chief difficulties in pronunciation and articulation. These will be found in the Appendix.

B.—ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION

As has been stated already, every reader must have some test by means of which he can judge whether his voice gives true expression to the thought. He can neither criticize himself nor understand the criticism of another, unless he knows what acts of the voice correspond to certain acts of the mind. The amount of thinking done while we read determines the rate of utterance; the purpose or motive of the thought, its completeness or incompleteness, is indicated by an upward or downward slide of the voice; the nervous tension expresses itself in a certain key; the mental

energy in a certain power or volume of the voice; and the character of the emotion is reflected in the quality or timbre. These principles of vocal expression are known technically as the **elements** of **time, inflection, pitch, force** and **quality.** Closely connected with these elements are **pause, grouping, emphasis, shading, perspective** and **stress.**

TIME

The largeness or the poverty of the thought—in other words, the amount of thinking—determines the **time,** or rate of utterance. Time is fast or slow according to the number and length of the pauses between words and phrases, and the quantity or length of time the reader dwells on the words themselves. By both pause and quantity the reader indicates his judgment as to the amount of meaning contained in what he is reading. If he is thinking effectively while repeating especially significant passages it will be impossible for him to read rapidly. In the following lines which describe the effect produced on Stonewall Jackson by Barbara Frietchie's heroic action and daring speech, the thoughtful reader supplies what is beneath the surface :

> A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
> Over the face of the leader came.

The heart of the gallant Southerner is touched by the spectacle of this weak, decrepit old woman with the courage and boldness of youth, ready to die for her principles. His stern features relax and a look of sadness passes over his face. The taunting words "Spare your country's flag" have struck home. The tragic side of civil war is forced upon him; father

fighting against son and brother against brother; the sons of freedom firing at their own star-spangled banner! The sorrow and the shame of it all rise before him, and the crimson flush mounts to his brow. With this undercurrent of thought, rapid reading is impossible because of large thinking. One who reads too fast either undervalues the importance of the ideas or overlooks them entirely. On the other hand if the reading is too slow—and this is not so often the case—too much is being made of details which are in themselves unimportant, or which have been previously attended to.

He spoke of the grass, the flowers and the trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

Note the lightness with which the unimportant details of conversation are skimmed over. If uncontrolled excitement dominates us we also read rapidly as in "Ode to the North-East Wind."

PAUSE

The effort of the mind to conceive the idea or the thought and to realize it more fully in all its relations gives rise to the **pause**. In reading aloud, the eye and the mind should run ahead of the voice; hence we often pause before expressing an important idea. Often, also, we pause after an important idea, because the mind lingers meditatively upon it. Especially do we pause after word pictures to give both reader and listener time for the imaging process.

Come from the deep glen, (picture) and
From mountains so rocky; (picture)

The war-pipe (picture) and pennon (picture)
  Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, (picture) and
  True heart that wears one; (picture)
Come every steel blade, (picture) and
  Strong hand that bears one. (picture)

Leave untended the herd, (picture)
  The flock without shelter; (picture)
Leave the corpse uninterred, (picture)
  The bride at the altar; (picture)
Leave the deer, (picture) leave the steer, (picture)
  Leave nets and barges, (picture)
Come with your fighting gear, (picture)
  Broadswords and targes. (picture)

A very useful exercise is to image, with a view to pause, the pictures in selections such as the following:

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all crack'd)
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-back'd;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'Tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

That praying rug came from a Turcoman's camp,
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Then, too, in passing from one idea or thought to another, the mind requires time to make the transition.

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.

Here the mind passes in succession from the action of Lartius to that of Herminius and that of Horatius. A

long pause is required after "beneath," "teeth," and "dust," with a shorter pause after "Seius" and after "thrust." Further, if the thoughts are far apart it requires more time to make the transition, and hence a longer pause:

All day long that free flag toss'd
Over the heads of the rebel host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Note the transition in thought from that memorable day in the history of the town of Frederick to the present when the heroism of the past has become a matter of history. This is indicated by a long pause after "warm good-night."

When preparing a selection it is of great importance to make the leading thoughts stand out clearly in the mind so that we may be able to present them, one by one. The poem from which the above quotation is taken could be divided into paragraphs with some such titles as the following: (1) The town of Frederick and its surroundings, (2) The approach of the army, (3) The tearing down of the flags, (4) The raising of Barbara Frietchie's flag, (5) Stonewall Jackson and his men, and so on. Each of the paragraphs is a complete section of the poem and requires a well-marked pause before passing on to the next one.

Sometimes the mind requires time to fill in ideas suggested but not expressed:

Forty flags with their crimson bars
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon look'd down and saw not one.

Here, the tearing down of the flags between the morning and noon is suggested to the mind, hence a long pause after "wind."

Sometimes a pause is necessary in an emotional passage where there is a struggle for breath through physical weakness:

I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!

GROUPING

Closely bound up with pause is the process of **grouping,** or phrasing. We think in ideas, and ideas are as often conveyed by a group of words as by a single word. The reader, as he thinks, will group together words that express one idea, or symbolize one picture, presenting these ideas and pictures to the listener one by one, and separating by a pause of greater or less length those not closely connected. A knowledge of syntax is, of course, necessary in grouping.

A slouched leather cap | half hid his face || bronzed by the sun and wind | and dripping with sweat. || He wore a cravat twisted like a rope || coarse blue trousers | worn and shabby | white on one knee | and with holes in the other; || an old ragged gray blouse | patched on one side with a piece of green cloth | sewed with twine; || upon his back | was a well-filled knapsack; || in his hand | he carried an enormous knotted stick; || his stockingless feet were in hobnailed shoes; || his hair was cropped | and his beard | long.

Here, the double vertical lines mark off groups of words which express one idea or symbolize one picture, and are separated from each other by a well-marked pause. The single vertical lines indicate a shorter pause between the sub-divisions of each group. The phrase "an old ragged gray blouse patched on one side with a

piece of green cloth sewed with twine" presents one picture by itself, and is separated from the context by a pronounced pause, but each detail of the picture is presented in turn to the mind's eye, hence the shorter pauses after "blouse," "cloth" and "twine."

And they had trod the pass once more, and stooped on either side
To pluck the heather from the spot where he had dropped and died:

The phrase "the spot where he had dropped and died" expresses one idea and must be given as a whole, hence there is no pause after "spot" as is the tendency of the rhythm.

If the husband of this gifted well,
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"Of this gifted well" is evidently not connected in thought with "husband." It must be attached to "shall drink" and separated from "husband" by a pause, with a shorter pause after the group "of this gifted well."

INFLECTION

The motive or purpose of the thought, its completeness or incompleteness, is naturally indicated by an upward or a downward slide of the voice or by some combination of the two.

If we take an idea for its own sake, if it is independent and complete in itself, the voice has the downward slide, or **falling inflection,** on the words which stand for the central idea:

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel.

Each statement is complete in itself and has the falling inflection. Sometimes there is a slight downward slide before the statement is completed, because the mind feels that the ideas already expressed are of sufficient force to give them the value of completeness:

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

And the sick men down in the hold, were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent,
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side.

Note the momentary completeness on "ten," "cold," "bent," and "spent," requiring the falling inflection.

If on the other hand an idea is incomplete, either pointing forward to some other idea or being subordinate, the voice has the upward slide, or **rising inflection.** The rising inflection like the falling may be long or short, more or less abrupt, according to the thought:

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow.

"She" points forward to the predicate "felt" and takes the rising inflection; "with all a monarch's pride" being subordinate and incomplete requires the voice to be kept up.

It is of the greatest importance to know the exact purpose of the thought so that the voice will, of itself, give the corresponding inflection:

And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.

The sense is evidently not complete in the first line, the intention being to emphasize the beauty of the garlands and not merely to state that they may be gathered there. When the reader understands the exact meaning he will seek to convey it by keeping the rising inflection on "garlands."

Similar to this is the following:

> There is not a wife in the west country
> But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

The sense is not complete until we read the second line. The rising inflection on "country" indicates this and connects the first with the second, bringing out the meaning, that every wife in the west country has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

Sometimes we have a series of rising inflections, all pointing forward to the leading statement which is to follow and which is necessary to complete the sense:

> Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden, till one greater man
> Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
> Sing, heavenly Muse.

Incompleteness may be suggested by a negative statement or its equivalent:

> Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

> I do not know what I was playing,
> Or what I was dreaming then,
> But I struck one chord of music
> Like the sound of a great Amen.

Note the rising inflection on these negative clauses.

Doubt and hesitation also imply incompleteness:

We conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eye-lids fall,
"He could do much—as if some doubts
Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
She could not speak for others, who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew."

Note the rising inflection on "He could do much."

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.
Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months,—well.
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.
Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.
Bass. Your answer to that.
Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Contrast the falling inflection in *Bassanio's* abrupt, decided speech with the rising used by *Shylock* while appearing to hesitate and calculate.

Pleading and entreaty also convey a sense of incompleteness, and take the rising inflection:

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

Good Sir Richard let us know,
For to fight is but to die.

A direct interrogation, that is, one that can be answered by "Yes" or "No," implies incompleteness in the mind of the questioner and requires a decided rising inflection:

Is your name Shylock?

May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Indirect questions, or those that require an explanatory answer, do not convey an idea of incompleteness, being merely equivalent to the statement of a desire for certain information. Consequently they take the falling inflection:

Flav. Speak, what trade art thou?
1st Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir; what trade are you?

The purpose or motive of a question must be considered. We must know whether the question is asked for information or whether its purpose is to give information; that is, whether it is only another way of making an assertion—what is sometimes called a question of appeal. When *Shylock* asks *Portia*: "Shall I not have barely my principal?" he does so with the direct purpose of learning his sentence, and the rising inflection is used. But when he says: "On what compulsion must I?" he means that there is no power on earth to compel him. This is a complete thought, hence the falling inflection. Compare with the preceding:

Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

The opposite inflections on antithetical words or phrases are also due to this law of completeness and incompleteness. The first part of the antithesis usually has the rising inflection marking incompleteness, and the second the falling, marking completeness. Similarly, in a series of words or phrases parallel in construction, all have the rising inflection but the last:

As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition.

Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them.

If one part of the antithesis is a negation it takes the rising inflection, whether it comes first or second. This is owing to the fact that, as illustrated above, a negation implies incompleteness. The other part then takes the falling inflection:

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain.

I said an elder soldier, not a better.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

Brutus: Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers;
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
. . . . This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.

It is also necessary to know the motive behind the words, since the same phraseology may stand for entirely different motives. When *Shylock* says: "O wise and upright judge," his intention is evidently to bestow sincere praise; the reader, knowing this, instinctively gives a straight slide. Later, when *Gratiano* says: "O upright judge, O learned judge!" his intention is to taunt and hold up to ridicule; there is a double meaning conveyed which finds its natural expression in a **curved inflection.** One writer has said: "Where there is simple and genuine thought, deep and sincere feeling, wherever the eye is single, the inflections of the

voice are straight; a crook in the mind however is indicated by a crook in the voice." Compare the curved inflections in the *cobbler's* speeches in Act I., Scene I. of "Julius Cæsar" when he is fencing with *Marullus*, with the straight inflections of his final speech when he has thrown aside his raillery and speaks with sincerity:

Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

PITCH

Pitch is the key of the voice. It depends upon the muscular tension of the vocal chords which act like the strings of a musical instrument: the greater the tension, the higher the key. Muscular tension implies nervous tension which is dependent upon the mental state. If the mind is calm, the nervous and muscular tension is normal, and the speaker uses the key habitual to him in his ordinary speech. If the mental state is one of excitement, the key is higher because of greater nervous and muscular tension. If, on the other hand, the mental state is one of depression, the key is lower because of relaxed muscular and nervous tension.

The Romans, seeing the danger of Horatius and his companions, are wrought up to a high state of nervous tension which finds its natural expression in the high-pitched voice:

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruins fall!"

Contrast with this the lower key of Horatius, who is calm and self-controlled:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"

Observe the gradual rise in pitch with the increase of tension or excitement in the following:

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.

In the following lines, where the *Douglas* holds communion with himself, the tension is low because of his great mental depression, and, consequently, he speaks in a low key:

Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
A prisoner lies the noble Graeme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate,—
God grant the ransom come not late
The abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—
Be pardon'd one repining tear!
For he, who gave her, knows how dear,
How excellent! but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.

The low pitch is partly due to the fact that the *Douglas* is speaking to himself and has no desire to communicate his thought to another, for the effort to communicate thought causes increased tension. Again, it requires greater effort to address a person who is at a distance than one who is near, to address a large audience than a

small one. Observe the high pitch in which Antony begins his oration:

> Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
> I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

If a reader wishes to give prominence to a thought, the effort put forth causes muscular tension, resulting in a higher pitch. A thought, which the reader regards as not of special importance to the listener, finds expression in lower pitch, more as if he were addressing himself:

> Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
> The privilege of chase may claim,
> Though space and law the stag we lend,
> Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
> Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
> The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?

Observe the higher pitch in the last two lines which project the leading thought, and the lower pitch of the subordinate clauses in the first four lines.

> "I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give an extra half-holiday this afternoon."

Similarly, the narrative clause "said the schoolmaster" which interrupts the direct speech is read in lower pitch and is separated by a pronounced pause before and after.

Parenthetical expressions, also for the same reason, are read in lower pitch.

> She had not perceived—how could she until she had lived longer?—the inmost truth of the old monk's outpourings, that renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly.

> He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny that he was influenced by human passions and human feelings (cheers)—

possibly by human weaknesses (loud cries of "No") but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom, the desire to benefit the human race in preference effectually quenched it.

Passages which are collateral or co-ordinate in construction, and equally balanced, will find their natural vocal expression in the same pitch:

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies,
No pitying heart, no eye affords
A tear to grace his obsequies.

The pitch varies, of course, according as the attitude of the mind changes:

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars.
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

The first two lines have the same pitch, because there is no difference in intensity of feeling or in the mental conception. There is, however, an entire change of thought beginning with "the sun." This is accompanied by a change of pitch.

Here, it is important to note the close connection between inflection and pitch. Pitch is the key of the voice, and a change of pitch is a leap from one key to another during silence. Inflection is a gradual change of pitch while the voice is speaking.

FORCE

The amount of mental energy is indicated by a certain power or volume of the voice known as **force.** The language of everyday conversation requiring, as it does, only a moderate amount of mental energy, is expressed

vocally by a moderate degree of force. Thus concentration and vehemence find their natural outlet in full or strong force. The *Bard* hurling his anathema at King Edward draws upon a great fund of mental energy, and this results in strong force:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless, king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state,
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears."

Contrast with this the gentle, or subdued force which is the expression of the mental and physical reaction of the *Bard* as he mourns over his lost companions:

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.

Again, strong force does not necessarily imply a loud tone of voice:

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus:
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"

Here Sextus gives vent to his concentrated hate for Horatius and speaks with strong force but not in a loud tone of voice.

A change in force often accompanies a change in pitch. The lower pitch of parenthetical expressions, and narrative clauses which interrupt direct discourse, is accompanied by weaker force. See page 31.

STRESS

Stress is the location of force. It deals with the application of force, that is, the power or volume of the voice to the vowel sounds, and depends on the speaker's attitude of mind. The words "Oh" and "Ah" may show the speaker's mind to be dominated by a sudden impulse, or a fixed determination, or a sense of exaltation, according as the power of his voice is applied to the beginning, the end, or the middle of the vowel sound. In common conversation the tendency is to throw more of this power on the beginning of the vowel sound; hence a tendency to **initial** or **radical stress (>)**.

If the speaker's attitude of mind is one of abruptness through sudden impulse or emotion, or through unconscious imitation of sound or movement, the radical stress is very prominent:

> *Where* is thy leather apron and thy rule?
> *What* dost thou with thy best apparel on?
> *You*, sir, *what trade* are *you*?

> Just then a scout came flying,
> All wild with haste and fear;
> "*To arms! to arms!* Sir Consul:
> *Lars Porsena* is *here.*"

> *Quick*, as it fell, from the broken staff
> Dame Barbara *snatch'd* the silken scarf;
> She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
> And *shook* it forth with a royal will.

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.

If the speaker wishes, before everything else, to enforce his own conviction or opinion, his voice gradually increases in power to the end of the vowel sound, resulting in the **final** or **vanishing stress (<)**. This

attitude of mind is common in the expression of anger, scorn, determination, and command; also in the expression of impatience and peevishness when the element of abruptness is lacking:

Burn the fleet and *ruin* France?
That were worse than *fifty* Hogues!
Sirs, they *know* I speak the truth!
Sirs, *believe* me, *there's a way!*

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Aunt Judy. "All the metaphysics under the sun wouldn't make a pound of butter!"

If determination and settled conviction in the speaker's mind are accompanied by a marked degree of dignity, calmness, and self-control, the tendency is to place equal stress on every part of the vowel sound. This is called **thorough stress:**

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From it's firm base as soon as I.

It is the stress of quiet strength and great reserve force:

Though the water flash'd around them,
Not an eye was seen to quiver;
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,
Not a man relax'd his hold.

In a more marked degree it is also the stress used in calling:

Then rose a warning cry behind, a joyous shout before:
"The current's strong,—the way is long,—they'll never reach the shore!
See, see! they stagger in the midst, they waver in their line!
Fire on the madmen! break their ranks, and whelm them in the Rhine!"

If the speaker's attitude of mind is one of exaltation and expresses itself in adoration of the Deity, or in admiration and love of the beautiful, or in sympathy and tenderness towards mankind, the tendency is to swell the middle of the vowel sound producing the **median stress (<>).**

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing
praises unto Thy name, O Most High:
To show forth Thy loving kindness every morning, and Thy
faithfulness every night.

Roll on, thou *deep* and *dark* blue Ocean—*roll*!

O *Scotia!* my *dear*, my *native* soil!
For whom my *warmest* wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with *health*, and *peace*, and *sweet content!*

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.

But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

If the speaker's attitude of mind be not straightforward and sincere, if he speaks with a double meaning, in irony or sarcasm, the stress is a combination of the radical and final, known as **compound stress (> <):**

Lady Teazle. Am *I* to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are *dear* in *cold* weather? You should find fault with the *climate*, and not with *me*.

Shylock. Should I not say,
Hath a *dog* money? Is it possible
A *cur* can lend three thousand ducats?

Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome.

EMPHASIS

The importance of an idea, whether this idea is expressed by a single word, or by a phrase or clause, is indicated by a variation of pitch, force, or time. This change in pitch, force, or time by attracting attention to that idea is a means of **emphasis.** It is the new idea, or the idea which is important through contrast either expressed or implied, which will attract the reader's attention and which he will make prominent in this way:

Brutus. You say, you are a *better soldier :*
Let it *appear* so; make your vaunting *true,*
And it shall *please me well:* for mine own part,
I shall be *glad* to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You *wrong* me every way; you *wrong* me, Brutus:
I said, an *elder* soldier, not a *better.*

"better soldier," "appear" and "true" are central ideas; they express important ideas not mentioned before. When *Cassius* replies he at once throws the idea of "soldier" in the background and emphasizes "better" by contrasting it with "elder." He also introduces the new idea "wrong" which he makes still more emphatic by repetition. *Brutus* also introduces the new idea "please me well" which he makes emphatic by repeating it in the word "glad."

If a word is repeated, it is not necessarily emphatic each time:

The German heart is stout and true, the German arm is strong;
The German foot goes seldom back where armèd foemen throng.

The phrase "The German heart" is emphatic with a slightly marked emphasis on "German." The emphasis is then transferred to "arm" and "foot" through con-

trast with "heart." To emphasize "German" again would weaken the effect.

Compare the repetition, in the following, of the syllable "un," also of the phrase "this year:"

Unwatched along Clitumnus
  Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the waterfowl may dip
  In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
  This year, old men shall reap,
This year young boys in Umbro
  Shall plunge the struggling sheep.
And in the vats of Luna,
  This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls,
  Whose sires have marched to Rome.

In the case of a climax the emphasis grows stronger on each member of the series:

"Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself.

When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags.

Words and phrases are emphatic quite as often through contrast implied as through contrast expressed. It is evident that such a sentence as: "Will you ride to town to-day?" may have a number of different meanings according to the words emphasized. This difference of meaning is due to an implied contrast. If "you" is emphatic, it is because there is a mental contrast between

"you" and some other person. If "ride" is emphatic, it is because riding is being contrasted with walking or driving and so on. The following contain examples of emphasis through implied contrast:

Laurels plucked from *green* boughs soon wither.

Great things were ne'er begotten in an hour.

But *now* no sound of laughter was heard among the foes.

SHADING, PERSPECTIVE

These deal with the relative importance of words, phrases, or clauses. According as an idea suggested by a word or group of words is regarded as principal or subordinate, the voice either projects it or holds it in the background as an artist shades his picture:

And, though the legend does not live,—for legends lightly die—
The peasant, as he sees the stream in winter rolling by,
And foaming o'er its channel-bed between him and the spot
Won by the warriors of the sword, still calls that deep and dangerous ford
The Passage of the Scot.

The principal statement, "the peasant still calls that deep and dangerous ford the passage of the Scot," is projected or emphasized by higher pitch and stronger force, the thought being sustained and the connection made between "the peasant" and "still calls" by means of the rising inflection. The subordinate statements, "though the legend does not live" and "as he sees the stream in winter rolling by . . . sword," are kept in the background by slightly lower pitch and moderate force. The parenthetical clause, "for legends lightly die," is subordinate to the subordinate statement and is thrown still more into the background in the same way as the preceding. Strictly speaking, shading

is used to indicate the value of individual phrases or clauses; perspective the values of several phrases or clauses viewed relatively.

QUALITY

The number of our emotions, their character and intensity, are all revealed in the voice, modifying its **quality,** or timbre. The voice is affected by the muscular texture of the throat just as the tone of an instrument is affected by the texture of the material of which it is made. This muscular texture is affected by nerve and muscular vibrations which are caused by emotion, the result of mental impressions. Whatever be the quality of voice peculiar to the individual, it is greatly modified by his emotions. The man of few emotions has few vocal vibrations; hence his monotonous voice. The man whose emotions are habitually cruel has a harsh, hard muscular texture through contraction of the muscles; hence the hard voice. It is plain that the natural voice is an index to the character. If the imagination and soul are cultivated, the voice will gain in richness and fullness. In reading that which expresses the sublime, noble and grand, if the imagination is kindled, the voice will express by its vibrations the largeness of our conception. This full, rich voice is called the **orotund:**

> These are the gardens of the Desert, these
> The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
> For which the speech of England has no name—
> The prairies.

> Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints whose bones
> Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
> Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,

When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,—
Forget not.

In thinking of what is stern, severe, harsh, cruel, or base, the muscles of the throat contract and produce the rigid, throaty tone known as the **guttural:**

On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

I tell thee thou'rt defied,
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied.

Certain states of mind, such as caution, secrecy, fear, awe, etc., produce in greater or less degree an aspirated or "breathy" quality, called the whisper, or **aspirate.**

And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardor of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

The atmosphere of hush and repose expresses itself by a partial whisper. Other emotional states have their corresponding qualities of voice, such as the quality of suppressed feeling and the quality expressing agitation.

Once more let it be emphasized that the reader should never strive to produce a certain quality apart from the emotion which should precede. By force work he will succeed in producing mere sound without the quality. Nor are any of the examples, given under the various elements of vocal expression, intended for practice in

voice gymnastics apart from the preliminary mental state of which they are the verbal expression. They are intended merely as illustrations of the laws which govern correct speech.

"THE BANNER OF ST. GEORGE"

Words by Shapcott Wensley: music by Dr. Edward Elgar

It comes from the misty ages,
The banner of England's might,
The blood-red cross of the brave St. George,
That burns on a field of white!
It speaks of the deathless heroes
On fame's bright page inscrolled,
And bids great England ne'er forget
The glorious deeds of old!

O'er many a cloud of battle
The banner has floated wide;
It shone like a star o'er the valiant hearts
That dashed the Armada's pride!
For ever amid the thunders
The sailor could do or die,
While tongues of flame leaped forth below,
And the flag of St. George was high!

O ne'er may the flag beloved
Unfurl in a strife unblest,
But ever give strength to the righteous arm,
And hope to the hearts oppressed!
It says to the passing ages:
"Be brave if your cause be right,
Like the soldier saint whose cross of red
Still burns on your banner white!"

Great race, whose empire of splendor
Has dazzled the wondering world!
May the flag that floats o'er thy wide domains
Be long to all winds unfurled!
Three crosses in concord blended,
The banner of Britain's might!
But the central gem of the ensign fair
Is the cross of the dauntless knight!

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PREPARATORY.—Divide the poem into two parts, giving to each part a descriptive title.

What feelings are aroused by this poem?

What feeling predominates in the first half? In the second half? What Force, Pitch and Time are the natural result? (Introduction, pp. 19, 29, 32.)

star, valiant, Armada. Make a distinction in the sound of the letter **a** in these words, and elsewhere in the poem. (Appendix A., 1.)

deathless. (Appendix A., 8.)

ages, heroes, forget. Account for the Inflection. What other words are similarly inflected? (Introduction, pp. 23 and 24.)

might, St. George. Note the momentary completeness. Give other examples. (Introduction, p. 24.)

Stanza II. l. 3. Where is the Pause? Why?

Stanza III. ll. 1–4. Note the contrast in these lines. What contrasting feelings are aroused? What Inflection is placed on the negation? (Introduction, p. 25.)

What are the emphatic words in ll. 3 and 4? (Introduction, p. 37.)

How is the transition to direct narration made in l. 5? (Introduction, pp. 19 and 20.)

Stanza IV. What three phrases produce the effect of a Climax? How is this effect indicated by the voice? (Introduction, p. 38.)

Yea, let all good things await,
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.

—Tennyson.

OF STUDIES

From "The Essays"

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others:

but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books: else distilled books, are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a good memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

If a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

—*Lord Bacon.*

PREPARATORY.—Observe the sentence structure employed throughout this extract and make a list of the antithetical words and phrases.

nature, natural, (Appendix A., 10.)

Which words are emphatic because they express (*a*) new ideas, (*b*) contrast? How are they made emphatic? (Introduction, p. 37.)

execute, judge. Which is the more emphatic? Why?

delight, ornament, ability. Account for the Inflection on each word of this series. (Introduction, p. 27.) Apply this principle to the other series of words or phrases used throughout this extract.

All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been, is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books. They are the chosen possession of men.

—Carlyle.

FAITH HOPE AND CHARITY

I. Corinthians, XIII.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Charity, suffereth, profiteth. (Appendix A., 9 and 3.)

Show by examples from this selection how completeness and incompleteness of thought affect the Inflection. (Introduction, pp. 23 and 24.)

What Inflection does a negative statement require? Give examples from the second paragraph. (Introduction, p. 25.)

Give examples, from the second paragraph, of momentary completeness. (Introduction, p. 24.)

Select the words which are emphatic because they express (*a*) new and important ideas, (*b*) contrast.

beareth all things, etc. How may the repetition of a word or phrase affect the emphasis? (Introduction, pp. 37 and 38.)

How are the principal clauses in the first three sentences made prominent? (Introduction, pp. 31 and 39.)

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS

Act III. Scene 2

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it outherods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

—*Shakespeare.*

Mouth, town-crier, tame, journeymen. Why are these words emphatic? (Introduction, pp. 38-39.)

Explain **from the purpose of playing, come tardy off, the censure of the which . . . others.** What are the emphatic words in each?

torrent, tempest, whirlwind. Observe the Climax.

Give other examples of Climax from this selection and show how the emphasis is employed. (Introduction, p. 38.)

Select parenthetical clauses and show how they are subordinated. (Introduction, pp. 31, 33 and 39.)

Read the last two sentences with a view to Perspective. (Introduction, p. 39.)

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us.

—Burns.

"THE LAUGHING SALLY"

A wind blew up from Pernambuco,
(Yeo heave ho! "The Laughing Sally!"
Hi yeo, heave away!)
A wind blew out of the east sou'east
And boomed at break of day.

The "Laughing Sally" sped for her life,
And a speedy craft was she.
The black flag flew at her top to tell
How she took toll of the sea.

The wind blew up from Pernambuco;
And in the breast of the blast
Came the King's black ship like a hound let slip
On the trail of the "Sally" at last.

For a day and a night, a night and a day;
Over the blue, blue round,
Went on the chase of the pirate quarry,
The hunt of the tireless hound.

"Land on the port bow!" came the cry;
And the "Sally" raced for shore,
Till she reached the bar at the river-mouth
Where the shallow breakers roar.

She passed the bar by a secret channel
With clear tide under her keel,—
For he knew the shoals like an open book,
The captain at the wheel.

She passed the bar, she sped like a ghost,
  Till her sails were hid from view,
By the tall, liana'd unsunned boughs
  O'erbrooding the dark bayou.

At moonrise up to the river-mouth
  Came the King's black ship of war,
The red cross flapped in wrath at her peak,
  But she could not cross the bar.

And while she lay in the run of the seas,
  By the grimmest whim of chance
Out of the bay to the north came forth
  Two battle-ships of France.

On the English ship the twain bore down
  Like wolves that range by night;
And the breaker's roar was heard no more
  In the thunder of the fight.

The crash of the broadsides rolled and stormed
  To the "Sally" hid from view
Under the tall liana'd boughs
  Of the moonless dark bayou.

A boat ran out for news of the fight,
  And this was the word she brought—
"The King's ship fights the ships of France
  As the King's ships all have fought!"

Then muttered the mate, "I'm a man of Devon!"
  And the Captain thundered then—
"There's English rope that bides for our necks,
  But we all be Englishmen!"

"The Sally" glided out of the gloom
And down the moon-white river.
She stole like a gray shark over the bar
Where the long surf seethes forever.

She hove to under a high French hull,
And the red cross rose to her peak.
The French were looking for fight that night,
And they hadn't far to seek.

Blood and fire on the streaming decks,
And fire and blood below;
The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,
And the dead men laid a-row!

And when the stars paled out of heaven
And the red dawn-rays uprushed,
The oaths of battle, the crash of timbers,
The roar of the guns was hushed.

With one foe beaten under his bow,
The other far in flight,
The English captain turned to look
For his fellow in the fight.

The English captain turned and stared;—
For where the "Sally" had been
Was a single spar upthrust from the sea
With the red cross flag serene!

. . . . . .

A wind blew up from Pernambuco
(Yeo heave ho! the "Laughing Sally!"
Hi yeo, heave away!)
And boomed for the doom of the "Laughing Sally!"
Gone down at the break of day.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts. (By arrangement.)*

PREPARATORY.—Divide the poem into sections giving to each part a descriptive title. (Introduction, pp. 9 and 21.) How is each section made to stand out?

In what Time is the section which describes "The Flight of the Laughing Sally" read? Give your reason. (Introduction, pp. 4, 14 and 19.)

Contrast the first and last stanzas from the standpoint of feeling. How does the voice express the difference?

blew, blue, tireless, knew, news, king's ship, seethes, and. (Appendix A., 2, 3, 5, 6 and 8.)

Distinguish the sound of **a** in **Laughing Sally, craft, last, passed, wrath, chance, crash, dark, far, dawn.** (Appendix A., 1.)

8–9. Note the Grouping and Pause. (Introduction, pp. 19 and 22).

11–13. Grouping. Which phrases have the heaviest shading? (Introduction, p. 39.)

16. Where is the Pause? Why?

18. **Land on the port-bow.** What change is made in Pitch and Force? Account for it. (Introduction, pp. 29 and 32.)

24. What is the Inflection on this line?

30–37. Observe the Grouping and Shading throughout these stanzas.

38–45. What sense is appealed to in these stanzas? How is the Time affected?

46–53. How are the transitions to direct discourse indicated? (Introduction, pp. 31 and 33.)

What is the difference in Pitch between the mate's and the captain's speech? (Introduction, p. 30.)

66–67. Note the contrast with the preceding stanza and with the two following lines.

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.

—Shakespeare.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE BOYS

From "The Old Curiosity Shop"

1. The schoolmaster had scarcely arranged the room in due order, and taken his seat behind his desk, when a white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door, and stopping there to make a rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. The white-headed boy then put an open book, astonishingly dog-eared, upon his knees, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled. Soon afterwards another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him a red-headed lad, and after him two more with white heads, and then one with a flaxen poll, and so on until there were about a dozen boys in all, with heads of every colour but gray, and ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor when he sat upon the form, and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered, foolish fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

2. At the top of the first form—the post of honour in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar, and at the head of the row of pegs on which the hats and caps were hung, one peg was left empty. No boy attempted to violate the sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered to his idle neighbour behind his hand.

3. Then began the hum of conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy

game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, the very image of meekness and simplicity, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But the tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were rambling from his pupils—it was plain. None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with impunity, waxed louder and more daring—eating apples under the master's eye, pinching each other in sport or malice, and cutting their autographs in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson out of book, looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow and boldly cast his eyes upon the page. If the master did chance to rouse himself and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment, and no eyes met his but wore a studious and deeply humble look; but, the instant he relapsed again, it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

4. Oh, how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing-place beneath willow trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling-book, wishing himself a whale, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school on that hot, broiling day!

5. Heat! Ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest the door gave him opportunities of gliding out

into the garden and driving his companions to madness by dipping his face into the bucket of the well and then rolling on the grass—ask him if there were ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of flowers and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky till its brightness forced one to shut one's eyes and go to sleep; and was this a time to be poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself? Monstrous!

6. The lessons over, writing-time began; and there being but one desk and that the master's, each boy sat at it in turn and laboured at his crooked copy, while the master walked about. This was a quieter time; for he would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and tell him mildly to observe how such a letter was turned in such a copy on the wall, and bid him take it for his model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner that the boys seemed quite remorseful that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet; eating no apples, cutting no names, inflicting no pinches, for full two minutes afterward.

7. "I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give an extra half-holiday this afternoon."

8. At this intelligence the boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard.

As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath.

9. "You must promise me first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy, or, at least, if you are, that you'll go away and be so — away out of the village, I mean. I'm sure you wouldn't disturb your old playmate and companion."

10. There was a general murmur in the negative.

11. "Then, pray, don't forget — there's my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster—"what I have asked you, and do it as a favour to me. Be as happy as you can, and likewise be mindful that you are blessed with health. Good-bye, all!"

12. "Thank you, sir," and "Good-bye, sir," were said a great many times in a variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly.

13. But there was the sun shining and there were the birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and half-holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, entreating them to come and scatter it in the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning towards wood and stream; the smooth ground rendered smoother still by blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs and leaps, and long walks no one knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop the whole company took to their heels and spread themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went.

14. "It's natural, thank heaven!" said the poor schoolmaster, looking after them. "I'm very glad they didn't mind me!"

—*Charles Dickens.*

Par. 1. **due.** (Appendix A., 2.)

Indicate the pauses required to allow time for the Imaging process. Discriminate between the short and the long pauses. (Introduction, p. 19.)

order, desk, door. Account for the Inflection on each of these words. (Introduction, pp. 23–24.)

What clause in the first sentence should be made most prominent? Indicate the relative value of each part of this sentence by the Shading. (Introduction, p. 39.)

Par. 2. What two phrases suggest the central idea of this paragraph?

How does the voice indicate that the parenthetical clause is subordinate in thought? (Introduction, pp. 31, 33, 39.)

Par. 3. **meekness, simplicity, impurity, studious.** (Appendix A., 8, 10 and 2.)

did chance. Which is the emphatic word? Why?

Read the last two sentences with a view to Perspective. (Introduction, p. 39.)

no eyes met his . . . How does the Inflection on "his" indicate the exact meaning? (Introduction, p. 24.)

Par. 4. Give examples of Grouping in the last sentence and show how Grouping affects the Pause. (Introduction, p. 22.)

Par. 5. **whose seat—grass.** What is the Shading? Indicate the pauses in this group of words giving your reason in each case.

What Inflection is placed on the question in the last sentence? Account for it. (Introduction, p. 27.)

Par. 6. **writer's shoulder, boys seemed, absolutely.** (Appendix A., 6, 2.)

Give examples of Grouping in the second sentence.

bid him take it for his model. Which is the emphatic word? Why?

Par. 7. How is **I think, boys** connected with the rest of the speech? Apply this principle to other examples of direct speech interrupted by narrative. (Introduction, pp. 31, 33.)

Par. 9. **if you are . . . be so.** Select the two emphatic words and give your reason for emphasizing them. (Introduction, p. 37.)

TO THE EVENING WIND

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
  That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
  Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
  Roughening their crests and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea.

Nor I alone;—a thousand bosoms round
  Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up and pulses bound
  Livelier at coming of the wind of night;
And languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
  Lies the vast inland stretch'd beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
  Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
  Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
  Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
  To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
  His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
  Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go,—but the circle of eternal change,
  Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
  Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
  Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall dream
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

PREPARATORY. (Introduction, p. 7.)

1, 2 and 6. (Appendix A., 3, 4 and 10.)

1. **thou.** What is the Inflection?

3. What change in Force? (Introduction, p. 32.)

6. How does the sound accord with the sense?

15. **Go forth . . . go forth.** Where is the Emphasis? (Introduction, pp. 37–38.)

19–21. What feeling is aroused? How is the Quality of voice affected? (Introduction, pp. 11 and 40.)

25–32. What change in Time? Account for it. (Introduction, pp. 19, 22.)

31. What atmosphere is created in this line? What Quality of voice is the result? What lines in the last stanza have the same atmosphere? (Introduction, p. 41.)

36. With what should **thee** be connected? In what way?

33–36. What portions are read in lighter Shading? (Introduction, p. 39.)

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Part I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who has seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott."

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

PREPARATORY.—Compare the poet's treatment of the story of "The Lady of Shalott" with that given in "Geraint and Enid."

Combine the smaller pictures in this poem into a number of larger ones. (Introduction, pp. 7 and 8.)

Give to the larger pictures titles which suggest the different stages in the development of the story.

Exercises in Articulation. (Appendix A.)

PART I.

Stanza I. ll. 1 and 4. Where is the Pause? Why? (Introduction, p. 22.)

Stanza III. ll. 1 and 2. Account for the change in Time. (Introduction, p. 14.)

2. Where is the Pause?

6–9. What is the Inflection in these questions? (Introduction, p. 27.)

Stanza IV. l. 3. **hear.** With what word should this be connected? How? (Introduction, p. 24.) Note the Shading. (Introduction, p. 39.)

6. Where are the pauses in this line? Account for them.

8–9. In what Quality of voice are these lines read? (Introduction, pp. 14 and 15.) Compare from this standpoint the last lines of Parts II., III. and IV.

PART II.

Stanza I. ll. 3–5. Note the spontaneous imitation. (Introduction, pp. 14 and 15.)

And there the surly . . . two and two. Note the three separate groups of passers-by. Which group has the most significance in its bearing on the rest of the poem? How does the voice indicate this relative significance? (Introduction, pp. 31 and 38.)

Stanza III. l. 8. How is the transition made effective? (Introduction, pp. 20, 21 and 32.)

Stanza IV. **For often . . . Camelot.** Observe the Shading. (Introduction, pp. 31 and 39.)

PART III.

his shield, rode down, armour rung, saddle-leather, coal-black curls. (Appendix A., 6.)

Stanza I. l. 4. Observe the Grouping.

Stanza II. l. 2. Where is the Pause? Explain. What is the Inflection on **stars?**

Compare the Shading in ll. 6 and 7.

Stanza III. What are the central ideas of ll. 2 and 3? How does the reader make them stand out?

6–8. Note the continuous Inflection. (Introduction, p. 25.)

Stanza IV. ll. 3 and 4. How does the Grouping here affect the Pause and the Inflection?

Stanza V. ll. 1–4. What change in the voice indicates the abrupt transition? What atmosphere does the voice create as a preparation for the climax of the last four lines?

1. What is the central idea of this line?

6–7. What change in Force, Pitch and Stress expresses the sudden disaster?

PART IV.

Compare the atmosphere of the first four and a half stanzas of this Part with the first four of Part III., and also with the remainder of Part IV. What is the difference in Pitch, Force and Time? (Introduction, pp. 18, 29, 32.)

VAN ELSEN

God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul;
He spake by sickness first, and made him whole;
Van Elsen heard him not,
Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth; the world outpoured
Its treasures at his feet, and called him lord;
Van Elsen's heart grew fat
And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great world smiled,
And in the sunshine slew his little child;
Van Elsen like a tree
Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,
"As thy heart bleedeth so My heart hath bled;
As I have need of thee
Thou needest Me."

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,
And kneeling by the narrow winding sheet
Praised Him with fervent breath
Who conquered death.

—*Frederick George Scott.* *(By permission.)*

By what means is the introductory line kept distinct from the rest of the poem? (Introduction, p. 20.)

How does the reader indicate the comparatively long space of time which elapses between the events of the first, second and third stanzas respectively? (Introduction, p. 21.)

Show that each of the first three stanzas divides, according to meaning, into two parts. How does the reader indicate this division?

Why should the last two stanzas, in this respect, be together treated as one of the preceding? Illustrate by means of Pause.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand;
The wind was a nor'-wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.

We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head and the North;
All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further forth;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared,
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard;
So's we saw cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam,
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'long-shore home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)

This day of our adversity was blessèd Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,
Go dancing round the china plates that stand upon the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;
And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessèd Christmas day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose top-gallant sails!" I heard the captain call.
"Captain, she'll never stand it," our first mate, Jackson, cried.
"It's one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.

As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.* *(By arrangement.)*

PREPARATORY.—Supply an introduction and a conclusion for the story suggested by this poem. (Introduction, pp. 18–19.)

Indicate the pauses which should be made in this poem after words and phrases, (*a*) because of the imaging process, (*b*) in order to conceive the thought more fully, (*c*) in passing from the narration of one action to that of another, (*d*) because of direct speech interrupted by narrative. (Introduction, pp. 19–23.)

20 and 22. Indicate the Pauses before phrases to prepare the mind for what is coming. (Introduction, p. 19.) What Inflection is used as a connecting link? (Introduction, pp. 24–25.)

27. **firelight.** With what should it be connected? How? (Introduction, pp. 31 and 39.)

34. **All hands . . . sails.** What change in Pitch and Force? (Introduction, pp. 30–31.)

40. What is the Shading? (Introduction, p. 39.)

Compare the mental state of the captain with that of the first mate. How is the difference indicated in the Pitch of their respective speeches? (Introduction, p. 29.)

Connect Stanzas VII. and VIII. with the last two lines of the poem. What background of thought is suggested? How is the rate of reading affected by the thoughts suggested? (Introduction, p. 18.)

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-powered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

PREPARATORY.—Describe the picture suggested by this poem.

Compare the soldier's dream with the vision of the "PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS" in the hour of danger, or with "THE SLAVE'S DREAM" in Longfellow's poem.

Divide the poem into three distinct parts, giving to each a descriptive title.

Expand the thoughts contained in the last two lines of the poem, using, if possible, illustrations from literature or real life. What feelings do these lines arouse?

Observe the difficulties of Articulation in ll. 1, 2, 13, and 16. (Appendix A., 6 and 3.)

How can each part of the poem be made to stand out by itself? (Introduction, p. 21.)

2. **sentinel stars.** Select other phrases which call up mental images. (Introduction, pp. 7-8.)

How does the process of mental imagery affect the Time? (Introduction, p. 19.)

3. How can it be shown that **overpowered** and **ground** are disconnected? (Introduction, p. 22.)

4. What will suggest the ellipses after **weary** and **wounded?**

6. Why is there no pause after **fagot?** (Introduction, p. 22.)

What lines of Stanza II. contain the leading thought? How does the voice indicate this? (Introduction, pp. 3 and 39.)

9. How is the mind prepared for the description of the dream?

21. What feeling does the voice express? Does Imitation play any part here? (Introduction, p. 13.)

22. Expand the thought of this line, and show how your thinking affects the Time. (Introduction, p. 18.) Compare with the Time of l. 21, and explain the difference.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Luke XV. 11–32.

A certain man had two sons: And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in

that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry; For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard musick and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father has killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and intreated him. And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: But as soon as this thy son was come, which

hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

PREPARATORY.—Divide this parable into four parts, giving each part a descriptive title.

Describe pictures to illustrate each part.

Connect the parable with any similar story drawn from modern life. Fill in details to account for (*a*) the prodigal's desire to leave home, (*b*) the father's great joy at his return, (*c*) the elder brother's jealousy.

How many hired servants, etc. What are the prodigal's feelings? What new feeling is introduced with (*a*) **I will arise, etc.?** (*b*) **Father, I have sinned, etc.?**

In what Time, Pitch, and Stress do you read the passages which describe the father's joy? (Introduction, pp. 19, 29, 34.)

What feeling pervades the speech of the elder son? What is the motive of the father's reply?

Explain the Emphasis in the following; (*a*) **and he sent him**; (*b*) **and I perish**; (*c*) **Now, his elder son**; (*d*) **therefore came his father out**; (*e*) **thou never gavest me a kid.** (Introduction, p. 39.)

Explain the Inflection on **dead, alive, lost, found.**

MISJUDGED HOSPITALITY

From "The Tatler"

Those inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be

perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behavior; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observeth amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances, it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbor about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlor, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but madam avowed I should drink it off—for she was sure it would do me good, after coming out of the cold air—and I was forced to obey; which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could; and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff," says the lady, "you must eat a wing, to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole

meal. As often as I called for small-beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked; and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what I would have for supper. I said I never ate anything at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "that this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss," the lady went, and left me to her husband —for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backward and forward every moment; and constantly as they came in, or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and, "Your humble servant, pretty miss." Exactly at eight the mother came up, and I discovered by the redness of her face that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired, at my usual hour, to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed: and upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would

not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats' tongues, venison-pasty, and stale-beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of my way, and carry me a short-cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. The last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it.

—*Jonathan Swift.*

hospitality, civility, irregularities, familiarities, absurdities, capacities, artificial, visit. (Appendix A., 10.)

Point out the contrasts in the first sentences and explain the Inflection on each of the contrasted parts. (Introduction, p. 28.)

4. **in the general notion of it.** In reading, how is this phrase kept subordinate and distinct, and yet not allowed to break the main thought? Give other striking examples throughout the extract. (Introduction, pp. 31 and 33.)

31. **Madam avowed.** Note the spontaneous imitation of the persistent tones. Give other examples. (Introduction, pp. 14–15.)

53–60. **After three hours... never be alone.** Compare the Inflection and the Shading of the subordinate clauses with those of the principal clause. (Introduction, pp. 31–39.)

How does the Grouping in the last sentence affect the Pause? (Introduction, p. 22.)

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."

—*Milton.*

PREPARATORY.—Divide the sonnet into two parts, giving each part a title.

Read the first part in prose order, supplying the ellipses.

How many distinct statements are there in the second part?

Select the clauses of the first part that are equal in rank and have the same Shading. Show which are projected and which held in the background.

Read the first part of this sonnet, with a view to Perspective. (Introduction, p. 39.)

1–4. With what do you connect **When . . . spent,** and **lodged?** How?

How do you make the statements of the second part **stand** out singly? (**Introduction, p. 21.**)

GENERAL RESPECT FOR SIR ROGER

From "The Spectator"

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time, during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week, and

by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour, if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the Petty Jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a year, but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the Willow Tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in

the wrong by it: upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court as to give him a figure in my eye and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted when the court rose to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how

desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him, at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and, by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the Saracen's head. I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him, in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him

truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that "much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

—*Joseph Addison.*

This extract may be used as an exercise in Grouping. Note in each case the connection between Grouping and Pause.

Illustrate by numerous examples the value of Shading in showing the relative importance of clauses, and in connecting the different parts of the same clause. (Introduction, p. 39.)

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Pibroch of Donuil
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come,
When navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset!

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

forests are rended; navies are stranded. (Appendix A., 3.)

What is the motive of this poem? What Stress is the natural expression of this motive? (Introduction, p. 33.)

For Pause read Introduction, pp. 19 and 22.

4. How is the gradually increasing energy and excitement indicated in Force, Pitch, and Time? (Introduction, pp. 29, 32, and 19.)

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
  That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
  That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
  As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
  And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

PREPARATORY.—What is the atmosphere of this poem? Compare it in this respect with "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu" and "The Banner of St. George."

How does it differ from these in vocal expression, so far as Force, Pitch and Time are concerned?

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL

Psalm CIII.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits;

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known His ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth;

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;
To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.
The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.
Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

PREPARATORY.—What attitude of mind does the language of this psalm indicate? What Pitch and Stress of voice is its natural expression? (Introduction, p. 36.)

Articulation. (Appendix A., 3.)

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gift He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

PREPARATORY.—What attitude of mind is suggested by this poem?

How does it differ from that suggested by the preceding selection? What is the difference in vocal expression?

Account for the Inflection placed on the negative statements in this poem. (Introduction, pp. 25 and 28.)

FROM THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES

From "The Dialogues of Plato"

1. Not much time will be gained, O Athenians, in return for the evil name which you will get from the detractors of the city, who will say that you killed Socrates, a wise man; for they will call me wise even although I am not wise, when they want to reproach you. If you had waited a little while, your desire would have been fulfilled in the course of nature. For I am

far advanced in years as you may perceive, and not far from death. I am speaking now to those of you who have condemned me to death. And I have another thing to say to them: You think that I was convicted through deficiency of words—I mean that if I had thought fit to leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid I might have gained an acquittal. Not so; the deficiency which led to my conviction was not of words—certainly not. But I had not the boldness or impudence or inclination to address you as you would have liked me to address you, weeping and wailing and lamenting, and saying and doing many things which you have been accustomed to hear from others, and which, as I say, are unworthy of me. But I thought that I ought not to do anything common or mean in the hour of danger: nor do I now repent of the manner of my defense, and I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. For neither in war nor yet at law ought any man to use every way of escaping death. For often in battle there is no doubt that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death; and in other dangers there are other ways of escaping death, if a man is willing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are keen and quick, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness, has overtaken them. And now I depart hence, condemned by you to suffer the penalty of death, and they too go their ways, condemned by the truth to suffer the penalty of villainy and wrong; and I must abide by my award—let them abide by theirs. I suppose

that these things may be regarded as fated,—and I think that they are well.

2. And now, O men who have condemned me, I would fain prophesy to you; for I am about to die, and that is the hour in which men are gifted with prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who are my murderers, that immediately after my death punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser, and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose: far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now; accusers whom hitherto I have restrained: and as they are younger they will be more severe with you, and you will be more offended at them. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken; that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and the noblest way is not to be crushing others, but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter before my departure to the judges who have condemned me.

3. Friends, who have acquitted me, I would like also to talk with you about this thing which has happened, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then a while, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges—for you I may truly call judges—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the familiar oracle within me has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error about anything; and now as you

see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either as I was leaving my house and going out in the morning, or when I was going up into this court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching this matter has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this? I will tell you. I regard this as a proof that what has happened to me is a good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. This is a great proof to me of what I am saying, for the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.

4. Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good, for one of two things: either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by the sight of dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death is like this, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men

say, all the dead are, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I, too, shall have a wonderful interest in a place where I can converse with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and other heroes of old, who have suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in that; I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too? What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! For in that world they do not put a man to death for this; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

5. Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me;

and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, although neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

6. Still I have a favour to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them, and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing,—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

7. The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

—*Benjamin Jowett.*

Illustrate from this extract the general principle that incompleteness is expressed by means of the Rising, and completeness by means of the Falling Inflection.

Paragraph 1. **For neither in war nor yet at law . . . death.** Explain the Inflection placed on this negative statement. Give a similar example from Paragraph 2. (Introduction, p. 28.)

I must abide by my award . . . let them abide by theirs. Explain the opposite Inflections on antithetical words and phrases. If one part of the antithesis is a negation, what is the Inflection? (Introduction, p. 27.) Give examples from Paragraph 2.

I am old and move slowly . . . wrong. Explain the Emphasis in these sentences. Which one of a pair of contrasted words is necessarily emphatic? Give examples from this and the following paragraph, in which both are emphatic, and explain why. (Introduction, p. 37.)

Paragraph 4. Explain the Inflection on the questions. (Introduction, pp. 26–27.)

What clauses in this paragraph are really parenthetical in force? How does the voice subordinate them? Give similar examples from other paragraphs. (Introduction, pp. 31, 33 and 39.)

HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY

From "The Lady of the Lake"

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenchèd limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger." "What dost thou require?"—
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."—
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."—

"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?—
"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."—
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus, treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy!"—
"They do, by Heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."—
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight."
"Then, by these tokens mayst thou know,
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."—

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid;
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed.
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honour spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,

A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honour's laws:
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's Ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."—
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,—
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

PREPARATORY.—Connect this scene with the rest of the poem.

Give a dramatic form to this extract, describing definitely the scenery and stage-setting. (Introduction, pp. 8–9.) One reader may render the descriptive parts, another the speeches of Roderick Dhu, and a third those of Fitz-James.

wanderer's steps, cautious step, treacherous scouts, boldest two. (Appendix A., 6.)

25 and 70. (Appendix A., 5.)

1–4. Note the word pictures. How do they affect the Pause? (Introduction, pp. 19, 20 and 22.)

7. **not enough.** With what is it contrasted? Which word is emphatic? Where do the pauses occur in this line?

9. What is the atmosphere of this line? What is the Quality of voice? (Introduction, p. 41.)

10–11. What Inflection? Why? What is the Shading when compared with the two following lines? (Introduction, p. 31.)

16–17. Give an Example of Grouping.

18–19. Compare the Shading of these two lines.

22. What feeling and movement are here expressed? How does the voice give expression to them? (Introduction, pp. 14 and 34.)

Describe the mental attitude of each of the speakers. What is the Stress in each case? (Introduction, p. 34.)

38. **the prowling fox . . . scouts.** What is the mental attitude here? What Stress is the result? (Introduction, p. 34.) How does the rest of the speech differ from the preceding? What is the Inflection? (Introduction, p. 26.

What is the Stress of ordinary conversation? Illustrate from the above selection.

32–39. **bold words. . . spy.** (Introduction, p. 31.)

48. Why should **sit down** be kept distinct from **share?** How is this effected?

60. **'tis said.** How does the voice subordinate this phrase? (Introduction, p. 31.)

66–69. Which are the emphatic words and why are they emphatic?

77. What feeling is introduced here? How does the voice express it?

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Last night among his fellows rough
  He jested, quaff'd, and swore:
A drunken private of the Buffs,
  Who never look'd before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
  He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
  And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewilder'd and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay! tear his body limb from limb;
Bring cord, or axe, or flame!—
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd
Like dreams to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd
One sheet of living snow:
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddyings hung:—
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young?

Yes, Honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by:
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die!
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink
To his red grave he went.

—Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons!

So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great. 40

—*F. H. Doyle.*

(By permission of Macmillan & Co.)

PREPARATORY.—What is the historic background of this poem? Describe the scenes suggested by the phrases **last night** and **to-day** respectively, and tell what feeling each arouses.

Connect the event summed up in the last four lines of the poem with anything else of a similar character of which you have read, or that you know from experience.

What are the difficulties of Articulation in ll. 5 and 8? (Appendix A., 6.)

How is the contrast suggested in Stanza I. kept up in Stanza II?

What relation do ll. 9 and 10 bear to ll. 11 and 12? How does the voice indicate this relation? (Introduction, p. 39.)

What feeling of the soldier does the reader unconsciously imitate in ll. 13–16? With what feeling of his own does he tinge it? (Introduction, p. 14.) What is the Stress? (Introduction, p. 35.)

17–24. What picture phrases give the outlines of the soldier's vision? How do you make them stand out? (Introduction, p. 19.)

19. With what do you connect **gleamed?** How? (Introduction, p. 24.)

What effect has the vision on the soldier? What lines suggest it? What is the Inflection on these lines? (Introduction, pp. 25 and 26.)

Show how the contrast of both thought and feeling in ll. 27 and 28 is indicated by the voice.

What preceding lines arouse the same feeling as ll. 29–32?

33. How is the ellipsis after **vain** indicated? (Introduction, p. 21.)

33–35. Is the sense complete or incomplete on **framed, guns** and **untamed?**

38–40. What ideas are contrasted?

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west.

—Lowell.

AS RED MEN DIE

Captive! Is there a hell to him like this?
A taunt more galling than the Huron's hiss?
He—proud and scornful, he—who laughed at law,
He—scion of the deadly Iroquois,
He—the bloodthirsty, he—the Mohawk chief,
He—who despises pain and sneers at grief,
Here in the hated Huron's vicious clutch,
That even captive he disdains to touch!

Captive! But never conquered; Mohawk brave
Stoops not to be to any man a slave;
Least, to the puny tribe his soul abhors,
The tribe whose wigwams sprinkle Simcoe's shores.
With scowling brow he stands and courage high,
Watching with haughty and defiant eye
His captors, as they council o'er his fate,
Or strive his boldness to intimidate.
Then fling they unto him the choice;

"Wilt thou
Walk o'er the bed of fire that waits thee now—
Walk with uncovered feet upon the coals
Until thou reach the ghostly Land of Souls,
And, with thy Mohawk death-song please our ear?
Or wilt thou with the women rest thee here?"
His eyes flash like an eagle's, and his hands
Clench at the insult. Like a god he stands.
"Prepare the fire!" he scornfully demands.

He knoweth not that this same jeering band
Will bite the dust—will lick the Mohawk's hand;
Will kneel and cower at the Mohawk's feet;

Will shrink when Mohawk war-drums wildly beat.
His death will be avenged with hideous hate
By Iroquois, swift to annihilate
His vile detested captors, that now flaunt
Their war clubs in his face with sneer and taunt,
Not thinking, soon that reeking, red, and raw,
Their scalps will deck the belts of Iroquois.

The path of coals outstretches, white with heat,
A forest fir's length—ready for his feet.
Unflinching as a rock he steps along
The burning mass, and sings his wild war song;
Sings, as he sang when once he used to roam
Throughout the forests of his southern home,
Where, down the Genesee, the water roars,
Where gentle Mohawk purls between its shores,
Songs, that of exploit and of prowess tell;
Songs of the Iroquois invincible.

Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,
Dancing a war dance to defy his foes.
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,
But still he dances to death's awful brink.
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head
Will never droop until his heart be dead.
Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,
Wilder and wilder still his death-song rings,
Fiercer and fiercer thro' the forest bounds
His voice that leaps to Happier Hunting Grounds.
One savage yell—
Then loyal to his race,
He bends to death, but never to disgrace.

—E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake.)
(By arrangement with the Author.)

PREPARATORY.—Illustrate the fundamental idea of this poem by examples from history and literature.

What feelings are at work in the heart of the Mohawk chief? Illustrate by reference to special lines. Indicate the Force and Stress which are the vocal expression of his state of mind. (Introduction, pp. 33 and 35.)

6–8. (Appendix A., 3.)

1–2. What Inflection is placed on the questions? (Introduction, p. 27.)

3–6. What are the emphatic words? (Introduction, p. 37.)

12–14. (Appendix A., 3, 6, and 4.)

22–23. What is the Inflection on **ear** and on **here?** (Introduction, p. 27.)

25–26. How is the transition indicated? (Introduction, pp. 32 and 20.)

How is the connection between ll. 31, 32, 33 and 34 maintained? (Introduction, pp. 24 and 25.)

34. Account for the Inflection on **taunt.**

41–46. What feeling do these lines arouse in the reader? How does it affect his vocal expression? (Introduction, pp. 18, 36, 10.)

37, 38, 42. (Appendix A., 3.)

53. What change in Time? Why? (Introduction, pp. 3, 4, 13.)

55. Where is the Pause?

THE OUTLAW

From "Rokeby"

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
  And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
  Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall
  Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
  Was singing merrily:
"O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
  And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
  Than reign our English Queen."

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English Queen."

"I read you by your bugle horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the King's greenwood."
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.

And O! though Brignall banks be fair
  And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
  Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
  A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
  Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met
  Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
  Nor think what we are now."

Chorus—

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
  And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
  Would grace a summer queen.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

PREPARATORY.—"The Life of an Outlaw." Speak on this subject, illustrating from such characters as Rob Roy, Robin Hood, etc., and emphasizing the pathos of such a life.

For dramatic rendering see preparatory notes on "Highland Hospitality."

1–4. What Stress indicates the state of mind reflected by these lines? (Introduction, p. 33.)

3, 11. What Inflection is placed on **there**? (Introduction, p. 24.)

12. What word may be supplied after **reign**? How is this indicated in the reading? (Introduction, p. 21.)

13–20. Read these lines with a view to Perspective. (Introduction, pp. 38–39.)

Give examples of Grouping throughout the poem and show how the Pause is affected. (Introduction, p. 22.)

What words in Stanza III. are emphatic through contrast? In Stanza V?

How is the Quality of the voice affected by the feeling in the last half of Stanza V? (Introduction, p. 41.)

In what Time, Pitch and Force are these lines read? Give your reasons.

THE SKY

From "Modern Painters"

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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 functions 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.

5. 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 accidents 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?

6. 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?

7. 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.

8. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual,—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood,—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

—*John Ruskin.*

(By arrangement with George Allen, Publisher.)

Spiritual, precipices, summits, unobtrusive. (Appendix A., 10.)

Give striking examples of Grouping from each paragraph and show how the Grouping affects the Pause. (Introduction, p. 22.)

Par. 1. With what is **least attend** contrasted?

Par. 2. Why is **sky** an emphatic word? Give examples of momentary completeness. (Introduction, p. 24.)

Par. 3. What Inflection is placed on **perfect beauty?**

Par. 4. Point out the contrasts in the first sentence. What word is contrasted with **distinct?**

Par. 5. With what is **only as a succession, etc.,** connected in sense? How does the voice make the connection? (Introduction, p. 39.)

Par. 7. **unregretted, unseen.** Note the transferred emphasis. (Introduction, p. 37.)

Par. 7. **and yet it is not . . . nor in the fire.** Account for the Inflection. (Introduction, p. 25.)

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

From "Julius Caesar," Act IV. Scene III.

Cas. That you have wronged me, doth appear in this,—
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardinians:
Wherein my letters, praying on his side
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection;—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius! you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?—
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

—*Shakespeare.*

PREPARATORY.—Connect this Scene with the rest of the play.

Compare the character and general temperament of Cassius with that of Brutus. Illustrate from this Scene.

Note the calmness and self-control with which Brutus meets the fiery outburst of Cassius. How is this difference indicated in Time, Pitch and Stress?

At what lines does Brutus begin to lose self-control and angrily assert himself?

What effect has this on Cassius? Where does this change in Cassius' attitude become pronounced? Where does it reach its greatest height?

How is Brutus affected in turn?

This selection may be used as a valuable exercise in Emphasis. (Introduction, p. 37.)

8. **nice.** Note the contempt. What is the Stress?

13 and 17. What feeling is introduced?

19–25. What is the Inflection on these questions? On the other questions in the selection?

25–27. What is the feeling? How does the voice indicate it? Point out other passages where the same feeling is introduced.

26. **grasped.** Note the pronunciation.

41. How does Cassius' emotion affect his voice? (Introduction, p. 41.

49. **mirth, laughter.** Note the increased emphasis. Give another example from this speech.

51–57. (Introduction, p. 37.)

55–57. What are Cassius' feelings?

65. What words are emphatic?

86. **bear.** What idea is contrasted?

105–106. Observe the emphasis through contrast.

113–115. What feeling prompts this speech?

ROSABELLE

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball;
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

PREPARATORY. — Describe the scene suggested by the first stanza.

Make three scenes of the rest of the poem, giving a descriptive title to each.

Articulation. (Appendix A., 1, 3 and 6.)

Stanza I. How is the ellipsis in l. 3 indicated?

Stanza II. What is the difference between the way the boatman addresses his men and that in which he addresses the lady?

Stanzas III–IV. How does the reader make prominent the four different arguments of the boatman, at the same time showing that each is a stronger warning than the last? (Introduction, pp. 32, 33, and 34.)

Stanzas V–VI. What is the Inflection on the negative statements in the first two lines of each stanza?

Stanzas VII–XI. What feeling pervades the description of the ominous light over Roslin? What Quality of voice is the natural outcome? (Introduction, p. 41.)

What are the central ideas in Stanzas VII, IX, and X?

How is the break in the thought after **fair** (Stanza XI) shown? (Introduction, pp. 31–33.)

Stanzas XII–XIII. What phrases contrast the burial of the Saint Clairs with that of Rosabelle? What contrast of feeling?

SHIPWRECKED

From "Kidnapped"

1. The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, either they had their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very much different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Alan's silver button; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

2. I knew indeed that shellfish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike

from their places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I that at first they seemed to me delicious.

3. Perhaps they were out of season, or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching, and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed I had no other) did better with me and revived my strength.

4. But as long as I was on the island, I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was well, and sometimes I was thrown into a miserable sickness; nor could I ever distinguish what particular fish it was that hurt me. All day it streamed rain; there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night, between two boulders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

5. From a little up the hillside over the bay I could catch a sight of the great ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

6. I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold and had my head half-turned with loneliness, and think of the fireside and of the company till my heart burned. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shellfish (which had soon grown to be a

disgust), and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

7. Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. That was very like a king with a palace at his back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

8. There is a pretty high rock on the north-west of Earraid, which (because it had a flat top and overlooked the Sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; not that I ever stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

9. As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side and I be none the wiser.

10. Well, all of a sudden, a coble, with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear—I could even see the colour of their hair—and there was no doubt but

they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue, and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew right on, before my eyes, for Iona.

11. I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously; even after they were out of reach of my voice I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone I thought my heart would burst.

12. The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shellfish agreed well with me and revived my courage.

13. I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the Sound, and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

14. I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back accordingly upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds.

15. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid. I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry I must wet it with the sea water before I was able to shout.

16. All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of bright yellow and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

17. As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man tee-heed with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

18. Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the word "whateffer" several times; but all the rest was Gaelic, and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

19. "Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word. "Yes, yes—yes, yes," said he; and then he looked at the other men as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

20. This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand toward the mainland of the Ross.

21. "Do you mean when the tide is out?"—I cried, and could not finish.

22. "Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

23. At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to tee-hee with laughter), leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came upon

the shores of the creek, and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

24. A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid, which is only what they call a tidal islet, and, except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or, at the most, by wading. Even I, who had seen the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shellfish—even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free.

25. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings but in my present case, being clothed like a beggar man, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

26. I have seen wicked men and fools—a great many of both—and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson. (By arrangement.)*

Read this selection with a view to Grouping and Perspective.

11. **I could not believe such wickedness . . . heart would burst.** Observe the Climax. (Introduction, p. 38.)

19. **Whatever, said I. . .** How is the direct speech made to stand out from the narration which interrupts it? (Introduction, p. 31.)

THE PASTURE FIELD

When spring has burned
  The ragged robe of winter, stitch by stitch,
And deftly turned
  To moving melody the wayside ditch,
The pale green pasture field behind the bars
Is goldened o'er with dandelion stars.

When summer keeps
  Quick pace with sinewy white-shirted arms,
And daily steeps
  In sunny splendor all her spreading farms,
The pasture field is flooded foamy white
With daisy faces looking at the light.

When autumn lays
  Her golden wealth upon the forest floor,
And all the days
  Look backward at the days that went before,
A pensive company, the asters, stand,
Their blue eyes brightening the pasture land.

When winter lifts
  A sounding trumpet to his strenuous lips
And shapes the drifts
  To curves of transient loveliness, he slips
Upon the pasture's ineffectual brown
A swan-soft vestment delicate as down.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.* (*By permission.*)

PREPARATORY.—Select the phrases which call into play the imaging process. (Introduction, pp. 7 and 8.)

Describe four typical Canadian scenes suggested by this poem.

Distinguish the sound of **a** in **pasture, ragged, bars,** etc. (Appendix A., 1.)

What words express the central ideas in each stanza, and at the same time form a contrast with one another? (Introduction, p. 37.)

What Inflection is used in the first four lines of each stanza? (Introduction, pp. 24 and 25.)

How does the Shading of these lines compare with that of the last two of each stanza? (Introduction, pp. 31 and 39.)

THE STORM

O grip the earth, ye forest trees,
  Grip well the earth to-night,
The Storm-God rides across the seas
  To greet the morning light.

All clouds that wander through the skies
  Are tangled in his net,
The timid stars have shut their eyes,
  The breakers fume and fret.

The birds that cheer the woods all day
  Now tremble in their nests,
The giant branches round them sway,
  The wild wind never rests.

The squirrel and the cunning fox
  Have hurried to their holes,
Far off, like distant earthquake shocks,
  The muffled thunder rolls.

In scores of hidden woodland dells
  Where no rough winds can harm,
The timid wild-flowers toss their bells,
  In reasonless alarm.

Only the mountains rear their forms
  Silent and grim and bold.
To them the voices of the storms
  Are as a tale re-told.

They saw the stars in heaven hung,
  They heard the great sea's birth,
They know the ancient pain that wrung
  The entrails of the earth.

Sprung from great nature's royal lines,
  They share her deep repose,—
Their rugged shoulders robed in pines,
  Their foreheads crowned with snows.

But now there comes a lightning flash,
  And now on hill and plain,
The charging clouds in fury dash
  With sheets of blinding rain.

—*Frederick George Scott.* *(By permission.)*

PREPARATORY.—ll. 21–32. Of what elements in Nature does the poet here represent the mountains as symbolic? Quote corresponding passages from literature.

Compare the feelings aroused in these lines with those in ll. 5–20 and in ll. 33–36. What Quality, Stress and Time are the natural vocal expression of each?

Stars, far. Compare the sound of **a** in those words with that in **wander** and **tangled.**

1, 5, 16 and 17. (Appendix A., 6.)

2. Note the transferred Emphasis. (Introduction, p. 37.)

3. What is the central idea?

5–8. **clouds, stars, breakers.** Give other examples of word pictures in this poem. How is the Time affected? (Introduction, p. 19.)

21. What is the emphatic word? Why?

27. Where is the Pause? Account for it. (Introduction, p. 22.)

34. What is the Inflection and Shading? (Introduction, p. 39.)

THE FOUR-HORSE RACE

From "Black Rock"

1. The great event of the day, however, was to be the four-horse race, for which three teams were entered —one from the mines driven by Nixon, Craig's friend, a citizens' team, and Sandy's. The race was really between the miners' team and that from the woods, for the citizens' team, though made up of speedy horses, had not been driven much together, and knew neither their driver nor each other. In the miners' team were four bays, very powerful, a trifle heavy perhaps, but well matched, perfectly trained, and perfectly handled by their driver. Sandy had his long rangy roans, and for leaders a pair of half-broken pinto bronchos. The pintos, caught the summer before upon the Alberta prairies, were fleet as deer, but wicked and uncertain. They were Baptiste's special care and pride. If they would only run straight, there was little doubt that they would carry the roans and themselves to glory; but one could not tell the moment they might bolt or kick things to pieces.

2. Being the only non-partisan in the crowd, I was asked to referee. The race was about half a mile and return, the first and last quarters being upon the ice. The course, after leaving the ice, led up from the river by a long, easy slope to the level above; and at the further end, curved somewhat sharply around the Old Fort. The only condition attaching to the race was, that the teams should start from the scratch, make the turn of the Fort, and finish at the scratch. There were no

vexing regulations as to fouls. The man making the foul would find it necessary to reckon with the crowd, which was considered sufficient guarantee for a fair and square race. Owing to the hazards of the course, the result would depend upon the skill of the drivers quite as much as the speed of the teams. The points of hazard were at the turn round the Old Fort, and at a little ravine which led down to the river, over which the road passed by means of a long, log bridge or causeway.

3. From a point upon the high bank of the river the whole course lay in open view. It was a scene full of life and vividly picturesque. There were miners in dark clothes and peak caps; citizens in ordinary garb; ranchmen in wide cowboy hats and buckskin shirts and leggings, some with cartridge-belts and pistols; a few half-breeds and Indians in half-native, half-civilized dress; and scattering through the crowd, the lumbermen with gay scarlet and blue blanket coats, and some with knitted tuques of the same colours. A very good-natured but extremely uncertain crowd it was. At the head of each horse stood a man, but at the pintos' heads Baptiste stood alone, trying to hold down the off-leader, thrown into a frenzy of fear by the yelling of the crowd.

4. Gradually all became quiet, till, in the midst of absolute stillness, came the words, "Are you ready?" then the pistol-shot, and the great race had begun. Above the roar of the crowd came the shrill cry of Baptiste, as he struck his broncho with the palm of his hand, and swung himself into the sleigh beside Sandy, as it shot past.

5. Like a flash the bronchos sprang to the front, two lengths before the other teams; but, terrified by the yelling of the crowd, instead of bending to the left bank up which the road wound, they wheeled to the right and

were almost across the river before Sandy could swing them back into the course.

6. Baptiste's cries, a curious mixture of French and English, continued to strike through all other sounds, till they gained the top of the slope to find the others almost a hundred yards in front, the citizens' team leading, with the miners' following close. The moment the pintos caught sight of the teams before them, they set off at a terrific pace and steadily devoured the intervening space. Nearer and nearer the turn came, the eight horses in front, running straight and well within their speed. After them flew the pintos, running savagely with ears set back, leading well the big roans, thundering along and gaining at every bound. And now the citizens' team had almost reached the Fort, running hard and drawing away from the bays. But Nixon knew what he was about, and was simply steadying his team for the turn. The event proved his wisdom, for in the turn the leading team left the track, lost a moment or two in the deep snow, and before they could regain the road, the bays had swept superbly past, leaving their rivals to follow in the rear. On came the pintos, swiftly nearing the Fort. Surely at that pace they cannot make the turn. But Sandy knows his leaders. They have their eyes upon the teams in front, and need no touch of rein. Without the slightest change in speed the nimble-footed bronchos round the turn, hauling the big roans after them, and fall in behind the citizens' team, which is regaining steadily the ground lost in the turn.

7. And now the struggle is for the bridge over the ravine. The bays in front, running with mouths wide open, are evidently doing their best; behind them, and every moment nearing them, but at the limit of their

speed too, come the lighter and fleeter citizens' team; while opposite their driver are the pintos, pulling hard, eager and fresh. Their temper is too uncertain to send them to the front; they run well following, but when leading cannot be trusted, and besides, a broncho hates a bridge; so Sandy holds them where they are, waiting and hoping for his chance after the bridge is crossed. Foot by foot the citizens' team creep up upon the flank of the bays, with the pintos in turn hugging them closely, till it seems as if the three, if none slackens, must strike the bridge together; and this will mean destruction to one at least. This danger Sandy perceives, but he dare not check his leaders. Suddenly, within a few yards of the bridge, Baptiste throws himself upon the lines, wrenches them out of Sandy's hands, and, with a quick swing, forces the pintos down the steep side of the ravine, which is almost sheer ice with a thin coat of snow. It is a daring course to take, for the ravine, though not deep, is full of undergrowth, and is partially closed up by a brush heap at the further end. But with a yell, Baptiste hurls his four horses down the slope, and into the undergrowth. "Allons, mes enfants! Courage! vite, vite!" cries their driver, and nobly do the pintos respond. Regardless of bushes and brush heaps, they tear their way through; but as they emerge, the hind bob-sleigh catches a root, and, with a crash, the sleigh is hurled high in the air. Baptiste's cries ring out high and shrill as ever, encouraging his team, and never cease till, with a plunge and a scramble, they clear the brush heap lying at the mouth of the ravine, and are out on the ice on the river, with Baptiste standing on the front bob, the box trailing behind, and Sandy nowhere to be seen.

8. Three hundred yards of the course remain. The

bays, perfectly handled, have gained at the bridge, and in the descent to the ice, and are leading the citizens' team by half a dozen sleigh lengths. Behind both comes Baptiste. It is now or never for the pintos. The rattle of the trailing box, together with the wild yelling of the crowd rushing down the bank, excites the bronchos to madness, and, taking the bits in their teeth, they do their first free running that day. Past the citizens' team like a whirlwind they dash, clear the intervening space, and gain the flanks of the bays. Can the bays hold them? Over them leans their driver, plying for the first time the hissing lash. Only fifty yards more. The miners begin to yell. But Baptiste, waving his lines high in one hand, seizes his tuque with the other, whirls it about his head and flings it with a fiercer yell than ever at the bronchos. Like the bursting of a hurricane the pintos leap forward, and with a splendid rush, cross the scratch, winners by their own length.

—By arrangement with The Westminster Co., Limited, and Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor).

PREPARATORY.—Make a black-board sketch of the race-course, fixing the position of "the scratch," the Old Fort," "the high bank with the spectators," "the bridge," etc.

In what passages does the excitement reach its greatest height? How are the Pitch and Time affected? (Introduction, pp. 3, 4, and 29.)

What is the Stress employed throughout? Where is the Stress most marked? Give reasons. (Introduction, p. 34.)

All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.

—Robert Browning.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

King Francis was a hearty king, and lov'd a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court:
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his bride;
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same:
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;

He surely would do desperate things to show his love of
of me!
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wond'rous
fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be
mine!"

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love: then looked on
him and smiled;
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:
The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regain'd
his place;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face!
"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task
like that!"

—*Leigh Hunt.*

PREPARATORY.—Divide the poem into four scenes, describing each scene. (Introduction, p. 9.)

What are the difficulties of Articulation in Stanza I. l. 2, Stanza II. ll. 3–4, Stanza III. l. 2?

What attitude of mind is indicated by the King's first speech? By his second speech? What difference in Stress? (Introduction, pp. 34, 35.) What is the Force in each case? (Introduction, p. 32.)

Stanza III. ll. 3–6. Use these lines as an illustration to show that Visualization is necessary in order to secure good vocal expression.

In what Time do you read the lady's thoughts? (Introduction, p. 18.)

Give examples from Stanzas II. and IV. where the sympathy with the picture may be sufficiently strong to lead to imitation of movements or sounds. (Introduction, p. 14.)

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,—

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee march'd over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapp'd in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bow'd with her four score years and ten.

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men haul'd down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shiver'd the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf:

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag!" she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirr'd
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that lov'd it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

PREPARATORY.—Divide the poem into sections, giving each a descriptive title. (Introduction, p. 21.)

Describe the scene portrayed in the first fifteen lines, supplementing your description by a blackboard diagram.

1-2. What is the Inflection? Why?

3. Note the Grouping and Pause.

3. **stand**; l. 7, **Lord**; l. 8, **horde**. What is the Inflection? Why?

15. (Introduction, p. 21.)

20. What are the emphatic words? Are both words of a contrast necessarily emphatic?

17-22. Note the change in nervous tension. What effect has this on the key of the voice? (Introduction, p. 29.)

25-26. How do these lines illustrate the truth that the Visualization of a scene is a necessary forerunner of true vocal expression?

27-28. **Halt! Fire!** What change in vocal expression accompanies the transition to abrupt command?

31. With what do you connect **from the broken staff?** How? (Introduction, p. 24.)

31-36. What part should Imitation play here? (Introduction, pp. 13-14.)

37-38. (Introduction, p. 18.)

39. Note Grouping and Pause.

41-42. (Introduction, p. 15.)

43. With what do you connect **through Frederick street?** How? Where do you pause in this line?

51. (Introduction, pp. 20-21.)

THE HEROES OF MAGERSFONTEIN

Dec. 11, 1899

During the night it was considered expedient that the Highland Brigade, 4,000 strong, under General Wauchope, should get close enough to the lines of the foe to make it possible to charge the heights. At midnight the gallant but ill-fated men moved cautiously through the darkness toward the kopje where the Boers were most strongly entrenched. They were led by a guide who was supposed to know every inch of the country, out into the darkness of an African night.

So onward until three of the clock on the Monday. Then out of the darkness a rifle rang sharp and clear, a herald of disaster—a soldier had tripped in the dark over the hidden wires laid down by the enemy. In a second, in the twinkling of an eye, the searchlights of the Boers fell broad and clear as the noonday sun on the ranks of the doomed Highlanders, though it left the enemy concealed in the shadows of the frowning mass of hills behind them. For one brief moment the Scots seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of their discovery, for they knew that they were huddled together like sheep within fifty yards of the trenches of the foes.

Then clear above the confusion rolled the voice of the General, "Steady, men, steady!"—and like an echo to the veterans out came the crash of nearly a thousand rifles not fifty paces from them. The Highlanders reeled before the shock like trees before the tempest; their best, their bravest, fell in that wild hail of lead. General Wauchope was down riddled with bullets, yet gasping, dying, bleeding from every vein, the Highland

chief raised himself on his hands and knees and cheered his men forward. Men and officers fell in heaps together.

The Black Watch charged, and the Gordons and the Seaforths, with a yell that stirred the British camp below, rushed onward to death or disaster.

The accursed wires caught them around the legs until they floundered like trapped wolves and all the time the rifles of the foe sang the song of death in their ears. They fell back broken and beaten, leaving nearly 1,300 dead and wounded, just where the broad breast of the grassy veldt melts into the embrace of the rugged African hills, and an hour later, the dawning came of the dreariest day that Scotland has known for a generation past.

Of her officers, the flower of her chivalry, the pride of her breeding, but few remained to tell the tale—a sad tale truly, but one untinted with dishonour nor smirched with disgrace, for up these heights under similar circumstances, even a brigade of devils could scarce have hoped to pass. All that mortal man could do the Scots did; they tried, they failed, they fell, and there is nothing left us now but to revere their memory and give them a place of honor in the pages of history.

* * * * * *

Three hundred yards to the rear of the little township of Modder River, just as the sun was sinking in a blaze of African splendor, in the evening of Tuesday the 12th of December, a long shallow grave lay exposed in the breast of the veldt. To the westward, the broad river fringed with trees runs murmuringly; to the eastward, the heights still held by the enemy, scowled menacingly; north and south the veldt undulated

peacefully; a few paces to the northward of that grave, fifty dead Highlanders lay dressed as they had fallen on the field of battle: they had followed their chief to the field and they were to follow him to the grave.

How grim and stern these men looked as they lay face upward to the sky, with great hands clutched in the last agony, and brows still knit with the stern lust of the strife in which they had fallen. The plaids, dear to every Highland clan, were represented there, and out of the distance came the sound of pipes. It was the General coming to join his men. There, right under the eyes of the enemy, moved with slow and solemn tread all that remained of the Highland Brigade. In front of them walked the chaplain, with bared head, dressed in his robes of office; then came the pipers with their pipes, sixteen in all, and behind them, with arms reversed, moved the Highlanders, dressed in all the regalia of their regiments, and in the midst the dead General, borne by four of his comrades. Out swelled the pipes to the strains of "The Flowers of the Forest," now ringing proud and high until the soldier's head went back in haughty defiance—and eyes flashed through tears like sunlight on steel, now sinking to moaning wail like a woman mourning for her first-born, until the proud heads drooped forward till they rested on heaving chests, and tears rolled down the wan and scarred faces, and the choking sobs broke through the solemn rhythm of the march of death.

Right up to the grave they marched, then broke away in companies, until the General lay in the shallow grave with a Scottish square of armed men around him. Only the dead man's son and a small remnant of his officers stood with the chaplain and the pipers, while the solemn service of the church was spoken.

Then once again the pipes pealed out, and "Lochaber

No More" cut through the stillness like a cry of pain, until one could almost hear the widow in her Highland home mourning for the soldier she would welcome back no more.

Then, as if touched with the magic of one thought, the soldiers turned their tear-damped eyes from the still form in the shallow grave toward the height where Cronje, the Lion of Africa, and his soldiers stood. Then every cheek flushed crimson, and strong jaws set like steel, and the veins on the hands that clasped the rifle handles swelled almost to bursting with the fervor of the grip, and that look from those silent, armed men spoke more eloquently than ever spoke the tongues of orators. For on each frowning face the spirit of vengeance sat, and each sparkling eye asked silently for blood.

At the head of the grave, at the point nearest the enemy, the General was laid to sleep, his officers grouped around him, while in line behind him, his soldiers were laid in a double row wrapped in their blankets. No shots were fired over the dead men resting so peacefully, only the salute was given, and then the men marched campwards as the darkness of an African night rolled over the far-stretching breadth of the veldt.

—From "The London Daily News." (By permission.)

ODE

1746

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—*William Collins.*

FROM JULIUS CÆSAR

Act I. Scene I.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain Commoners over the Stage.*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire,
And do you now cull out a holiday,
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good-countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See, whe'r their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol:
This way will I: disrobe the images
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*

In what Stress do Flavius and Marullus speak when questioning the citizens? Why?

What Stress does the first citizen use?

How does the attitude of mind of the second citizen influence his Stress and Inflection? (Introduction, pp. 36 and 28.) Where does he change his Stress? For what reason?

Wherefore rejoice? Point out the various examples of Climax in this speech, and show how the voice indicates them. (Introduction, p. 38.)

Account for the Inflection on the various questions. (Introduction, pp. 26 and 27.)

See, whe'r their basest metal, etc. Note the change in tension and energy. What change in Pitch and Force is the natural result? (Introduction, pp. 30, 31, and 32.)

THE INDIGO BIRD

When I see,
High on the tip-top twig of a tree,
Something blue by the breezes stirred,
But so far up that the blue is blurred,
So far up no green leaf flies
Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,
Then I know, ere a note be heard,
That is naught but the Indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high,
And naught so blue by the breezes stirred
As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.

When I hear
A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear,
As though of some airy jest he had heard
The last and the most delightful word,
A laugh as fresh in the August haze
As it was in the full-voiced April days,
Then I know that my heart is stirred
By the laugh-like song of the Indigo bird.

Joy in the branch and joy in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high;
And naught so glad on the breezes heard
As the gay, gay note of the Indigo bird.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.* (*By permission.*)

PREPARATORY.—Suggest a picture which would serve as an illustration for this poem.

How does the imaging process affect the Pitch in the first two stanzas? (Introduction, p. 14.)

What feelings does the poem arouse? Where do these feelings reach a Climax? What is the effect on the Pitch?

What other Climax is found in the poem besides the Climax of feeling?

far, laugh, branch, glad. (Appendix A., 1.)

blue, breezes stirred. (Appendix A., 2 and 6.)

What is the Inflection on ll. 1–6 of Stanzas I. and III? (Introduction, p. 25.) How does the Pitch of these lines differ from that of ll. 7 and 8 of these Stanzas? Account for the change. (Introduction, p. 32.)

What are the contrasting words in l. 6, Stanza I?

Note the Grouping and Pause in ll. 3 and 4, Stanza III.

A WOOD LYRIC

Into the stilly woods I go,
Where the shades are deep and the wind-flowers blow,
And the hours are dreamy and lone and long,
And the power of silence is greater than song.
Into the stilly woods I go,
Where the leaves are cool and the wind-flowers blow.

When I go into the stilly woods,
And know all the flowers in their sweet, shy hoods,
The tender leaves in their shimmer and sheen
Of darkling shadow, diaphanous green,
In those haunted halls where my footstep falls,
Like one who enters cathedral walls,
A spirit of beauty floods over me,
As over a swimmer the waves of the sea,
That strengthens and glories, refreshens and fills,

Till all mine inner heart wakens and thrills
With a new and a glad and a sweet delight,
And a sense of the infinite out of sight,
Of the great unknown that we may not know,
But only feel with an inward glow
When into the great, glad woods we go.

O life-worn brothers, come with me
Into the wood's hushed sanctity,
Where the great, cool branches are heavy with June,
And the voices of summer are strung in tune;
Come with me, O heart outworn,
Or spirit whom life's brute-struggles have torn,
Come, tired and broken and wounded feet,
Where the walls are greening, the floors are sweet,
The roofs are breathing and heaven's airs meet.

Come, wash earth's grievings from out of the face,
The tear and the sneer and the warfare's trace,
Come, where the bells of the forest are ringing,
Come where the oriole's nest is swinging,
Where the brooks are foaming in amber pools,
The mornings are still and the noonday cools.
Cast off earth's sorrows and know what I know,
When into the glad, deep woods I go.

—*William Wilfred Campbell.* *(By permission.)*

Preparatory.—"An Afternoon alone in the Woods." Tell what one may see and think and feel. Illustrate by quotations from the poets.

Give numerous examples of momentary completeness throughout the poem. (Introduction, p. 24.)

How does the reader show that the first six lines of Stanza II. are merely anticipative? (Introduction, p. 25.)

What change is made in the Force in l. 7, Stanza II? (Introduction, p. 39.)

How is l. 9, Stanza II. connected with l. 7?

Observe the transition from description to appeal in Stanza III. By what change in vocal expression is it accompanied?

PERORATION OF OPENING SPEECH AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS

1. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

2. My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

3. Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

4. My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

5. Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under

whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise. We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject—offering a pledge, in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch.

6. My Lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they always have justified, that precision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great civil and military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun. My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions.

7. My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons, I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured. I impeach him in the name of the people of

India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate. I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated. I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

—*Edmund Burke.*

PREPARATORY.—Under what circumstances was this speech delivered? Describe the scene as you see it, noting the emotion which swayed the several parties interested.

What effect would the solemnity of the occasion and the gravity of the accusation have on the Quality of the speaker's voice? (Introduction, p. 40.)

Paragraph 2. **cause.** What words in paragraphs 3, 4, and 5 are emphatic through contrast with this word? Point out similar contrasts in paragraph 6.

Account for the Inflection on the various questions.

How are the Climaxes in paragraphs 2, 5, and 7 interpreted vocally? (Introduction, p. 38.)

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:

With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

PREPARATORY.—Point out the contrast of scene in Stanza I. How has the poet obtained contrast of sound? Note the difficulties of Articulation.

Enumerate the manifestations by means of which Sir Galahad apprehends the continual proximity of the Holy Grail.

Select the lines in which the mystical element is most strongly marked. What feeling is aroused in reading these lines?

In what Quality of voice does this feeling find expression? (Introduction, p. 41.)

What is the prevailing Quality of voice?

A rolling organ-harmony, etc. What idea predominates? How does it affect the Quality of voice? (Introduction, p. 40.)

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high:
Arise, ye more than dead.

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound;
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark! the foes come!
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choir above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her Organ vocal breath was given
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking Earth for Heaven!

Grand Chorus.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above:
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

—*John Dryden.*

What feeling pervades the first and last stanzas? The second stanza? In what Quality of voice does each of these feelings find expression? (Introduction, pp. 40 and 41.)

Illustrate by means of the third, fourth and fifth stanzas the extent to which Imitation enters into reading. (Introduction, pp. 13–15.)

What is the mental attitude in the sixth and seventh stanzas? What is the corresponding Stress? (Introduction, p. 36.)

Account for the gradually increasing Emphasis in ll. 11–15, 48–54, and 60–63. (Introduction, p. 38.)

3–6. What is the Shading and Inflection? (Introduction, pp. 39 and 25.) Compare with these ll. 55–61.

16. What is the Inflection on this question? (Introduction, p. 27.) Compare ll. 42–44.

21. **they thought.** How does the reader give to these words the force of a parenthetical clause? (Introduction, p. 31.)

22–23. Note the Grouping.

31. How does the voice make the transition to direct discourse? (Introduction, pp. 30, 31 and 33.)

44. **organ's.** Account for the marked Emphasis on this word. Compare **bright Cecilia,** l. 51.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast;
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,

By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed,
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

—*E. Pauline Johnson* (*Tekahionwake*).
(*By arrangement with the Author.*)

By Examples from the above poem show to what extent Imitation enters into vocal expression. (Introduction, pp. 3, 4, and 14.)

THE KEY TO HUMAN HAPPINESS

From "The Mill on the Floss"

1. At last Maggie's eyes glanced down on the books that lay on the window-shelf, and she half forsook her reverie to turn over listlessly the leaves of the "Portrait Gallery;" but she soon pushed this aside to examine the little row of books tied together with string: "Beauties of the Spectator," "Rasselas," "Economy of Human Life," "Gregory's Letters,"—she knew the sort of matter that was inside all these; the "Christian Year" —that seemed to be a hymn-book, and she laid it down again; but Thomas à Kempis?—the name had come across her in her reading, and she felt the satisfaction, which every one knows, of getting some ideas to attach

to a name that strays solitary in the memory. She took up the little, old, clumsy book with some curiosity; it had the corners turned down in many places, and some hand, now forever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen-and-ink marks, long since browned by time. Maggie turned from leaf to leaf, and read where the quiet hand pointed . . . "Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world. . . . . If thou seekest this or that, and would'st be here or there to enjoy thy own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet nor free from care; for in everything somewhat will be wanting, and in every place there will be some that will cross thee. . . . Both above and below, which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the Cross; and everywhere of necessity thou must have patience, if thou wilt have inward peace, and enjoy an everlasting crown. . . . It is but little thou sufferest in comparison of them that have suffered so much, were so strongly tempted, so grievously afflicted, so many ways tried and exercised. Thou oughtest therefore to call to mind the more heavy sufferings of others, that thou mayst the easier bear thy little adversities. And if they seem not little unto thee, beware lest thy impatience be the cause thereof. . . . Blessed are those ears that receive the whispers of the divine voice, and listen not to the whisperings of the world. Blessed are those ears which hearken not unto the voice which soundeth outwardly, but unto the truth which teacheth inwardly. . . ."

2. A strange thrill of awe passed through Maggie while she read, as if she had been wakened in the night by a strain of solemn music, telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in stupor. She went on from one brown mark to another, where the quiet

hand seemed to point, hardly conscious that she was reading—seeming rather to listen while a low voice said:—

3. "Why dost thou here gaze about, since this is not the place of thy rest? In heaven ought to be thy dwelling, and all earthly things are to be looked on as they forward thy journey thither. All things pass away, and thou together with them. Beware thou cleave not unto them, lest thou be entangled and perish. . . . If a man should give all his substance yet it is as nothing. And, if he should do great penances, yet they are but little. And if he should attain to all knowledge, he is yet far off. And if he should be of great virtue, and very fervent devotion, yet is there much wanting; to wit, one thing, which is most necessary for him. What is that? That having left all, he leave himself, and go wholly out of himself, and retain nothing of self-love. . . . I have often said unto thee, and now again I say the same, forsake thyself, resign thyself and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace. . . . Then shall all vain imaginations, evil perturbations, and superfluous cares fly away; then shall immoderate fear leave thee, and inordinate love shall die."

4. Maggie drew a long breath and pushed her heavy hair back as if to see a sudden vision more clearly. Here, then, was a secret of life that would enable her to renounce all other secrets—here was a sublime height to be reached without the help of outward things—here was insight, and strength and conquest to be won by means entirely within her own soul, where a supreme Teacher was waiting to be heard. It flashed through her like the suddenly apprehended solution of a problem, that all the miseries of her young life had come from fixing her heart on her own pleasure, as if that were the central necessity

of the universe, and for the first time she saw the possibility of shifting the position from which she looked at the gratification of her own desires, of taking her stand out of herself, and looking at her own life as an insignificant part of a divinely-guided whole. She read on and on in the old book, devouring eagerly the dialogues with the invisible Teacher, the pattern of sorrow, the source of all strength, returning to it after she had been called away, and reading till the sun went down behind the willows. With all the hurry of an imagination that could never rest in the present, she sat in the deepening twilight forming plans of self-humiliation and entire devotedness, and, in the ardor of first discovery, renunciation seemed to her the entrance into that satisfaction which she had so long been craving in vain. She had not perceived—how could she until she had lived longer?—the inmost truth of the old monk's outpourings, that renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly. Maggie was still panting for happiness, and was in ecstasy because she had found the key to it. She knew nothing of doctrines and systems—of mysticism or quietism: but this voice out of the far-off Middle Ages was the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience, and came to Maggie as an unquestioned message.

5. I suppose that is the reason why the small old-fashioned book, for which you need pay only sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness, while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's promptings; it is the chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph, not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are

treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt, and suffered, and renounced, in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.

—*George Eliot.*

Par. 1. **If thou seek'st . . . pleasure.** What principle of Inflection does this clause illustrate? Give similar examples from Paragraph 3. (Introduction, p. 23.)

Both above and below . . . everywhere. Which phrase in this series has the strongest emphasis? (Introduction, p. 38.)

thou sufferest. Which word is emphatic? (Introduction, p. 37.) What phrases are contrasted with it?

Account for the Inflection used in the last two sentences. (Introduction, p. 25.)

Par. 4. Give examples of Grouping in sentences 3 and 5.

how could she, etc. What is the Inflection and Shading? (Introduction, pp. 27 and 31.)

Par. 5. What is the Inflection on **not written . . . . stones?** (Introduction, p. 25.)

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

—*John Keats.*

PREPARATORY.—How is the fundamental idea of this sonnet illustrated in "The Key to Human Happiness?"

What feeling pervades the last six lines? In which line is this feeling most marked? In what Quality of voice does it find expression? (Introduction, p. 41.)

Select the words which are emphatic through contrast, expressed or implied. (Introduction, p. 38.)

GREAT THINGS WERE NE'ER BEGOTTEN IN AN HOUR

Great things were ne'er begotten in an hour;
Ephemerons in birth, are such in life;
And he who dareth, in the noble strife
Of intellects, to cope for real power,—
Such as God giveth as His rarest dower
Of mastery, to the few with greatness rife,—
Must, ere the morning mists have ceased to lower
Till the long shadows of the night arrive,
Stand in the arena. Laurels that are won,
Plucked from green boughs, soon wither; those that last
Are gather'd patiently, when sultry noon
And summer's fiery glare in vain are past.
Life is the hour of labour; on Earth's breast
Serene and undisturb'd shall be thy rest.

—*Sir Daniel Wilson.* (*By permission.*)

PREPARATORY.—What is the essential thought in this sonnet? Quote corresponding passages. Give illustrations from history and fiction.

What words are emphatic because of (*a*) contrast expressed, (*b*) contrast implied? (Introduction, p. 38.)

Read ll. 3–9, with a view to Perspective. (Introduction, p. 39.)

PARADISE AND THE PERI

From "Lalla Rookh"

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 wing'd 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 opens 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 Balbec 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 had 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.*

PREPARATORY.—Divide this selection into four scenes, describing minutely each scene, and pointing out what part of the poem it covers. (Introduction, pp. 9 and 10.)

What feelings are aroused by each scene?

Spirit, native, purity. (Appendix A., 10.)

1–4. Give two examples of Grouping from these lines. Give numerous other examples throughout the selection, and show how Grouping affects the Inflection and Pause. (Introduction, pp. 22, 23, 24, and 25.)

3–7. Read with a view to Perspective. Select other examples, noting especially ll. 17–22, 47–51, 72–77, and 112–117. (Introduction, p 39.)

9. **exclaimed this child of air.** (Introduction, p. 31.) Give other examples of direct discourse broken by narration.

54 and 56. **Sweet . . . Sweet.** Which word is more emphatic? (Introduction, p. 38.) Compare l. 105.

84. With what should **is rising** be connected? How? Compare **Upon the tear**, l. 116.

PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE KING AGRIPPA

Acts XXVI.

1. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself: I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: whereof I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

2. My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

3. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which things I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blas-

pheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

4. Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

5. Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, but shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judæa, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the

dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

6. And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

7. And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them. And when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

PREPARATORY.—Under what circumstances did Paul deliver this defence? Picture the scene.

What attitude of mind characterizes the speaker? How does this affect the reading?

How are the direct speeches in Paragraphs 1, 4, 6 and 7 made to stand out from the narrative? (Introduction, pp. 31 and 33.)

How does the mental and emotional state of the various speakers differ? Indicate this difference by the Quality of the voice. (Introduction, p. 40.)

Point out the Climax in Paragraph 3. How does the voice express it? (Introduction, p. 38.)

if they would testify. What change in the voice subordinates this clause? (Introduction, pp. 31, 33 and 39.) Give another example from Paragraph 2.

THE STRANDED SHIP

Far up the lonely strand the storm had lifted her.
And now along her keel the merry tides make stir
No more. The running waves that sparkled at her prow
Seethe to the chains and sing no more with laughter now.
No more the clean sea-furrow follows her. No more
To the hum of her gallant tackle the hale Nor'-westers roar.
No more her bulwarks journey. For the only boon they crave
Is the guerdon of all good ships and true, the boon of a deep-sea grave.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

No more she mounts the circles from Fundy to the Horn,
From Cuba to the Cape runs down the tropic morn,
Explores the Vast Uncharted where great bergs ride in ranks,
Nor shouts a broad "Ahoy" to the dories on the Banks.
No more she races freights to Zanzibar and back,
Nor creeps where the fog lies blind along the liners' track,
No more she dares the cyclone's disastrous core of calm
To greet across the dropping wave the amber isles of palm.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

Amid her trafficking peers, the wind-wise, journeyed ships,
At the black wharves no more, nor at the weedy slips,
She comes to port with cargo from many a storied clime.
No more to the rough-throat chantey her windlass creaks in time.
No more she loads for London with spices from Ceylon,—
With white spruce deals and wheat and apples from St. John.
No more from Pernambuco with cotton-bales,—no more
With hides from Buenos Ayres she clears for Baltimore.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

Wan with the slow vicissitudes of wind and rain and sun
How grieves her deck for the sailors whose hearty brawls are done!
Only the wandering gull brings word of the open wave,
With shrill scream at her taffrail deriding her alien grave.
Around the keel that raced the dolphin and the shark
Only the sand-wren twitters from barren dawn till dark;
And all the long blank noon the blank sand chafes and mars
The prow once swift to follow the lure of the dancing stars.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

And when the winds are low, and when the tides are still,
And the round moon rises inland over the naked hill,
And o'er her parching seams the dry cloud-shadows pass,
And dry along the land-rim lie the shadows of thin grass,
Then aches her soul with longing to launch and sink away
Where the fine silts lift and settle, the sea-things drift and stray,
To make the port of Last Desire, and slumber with her peers
In the tide-wash rocking softly through the unnumbered years.

Take me out, sink me deep in the green profound,
To sway with the long weed, swing with the drowned,
Where the change of the soft tide makes no sound,
Far below the keels of the outward bound.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.* (*By arrangement.*)

PREPARATORY.—What is the fundamental idea of the first three stanzas? Of the fourth stanza? Of the last stanza? Of the refrain? Apply these ideas to human life. What feelings do they arouse? Show that these feelings grow stronger as the poem advances.

What Time, Pitch and Stress are the natural expression of the atmosphere pervading the poem? Where are they most marked?

What effect has the atmosphere of the last stanza on the Quality of the voice?

her, stir. (Appendix A., 10.)

strand, far, calm, brawls. Distinguish the sound of *a* in these words, and select other words from the poem with the same sound. (Appendix A., 1.)

What is the Inflection on the negative statements in the first three stanzas? On the entreaty in the refrain? (Introduction, p. 26.)

What effect do the falling Inflection, and the pronounced Pause after **more,** l. 3, Stanza I. produce?

And when the winds . . . grass. What is the Inflection? What is the Shading when compared with the next line?

MR. PICKWICK'S SPEECH AT THE CLUB

From "Pickwick Papers"

A casual observer, adds the secretary,—to whose notes we are indebted for the following account — a casual observer might possibly have remarked nothing extraordinary in the bald head and circular spectacles; but to those who knew that the gigantic brain of Pickwick was working beneath that forehead, and that the beaming eyes of Pickwick were twinkling behind those glasses, the sight was indeed an interesting one. There sat the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his Theory of Tittlebats, as calm and unmoved as the deep waters of the one on a frosty day, or as a solitary specimen of the other in the inmost recesses of an earthen jar. And how much more interesting did the spectacle become when, starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for "Pickwick" burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the club himself had founded! What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat-tails, and the other waving in the air, to assist his glowing declamation; his elevated position revealing those tights and gaiters which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired voluntary awe and respect; surrounded by the men who had volunteered

to share the perils of his travels, and who were destined to participate in the glories of his discoveries.

"Mr. Pickwick observed" (says the secretary) "that fame was dear to the heart of every man. Poetic fame was dear to the heart of his friend Snodgrass; the fame of conquest was equally dear to his friend Tupman; and the desire of earning fame in the sports of the field, the air, and the water was uppermost in the breast of his friend Winkle. He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny that he was influenced by human passions and human feelings (cheers)—possibly by human weaknesses (loud cries of 'No'); but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom, the desire to benefit the human race in preference effectually quenched it. The praise of mankind was his Swing; philanthropy was his insurance office. (Vehement cheering). He had felt some pride—he acknowledged it freely, and let his enemies make the most of it—he had felt some pride when he presented his Tittlebatian Theory to the world; it might be celebrated or it might not. (A cry of 'It is,' and great cheering.) He would take the assertion of that honorable Pickwickian whose voice he had just heard—it was celebrated; but if the fame of that treatise were to extend to the farthest confines of the known world, the pride with which he should reflect on the authorship of that production would be as nothing compared with the pride with which he looked around him on this, the proudest moment of his existence. (Cheers.) He was a humble individual. ('No, no.') Still he could not but feel that they had selected him for a service of great honor and of some danger. Travelling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled. Let them look abroad and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage-

coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, boats were overturning, and boilers were bursting (cheers—a voice, 'No.') No! (Cheers.) Let that honorable Pickwickian who cried 'No' so loudly, come forward and deny it, if he could. (Cheers.) Who was it that cried 'No?' (Enthusiastic cheering.) Was it some vain and disappointed man—he would not say haberdasher—(loud cheers)—who, jealous of the praise which had been,—perhaps undeservedly—bestowed on his (Mr. Pickwick's) researches, and smarting under the censure which had been heaped upon his own feeble attempts at rivalry, now took this vile and calumnious mode of—"

"Mr. Blotten (of Aldgate) rose to order. Did the honorable Pickwickian allude to him?" (Cries of 'Order,' 'Chair,' 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Go on,' 'Leave off,' etc.)

"Mr. Pickwick would not put up to be put down by clamor. He had alluded to the honorable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

"Mr. Blotten would only say, then, that he repelled the honorable gentleman's false and scurrilous accusation with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The honorable gentleman was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of 'Chair,' and 'Order.')

"Mr. A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. ('Hear.') He wished to know whether this disgraceful contest between two members of that club should be allowed to continue. ('Hear, hear.')

"The Chairman was quite sure the honorable Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

"Mr. Blotten, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

"The Chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand

of the honorable gentleman whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him in a common sense.

"Mr. Blotten had no hesitation in saying that he had not—he had used the term in its Pickwickian sense. ('Hear, hear.') He was bound to acknowledge, that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honorable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. ('Hear, hear.')

"Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid and full explanation of his honorable friend. He begged it to be at once understood that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers.)"

—*Charles Dickens.*

How does the reader give a two-fold meaning to Pickwick's speech, viz., his own interpretation as well as Pickwick's? (Introduction, pp. 28 and 36.)

How does the voice indicate that parenthetical clauses are of secondary importance? (Introduction, pp. 31 and 33.)

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

From "The Seats of the Mighty"

The great night came, starlit and serene. The camp-fires of two armies spotted the shores of the wide river, and the ships lay like wild fowl in convoys above the town from where the arrow of fate should be sped. Darkness upon the river, and fireflies upon the shore. At Beauport, an untiring General, who for a hundred days had snatched sleep, booted and spurred, and in the ebb of a losing game, longed for his adored Candiac,

grieved for a beloved daughter's death, sent cheerful messages to his aged mother and to his wife, and by the deeper protests of his love foreshadowed his own doom. At Cap Rouge, a dying commander, unperturbed and valiant, reached out a finger to trace the last movements in a desperate campaign of life that opened in Flanders at sixteen; of which the end began when he took from his bosom the portrait of his affianced wife, and said to his old schoolfellow, "Give this to her, Jervis, for we shall meet no more."

Then, passing to the deck, silent and steady, no signs of pain upon his face, so had the calm come to him, as to Nature and this beleaguered city, before the whirlwind, he looked out upon the clustered groups of boats filled with the flower of his army, settled in a menacing tranquillity. There lay the Light Infantry, Bragg's, Kennedy's, Lascelles's, Anstruther's Regiment, Fraser's Highlanders, and the much-loved, much-blamed, and impetuous Louisburg Grenadiers. Steady, indomitable, silent as cats, precise as mathematicians, he could trust them, as they loved his awkward, pain-twisted body and ugly red hair.

From boat to boat the General's eye passed, then shifted to the ships—the Squirrel, the Leostaff, the Seahorse, and the rest—and lastly to where the army of Bougainville lay. Then there came towards him an officer, who said quietly, "The tide has turned, sir." For reply the General made a swift motion towards the maintop shrouds, and almost instantly lanterns showed in them. In response, the crowded boats began to cast away, and, immediately descending, the General passed into his own boat, drew to the front, and drifted in the current ahead of his gallant men, the ships following after.

It was two by the clock when the boats began to move, and slowly we ranged down the stream, silently steered, carried by the current. No paddle, no creaking oar-lock, broke the stillness. I was in the next boat to the General's, for, with Clark and twenty-two other volunteers to the forlorn hope, I was to show the way up the heights, and we were near to his person for over two hours that night. No moon was shining, but I could see the General plainly; and once, when our boats almost touched, he saw me, and said graciously, "If they get up, Mr. Moray, you are free to serve yourself."

My heart was full of love of country then, and I answered, "I hope, sir, to serve you till your flag is hoisted on the citadel."

He turned to a young midshipman beside him, and said, "How old are you, sir?"

"Seventeen, sir," was the reply.

"It is the most lasting passion," he said, musing.

It seemed to me then, and I still think it, that the passion he meant was love of country. A moment afterwards I heard him recite to the officers about him, in a low, clear tone, some verses by Mr. Gray, the poet, which I had never then read, though I have prized them since. Under those frowning heights, and the smell from our roaring distant thirty-two pounders in the air, I heard him say:

> "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
> The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

I have heard finer voices than his—it was as tin beside Doltaire's—but something in it pierced me that

night, and I felt the man, the perfect hero, when he said;

> "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."

Soon afterwards we neared the end of our quest, the tide carrying us in to shore; and down from the dark heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer, who said in French that we were provision-boats for Montcalm: these, we knew, had been expected! Then came the batteries of Samos. Again we passed with the same excuse, rounded a headland, and the great work was begun.

The boats of the Light Infantry swung in to shore. No sentry challenged, but I knew that at the top Lancy's tents were set. When the Light Infantry had landed, we twenty-four volunteers stood still for a moment, and I pointed out the way. Before we started, we stooped beside a brook that leaped lightly down the ravine and drank a little rum and water. Then I led the way, Clark at one side of me, and a soldier of the Light Infantry at the other. It was hard climbing, but, following in our careful steps as silently as they might, the good fellows came eagerly after. Once a rock broke loose and came tumbling down, but plunged into a thicket, where it stayed; else it might have done for us entirely. I breathed freely when it stopped. Once, too, a branch cracked loudly, and we lay still; but hearing nothing above, we pushed on, and, sweating greatly, came close to the top.

Here Clark and I drew back, for such honour as there might be in gaining the heights first I wished to

go to these soldiers who had trusted their lives to my guidance. I let six go by and reach the heights, and then I drew myself up. We did not stir till all twenty-four were safe; then we made a dash for the tents of Lancy, which now showed in the first gray light of morning. We were discovered, and shots greeted us; but we were on them instantly, and in a moment I had the pleasure of putting a bullet in Lancy's heel, and brought him down. Our cheers told the General the news, and soon hundreds of soldiers were climbing the hard way that we had come.

And now, while an army climbed to the heights of Maître Abraham, Admiral Saunders in the gray dawn was bombarding Montcalm's encampment, and boats filled with marines and soldiers drew to the Beauport flats, as if to land there; while shots, bombs, shells and carcasses were hurled from Levis upon the town, deceiving Montcalm. At last, however, suspecting, he rode towards the town at six o'clock, and saw our scarlet ranks spread across the plains between him and Bougainville, and on the crest, nearer to him, eying us in amazement, the white-coated battalion of Guienne, which should the day before have occupied the very ground held by Lancy. A slight rain falling added to their gloom, but cheered us. It gave us a better light to fight by, for in the clear September air, the bright sun shining in our faces, they would have had us at advantage.

In another hour the gates of St. John and St. Louis emptied out upon this battlefield a warring flood of our foes. It was a handsome sight: the white uniforms of the brave regiments, Roussillon, La Sarre, Guienne, Languedoc, Béarn, mixed with the dark, excitable militia, the sturdy burghers of the town, a band of

coureurs de bois in their rough hunter's costume, and whooping Indians, painted and furious, ready to eat us. At last here was to be a test of fighting in open field, though the French had in their whole army twice the number of our men, a walled and provisioned city behind them, and field-pieces in great number to bring against us.

But there was bungling with them. Vaudreuil hung back or came tardily from Beauport; Bougainville had not yet arrived; and when they might have pitted twice our number against us, they had not many more than we. With Bougainville behind us and Montcalm in front, we might have been checked, though there was no man in all our army but believed that we should win the day. I could plainly see Montcalm, mounted on a dark horse, riding along the lines as they formed against us, waving his sword, a truly gallant figure. He was answered by a roar of applause and greeting. On the left their Indians and burghers overlapped our second line, where Townsend with Amherst's and the Light Infantry, and Colonel Burton with the Royal Americans and Light Infantry, guarded our flank, prepared to meet Bougainville. In vain our foes tried to get between our right flank and the river; Otway's Regiment, thrown out, defeated that.

It was my hope that Doltaire was with Montcalm, and that we might meet and end our quarrel. I came to know afterwards that it was he who had induced Montcalm to send the battalion of Guienne to the heights above the Anse du Foulon. The battalion had not been moved till twenty-four hours after the order was given, or we should never have gained those heights; stones rolled from the cliff would have destroyed an army!

We waited, Clark and I, with the Louisburg Grenadiers while they formed. We made no noise, but stood steady and still, the bagpipes of the Highlanders shrilly challenging. At eight o'clock sharpshooters began firing on us from the left, and our skirmishers were thrown out to hold them in check, or drive them from the houses where they sheltered and galled Townsend's men. Their field-pieces opened on us, too, and yet we did nothing, but at nine o'clock, being ordered, we lay down and waited still. There was no restlessness, no anxiety, no show of doubt, for these men of ours were old fighters, and they trusted their leaders. From bushes, trees, coverts, and fields of grain there came that constant hail of fire, and there fell upon our ranks a doggedness, a quiet anger, which grew into a grisly patience. The only pleasure we had in two long hours was in watching our two brass six-pounders play upon the irregular ranks of our foes, making confusion, and Townsend drive back a detachment of cavalry from Cap Rouge, which sought to break our left flank and reach Montcalm.

We had seen the stars go down, the cold, mottled light of dawn break over the battered city and the heights of Charlesbourg; we had watched the sun come up, and then steal away behind the slow-travelling clouds and hanging mist; we had looked across over unreaped cornfields and the dull, slovenly St. Charles, knowing that endless leagues of country, north and south, east and west, lay in the balance for the last time. I believed that this day would see the last of the strife between England and France for dominion here; of La Pompadour's spite which I had roused to action against my country; of the struggle between Doltaire and myself.

The public stake was worthy of our army—worthy of the dauntless soldier who had begged his physicians to

patch him up long enough to fight this fight, whereon he staked reputation, life, all that a man loves in the world; the private stake was more than worthy of my long sufferings. I thought that Montcalm would have waited for Vaudreuil, but no. At ten o'clock his three columns came down upon us briskly, making a wild rattle; two columns moving upon our right and one upon our left, firing obliquely and constantly as they marched. Then came the command to rise, and we stood up and waited, our muskets loaded with an extra ball. I could feel the stern malice in our ranks, as we stood there and took, without returning a shot, that damnable fire. Minute after minute passed; then came the sharp command to advance. We did so, and again halted, and yet no shot came from us. We stood there inactive, a long palisade of red.

At last I saw our General raise his sword, a command rang down the long line of battle, and, like one terrible cannon-shot, our muskets sang together with as perfect a precision as on a private field of exercise. Then, waiting for the smoke to clear a little, another volley came with almost the same precision; after which the firing came in choppy waves of sound, and again in a persistent clattering. Then a light breeze lifted the smoke and mist well away, and a wayward sunlight showed us our foe, like a long white wave retreating from a rocky shore, bending, crumbling, breaking, and, in a hundred little billows, fleeing seaward.

Thus checked, confounded, the French army trembled and fell back. Then I heard the order to charge, and from nearly four thousand throats there came for the first time our exultant British cheer, and high over all rang the slogan of Fraser's Highlanders. To my left I saw the flashing broadswords of the clansmen, ahead of

all the rest. Those sickles of death clove through and broke the battalions of La Sarre, and Lascelles scattered the soldiers of Languedoc into flying columns. We on the right, led by Wolfe, charged the desperate and valiant men of Roussillon and Guienne and the impetuous sharpshooters of the militia. As we came on I observed the General sway and push forward again, and then I lost sight of him, for I saw what gave the battle a new interest to me: Doltaire, cool and deliberate, animating and encouraging the French troops.

* * * * * *

When I turned, Clark stood alone beside me. Dazed as I was, I did not at first grasp the significance of that fact. I looked towards the town, and saw the French army hustling into the St. Louis Gate; saw the Highlanders charging the bushes at the Côte Ste. Genevieve, where the brave Canadians made their last stand; saw, not fifty feet away, the noblest soldier of our time, even General Wolfe, dead in the arms of Mr. Henderson, a volunteer in the Twenty-second.

—*By permission of Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.*

PREPARATORY.—Around what three points does the chief interest centre? Describe each scene, give it a descriptive title, and tell what part of the selection it covers.

"It is the most lasting passion . . . love of country." Show that the life of the peasant woman and the exile in Browning's "The Italian in England" justifies this statement. Compare with these the conduct of Don Silva and Fedalma in George Eliot's "The Spanish Gipsy."

Examine, in this respect, Mrs. Browning's "A Forced Recruit at Solferino."

How will the emotion aroused by such considerations differ in character and vocal expression from that aroused by the reading of such poems as "The Banner of St. George," "Scots Wha Hae," etc.?

THE DAY WAS LINGERING

The day was lingering in the pale north-west,
  And night was hanging o'er my head,—
  Night where a myriad stars were spread;
While down in the east, where the light was least,
  Seem'd the home of the quiet dead.
And, as I gazed on the field sublime,
  To watch the bright, pulsating stars,
  Adown the deep where the angels sleep
Came drawn the golden chime
  Of those great spheres that sound the years
For the horologe of time.
  Millenniums numberless they told,
  Milleniums a million-fold
From the ancient hour of prime.

—*Charles Heavysege.*

PREPARATORY. — Quote other passages from literature which suggest the "music of the spheres." Compare with these Dryden's "Song for Saint Cecilia's Day."

What is the atmosphere of ll. 1–4? Of ll. 5–14? In what two different Qualities of voice do the corresponding feelings find expression?

Read ll. 6–11, with a view to Perspective.

Note the Grouping in ll. 9–11.

—For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

—Wordsworth.

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, belovéd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

SONNET

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1803

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill:
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

—*William Wordsworth.*

What feeling is aroused in reading this sonnet? In which lines does it find explicit expression? How does it affect the Quality of the voice? (Introduction, p. 40.)

ll. 6 and 10. How is the Time affected by the imaging process? (Introduction, p. 20.)

Ne'er saw, never felt. Which words are emphatic? (Introduction, p. 37.)

HERVÉ RIEL

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding, ship on ship, to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
"Help the winners of the race!
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board:
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty guns,

Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring! Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all these,—
A captain? a lieutenant? a mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor, coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries
Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river
disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's
for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me, there's a way!
"Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait!
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
"Captains, give the sailor place,
He is Admiral, in brief."
Still the north wind, by God's grace;
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock!
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past!
All are harbor'd to the last!
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come,—too late.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank, blue Breton eyes,—
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue.
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but
a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may,—
Since the others go ashore,—

Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel!
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

—*Robert Browning.*

PREPARATORY.—Narrate briefly the events of the poem and describe (*a*) the council, (*b*) the scene after the ships are safely anchored.

How does this poem illustrate the truth that the highest motive in life is duty? From this standpoint compare Hervé Riel with Sir Richard Grenville in Tennyson's "The Revenge."

Give other examples to show that true nobility does not depend on such externals as rank and position.

2. **woe to France.** How does the voice indicate that this phrase is parenthetical? (Introduction, p. 31.)

4. What is the subject of **pursue**? Its object? How does the reader make the meaning clear?

3–5. What is the Shading? (Introduction, p. 39.)

8 and 14. Supply the ellipsis in each case. How is the reading affected by an ellipsis? (Introduction, p. 21.)

12–14. What is the Stress? (Introduction, p. 34.)

16–25. What feelings characterize these lines? What is the Stress? (Introduction, p. 35.)

twelve and eighty guns, twenty tons. What is the difference in the Quality of voice. Compare **man of mark, simple Breton sailor,** ll. 40 and 42.

26. Where is the Pause? Why?

Note the transitions in ll. 27, 31, 32 and 33. How is each one indicated?

38. **stood, stepped, struck.** Observe the increased Emphasis. (Introduction, p. 38.) Compare ll. 46 and 69.

41–43. Note the contrast. What is the Inflection on each part? (Introduction, p. 28.)

45–66. What state of mind does Hervé Riel's speech indicate throughout? What feelings predominate when he addresses (*a*) the Malouins, (*b*) the officers? What Time, Pitch, Force, and Stress are the natural expression?

46. **cowards, fools, rogues.** What is the Inflection on each word? (Introduction, p. 27.)

65. **Keel so much, etc.** Note the Pause and Grouping.

72, 73–76, 77–84. What is the predominant feeling in each passage?

104–113. Compare the self-control of Damfreville's speech with the impulsive shout of the preceding stanza. What is the resulting difference in vocal expression?

114–116. Note the Pause and Grouping.

118–122. What is the Inflection? (Introduction, p. 25.)

128. With what is **in his Croisic** connected? How? (Introduction, pp. 24 and 25.)

129–132. Observe the Grouping.

"Do the duty that is nearest thee"—that first, and that well; all the rest will disclose themselves with increasing clearness, and make their successive demand. Were your duties never so small, . . . set yourself with double and treble energy and punctuality to do them.

—Carlyle.

ON THE DEATH OF GLADSTONE

Delivered in the Canadian House of Commons, May 26, 1898

England has lost the most illustrious of her sons; but the loss is not England's alone, nor is it confined to the great empire which acknowledges England's suzerainty, nor even to the proud race which can claim kinship with the people of England. The loss is the loss of mankind. Mr. Gladstone gave his whole life to his country; but the work which he did for his country, was conceived and carried out, on principles of such high elevation, for purposes so noble, and aims so lofty, that not his country alone, but the whole of mankind, benefited by his work. It is no exaggeration to say that he has raised the standard of civilization, and the world to-day is undoubtedly better for both the precept and the example of his life. His death is mourned not only by England, the land of his birth, not only by Scotland, the land of his ancestors, not only by Ireland for whom he did so much, and attempted so much more; but also by the people of the two Sicilies, for whose outraged rights he once aroused the conscience of Europe, by the people of the Ionian Islands, whose independence he secured, and by the people of Bulgaria and the Danubian Provinces, in whose cause he enlisted the sympathy of his own native country. Indeed, since the days of Napoleon, no man has lived whose name has travelled so far and so wide, over the surface of the earth; no man has lived whose name alone so deeply moved the hearts of so many millions of men. Whereas Napoleon impressed his tremendous personality upon peoples far and near, by the strange fascination which

the genius of war has always exercised over the imagination of men in all lands and in all ages, the name of Gladstone had come to be in the minds of all civilized nations, the living incarnation of right against might—the champion, the dauntless, tireless champion, of the oppressed against the oppressor. It is, I believe, equally true to say that he was the most marvellous mental organization which the world has seen since Napoleon—certainly the most compact, the most active and the most universal.

This last half century in which we live, has produced many able and strong men who, in different walks of life, have attracted the attention of the world at large; and of the men who have illustrated this age, it seems to me that in the eyes of posterity four will outlive and outshine all others—Cavour, Lincoln, Bismarck and Gladstone. If we look simply at the magnitude of the results obtained, compared with the exiguity of the resources at command,—if we remember that out of the small Kingdom of Sardinia grew united Italy, we must come to the conclusion that Count Cavour was undoubtedly a statesman of mavellous skill and prescience. Abraham Lincoln, unknown to fame when he was elected to the presidency, exhibited a power for the government of men which has scarcely been surpassed in any age. He saved the American Union, he enfranchised the black race, and for the task he had to perform he was endowed in some respects almost miraculously. No man ever displayed a greater insight into the motives, the complex motives, which shape the public opinion of a free country, and he possessed almost to the degree of an instinct, the supreme quality in a statesman of taking the right decision, taking it at the right moment and expressing it in language of

incomparable felicity. Prince Bismarck was the embodiment of resolute common sense, unflinching determination, relentless strength, moving onward to his end, and crushing everything in his way as unconcerned as fate itself. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly excelled every one of these men. He had in his person a combination of varied powers of the human intellect, rarely to be found in one single individual. He had the imaginative fancy, the poetic conception of things, in which Count Cavour was deficient. He had the aptitude for business, the financial ability which Lincoln never exhibited. He had the lofty impulses, the generous inspirations which Prince Bismarck always discarded, even if he did not treat them with scorn. He was at once an orator, a statesman, a poet, and a man of business. As an orator he stands certainly in the very front rank of orators of his country or any country of his age or any age. I remember when Louis Blanc was in England, in the days of the Second Empire, he used to write to the press of Paris, and in one of his letters to "Le Temps" he stated that Mr. Gladstone would undoubtedly have been the foremost orator of England, if it were not for the existence of Mr. Bright. It may be admitted, and I think it is admitted generally, that on some occasions Mr. Bright reached heights of grandeur and pathos which even Mr. Gladstone did not attain. But Mr. Gladstone had an ability, a vigor, a fluency which no man in his age or any age ever rivalled or even approached. That is not all. To his marvellous mental powers he added no less marvellous physical gifts. He had the eye of a god, the voice of a silver bell; and the very fire of his eye, the very music of his voice swept the hearts of men even before they had been dazzled by the torrents of his eloquence.

As a statesman, it was the good fortune of Mr. Gladstone that his career was not associated with war. The reforms which he effected, the triumphs which he achieved, were not won by the supreme arbitrament of the sword. The reforms which he effected and the triumphs which he achieved were the result of his power of persuasion over his fellow men. The reforms which he achieved in many ways amounted to a revolution. They changed, in many particulars, the face of the realm. After Sir Robert Peel had adopted the great principle which eventually carried England from protection to free trade, it was Mr. Gladstone who created the financial system which has been admitted ever since by all students of finance, as the secret of Great Britain's commercial success. He enforced the extension of the suffrage to the masses of the nation, and practically thereby made the government of monarchial England as democratic as that of any republic. He disestablished the Irish church, he introduced reform into the land tenure and brought hope into the breast of those tillers of the soil in Ireland who had for so many generations labored in despair. And all this he did, not by force or violence, but simply by the power of his eloquence and the strength of his personality.

Great, however, as were the acts of the man, after all he was of the human flesh, and for him, as for everybody else, there were trivial and low duties to be performed. It is no exaggeration to say that even in those low and trivial duties he was great. He ennobled the common realities of life. His was above all things a religious mind—essentially religious in the highest sense of the term. And the religious sentiment which dominated his public life and his speeches, that same sentiment, according to the testimony of those who knew him

best, also permeated all his actions from the highest to the humblest. He was a man of strong and pure affections, of long and lasting friendship, and to describe the beauty of his domestic life, no words of praise can be adequate. It was simply ideally beautiful, and in the later years of his life, as touching as it was beautiful. May I be permitted, without any impropriety, to recall that it was my privilege to experience and to appreciate that courtesy, made up of dignity and grace, which was famous all the world over, but of which no one could have an appropriate opinion, unless he had been the recipient of it. In a character so complex and diversified, one may ask what was the dominant feature, what was the supreme quality, the one characteristic which marked the nature of the man. Was it his incomparable genius for finance? Was it his splendid oratorical powers? Was it his marvellous fecundity of mind? In my estimation it was not any one of these qualities. Great as they were, there was one still more marked, and if I have to give my own impression, I would say that the one trait which was dominant in his nature, which marked the man more distinctly than any other, was his intense humanity, his paramount sense of right, his abhorrence of injustice, wrong, and oppression wherever to be found or in whatever shape they might show themselves. Injustice, wrong, oppression acted upon him, as it were, mechanically, and aroused every fibre of his being, and from that moment to the repairing of the injustice, the undoing of the wrong, and the destruction of the oppression, he gave his mind, his heart, his soul, his whole life with an energy, with an intensity, with a vigor paralleled in no man unless it be the first Napoleon. There are many evidences of this in his life. When he was travelling in Southern Italy, as a tourist, for plea-

sure and for the benefit of the health of his family, he became aware of the abominable system which was there prevailing under the name of Constitutional Government. He left everything aside, even the object which had brought him to Italy, and applied himself to investigate and to collect evidence, and then denounced the abominable system in a trumpet blast of such power that it shook to its very foundations the throne of King Ferdinand and sent it tottering to its fall. Again, when he was sent as High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, the injustice of keeping this Hellenic population separated from the rest of Greece, separated from the kingdom to which they were adjacent, and towards which all their aspirations were raised, struck his generous soul with such force that he became practically their advocate, and secured their independence. Again, when he had withdrawn from public life, and when, in the language of Thiers, under somewhat similar circumstances, he had returned to "ses chères études," the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks on the people of Roumania brought him back to public life with a vehemence, an impetuosity, and a torrent of fierce indignation that swept everything before it. If this be, as I think it is, the one distinctive feature of his character, it seems to explain away what are called the inconsistencies of his life. Inconsistencies there were none in his life. He had been brought up in the most unbending school of Toryism. He became the most active reformer of our times. But whilst he became the leader of the Liberal party and an active reformer, it is only due to him to say that in his complex mind there was a vast space for what is known as conservatism. His mind was not only liberal but conservative as well, and he clung to the affections of his youth until, in questions of practical moment, he found them clash-

ing with that sense of right and abhorrence of injustice of which I have spoken. But the moment he found his conservative affections clash with what he thought right and just, he did not hesitate to abandon his former convictions and go the whole length of the reforms demanded. Thus he was always devotedly, filially, lovingly attached to the Church of England. He loved it, as he often declared. He adhered to it as an establishment in England, but the very reasons and arguments which, in his mind, justified the establishment of the Church in England, compelled him to a different course as far as that Church was concerned in Ireland. In England the Church was the church of the majority, of almost the unanimity of the nation. In Ireland it was the church of the minority, and, therefore, he did not hesitate. His course was clear: he removed the one church and maintained the other. So it was with Home Rule. But coming to the subject of Home Rule, though there may be much to say, perhaps this is neither the occasion nor the place to say it. The Irish problem is dormant, not solved; but the policy proposed by Mr. Gladstone for the solution of this question has provoked too much bitterness, too deep division, even on the floor of this House, to make it advisable to say anything about it on this occasion.

I notice it, however, simply because it is the last and everlasting monument of that high sense of justice which, above all things, characterized him. When he became convinced that Home Rule was the only method whereby the long-open wound could be healed, he did not hesitate one moment, even though he were to sacrifice friends, power, popularity. And he sacrificed friends, power, popularity, in order to give that supreme measure of justice to a long-suffering people. Whatever

may be the views which men entertain upon the policy of Home Rule, whether they favor that policy or whether they oppose it, whether they believe in it or whether they do not believe in it, every man, whether friend or foe of that measure, must say that it was not only a bold, but it was a noble thought, that of attempting to cure discontent in Ireland by trusting to Irish honour and Irish generosity.

Now, Sir, he is no more. England is to-day in tears, but fortunate is the nation which has produced such a man. His years are over; but his work is not closed; his work is still going on. The example which he gave to the world shall live for ever, and the seed which he has sown with such a copious hand shall still germinate and bear fruit under the full light of heaven.

—*Sir Wilfrid Laurier.* (*By permission.*)

In reading this speech, apply the principles of Emphasis, Inflection, Grouping, and Perspective illustrated in the preceding lessons.

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS

December, 1697

The Rhine is running deep and red, the island lies before,—
"Now is there one of all the host will dare to venture o'er?
For not alone the river's sweep might make a brave man quail;
The foe are on the further side, their shot comes fast as hail.
God help us, if the middle isle we may not hope to win;
Now is there any of the host will dare to venture in?"

"The ford is deep, the banks are steep, the island-shore
lies wide;
Nor man nor horse could stem its force, or reach the
further side.
See there! amidst the willow-boughs the serried bayonets
gleam;
They've flung their bridge,—they've won the isle; the
foe have cross'd the stream!
Their volley flashes sharp and strong,—by all the saints!
I trow
There never yet was soldier born could force that passage
now!"

So spoke the bold French Mareschal with him who led
the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view the turbid river
ran.
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross the wild and
swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank far stretch'd the
German line.
Hard by there stood a swarthy man was leaning on his
sword,
And a sadden'd smile lit up his face as he heard the
Captain's word.
"I've seen a wilder stream ere now than that which
rushes there;
I've stemm'd a heavier torrent yet and never thought to
dare.
If German steel be sharp and keen, is ours not strong
and true?
There may be danger in the deed, but there is honor too."

The old lord in his saddle turn'd, and hastily he said,
"Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart awaken'd from the dead?
Thou art the leader of the Scots,—now well and sure I know,
That gentle blood in dangerous hour ne'er yet ran cold nor slow,
And I have seen ye in the fight do all that mortal may:
If honor is the boon ye seek, it may be won this day,—
The prize is in the middle isle, there lies the adventurous way,
And armies twain are on the plain, the daring deed to see,—
Now ask thy gallant company if they will follow thee!"

Right gladsome look'd the Captain then, and nothing did he say,
But he turn'd him to his little band,—O, few, I ween, were they!
The relics of the bravest force that ever fought in fray.
No one of all that company but bore a gentle name,
Not one whose fathers had not stood in Scotland's fields of fame.
All they had march'd with great Dundee to where he fought and fell,
And in the deadly battle-strife had venged their leader well;
And they had bent the knee to earth when every eye was dim,
As o'er their hero's buried corpse they sang the funeral hymn;
And they had trod the Pass once more, and stoop'd on either side

To pluck the heather from the spot where he had dropp'd and died;
And they had bound it next their hearts, and ta'en a last farewell
Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky, where Scotland's glory fell.
Then went they forth to foreign lands like bent and broken men,
Who leave their dearest hope behind, and may not turn again.

"The stream," he said, "is broad and deep, and stubborn is the foe,—
Yon island-strength is guarded well,—say, brothers, will ye go?
From home and kin for many a year our steps have wander'd wide,
And never may our bones be laid our fathers' graves beside.
No children have we to lament, no wives to wail our fall;
The traitor's and the spoiler's hand have reft our hearths of all.
But we have hearts, and we have arms, as strong to will and dare
As when our ancient banners flew within the northern air.
Come, brothers! let me name a spell shall rouse your souls again,
And send the old blood bounding free through pulse and heart and vein.
Call back the days of bygone years,—be young and strong once more;
Think yonder stream, so stark and red, is one we've cross'd before.

Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood! rise up on either hand,—
Again upon the Garry's banks, on Scottish soil we stand!
Again I see the tartans wave, again the trumpets ring;
Again I hear our leader's call: 'Upon them for the King!'
Stay'd we behind that glorious day for roaring flood or linn?
The soul of Græme is with us still,—now, brothers, will ye in?"

No stay,—no pause. With one accord, they grasp'd each other's hand,
Then plunged into the angry flood, that bold and dauntless band.
High flew the spray above their heads, yet onward still they bore,
Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell, and shot, and cannon-roar,—
"Now, by the Holy Cross! I swear, since earth and sea began,
Was never such a daring deed essay'd by mortal man!"

Thick blew the smoke across the stream, and faster flash'd the flame:
The water plash'd in hissing jets as ball and bullet came.
Yet onwards push'd the Cavaliers all stern and undismay'd,
With thousand arméd foes before, and none behind to aid.
Once, as they near'd the middle stream, so strong the torrent swept,

That scarce that long and living wall their dangerous footing kept.
Then rose a warning cry behind, a joyous shout before:
"The current's strong,—the way is long,—they'll never reach the shore!
See, see! they stagger in the midst, they waver in their line!
Fire on the madmen! break their ranks, and whelm them in the Rhine!"

Have you seen the tall trees swaying when the blast is sounding shrill,
And the whirlwind reels in fury down the gorges of the hill?
How they toss their mighty branches struggling with the tempest's shock;
How they keep their place of vantage, cleaving firmly to the rock?
Even so the Scottish warriors held their own against the river;
Though the water flashed around them, not an eye was seen to quiver;
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly, not a man relax'd his hold;
For their hearts were big and thrilling with the mighty thoughts of old.
One word was spoke among them, and through the ranks it spread,—
"Remember our dead Claverhouse!" was all the Captain said.
Then, sternly bending forward, they wrestled on a while,
Until they clear'd the heavy stream, then rush'd towards the isle.

The German heart is stout and true, the German arm is strong;
The German foot goes seldom back where arméd foemen throng.
But never had they faced in field so stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep of Scotland's broad claymore.
Not fiercer pours the avalanche adown the steep incline,
That rises o'er the parent springs of rough and rapid Rhine,—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven than came the Scottish band
Right up against the guarded trench, and o'er it sword in hand.
In vain their leaders forward press,—they meet the deadly brand!

O lonely island of the Rhine,—where seed was never sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands, by those strong reapers thrown?
What saw the winter moon that night, as, struggling through the rain,
She pour'd a wan and fitful light on marsh, and stream, and plain?
A dreary spot with corpses strewn, and bayonets glistening round;
A broken bridge, a stranded boat, a bare and batter'd mound;
And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile, that sent its quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host the conquering Scots were there.

And did they twine the laurel-wreath, for those who fought so well?
And did they honor those who liv'd, and weep for those who fell?
What meed of thanks was given to them let agéd annals tell.
Why should they bring the laurel-wreath,—why crown the cup with wine?
It was not Frenchmen's blood that flow'd so freely on the Rhine,—
A stranger band of beggar'd men had done the venturous deed:
The glory was to France alone, the danger was their meed.
And what cared they for idle thanks from foreign prince and peer?
What virtue had such honey'd words the exiled heart to cheer?
What matter'd it that men should vaunt and loud and fondly swear,
That higher feat of chivalry was never wrought elsewhere?
They bore within their breasts the grief that fame can never heal,—
The deep, unutterable woe which none save exiles feel.
Their hearts were yearning for the land they ne'er might see again,—
For Scotland's high and heather'd hills, for mountains, loch and glen—
For those who haply lay at rest beyond the distant sea,
Beneath the green and daisied turf where they would gladly be!

Long years went by. The lonely isle in Rhine's tempestuous flood
Has ta'en another name from those who bought it with their blood:
And, though the legend does not live,—for legends lightly die—
The peasant, as he sees the stream in winter rolling by,
And foaming o'er its channel-bed between him and the spot
Won by the warriors of the sword, still calls that deep and dangerous ford
The Passage of the Scot.

—*William Edmondstoune Aytoun.*

PREPARATORY.—Narrate briefly the events of this poem, showing by a blackboard diagram the situation of the island, the position of the armies, etc.

Into how many dramatic scenes can the poem be divided? Describe each one, showing what part of the poem it covers.

For exercise in dramatic rendering, see notes on "Highland Hospitality," p. 99.

In what state of mind are the first two speakers? Compare their speeches in this respect with the first speech of the Scotch captain—**"I've seen a wilder," etc.** What is the difference in Time, Pitch and Stress?

3. **river's sweep, foe.** Which is more emphatic? Compare **man** and **horse,** l. 8.

10–12. Give some examples of Climax in the second stanza and show how the Force and the Pitch are affected.

24. **"Hath bold Dugueselin's," etc.** Supply the undercurrent of thought between the first line of this speech and the second. How is this suggested in reading? (Introduction, p. 21.)

33. **he turned him to his little band,—O few, etc.** How can the break in the thought be indicated? (Introduction, pp. 20 and 21.)

33–46. **O few I ween . . . not turn again.** What two feelings predominate?

Compare the first part of the captain's speech with the second part from the standpoint of energy. What is the difference in Force and Pitch? (Introduction, pp. 30 and 33.)

65. **No stay,—no pause, etc.** What part does spontaneous imitation play here, and in the following stanza? (Introduction, p. 14.)

69. **Now, by the Holy Cross! etc.** Where should the most pronounced Pause be made in this line?

78. **The current's strong, etc.** What is the Force, Pitch and Stress? (Introduction, pp. 29, 33 and 35.)

93. **The German heart, etc.** Emphasis. (Introduction, p. 37.)

96. **And never had they felt, etc.** Note Grouping and Pause.

99. **Scarce swifter, etc.** What is the Stress? Why? (Introduction, p. 34.)

101. **In vain.** Note the transition at this line. (Introduction, p. 32.)

113. **Why should they bring, etc.** How does the voice indicate the insincerity of thought in these lines? (Introduction, p. 36.)

What Inflection is used on the various questions in this stanza and the preceding? (Introduction, p. 27.)

127–133. Note the Grouping and the Shading. (Introduction, p. 39.)

IN MEMORIAM

Those Killed in the Canadian North-West, 1885

Growing to full manhood now,
With the care-lines on our brow,
We, the youngest of the nations,
With no childish lamentations,
Weep, as only strong men weep,
For the noble hearts that sleep,
Pillowed where they fought and bled,
The loved and lost, our glorious dead!

Toil and sorrow come with age,
Manhood's rightful heritage;
Toil our arms more strong shall render,
Sorrow make our hearts more tender,

In the heartlessness of time;
Honour lays a wreath sublime—
Deathless glory—where they bled,
Our loved and lost, our glorious dead!

Wild the prairie grasses wave
O'er each hero's new-made grave;
Time shall write such wrinkles o'er us,
But the future spreads before us
Glorious in that sunset land—
Nerving every heart and hand,
Comes a brightness none can shed,
But the dead, the glorious dead!

Lay them where they fought and fell;
Every heart shall ring their knell,
For the lessons they have taught us,
For the glory they have brought us.
Tho' our hearts are sad and bowed,
Nobleness still makes us proud—
Proud of light their names shall shed
In the roll-call of our dead!

Growing to full manhood now,
With the care-lines on our brow,
We, the youngest of the nations,
With no childish lamentations,
Weep, as only strong men weep,
For the noble hearts that sleep
Where the call of duty led,
Where the lonely prairies spread,
Where for us they fought and bled,
Our loved, our lost, our glorious dead.

—*Frederick George Scott.* *(By permission.)*

PREPARATORY.—Give the historical basis of this poem supplying local color so far as possible.

What feelings does the death of the Canadian heroes arouse? (Stanzas I. and V.) In what way is the nation compensated for their loss? (Stanzas II., III. and IV.) How does the thought of compensation affect the feeling?

Elaborate fully the comparison suggested between the life of the nation and the life of the individual.

What Quality, Pitch and Stress are the suitable expression of the thought and feeling of this poem? Where do these elements of vocal expression change? Account for it.

Stanza I. l. 3. **We.** With what should this word be connected? How?

Stanza II. ll. 3 and 4. Where is the Pause?

Stanza V. ll. 7–10. Note the gradually increasing Emphasis.

ADVANTAGES OF IMPERIAL FEDERATION

From an address delivered in Toronto, January 30, 1891, under the auspices of the Imperial Federation League

I now go on to mention another and greater advantage of Imperial Federation than the one which we have just been considering; an advantage too that is so connected with that of improved trade that the two must be considered together. In fact, in my opinion, the first is not likely to be obtained without the second. We cannot expect Britain to concede preferential trade to us, on the ground that we are part of the Empire, unless we are willing to share the responsibilities of the Empire. I say then, secondly, that only by some form of Imperial Federation can the Independence of Canada be preserved, with due regard to self respect.

If this is true, if Imperial Federation can do this, and if it can be done in no other way, then the necessity for

Imperial Federation is proved; for National Independence is an advantage so great that no price can be named that is too great to give in payment. It is the same with a country as with a man. Independent he must be or he ceases to be a man. Burns advises his young friend to "gather gear" in every honourable way, and what for?

> Not for to hoard it in a dyke,
> Nor for a train attendant;
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent.

And that which is the supreme dignity of manhood is even more essential in the case of a nation.

What do we mean when we speak of the independence of the country? We mean something beyond price, something that is the indispensable condition of true manhood in any country, something without which a country is poor in the present and a butt for the world's scorn in the future. There are men, or things that look like men, who say that as long as we put money in our purse, nothing else counts. How that class of men must have laughed some centuries ago at a fool called William Wallace! How clearly they could point out that it was much better to be part of the richer country to the south. When they heard of the fate of the patriot, did they not serenely say, "We told you so"? Did they not in their hearts envy the false Menteath the price he got for betraying the man who acted as true sentiment bade? But, give it time, and the judgment of the world is just. Even the blind can now see whether the patriot or the so-called "practical man" did most for Scotland's advantage. Now

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a springtime flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.

What has his memory been worth to Scotland! Would you estimate it in millions? Superior persons will tell me that Wallace is an anachronism. In form, yes; in spirit, never. It may be said that in the end Scotland did unite with England. Yes, but first, what a curse the union would have been if unaccompanied, as in the case of Ireland, with national self-respect! And, secondly, Canada is ready for union with the States any day on the same terms as those which Scotland got: (1) That the States accept our Queen or King as their head. (2) That we keep our own civil and criminal law and parliamentary constitution, as Scotland did. (3) That the whole Empire be included in the arrangement, as the whole of Scotland was in the union. Surely the men who are never tired of citing the case of Scotland and England as parallel to ours must admit that this is fair.

But, here comes a question that must be faced. Is it worth while preserving the independence, the unity, and dignity of Canada? There are men who, for one reason or another, doubt whether it is. They have lost faith in the country, or rather they never had any faith to lose. It is this absence of faith that is at the bottom of all their arguments and all their unrest. Now, I do not wonder that there should be men who do not share our faith. Men who were brought up in England, and who have seen and tasted the best of it; who are proud of that "dear, dear land," as Shakespeare called it, proud of its history, its roll of

saints, statesmen, heroes; of its cathedrals, colleges, castles; of its present might as well as its ancient renown; and who have then come to live in Canada,—well, they naturally look with amused contempt at our raw, rough ways, our homespun legislators and log colleges, combined with lofty ambitions expressed sometimes—it must be admitted—in bunkum. I do not wonder, either, that men who have been citizens of the United States, who exult in its vast population, its vast wealth, and its boundless energy, should think it madness on our part that we are not knocking untiringly at their door for admission, and that the only explanation of our attitude that they can give is that we are "swelled heads," or "the rank and file of jingoism." But, after all, they must know that this question is not to be settled by them. It must be settled by genuine Canadians. We, like Cartier, are Canadians *avant tout*. Most of us have been born in the land, have buried our fathers and mothers, and some of us our children too, in the natal soil, and above the sacred dust we have pledged ourselves to be true to their memories and to the country they loved, and to those principles of honour that are eternal! God helping, we will do so, whether strangers help or hinder! We do not think so meanly of our country that we are willing to sell it for a mess of pottage. I know Canada well, from ocean to ocean; from the rich sea pastures on the Atlantic all the way across to Vancouver and Victoria. Every province and every territory of it, I know well. I know the people, too, a people thoroughly democratic and honest to the core. I would now plainly warn those who think that there is no such thing as Canadian sentiment that they are completely mistaken. They had better not reckon without their host. The silent vote is that which tells, and though it will not talk, it will vote solid all the

time for those who represent national sentiment when the national life is threatened. I am not a party man. In my day, I have voted about evenly on both sides, for when I do vote, it is after consideration of the actual issues involved at the time. Both sides therefore rightly consider me unreliable, but, perhaps, both will listen when I point out that the independent vote is increasing and that it is the only vote worth cultivating. The true Grit or Tory will vote with his party, right or wrong. No time, therefore, need be given to him. Let the wise candidate win the men who believe that the country is higher than party, and there is, I think, only one thing that these men will not forgive—lack of faith in the country. They have no doubt that it is worth while to preserve the unity, dignity, and independence of Canada.

We are quite sure of this. Are we as sure that it is our duty to pay the price? The United States are paying three or four times our whole revenue in pensions to those who fought to keep the country united. They do not grudge this enormous price. They have besides a respectable army and a fleet that will soon be formidable. What means do we find it necessary to use? In any trouble we simply call on the Mother Country. The present system is cheap. No! it is dear and nasty, and cannot last.

What should we do? First, let us remember what Britain has dared for us within the last two or three years. Britain would fight the rest of the world rather than the United States,—not because the Republic could hurt her seriously, not because her trade with it is five times as much as with us, but because she is proud of her own eldest child and knows that a war between mother and daughter would be a blow struck at the world's heart. Yet, for us she spoke the decisive word

from which there was no drawing back. For us, once and again, because we were in the right, she dared a risk which she hated with her whole soul.

Let us show that we appreciate her attitude. Let us, at any rate, do what Australia has done—enter into a treaty, according to which we shall pay so much a year for a certain number of ships, to be on our own coasts in peace, and in war at the disposal of the Empire. That would be tantamount to saying: "You have shared our risks, we will share yours; we will pay part of the insurance that is necessary to guarantee peace; we are educating officers for the army, and we are willing to give a much needed addition to the fleet." That would be a first step towards the attainment of full citizenship. What would be the next? We could ask that our voice should be heard in some constitutional way before any war was decided on. And we would have the right standing-ground from which to urge a wise system of preferential trade in the common interest. These three things are, in my opinion, connected, and I have ventured to indicate the order in which they should be taken.

Would it pay? The experience of the world proves that nothing pays in the long run but duty-doing. How can a country grow great men if it is content to be in leading strings, and to give plausible excuses to show that that state of things is quite satisfactory?

Only by some form of Imperial Federation can the unity of the Empire be preserved.

The previous advantages to which I referred concerned Canada directly. This one may appear to some persons far away from us, but it is not. In another speech I may enlarge on this advantage, but suffice it to say now, that we cannot isolate ourselves from humanity. Canada

ought to be dearer to us than any other part of the Empire, but none the less we must admit that the Empire is more important to the world than any of its parts, and every true man is a citizen of the world.

I will not speak to-night of what the Empire has done for us in the past, of the rich inheritance into which we have entered, and of the shame that falls on children who value lightly the honor of their family and race. Consider only the present position of affairs. The European nations are busy watching each other. Britain is detaching herself from them, understanding that she is an oceanic, colonizing, and world power, much more than a European state. The United States and Britain are the two Powers, one in essence, cradled in freedom, that have a great future before them. According to the last census, the first has a population of some fifty-four millions of whites. The census of next April will show that the other has nearly forty millions in the home islands and ten millions in the self-governing Colonies. The two powers have thus about the same population of white men, and the two are likely to grow at the same rate.

In Britain the rate of increase will be less, but in the Colonies it will be greater than in the States during the next half century. The States will keep united. They have stamped out disunion. We have to prove that we intend to keep the Empire united; but that can be done only by giving the ten millions a gradually increasing share in common privileges and responsibilities. Surely such a work is not beyond the resources of statesmanship. For a long time decentralization was needed. Now, all the signs of the times indicate the necessity to centralize. The days of small powers are over, and modern inven-

tions make communication easy between east and west as well as between north and south.

If this is not done, what will certainly happen? Separation, first of one part then of another; weakness of each part and weakness all round. Think of the impetus that this would give to every force that makes for chaos among the three hundred millions over whom God in His providence has placed us. The work that the British Empire has in hand is far grander than the comparatively parochial duties with which the States are content to deal. Its problems are wider and more inspiring; yet, at the same time, the white race that alone, so far, has proved itself fit for self-government, lives by itself, instead of being commingled with a colored race to which only nominal freedom is allowed. Any one who has lived either in South Africa or in the Southern States will understand what a free hand and what an unspeakable leverage this gives us. We need no Force Bill to ensure a free ballot in Britain, Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. Already our sons are taking their part in introducing civilization into Africa, under the ægis of the flag, and in preserving the *Pax Brittanica* amoug the teeming millions of India and South Eastern Asia, those peoples kindred to ourselves, who for centuries before had been the prey of successive spoilers. Think of the horizon that this opens up and remember that in building a state we must think not of the present but of the future.

In a generation all the best land on this continent will have been taken up. But, thanks to the far-reaching wisdom of our fathers, the greater part of the world will be open to the trade, to the colonizing and to the enterprise of our children. We shall not be confined to a frozen north or to a single continent. We shall take

part in work that is of world-wide significance, and shall act out our belief that God loves not North America only, but the whole world. Only on condition of the British Empire standing, can this be done. This is the ideal that we should set before us, and remember that no people has ever been a great or permanent factor in the world that was without high ideals. I know that this advantage to which I am referring is not one that can be calculated in dollars, any more than the work of a Wallace or the poems of a Shakespeare, the life of Sydney or the death of Gordon, but it is an advantage none the less for which many of us are content to struggle and, if need be, to suffer. What are we in this world for? Surely for something higher than to still the daily craving of appetite. Surely for something higher than to accumulate money, though it should be to the extent of adding million to million. Surely we are in the world for something better! Yes, we are here to think great thoughts, to do great things, to promote great ideals. This can be done only through faithfulness to the best spirit of our fathers. Society is an organism, and must preserve its continuity. It must work, too, through instruments; and the most potent, keenest, best-tried instrument on earth for preserving peace, order, liberty and righteousness, is the Empire of which we are citizens. Shall we throw away that citizenship, or shall we maintain and strengthen that Empire?

—*George Monro Grant.* *(By permission.)*

Apply the principles of Emphasis, Inflection, Grouping, and Perspective in reading this address. Give specific illustrations of each.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PART FIRST

" My golden spurs now bring to me
  And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
  In search of the Holy Grail ;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep ;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
  Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
  Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
  The little birds sang as if it were
  The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees ;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray :
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be
Save to lord or lady of high degree ;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied ;
She could not scale the chilly wall

Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right
Over the hills and out of sight ;
  Green and broad was every tent,
  And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
  In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
  Had cast them forth ; so, young and strong
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree
  And morning in the young knight's heart ;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gift of the sunshine free
  And gloomed by itself apart ;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate
  He was 'ware of a leper crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
  And a loathing over Sir Launfal came.

The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PART SECOND

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the sun.

Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,

Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake I beg an alms;"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the gruesome thing,
The leper lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns.
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me,
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink
And gave the leper to eat and drink:
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon:
And the voice that was calmer than silence said:
"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail
Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need:
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round.
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command,
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

PREPARATORY.—Read Tennyson's "The Holy Grail."

Compare the mode in which Tennyson treats the "Pursuit of the Holy Grail," in "Sir Galahad," with that adopted by Lowell in this poem.

Show the connection between the fundamental ideas in this poem, and those in Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily."

Point out the various contrasts (*a*) of scene, (*b*) of thought, (*c*) of emotion, and show a corresponding contrast in vocal expression.

Articulation. (Appendix A., 1, 3, 6 and 11.)

5 and 6. What is the Inflection?

11. What changes of vocal expression accompany the transition?

14–20. Note the word pictures and the effect of the imaging process on the Time.

22. What is the Inflection on **be?**

27–29 and 37–39. Observe the Grouping, Pause and Inflection.

41. **Had cast them forth.** With what phrase is this parallel? How does the voice express the parallelism?

42–44. Which line expresses the main thought? How is it made prominent? (Introduction, p. 39.)

51. Where is the Pause?

52–63. What feelings are here depicted? What Stress is their natural vocal expression? Select the words on which this Stress is most marked. (Introduction, p. 34.)

65–67. Show the relative importance of the emphatic words and phrases. (Introduction, p. 38.)

69–78. Read these lines with a view to (*a*) Perspective, (*b*) Inflection.

91. **old, bent.** Account for the pause between these two adjectives. (Introduction, p. 20.)

95. What is the emphatic word? Why?

107–111. Note the difference in the sound of the letter **a** in the various words.

119–126. What feeling predominates? How are the Force, Pitch and Time affected?

137–140. How does the voice indicate the contrast between the meagre and the sumptuous? (Introduction, pp. 40 and 41.)

141–142. Note the transition from the subjective to the objective. How is it indicated in reading?

154–166. What atmosphere pervades this speech? What Quality of voice suggests it? (Introduction, p. 40.)

167. Note the transition. What movement is suggested? What is the Stress and Quality of voice?

168–172. What state of mind does this speech suggest? What is the change in Stress and Quality?

THE LARK AT THE DIGGINGS

From "Never Too Late To Mend"

The friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock they came upon a small squatter's house and premises.

"Here we are," said George, and his eyes glistened with innocent delight.

The house was thatched and white-washed, and *English* was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. A furze bush had been planted by the door. Vertical oak palings were the fence, with a five-barred gate in the middle of them. From the little plantation all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded with amazing resolution and consistency,

and oak and ash reigned safe from overtowering rivals. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little, for on the oval grass plot and gravel walk he found from thirty to forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

"Ah well," said he, on reflection, "we could not expect to have it all to ourselves, and indeed it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way; here it is, here it is—there!" Tom looked up, and in a gigantic cage was a light brown bird.

He was utterly confounded. "What, is it *this* we came twelve miles to see?"

"Ay! and twice twelve wouldn't have been much to me."

"Well, but where is the lark you talked of?"

"This is it!"

"This? This is a bird."

"Well, and isn't a lark a bird?"

"Oh, ay, I see! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Robinson's merriment was interrupted by a harsh remonstrance from several of the diggers, who were all from the other end of the camp.

"Hold your cackle," cried one, "he is going to sing," and the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation toward the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began, as it were, to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps, but after a while he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him, one by one, and string them together.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last—amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice—out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his throat and gushed from him with thrilling force and purity, and every time he checked his song to think of its theme—the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he sang so well—a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him; and when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul over the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey-clover and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened, and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled from fierce unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

Dulce domum!

And these shaggy men, full of oaths, and strife, and cupidity, had once been curly-headed boys; and some had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise, and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and *they* were full of oaths, and drink, and lusts, and remorses; but no note was changed in this immortal song. And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine; then came, bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures and those fleeted days; the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes—ding,

dong, bell; ding, dong, bell; the clover-field hard by in which he lay and gambolled, while the lark praised God overhead; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked; the sweet, sweet hours of youth, and innocence, and home.

—*Charles Reade.*

PREPARATORY.—Describe briefly the picture here presented.

Connect this scene with the rest of the story.

Illustrate from literature and real life to show that the stirring of past memories is a powerful factor in leading men to nobler action. Compare in this respect "The Prodigal Son," Thomas Moore's "Paradise and the Peri," Victor Hugo's "Jean Valjean and the Bishop," etc.

Ah well . . . . know. Compare the vocal expression of this part of George's speech with that of **Now, Tom . . . there.** Account for the difference. (Introduction, p. 30.)

What, is it this . . see. What are the mingled feelings? What other speech is characterized by the same feelings? Compare with it George's answer, **Ay . . . much to me.** What is the difference in Stress? (Introduction, pp. 34 and 36.)

dead stillness. Observe the Pause. What is the reason for it? (Introduction, pp. 18 and 21.)

Amidst breathless . . . voice. What is the atmosphere? In what Quality of voice does it result? (Introduction, p. 41.) With what should **last** be connected? How? (Introduction, pp. 31 and 39.)

DE BELL OF ST. MICHEL

Go 'way, go 'way, don't ring no more, ole bell of Saint Michel,
For if you do, I can't stay here, you know dat very well,
No matter how I close ma ear, I can't shut out de soun',
It rise so high 'bove all de noise of dis beeg Yankee town.

An' w'en it ring, I t'ink I feel de cool, cool summer
breeze
Dat's blow across Lac Peezagonk an' play among de
trees,
Dey're makin' hay, I know mese'f, can smell de pleasant
smell,
O! how I wish I could be dere to-day on Saint Michel!

It's fonny t'ing for me I'm sure dat's travel ev'ryw'ere
How moche I t'ink of long ago w'en I be leevin' dere;
I can't 'splain dat at all, at all, mebbe it's naturel,
But I can't help it w'en I hear de bell of Saint Michel.

Dere's plaintee t'ing I don't forget, but I remember bes'
De spot I fin' wan day on June de small san'piper's nes'
An' dat hole on de reever w'ere I ketch de beeg, beeg
trout
Was very nearly pull me in before I pull heem out.

An' little Elodie Leclaire, I wonder if she still
Leev jus' sam' place she use to leev on 'noder side de hill.
But s'pose she marry Joe Barbeau, dat's alway hangin'
roun'
Since I am lef' ole Saint Michel for work on Yankee
town.
Ah! dere she go, ding dong, ding dong, its back, encore
again
An' ole chanson come on ma head of "a la claire fon-
taine,"
I'm not surprise it soun' so sweet, more sweeter I can tell
For wit' de song also I hear de bell of Saint Michel.

It's very strange about dat bell, go ding dong all de w'ile
For when I'm small garçon at school, can't hear it half
a mile ;
But seems more farder I get off from church of Saint
Michel,
De more I see de ole village an' louder soun de bell.

O ! all de monee dat I mak' w'en I be travel roun'
Can't kip me long away from home on dis beeg Yankee
town,
I t'ink I'll settle down again on Parish Saint Michel,
An' leev an' die more satisfy so long I hear dat bell.

—*William Henry Drummond. (By permission.)*

Give other illustrations from literature to show the power of old associations over the imagination and emotions. Compare Wordsworth's "The Reverie of Poor Susan."

BROTHER CUTHBERT

Cuthbert, open ; let me in!
Cease your praying for a minute!
Here the darkness seems to grin,
Holds a thousand horrors in it ;
Down the stony corridor
Footsteps pace the stony floor.

Here they foot it, pacing slow
Monk-like, one behind another ;
Don't you hear me? Don't you know
I'm a little nervous, Brother?
Won't you speak? Then, by your leave,
Here's a guest for Christmas Eve.

Shrive me, but I got a fright!
  Monks of centuries ago
Wander back to see to-night
  How the old place looks:—Holloa!
This the kind of watch you keep—
Come to pray—and go to sleep!

Shame, man! Keep your vigil! Wake!
  Double penance else your bones
Soon will pay with wrench and ache
  For your tempting couch of stones.
Hard and cold your couch and cell,
Brother, yet you slumber well!

Ah, this mortal flesh is weak!
  Who is saintly there's no saying.
Here are tears upon his cheek;
  And he sleeps that should be praying,—
Sleeps and dreams, and murmurs: Nay,
I'll not wake you; sleep away!

Holy Saints, the night is keen!
  How the nipping wind does drive
Through yon tree-tops, bare and lean,
  Till their shadow seems alive,
Patters through the bars, and falls
Shivering on the floor and walls!

How yon patch of freezing sky
  Echoes back their bell-ringings!
Down in the grey city, nigh
  Severn, every steeple swings;
All the busy streets are bright,—
Many folks are out to-night,

—What's that, Brother? Did you speak?
Christ save them that talk in sleep!
Smile they howsoever meek,
Somewhat in their hearts they keep.
We, good souls, what shifts we make
To keep talking while awake!

Christ be praised that fetched me in
Early yet a youngling, while
All unlearned in life and sin,
Love and travail, grief and guile!
For your world of two-score years,
Cuthbert, all you have is tears.

Dreaming, still he hears the bells
As he heard them years ago,
Ere he sought our quiet cells
Iron-mouthed, and wrenched with woe,
Out of what dread storms who knows—
Faithfulest of friends and foes.

Faithful was he aye, I ween,
Pitiful, and kind, and wise;
But in mindful moods I've seen
Flame enough in those sunk eyes:—
Praised be Christ, whose timely Hand
Plucked from out the fire this brand!

Now in dreams he's many miles
Hence; he's back in Ireland.
Ah, how tenderly he smiles,
Stretching a caressing hand!
Backward now his memory glides
To old happy Christmastides.

Now once more a loving wife
  Holds him; now he sees his boys;
Smiles at all their playful strife,
  All their childish mirth and noise;—
Softly now she strokes his hair—
Ah, their world is very fair!

—Waking, all your loss shall be
  Unforgotten evermore.
Sleep alone holds these for thee;
  Sleep then, Brother. To restore
All your heaven that has died
Heaven and hell may be too wide.

Sleep, and dream, and be awhile
  Happy Cuthbert once again.
Soon you'll wake, and cease to smile,
  And your heart will sink with pain;
You will hear the merry town,
And a weight will press you down.

Hungry-hearted, you will see
  Only the thin shadows fall
From yon bleak-topped poplar-tree—
  Icy fingers on the wall;
You will watch them come and go,
Telling o'er your count of woe.

—Nay, now, hear me! how I prate!
  I, a foolish monk and old
Maundering o'er a life and fate
  To me unknown, by you untold:
Yet I know you're like to weep
Soon; so, Brother, this night sleep.

—Charles G. D. Roberts. (By arrangement.)

PREPARATORY.—Relate graphically the story of the poem.

Describe the four scenes suggested, and tell what part of the poem is covered by each scene.

What passages are addressed to Brother Cuthbert with a view to arresting his attention? How do they differ in Force and Pitch from the rest of the poem? (Introduction, p. 30.)

3–8. What feeling takes possession of the monk as he stands before the door? How does the voice indicate this state of mind? (Introduction, p. 41.) Compare 13–16.

16–18. **Halloa . . . sleep.** What change of feeling is here indicated? What is the change in vocal expression?

18. Point out the contrast.

25–30. Compare the monk's mood in these lines with that suggested by ll. 19–24. What is the difference in Stress? What other stanzas show the same mood intensified?

43. How does the vocal expression differ from that of the rest of the stanza? Give reasons. (Introduction, pp. 30 and 33.)

53. What is the emphatic word? Why?

97–100. What change of mood do these lines suggest? What is the corresponding change in vocal expression?

COLLECT FOR DOMINION DAY

Father of nations! Help of the feeble hand,
  Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
Stay and destroyer, at whose just command
  Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
  And dost abase the ignorantly proud;
Of our scant people mould a mighty state,
  To the strong stern, to Thee in meekness bowed!
Father of unity, make this people one!
  Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
Whose forging on Thine anvil was begun
  In blood late shed to purge the common shame
That so our hearts, the fever of faction done,
  Banish old feud in our young nation's name.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.* (*By arrangement.*)

APPENDIX

A

EXERCISES IN VOCALIZATION AND ARTICULATION

1. ā as in ate, fate, cave, made, glade, pale.

â as in air, fair, chair, hair, lair, pair, care, dare, bare, share, bear, fairy, compare, parent, prayer, garish, there, heir.

ă as in at, that, and, damp, glad, bade, castle, baron, barrel.

ä as in far, arm, hark, charm, march, bard, calm, palm, psalm, balm, half, alms, father, dark, wrath, path, marsh, laugh.

ȧ as in ask, grasp, fast, last, pass, past, branch, chance, dance, mast, vast, gasp, quaff, craft, staff, chant, grass, mass.

a as in all, talk, squall, dawn, warp, hawk, laurel, haughty, halt.

a obscure, in final or medial syllables, unaccented, and closed by n, l, nt, nce, nd, s, ss, st, p or ph or ff, m, or d, as in sylvan, vacancy, mortal, loyal, valiant, guidance, husband, breakfast, gallant, ballad, etc.

ē as in me, seem, reap, weed, lean, evil, redeem.

ĕ as in met, end, spell, debt, text, jest, when.

e (coalescent) as in her, fern, earth, mercy, verse, stern, earl, pearl, term, verge, prefer, serge, earn, early, America.

i as in time, tide, mile, wine, high, size.

i as in pin, grim, king, gift, this, grip.

i (coalescent) as in bird, girl, fir, stir, girdle, circle, virgin, first.

ō as in note, old, spoke, pole, wrote, joke.

o as not, shot, top, odd, honest, comic, on, gone, off, often, dog, (not "dawg"), God, soft, long, song, strong, coral, orange, foreign, torrid, coronet, corridor, correlate.

ô as in corn, lord, stork, orb, form, forlorn, morn, short, adorn.

ȯ as in love, done, some, cover, brother, another, month, company, Monday, front, covet, wonder, sponge, smother.

o as in do, move, who, whose, lose, prove, two, bosom.

ū as in use, pure, duke, tune, tube, blue, duty, flew, new, student, subdue, pursue, absolute, illumine, tumult, suit, during, pursuit, presume, lunacy, Tuesday, numeral.

ŭ as in us, up, but, drum, dusk, trust.

u̇ as in rude, brute, fruit, sure, true, construe, recruit.

u̇ as in full, pull, put, push, cushion, bushel, pulpit, bullet.

û as in hurt, burr, cur, fur, furl, burst, purr, recur, curfew, furlong, surge, urn.

After marking the vowels diacritically read the following passages, paying special attention to the vowel sounds:—

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day.

That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel.

The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms.

O listen, listen, ladies gay,
No haughty feat of arms I tell,
Soft is the note and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

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!"

Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's Ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.

Around the keel that raced the dolphin and the shark
Only the sand-wren twitters from barren dawn till dark;
And all the long blank noon the blank sand chafes and mars
The prow once swift to follow the lure of the dancing stars.

2. Distinguish the sound of ū in use pure, duke, etc., from the sound of *oo* in food, hoof, mood, rood, roof, soot, aloof, and from the sound of *oo* in book, good, nook, hood, rook, look, foot, crook.

Read the following with special reference to these sounds :—

Flew flashing under the blinding blue.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high ;
And naught so blue, by the breezes stirred,
As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.

Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

. . . helter skelter through the blue
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue.

While on dreary moorlands lonely curlew pipe.

My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions.

3. Double and triple consonant endings present difficulties of articulation : — Robbed, bragged, divulged, mends, breathed, gossips, casques, barracks, depths, heights, lengths, breadths, lists, aspects, seethes, thirsteth, breathest, sheath'st, melt'st, search'st, sixths, twelfths, tests.

Read with special reference to the articulation of the final consonants :—

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !

Scattering down the snow-flakes off the curdled sky.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked.

The guests are met, the feast is set
May'st hear the merry din.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ;
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things ; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice,
Thou that cool'st the twilight of the sultry day.

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.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
  It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
  And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Skilful artists thou employest,
And in chastest beauty joyest,
Forms most delicate, pure, and clear,
Frost-caught star-beams, fallen sheer
In the night, and woven here
In jewel-fretted tapestries.

4. Sound distinctly the ending *ing* in:—Languishing, blackening, threatening, rushing, ascending, flashing, throbbing.

Roughening their crests and scattering high their spray.
And swelling the white sail.

Blazing with light and breathing with perfume. 7.

. . . . a revolting shape
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape. 8.

Lakelets' lisping wavelets lapping,
Round a flock of wild ducks napping,
And the rapturous-noted wooings,
And the molten-throated cooings
Of the amorous multitudes
Flashing through the dusky woods,
When a veering wind hath blown
A glare of sudden daylight down.

5. Sound final *d* in "and":—

Rest and a guide, and food and fire.

Away from the world, and its toils and its cares.

And the sun went down and the stars came out. 9.

Peace, and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law.

East and west, and south and north,
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower, and town, and cottage,
  Have heard the trumpet's blast. 10.

Blood and fire on the streaming decks,
  And fire and blood below;
The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,
  And the dead men laid a-row!

6. Articulate distinctly words in which the same or similar sounds immediately succeed each other:—

Spanish ships of war at sea.

At Flores, in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay.

Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two.

Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare.

Cast off earth's sorrows and know what I know,
When into the glad deep woods I go.

The silver vessels sparkle clean.

From the sails the dew did drip.

The sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Thousands of their seaman looked down from their decks and laughed.

7. Sound the letter *h* in what, while, where, when, which, whether, white, whiten, whine, whist, etc.

8. Avoid the sound of *u* for short *e* in enemy, events, poem, etc., also in words ending in *ess*, *less*, *ness*, *ment*: Coldness, dauntless, wilderness, goddess, keenness, loveliness, fulness, deathless, helpless, contentment, atonement, agreement, argument.

Greatness and goodness are not means but ends.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed.

'Twixt the plains of rich completeness
And the realms of budding sweetness,
Winter! from thy crystal throne
With a keenness all thy own
Dartest thou, . . .

9. Avoid the sound of *u* in:
for, from, was, because, when, what, etc.

also for coalescent *e* in:
her, earn, verse, mercy, verge, serge, prefer, ermine, etc.

10. Avoid the sound of *u* for *i* in:
Spirit, spiritual, family, credible, visible, charity, unity, sanity, humanity, ruin, promise, divide, divisible, dissolve, languid, negative, similar, abominable, imitate, inimitable, purity, native, etc.

also where *e* has the sound of *i* as in:
behold, become, between, before, beside, the (before a vowel), etc.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!

A wind from the lands they had ruined.

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.

11. Avoid the sound of '*ch*' for '*t*' in: fortune, fortunate, future, futurity, nature, natural, picture, feature, etc.

King Robert's self in features, form and height.

For this man so vile and bent of stature
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature.

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

B

PHYSICAL EXERCISES

(These exercises form a course by themselves and should not be introduced into the regular reading lesson.)

Breathing.—The proper management of the breath is of the greatest importance in speaking and reading. Inhalation and exhalation should be gradual and natural, not spasmodic. The reader should never allow his supply of breath to be wholly exhausted but should replenish it at regular intervals. Inhalation should be through the nostrils not the mouth. This prevents gasping and promotes and preserves a healthy condition of the vocal organs. It is not necessary to keep the mouth closed in order that the breath be inhaled through the nostrils. Inhalation may be effected when the mouth is open by allowing the tip of the tongue to touch the upper palate. All breathing exercises should be deep commencing with the abdomen, and should expand the chest to the fullest capacity.

Exercise I. Stand erect in a well ventilated room. Inhale slowly from the abdomen while counting five, hold the breath while counting five, and exhale while counting five.

Repeat this exercise gradually increasing the count by one until the maximum of ten or fifteen is reached.

Exercise II. Practise the preceding exercise in the open air while walking, taking five steps while inhaling, holding the breath, and exhaling respectively. The count may be increased as in the preceding.

Exercise III. Stand erect, arms akimbo, fingers pressing the abdominal muscles in front, thumbs on the dorsal muscles on each side of the spine. Rise slowly on the toes while inhaling, hold the

breath while standing on tip-toe, and exhale while gradually resuming the original position. In each case regulate the count as in the preceding exercises.

Exercise IV. Stand erect, arms hanging loosely at the sides. Inhale slowly, rising on the toes, clenching the fists with gradually increased intensity, and raising them to the armpits. Expel the breath suddenly, dropping back to the original position.

Chest and Lungs.—Gymnastic exercises, such as develop the chest and lungs are of great importance, since they regulate the breathing capacity.

Exercise I. Stand erect, arms hanging loosely at the sides. Raise the arms slowly to the vertical position over the head, making the hands meet with palms outward, the thumb of the left hand over the right, rising on the toes at the same time; then let the arms fall apart slowly to their original position while coming down on the heels.

Exercise II. Stand erect as in the preceding. Bring the arms slowly forward until the hands meet on a level with the mouth, bending forward slightly and rising on the toes; then throw back the arms in a circular movement, allowing them to fall to their original position, coming down on the heels at the same time.

Exercise III. Raise the hands above the head; bring down the elbows to the sides; shoot out the hands in front; bring in the elbows to the sides; shoot down the hands towards the floor; bring up the elbows to the sides. Repeat. This exercise may be practised with hands clenched.

Throat and Neck.—Exercises of the throat and neck develop and keep flexible the vocal cords, which are of prime importance in producing pure tones.

Exercise I. Stand erect. Look at the ceiling; allow the head to drop backward as far as possible; then bring the head slowly forward until the chin rests on the chest. Repeat.

Exercise II. Stand erect. Twist the head slowly to the left, without moving the shoulders, until the chin is parallel to the left shoulder; then slowly twist the head to the right, without moving the shoulders, until the chin is parallel to the right shoulder. Repeat.

Exercise III. Press the head to the left until the left ear rests almost on the left shoulder, raising the right arm above the head at the same time. Practise this exercise, pressing the head to the right and raising the left arm. Repeat.

Mouth.—To produce the finest tones of the voice, three conditions of the mouth are necessary :—

(1) The mouth must be well opened.
(2) The vocal aperture must be large.
(3) The jaws must be flexible.

If the mouth is well opened the tones are full; if partially closed they are muffled. The vocal aperture is the opening in the rear of the mouth produced by the elevation of the uvula, and the depression of the root of the tongue and the larynx. The purity and richness of the voice depend, to a great extent, upon the capacity of the vocal aperture. If it is of small capacity, or contracted, the tones are impure and nasal.

The mode of producing pure tones can be studied best before a mirror placed so that the light falls upon the back part of the mouth.

Exercise I. Open the mouth to the fullest extent and close rapidly. Repeat.

Exercise II. Open the mouth to the fullest extent, so that the uvula rises and almost disappears, and the root of the tongue and larynx are depressed. The action is similar to yawning, and to accomplish it "think a yawn," if necessary.

C

PARALLEL READINGS FOR ADDITIONAL PRACTICE

(Where books are not available, mimeograph copies of shorter selections may be made.)

1. In connection with "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," and "The Day is Done," read for further practice in Pitch, Force and Time :

Tennyson.—Welcome to Alexandra; Let the King Reign ; Sweet and Low (From "The Princess").

Moore.—She is far from the Land ; Oft in the Stilly Night.

Burns.—Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon.

Shelley.—To the Skylark.

Old Ballads.—Helen of Kirkconnell; The Northern Star (Children's Treasury.)

2. In connection with "Highland Hospitality," "The Outlaw" and "The Island of the Scots," read for Dramatization :

Old Testament.—Belshazzar's Feast (Dan. v.); Elijah and the the Prophets of Baal (I. Kings xviii. 19–39).

Scott.—"King Richard and Robin Hood"; "Gurth and Wamba;" "The Archery Contest" (From Ivanhoe); Alice Brand ; Jock o' Hazeldean ; Lochinvar.

Kipling.—Danny Deever.

Thomson.—Old Man Savarin.

Ralph Connor.—Gwen's Canyon.

Old Ballads.—Adam of Gordon (Children's Treasury); King John and the Abbot of Canterbury. (Legendary Ballads.)

3. In connection with "Christmas at Sea," "The Sky," "Paradise and the Peri," etc., read for Grouping and Pause:

Whittier.—Maud Müller.

Tennyson.—Lord of Burleigh.

4. In connection with "The Four-Horse Race," "Bless the Lord O My Soul," read for Stress:

Shakespeare.—Shylock's Speeches in "The Scene on the Rialto" and "The Trial Scene" (From The Merchant of Venice).

Sheridan.—Lady Teazle's Speeches in "The School for Scandal."

Scott.—The Last Charge of the French at Waterloo.

Hughes.—The Boat Race (From Tom Brown at Oxford.)

The Bible.—Psalms 34, 90, 96.

5. In connection with "Paul's Defence before King Agrippa," "Impeachment of Warren Hastings," "On the Death of Gladstone," etc., read as specimens of Oratory, and for practice in Emphasis, Inflection, Pause, Grouping, Perspective, etc.:

John Bright.—National Morality.

Joseph Howe.—Canada and the United States.

Patrick Henry.—America's Duty to Resist.

Edmund Burke.—Marie Antoinette; Spirit of Liberty in the American Colonies.

Wendell Phillips.—Toussaint L'Ouverture.

George Eliot.—Felix Holt's Address to the Working-men.

6. In connection with "Sir Galahad," "The Day was lingering," "Earth has not anything to show more fair," etc., read for Quality of Voice:

Kipling.—Recessional.

Milton.—Avenge, O Lord. (Sonnet).

Coleridge.—Hymn before Sunrise.

Keats.—La Belle Dame sans Merci.

Isabella Valancy Crawford.—The Stampede (From Old Spookses' Pass).

Old Ballad.—The Twa Corbies. (Golden Treasury.)

MISCELLANEOUS

The Bible.—Psalms 24, 27, 46, 51, 91, 121, 126; Job 38; Isaiah 53; Matthew 28.

Shakespeare.—Julius Cæsar: Act III., Scene 2. Henry VIII.—Wolsey and Cromwell: Act III., Scene 2. Richard III.—Clarence's Dream: Act I., Scene 4.

Addison.—In Westminster Abbey.

Macaulay.—Impeachment of Warren Hastings; Horatius.

Irving.—Rip Van Winkle.

De Quincey.—Joan of Arc.

Victor Hugo.—Jean ValJean and The Bishop.

Coleridge.—Rime of the Ancient Mariner; Ode to France.

Gray.—The Bard.

Dryden.—Alexander's Feast.

Longfellow.—King Robert of Sicily.

Wordsworth.—The Daffodils; Three Years She Grew; To The Cuckoo; Reverie of Poor Susan; The Solitary Reaper; The World is too much with us.

Tennyson.—The Revenge; Enoch Arden; The Lotos Eaters.

Browning.—The Italian in England.

Robert Louis Stevenson.—Ticonderoga.

Kipling.—The Ballad of the East and West.

Matthew Arnold.—The Forsaken Merman; Sohrab and Rustum.

William Watson.—Domine Quo Vadis.

Old Ballads.—Sir Patrick Spens.

D

LIST OF BOOKS

How to Teach Reading in the Public Schools. S. H. Clark. (Scott, Foresman & Co.)

The Voice and Spiritual Education. Hiram Corson. (MacMillan & Co.)

The Aims of Literary Study. Hiram Corson. (MacMillan & Co.)

Practical Elocution. Fulton and Trueblood. (Ginn & Co.)

Elementary Phonetics. A. W. Burt. (The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.)

Enunciation and Articulation. Ella M. Boyce. (Ginn & Co.)

Clear Speaking and Good Reading. Arthur Burrell. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Reading as a Fine Art. Ernest Legouvé. (Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.)

Lessons in Vocal Expression. S. S. Curry. (The Expression Co., Boston.)

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